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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## THE HOUSE OF NUMBERS.

NATURE nowhere shows her partiality more remarkably than in the very different proportions in which she deals out the ever-succeeding new generation of our race amongst those who are to bring them up. Her average is ascertained to be four and a half children—for statisticians are Solomons in this respect at least, that they never scruple to halve a child—her average, I say, is four and a half children to each couple, and a very fair and reasonable burden this would make, if it were a uniform case, barring, indeed, that the half-child, even though not quite left without a single leg to stand upon, might be rather troublesome to set up in life. But anything like this happy medium—by which I mean four or five—is unfortunately not more frequent of occurrence than almost any other number under twice the amount. Nature, indeed, evidently despises the average of the statisticians. To some she gives six, seven, eight, and so on; to others, three, two, one. Nay, it is not uncommon for her—though this is what a friend of mine, who has twelve, never *could* understand—to give *not even one*. This friend and I once reckoned up above a dozen couples of our common acquaintance who were in this state of double blessedness; all of them professedly most happy and contented in their having been spared the cares, toil, and expense of a family, although vexed every day of their lives at the way in which their friends managed their young flocks, so different from the way in which they knew children *ought* to be managed; so that it might be said their only source of regret was in the accident which had placed the rising generation in the hands of the only people not qualified to rear them. But this again is nothing. The strange thing is, that nature should keep our dozen friends so perfectly exempt from their share of this duty towards society, while to others she deals such a tissue of issue, as make poor men think of such quotations as—

"Another and another! Will they stretch on  
Unto the crack of doom!"—

or of such venerable and veritable proverbs as, "It never rains but it pours," and all that sort of thing.

My friend—I may as well say at once that it is my cousin John Balderstone—sometimes groans under what he calls his visitation of children; but he is such a happy-tempered fellow, that I cannot doubt that his groans are much more in jest than in earnest. Indeed, I rather think he likes to have a joke now and then at himself and his spouse on the score, as he himself would say, of their score. For instance, he professes that they are pelted with children. He speaks of the *population* of his house. The very children themselves, he alleges, wonder at their own numbers. He had a feeling of alarm, he declares, at every fresh addition up to the sixth; but after that, custom hardened him a little; and ever since the eighth, he has been perfectly indurated. Mrs John, for her part, takes things quite as easily, being entirely of that quiet good temper which one somehow expects in a lady who has had a large family. John often raises a laugh about her anti-Malthusian

qualifications, at which she only turns to him one of those placid smiles which speak so much more than words between such as are happily united, and then peaceably resumes her attention to a nameless little garment, which I half believe she has never ceased hemming for the last ten years.

One of John's jokes about his multitudinous state is, that he and other persons in the like circumstances are designed as beacons to give young men in their quindrilling days a salutary caution on the subject of matrimony—at least not to enter upon their matrimonial, till they are pretty sure about their patrimonial state. It is, he says, a kind of final cause for enormous families. Nature—so runs his argument—desires that the population should not increase too fast for subsistence. Were all families moderate in number, the thoughtless youth might be encouraged to rush to the temple of Hymen in too great numbers. As a warning, she here and there plants a couple whom she oppresses with a burden of blessings absolutely overwhelming. Young men, seeing such a tremendous risk before them, think it best to keep cool, and go out to India. Syllogistic as this appears, I suspect it to be fallacious at bottom, for, as far as I can see, John and Susan are anything but miserable under their load. Whenever I happen to be in their house, I find it the seat of good humour and comfort; nor is there even more noise or confusion than (let me speak good-naturedly) is bearable. My reasoning rather is, that the polypedic state, as John sometimes calls it, is in itself an evidence (though the converse of the rule may not hold) of the presence of the chief elements of happiness in a house, as health, good temper, sufficiency; for it is never found in any station of life where these do not exist; so that the idea of its being a source of vexation or an oppression may be said to be self-refuted. And I think I shall be able to make good this point before quitting my pen.

John's own constant jocularity on the subject serves to convince me that he at least feels his charge but lightly. Spending a night lately in his house, and getting up rather early, I met him in the staircase, when he told me he would show me a sight. He then led me along a passage, at the end of which was an apartment which I recognised as the nursery, from the school-like murmur of little voices which proceeded from it. There, upon a long table, was ranged, in two rows, a series of shoes of almost all sizes, reminding me very much of the stalls for the sale of such articles second-hand, which are to be seen in the humbler parts of our city. "John, what a bill this speaks of," said I. He only laughed, and then led me to a window commanding a view of his washing-green, where I saw such ropefuls of little petticoats, and little stockings, as were perfectly bewildering. I held up my hands in astonishment: John only laughed on more. We took a short walk, and returned to breakfast, when my ears were saluted by a confused noise proceeding from a side-room. "What is that?" said I. "Oh," said he, "only the meat mob." The mystery and the phrase were explained together, when he opened a door and showed me a multitude of little

ones proceeding to plant themselves at a table on which was ranged a double row of dishes containing the porridge which may be said to form our national breakfast, while at each end stood a tureenful of milk, flanked by a pile of spoons. "Mob truly," thought I, as the creatures pushed about for their places, all eagerness to fall on, while two or three of the smallest, over-set in the hurry, set up a squall, quickly stilled by the soothing care of the attendants, by whom these minuter fry were taken upon knee to be fed. Some ten or a dozen faces were now turned upon me with a comic expression, as if to inquire what I thought of the scene; nor could I help observing that the very same burlesque interrogation reigned in the visage of my friend and host. "John, have you insured upon your life?" was my question as we left the room. "Oh, all right there, my boy," said he. No more passed. The humour and the wisdom involved in these few words were alike understood between us. Our own breakfast, at which Mrs Balderstone presided, all smiles and white dimity, passed as quietly as if there had been no children in the house, a fact which I could not help remarking; when the lady said, "Why, it would be grievous, indeed, if a large family were necessarily to insure that the parents were never to be free for one moment from its turmoils. A little management, where the means at all exist, should give them exemption at the times when it is desirable, and particularly when they have a friend living with them." "Yes," said John, "it is quite a point of pride with us that no one shall ever have occasion to say that we are bores with our children. If they are a cumber, they shall be so only to ourselves." These remarks piqued me into asking to see the family after the things should be removed; which, however, was no sacrifice on my part, as I am fond of children generally, and have a few friendships among John's in particular. "The first battalion might be enough," insinuated my friend, by which I knew he meant all down to a particular point where there was a gap of full two years, the only such interval in the family. "No," said I, "the whole regiment, since we are at it." "What, all my pretty ones!" cried he with Macduff's start; "did you say all?" "I have said," quoth I, carrying on the quotation. "My dear, shall we turn on the children just now? I fear it may be too much for our friend; but the blame be upon his own head."

Orders were given, and, in a wonderfully brief space of time, in trooped the whole multitude, all as clean and smart as possible, and all looking supremely healthy and cheerful; the youngest of all coming, like a postscript, in its nurse's arms, a minute after the rest, and looking with that I-don't-know-what-it's-all-about-ishness peculiar to little babies in the midst of a bustle. "Well, here you have the entire *schol* of them," said John—"for I think this word far more applicable to a family like ours than it is to an assembly of whales." "Happy, happy, happy pair!" said I; "thrice happy and more, by which I suppose it may be implied that you have what might make rather more than three couples happy—mayn't it?" "To be candid," said John, "I could have wished before that the lot had been to be distributed amongst three or any larger number, instead of being concentrated upon one; but what I think *now* is quite a different question." Here I had him again for my argument.

It was amusing now to see how the multitude grouped itself out into separate parts, according to ages, sexes, and those peculiar ever-shifting associations of preference which exist amongst all children living together. A set of boys ranging from eight to thirteen got by themselves to a window, where they whispered, looked shy, and finally, when they had got a little confidence, burst into a great laugh. Two or three misses of similar standing ranged themselves modestly beside the maternal stalk, whence alone, it appeared, they could look at me with any degree of composure. But the drollest part of the business was the behaviour of a lot of very

young female rosebuds, among which was included, as by some mistake, one very tiny boy—sing hey ho the wind and the rain. The foregone conclusion, as to the footing on which these creatures stood with papa, was quickly shown by the *abandon* with which they literally precipitated themselves upon him where he sat, the first in hand seizing him round the neck, and kissing him violently, the next seizing his arms, legs, and every other available part, while one left-over miss and the little boy could only crow outside the fluttering struggling mass, in hopes of finding an inlet to my good friend's person by and by. The whole scene reminded me very much of "Philoprogenitiveness" in the inimitable George Cruikshanks's Illustrations of Phrenology, where an honest Hibernian, stretched back in an armchair, is barnacled all over with little ones in a similar manner. Only a few murmurs of affected displeasure could be heard from John for some time; but at length, by dint of considerable exertion, he, Gulliver-like, emancipated an arm, by the gentle use of which he in time contrived to obtain at least the means of breathing freely, when he exclaimed, "Ye preposterous creatures, I declare I've spoilt ye all!" "So all the proper people would say, and probably do," said Mrs Balderstone; adding, "but I never can think that spoiling which gains the unlimited affection of one's own children;" and I could see a rather more than usual moistness in her eye as she spoke. As this was quite a sentiment of my own, I expressed my hearty wish that all young people could say they were spoilt in the same way. I was now told, what I could have easily surmised, that all the children of this family were regularly taken in charge by papa at about a year and a half old, and made his playmates till they were eight or nine, his whole conduct towards them during this period being so unreservedly on the level of their own sportive inclinations, that he became the greatest possible favourite with them. It was his system, as Dr O'Toole would have said. "Once let me persuade my children to love me," he privately remarked to myself, speaking for once in downright earnest, "and I'll defy them to be disobedient or vexatious. And to make them love me, what but constant kindness from me to them can be necessary? Depend upon it, sir, when parents are not objects of affection to their children, it is their own blame; for it is the nature of the relation to dispose the younger party to affection, and, if the means are taken at all, the result is certain." Alas! how much unhappiness arises from acting contrary to this simple philosophy!

As it was a holiday, and the children were therefore to stay at home, John expressed a wish to hear them sing some of their last-acquired songs. Accordingly, Mrs Balderstone, in her usual complying way, seated herself at a piccolo piano-forte which they keep in the dining-room, and accompanied a group of sweet choristers in several simple ditties, which, as they seem particularly well adapted for children, I take leave to recommend to family notice.\* All, even to the youngest, were correct in tune; and though now and then a very little miss would contrive to wander half a bar astray in time, the general effect was delightful. "Quite an independent concert power you will have in your family-circle by and by, John," said I. "Yes, for a time it may be so," answered he; "but when the basses begin to go off to professions or colonies, I fear the tenors and trebles will sing rather small. However, don't let us anticipate evil." Dancing succeeded, partly elegant, partly grotesque; and such a blithesome floor I have rarely seen. But why protract a description which must have already convinced the reader that, in this instance at least, an enormous family is no evil. Suffice it to say, that I left my worthy cousin that morning with much more serious thoughts of Laura than I had entertained any time for the previous six months, and very much inclined to think that love and a flat (the

\* They are entitled, Mrs Kingston's Vocal Music for the Young.

Edinburgh equivalent for a cottage) might do very well to begin with, always trusting that Providence would promote us in good time to a front door. How long this set of ideas is to hold sway over me, I could not take it upon me to say distinctly; but I feel them to be pretty firm for the present, and intend to ask the young lady to the exhibition to-morrow, which, as John would say, looks violently symptomatic. We shall see.

#### HYDROCYANIC ACID—A REMEDY FOR BLINDNESS.

In the summer of last year, while residing for a month in London, no subject of interest which the metropolis presents engaged so large a share of my attention as one which now, after considerable deliberation, I propose explaining to the reader of these pages, on the score of public duty. I allude to a series of personal examinations which I made respecting the validity of certain alleged cures and meliorations of blindness, performed by Dr Turnbull of Russel Square, chiefly by means of hydrocyanic acid. It is proper to say why an unprofessional person should have considered it at all necessary to devote time to the investigation of a subject of this nature.

The first time I heard anything of Dr Turnbull's operations on the eye, was through an article in the Literary Gazette of June 12, 1842, from which, on the credit of that print, and simply for the sake of conveying what appeared a piece of curious scientific information to the public, an extract was made into the present Journal (No. 546). There, in all probability, the matter might have rested, but for what seemed an unreasonable attack from a contemporary, calling in question the truth of the statements in the Journal, and protesting against the injury they were likely to accomplish. Having sinned in ignorance, if they had sinned at all, the editors of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal resolved to embrace the first convenient opportunity of investigating, personally, what was evidently a two-sided subject, and of forming their own opinion. No doubt this was a hazardous resolution, for, unacquainted with the state of ocular surgery, they might possibly be misled by appearances, and give credence to what was in reality a fallacy. Nevertheless, with a determination to exercise caution in a matter so intricate, to sift the evidence presented, and to judge only from facts, they hoped to satisfy themselves whether the allegations against them rested on a basis of truth or prejudice. This opportunity happily occurred, as has been said, in the summer of the past year, when one of the editors, the present writer, was for a few weeks in the metropolis.

To descend to the first person—One of the earliest of my movements after arriving in town was to wait upon Dr Turnbull and explain the object of my visit. This was no sooner announced, than that gentleman professed his willingness to give me every information respecting his practice in cases of blindness, to explain all that seemed puzzling or difficult, and to submit his patients freely to every sort of examination which I chose to institute. "What time," said I, "do your gratis patients attend?" "Thrice a-week, at nine in the morning." "Then I shall be in attendance at that time during my stay in London." I did so, and every alternate morning found me on my way up Tottenham Court Road, towards Russel Square, where the subjects of my inquiry were congregated.

The cases chiefly brought under my notice were those of from thirty to forty poor people, in different states of

blindness, and whose condition I could progressively observe. Some of the cases were among those which had been already made known in the Literary Gazette; others were more recent. In either instance, the parties showed no reluctance to tell me the story of their maladies, and submitted with patience to my repeated examinations and cross-questionings. One by one they were brought from an adjoining room into the surgery, and operated upon in my presence. I shall here describe, as clearly as possible, the principle on which the doctor professes to act. Some years ago, according to his own account, having remarked that the eyes of persons who had destroyed themselves by hydrocyanic or prussic acid remained clear and dilated, he considered that the acid exerted a specific action upon the eye, which might be made available as a medical agent for relieving many of the diseases to which that organ is subject. After a few cautious experiments, he became assured of the truth of his conjectures, and began to apply the vapour of this powerful acid to the eyes of persons afflicted with blindness, and with surprising effect. As far as I have comprehended his explanations, the vapour acts both as a stimulant and sedative. By exciting the small blood-vessels to a great degree, the languid circulation is roused into activity; and nature, no longer shackled by the morbid affection, hastens to restore the organ to its normal condition, and sight is the consequence. Subsequent experiments showed to Dr Turnbull that the practice might be advantageously varied, to suit different cases, were he to employ other agents, as the vapour of chloroacetic acid, sulphuretted chrysic acid, and chloruret of iodine. Each of these, therefore, he now uses in a small phial with a glass stopper, and with a mouth shaped to cover the hollow of the eye. In the bottle containing the hydrocyanic acid, in order to prevent any dangerous consequences from accidentally spilling the liquid, he puts some pieces of asbestos to act as a sponge; the use of it is hence quite safe, care only being taken not to allow the patient to smell it. The same thing is done with respect to the chloroacetic acid.

Having received these preliminary explanations, it became important for me to understand upon what kinds of blindness the vapour of these acids might be most advantageously directed. The cases submitted to my inspection were various in their nature—opacity of the cornea, rheumatic ophthalmia, staphyloma, or projecting sloughed eye, amaurosis, cataract, and some others. On some of these the operations with the hydrocyanic acid and other vapours were, from what I could observe, more efficacious than others. The first case of more than ordinary interest which I shall mention was that of Diana Primrose. A number of years ago, as this woman told me, her eyes became afflicted with ophthalmia; they were swollen, inflamed, and so blind, that she could only distinguish light, and she required to be led by a guide; to aggravate her complaint, the eyelashes would grow no other way but inwards. The pains in her head were very severe. She attended several hospitals and institutions in the hope of finding relief, but without the least benefit. On one occasion, a surgeon cut away a portion of the upper lid of the left eye, and many of her eyelashes were from time to time pulled out. From less to more, the poor creature became a spectacle of horror to all who saw her; and her existence was a burden which she could willingly have resigned. At length she visited Dr Turnbull, who, by applying his usual medical agents, suppressed the violence of the complaint; the hitherto refractory eyelashes began to grow as nature designed them, outwards; and now there seemed little the matter with her, except a redness of the eyelids, and a dimness in the organs of vision. She said she could now see

pretty well; she could read large print, walk about without a guide, the pains in her head were gone, and she was able to support herself by her industry; in proof of this, she brought forward a basket of coloured worsted articles, by the knitting of which she earns a livelihood. She expressed a lively gratitude for her restoration to sight, and the last time I saw her she was advancing towards a perfect recovery.

Of the cases of staphyloma, or projecting eye, with opacity of the cornea, none interested me more than that of a little girl, by name Georgina Larkins. This sweet-tempered child became blind when she was six days old, in consequence of an attack of inflammation. Referring to the professional history of her case, already before the public, it is sufficient for me here to mention, that all the ordinary means for restoring sight proved, in her case, unavailing; and that, in April 1840, she was brought to Dr Turnbull, a ghastly object—the left eye projecting to twice the natural dimensions, and of a general blue colour, with a white body resembling a mother-of-pearl button in the centre; while the right eye was white, without any appearance of iris or pupil. The case was as hopeless as could well be imagined, yet to it the doctor set with his applications, beginning by putting a drop of castor oil into each eye, and occasionally substituting for the castor oil the oil of almonds. By this treatment, in two months he diminished the size of both eyes, and so much decreased the opacity of the right eye, that the pupil made its appearance, and the child began to see, and to be able to walk alone. After an interval in attendance, caused by the doctor's absence from town, during which nothing was done for her, she returned in 1842, when the vapour of the hydrocyanic acid was regularly applied to both eyes. This mode of treatment still further reduced the size of the left eye, bringing it within the compass of the eyelids, and finally diminished the right eye to a proper size, besides greatly strengthening its power of vision. She had attended a school for the blind, where she learned to read raised letters by touch; but now that she is able to see, she reads equally well by the eye as the fingers. I tried her both ways, and think the eye had the best of it; she read passages in a volume which I took from my pocket with facility and propriety. While the right eye had thus far advanced, leaving comparatively little to be done to it, the left eye was gradually losing its whitish opacity; the blue pupil was shining out; and, supposing the cure to go no farther, the orb was becoming less offensive in its general appearance—a matter of some consequence to a face otherwise far from unpleasant. When I last saw this child, her health was greatly better than it had been in her days of total and hopeless blindness.

The removal of sloughs or opacities of the cornea was shown in various other cases; a person who had been blind in the right eye for twenty years, said he now could see with it. Many entered and left the room by their own unaided sight, who told me they could not formerly walk without a guide. At one time there used to be nearly as many "leaders" in attendance as blind people; now, few of these are required. As soon as one gets a glimmering of sight, he begins to act as a guide to others, and thus "the blind leading the blind" is no longer a mere figure in rhetoric.

That opacities in the external coating of the eye should be removable by a pungent and active vapour, is much less surprising than that such applications should at all affect cases of cataract, which resembles a pearly matter within the eye, and therefore removed considerably from the proximate action of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid. Several cases of this form of blindness were brought under my notice, as having been partially meliorated by the process; but, on the whole, I think the doctor was less successful in this department than in others. The cure, if it be possible, is evidently tedious; but as cataract is removable by couching, a want of success with the external applications is perhaps less to be regretted.

Some cases of amaurosis interested me not a little. Amaurosis, it is proper to explain, is that form of blindness in which the eyes appear sound to an observer, but are really incapable of vision. The defect arises from paralysis of the optic nerve, or the branches of the fifth pair of nerves; or sometimes from disease of the brain itself. The restoration of sight in such cases, particularly if of a confirmed nature, has hitherto been considered hopeless by the profession. Dr Turnbull entertains a very different opinion. He believes the complaint to be removable by stimulating the nerves and the circulation in the neighbourhood of the eye. This he does in two ways; first, by applying the vapour of hydrocyanic acid to the ball of the eye, in the manner already described; and second, by the application of essential oils, diluted in alcohol, to the forehead; warmth, increased circulation, absorption, and action, are the consequence. By treatment of this kind, I found several patients so far recovered from their amaurosis, as to be able to read by sight any book put before them.

Sophia Brown, a milliner, told me she had been quite blind with amaurosis, and had been dismissed as past remedy by all the medical men to whom she applied. But by her attendance on Dr Turnbull for seven months, her sight is gradually coming back; she can now see objects, though not distinctly, and can walk without a guide. I left her with sight improving and general health greatly better. Sophia Townsend, who had been blind with amaurosis in the left eye, for which nothing could be done of the least value by the medical men in whose hands she had been, could now, after three months' applications, see so well with that eye, as to be able to read with it. To satisfy myself still further as to the possibility of assuaging amaurosis by the external stimulants, I sent for a person named John Plunket, formerly an attorney's clerk, who for several years had been so blind with amaurosis, as to be led about by his children. This man told me that his left eye had been destroyed by operations, and therefore Dr Turnbull addressed himself only to the right. By repeated applications of essential oils to the forehead, his sight in this undestroyed eye gradually recovered. This recovery took place four years ago, and his sight was still improving by weekly applications. He read a book which I produced, and is desirous of employment as a clerk. This was a very satisfactory case of recovery from amaurosis, but perhaps not more so than another, that of Eleanor McCartney, a poor Irishwoman in St Giles' workhouse, Holborn. Guided by Mrs Bailey, the respectable matron of this institution, I was conducted to the couch of this bed-ridden pauper, whose neat and cleanly appearance, as she sat up in bed, bespoke a declension from better days. Eleanor told her case in few words. About the year 1829 she became quite blind in the right eye, and deaf in the right ear, from an attack of paralysis, in which state she remained till 1835, when Dr Turnbull, by his applications, restored her sight and hearing in a week, and she had retained both ever since. Mrs Bailey corroborated all the poor woman said. At my request she read a few passages with the formerly blind eye from a devotional work lying by her bed-side. This quite satisfied me.

In one of my latest visits to Dr Turnbull's, I saw for the first time a case of conical eye, a form of disease which I understand has hitherto been considered as incurable as amaurosis. In this disorder the eye projects to an obtuse point, with a brilliant speck in front, as if a small piece of crystal were laid upon the cornea. By the action of the vapour, the speck in this case was disappearing, and the sight coming back.

Sometimes I was permitted to see patients moving in the higher spheres of life; but their cases were usually of a more simple and less painful nature than the others. One of the most interesting of this class was that of a gentleman who complained of having ever present in one of his eyes a small speck, which marred the field

of vision. He mentioned, however, that there was no actual speck in the organ, that it was a mere spectrum, which, greatly to his surprise, had been impressed on the retina after he had on one occasion been looking intently through a telescope, in which a speck happened to be on one of the lenses. The mention of this remarkable apparition recalled to Dr Turnbull's memory some analogous cases which he recounted. "I remember," said he, "on the occasion of the annular eclipse of the sun a few years ago, that several people with weak and over-susceptible eyes, even although sheltered by smoked glass, received impressions which remained for a length of time. One gentleman called on me to say, that he could not, night or day, get the eclipse out of his eye. Wherever he looked, there the bright ring of the sun, with the darkened moon in the centre, was preëst. I could not, unfortunately, relieve him from his apparitionary tormentor, for I had not then discovered the mode of treatment I now pursue." This curious case of abiding spectrum was paralleled by another which was mentioned, that of a gentleman who, from having one day looked fixedly at a print of the Lord's prayer the size of a sixpence, received the impression of it on the retina, where, to his annoyance, it remained ever present to his sense of vision. After a little conversation on the cause of such singularities, the gentleman who was affected with the small speck was subjected to the ordinary applications; but having left town before any decided melioration was effected, I am unable to say what was the result.

Here my personal observations may be considered as having drawn to a close, leaving the conviction on my mind, that the account given of Dr Turnbull's operations on the eye was substantially correct, and that by means of the vapour of prussic acid, and other stimulants, applied in the manner I have described, sight will in many cases be restored, when, as I have reason to believe, all the ordinary forms of counter-irritation and stimulus fail. I can at least say, that in every instance I judged for myself, and entirely with a reference to the elucidation of truth. I took the histories of the patients from their own mouths, and have no reason to suppose they had any intention to deceive, or were themselves deceived by imaginary feelings. I could not, indeed, for a moment entertain the idea that they were anything but what they plainly appeared; persons for the most part in humble circumstances, eager to be relieved from a great bodily affliction, and thankful for the relief they had already experienced.

Having thus received what I believed to be the most credible testimony respecting the efficacy, and, I may add, the simplicity and safety of Dr Turnbull's applications to the eye, I felt satisfied that, in copying the account from the Literary Gazette, these pages had not been stained by giving currency to anything like imposture; at the same time, from the extraordinary unwillingness of the medical world to believe a single word respecting the powers of prussic acid to meliorate blindness, I deemed it necessary to be cautious in making any fresh statement on the subject. On my arrival in Edinburgh, therefore, after a journey on the continent in the interval, I submitted my experiences to a medical friend, Alexander Miller, Esq., fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, with a request that he would gratify me by giving Dr Turnbull's form of application a fair trial. Having kindly consented to my wish, this gentleman first tried the vapour of prussic acid in a bottle prepared by Dr Turnbull for the purpose, upon one of his patients, a boy, who was affected with opacity of the cornea in one of his eyes. Greatly to his delight, and mine also, and much more so to the parents of the child, the boy, after being blind, was restored to sight after a few applications. The following is Mr Miller's account of the case:—

38 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, 22<sup>nd</sup> Nov. 1843.

My Dear Sir—Having, at your desire, undertaken to ascertain the effect of the application of the vapour of

hydrocyanic acid in certain affections of the eye, I beg to furnish you with the results I have observed during the short time I have been engaged with this important investigation. The first case in which I employed the vapour is the only one that I will detail at any length, as it is much further advanced towards recovery than any of the others; in fact, the cure may be said to be all but completed. It was a case of opacity of the cornea. A boy, J. C., æt. 7, of a strumous habit, and of a strumous family, in the summer of 1842 suffered from an attack of small-pox, before recovering from which he was seized with measles. During these attacks both eyes were affected with inflammation, which continued more or less severe for nearly twelve months, notwithstanding the constant employment of remedies, the right eye suffering more than the left: when the inflammation at last yielded, it was found that no disorganisation of the left eye had taken place, but that the right one had suffered to a very considerable extent; the cornea was found opaque to nearly four-fifths of its whole extent, the greatest opacity occupying the centre, and gradually diminishing towards the circumference; the only part not affected was the margin, where it joins the sclerotic. The effect of this opacity of the cornea was to impede vision completely, so that the boy could not, with the affected eye, distinguish one object from another; all that he could do was to discern light from darkness. Such was the state of matters for months previous to the 1st October last, when the hydrocyanic acid vapour was first applied. This I ascertained from personal observation before using the vapour. The hydrocyanic acid was applied according to the method recommended by Dr Turnbull of London, and by means of the apparatus procured by you from him. The immediate effect was an increased secretion of tears, redness of the conjunctiva and cornea; these instantly becoming covered with numerous small vessels, the eyelids also participating in the redness, their colour contrasting strangely with the surrounding paleness of the face. The boy declared he felt no pain, only an agreeable sensation of heat was produced. The application of the vapour has been repeated every second, third, or fourth day, as it was found convenient, so that in all it has been applied about twenty different times. The change upon the cornea has been not only remarkable, but most satisfactory; the opacity perceptibly diminishing after every application, until there now only remains the slightest haziness, which I am confident will also disappear after a few more applications. There has likewise been a corresponding improvement in the vision. From being unable to distinguish the largest objects, he now can discern the smallest.

Besides the above, I have employed the hydrocyanic acid vapour in upwards of twelve other cases of various affections of the eye, but in none for such a long period. They have all come under my care during the last two or three weeks, and have the disadvantage of being of much longer standing than the one detailed, and must necessarily require longer time before the beneficial effects are produced, many of these being cases of from fifteen to twenty years' standing. Still, from the improvement observed in several of these, where the affection is opacity of the cornea, I feel confident in assuring you that I look upon the vapour of the hydrocyanic acid as a most valuable remedy in all such affections. With regard to its effects in other diseases, such as amaurosis, cataract, &c., I cannot, as yet, speak from my own observation and experience. As I have some cases of these affections under treatment, I shall be happy to communicate the results to you as soon as I have given the remedy a fair trial. One important fact which I have been able to establish is, that there is not the slightest danger attending the application of the hydrocyanic acid—providing due caution is observed in doing so—even in cases of the most delicate and feeble constitution; for a more unhealthy subject could not be found than the boy whose case I have described.—I am yours truly,  
ALEX. MILLER.



After receiving such assurances, any hesitation to publish the result of my inquiries seemed to me unjustifiable and pusillanimous. I now, therefore, submit the foregoing statements, with a confidence in their accuracy; and shall feel gratified if they in any way prove the means of inducing medical men to examine, apart from all private or personal considerations, into the merits of the discoveries and applications in question.

W. C.

### "THE GIFT," AN AMERICAN ANNUAL.

ANNUALS, as we have more than once observed, have had their day in England. The idea of presenting an elegant packet of literature, as a New Year's gift, was good; but, like most good ideas, was spoiled, partly from the general trashiness of the literature, and partly from being completely overdone. A few of the earliest annuals still exist—have become perennials—while the greater number have languished and expired. We believe not more than one, out of many "guinea annuals," now keeps the field, notwithstanding the great efforts to maintain the more expensive class in existence by dint of satin, gilding, and every other attraction—literary merit alone excepted. Nearly vanished from among us, this imposing order of books has apparently settled, at least for a time, in the United States of America, where several are issued at the approach of every winter. The Americans, however, find it equally difficult to inspire their annuals with anything like vigour. The gilding, the binding, and the pictorial embellishments are unexceptionable, indeed highly tasteful; but the literature, for the most part, is as poor and lackadaisical as that of their British prototypes.

The best conducted, as it appears to us, of the American annuals, is "The Gift," a handsome octavo, in cream-coloured and finely gilt leather, published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia. In this production for 1844, among not a little that is wire-drawn and weak, there are a few prose sketches more than usually smart for an annual, because they are evidently derived from observations of real character and circumstances, instead of imagination or romance. Among these pieces may be instanced one from the pen of the clever authoress of "A New Home," and some other tales illustrative of the raw and odd state of society in the Far West. As perhaps not six of our sixty thousand readers are likely ever to see the volume in question, we offer this piece in a slightly curtailed form, and which may be entitled—

#### WANTED, A SERVANT!

"Can't you let our folks have some eggs?" said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door, and putting in a little straw-coloured head and a pair of very mild blue eyes just far enough to reconnoitre; "can't you let our folks have some eggs? Our old hen don't lay nothing but chickens now, and mother can't eat pork, and she a'n't had no breakfast, and the baby a'n't drest, nor nothin'!"

"What is the matter, Webster? Where's your girl?"

"Oh! we ha'n't no girl but father; and he's had to go 'way to-day to a raisin', and mother wants to know if you can't tell her where to get a girl?"

Poor Mrs Larkins! Her husband makes but an indifferent "girl," being a remarkably public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength, she usually keeps a girl when she can get one. When she cannot, which is unfortunately the larger part of the time, her husband dresses the children, mixes stir-cakes for the eldest blue eyes to bake on a griddle, which is never at rest, milks the cow, feeds the pigs, and then goes to his "business," which we have supposed to consist principally in helping at various wood-heaps, huskings, and such-like important

affairs; and "girl" hunting, the most important, and arduous, and profitless of all.

Yet it must be owned that Mr Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts for his family as most of his neighbours. The main difficulty seems to be, that "help" is not often purchasable. The very small proportion of our damsels who will consent to enter anybody's doors for pay, makes the chase after them quite interesting from its uncertainty; and the damsels themselves, subject to a well-known foible of their sex, become very coy from being over-courted. Such racing and chasing, and begging and praying, to get a girl for a month! They are often got for life with half the trouble. But to return.

Having an esteem for Mrs Larkins, and a sincere pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female tact and perseverance might not prove effectual in ferreting out a "help," though mere industry had not succeeded. For this purpose I made a list in my mind of those neighbours, in the first place, whose daughters sometimes condescended to be girls; and, secondly, of the few who were enabled by good luck, good management, and good pay, to keep them. If I failed in my attempts upon one class, I hoped for some new lights from the other. When the object is of such importance, it is well to string one's bow double.

In the first category stood Mrs Lowndes, whose forlorn log-house had never known door nor window; a blanket supplying the place of the one, and the other being represented by a crevice between the logs. Lifting the sooty curtain with some kindity, I found the dame with a sort of reel before her, trying to wind some dirty tangled yarn, and ever and anon kicking at a basket which hung suspended from the beam overhead by means of a strip of hickory bark. This basket contained a nest of rags, and an indescribable baby; and in the ashes on the rough hearth played several dingy objects, which, I suppose, had once been babies.

"Is your daughter at home now, Mrs Lowndes?"

"Well, yes; Mrandy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her?"

"I came to see if she could go to Mrs Larkins, who is very unwell, and sadly in want of help."

"Miss Larkins! why, do tell? I want to know. Is she sick again?—and is her gal gone? Why, I want to know. I thought she had Lo-i-sy Paddon. Is Lo-i-sy gone?"

"I suppose so. You will let Miranda go to Mrs Larkins, will you?"

"Well, I donnow but I would let her go for a spell, just to 'commodate 'em. Mrandy may go if she's a mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks to nobody. What wages do they give?" "A dollar a week." "Eat at the table?" "Oh, certainly." "Have Sundays?"

"Why, no; I believe not the whole of Sunday; the children, you know—"

"Oh ho!" interrupted Mrs Lowndes with a most disdainful toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle; "if that's how it is, Mrandy don't stir a step. She don't live nowhere if she can't come home Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

I took my leave without farther parley, having often found this point *till sine qua non* in such negotiations. My next effort was at a pretty-looking cottage, whose overhanging roof and neat outer arrangements spoke of English ownership. The interior by no means corresponded with the exterior aspect, being even more bare than usual, and far from neat. The presiding power was a prodigious creature, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and whose blazing face, ornamented here and there by great hair moles, spoke very intelligibly of the beer-barrel, if of nothing more exciting. A daughter of this virago had once lived in my family, and the mother met me with an air of defiance, as if she thought I had come with an accusation. When I m-

folded my errand, her *abond* softened a little, but she scornfully rejected the idea of her Lucy's living with any more Yankees.

"You pretend to think everybody alike," said she; "but when it comes to the pint, you're a sight more uppish and saasy than the ra'al quality at home; and I'll see the whole Yankee race to—"

I made my exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation; and the less reluctant, for having observed on the table the lower part of one of my own silver teaspoons, the top of which had been violently wrenched off. This spoon was a well-remembered loss during Lucy's administration, and I knew that Mrs Larkins had none to spare.

Unsuccessful thus far among the arbiters of our destiny, I thought I would stop at the house of a friend, and make some inquiries which might spare me farther rebuffs. On making my way by the little garden gate to the little library where I usually saw Mrs Stayner, I was surprised to find it silent and uninhabited. The windows were closed; a half-finished cap lay on the sofa, and a bunch of yesterday's wild-flowers upon the table. All spoke of desolation. The cradle—not exactly an appropriate adjunct of a library scene elsewhere, but quite so at the West—was gone, and the little rocking-chair was nowhere to be seen. I went on through parlour and hall, finding no sign of life, save the breakfast table still standing with crumbs undisturbed. Where bells are not known, ceremony is out of the question; so I penetrated even to the kitchen, where at length I caught sight of the fair face of my friend. She was bending over the bread-tray, and at the same time telling nursery-stories as fast as possible, by way of coaxing her little boy of four years old to rock the cradle which contained his baby sister.

"What does this mean?"

"Oh, nothing more than usual. My Polly took herself off yesterday without a moment's warning, saying she thought she had lived out about long enough; and poor Tom, our factotum, has the ague. Mr Stayner has gone to some place sixteen miles off, where he was told he might hear of a girl; and I am sole representative of the family energies. But you've no idea what capital bread I can make."

This looked rather discouraging for my quest; but knowing that the main point of table-companionship was the source of most of Mrs Stayner's difficulties, I still hoped for Mrs Larkins, who loved the closest intimacy with her "help," and always took them visiting with her. So I passed on for another effort at Mrs Randall's, whose three daughters had sometimes been known to lay aside their dignity long enough to obtain some much coveted article of dress. But here, also, I was unsuccessful, and went my way, crest-fallen and weary.

Thus baffled, it was for rest more than for inquiry that I turned my steps towards Mrs Clifford's modest dwelling; a house containing just rooms enough for decent comfort, yet inhabited by gentle breeding and feelings which meet but little sympathy in these rough walks. Mrs Clifford was a widow, bowed down by misfortune, and gradually sinking into a sort of desperate apathy, if we may be allowed such a term; a condition to which successive disappointments, and the gradual fading away of long-cherished hopes, will sometimes reduce proud yet honourable minds. [This poor lady had come from England with a son, Augustus, and two daughters, Rose and Anna; misfortunes had reduced the family; and now Augustus was gone to New York in quest of employment. When I entered the parlour (continues the authoress), two sheriff's officers were in the act of putting an execution on the property; and when they had departed, I invited Anna to visit me in the evening. She came, and referred to my inquiries as to a girl for Mrs Larkins.]

"It was a lucky thought that struck me when you said Mrs Larkins wanted a servant. It flashed upon me that in that way I might earn a pittance, however

small, on which mamma and Rose can subsist until we hear from Augustus. You see what these horrid jobs come to, and we are absolutely without present resources. Ah, I see what you are going to say; but do not even speak of it. Mamma would rather die, I believe! Only get me in at Mrs Larkins's, and you shall see what a famous maid I'll make! I have learned so much since we came here! And I have arranged it all with Rose, that mamma shall never discover it. Mamma is a little deaf, you know, and does not hear casual observations, and Rose will take care that nobody tells her. Poor Rose cried a good deal at first; but she saw it was the best thing I could do for mamma, so she consented. She can easily do all that is needed at home, while my strong arms"—and here she extended a pair that Cleopatra might have envied, so round, so graceful, so perfect—"my strong arms can earn all the little comforts that are everything to poor mamma! Won't it be delightful? Oh, I shall be so happy! There is only one sad-side. My mother will think—till Augustus returns—that I have selfishly flown from her trials;" and at the thought she burst into tears, for the remembrance of her mother's displeasure weighed sorely upon her.

The thing was settled, and all I could do was to procure the introduction.

Mrs Larkins was at first a little afraid of "such a lady" for a help, but after a close and searching examination, she consented to engage Miss Clifford for a week.

I left Anna in excellent spirits, and during several evening visits which she contrived to make me in the course of this her first week of servitude, she declared herself well satisfied with her situation, and only afraid Mrs Larkins would not care to retain one who was so awkward about many things required in her household. But she must have underrated her own skill; for on the Saturday evening Mr Larkins put into her hands a silver dollar, with a very humble request for a permanent engagement.

The spending of that dollar, Anna Clifford declared to me, was the greatest pleasure she could remember.

Strong in virtuous resolutions, Anna continued her toil, and the Larkinses esteemed themselves the most fortunate of girl-hunters. Anna's active habits, strong sense, and high principle, made all go well; and the influence which she soon established over the household was such as superior intellect would naturally command, where there was no idea of difference of station. Mrs Larkins would have thought the roughest of her neighbours' daughters entitled to a full equality with herself; and she treated Miss Clifford with all the additional respect which her real superiority demanded. It has been well said, that the highest intellectual qualifications may find employment in the arrangements of a household; and our friends the Larkinses, young and old, if they had ever heard of the doctrine, would, I doubt not, have subscribed to it heartily, for they will never forget Miss Clifford's reign.

Among the gentlemen who had been disposed to play the agreeable to Miss Clifford, was a certain Captain Maguire, an Irish officer, who had met her in Montreal. From Anna herself one would never have learned that her beauty had found a solitary adorer; but the tender and unselfish Rose could not help boasting a little, in her quiet way, of the triumphs of her sister's charms. She had thought well of the captain's pretensions, and rather wondered that his handsome person and gallant bearing had not made some impression upon Anna, who was the object of his devoted attention.

"But Anna thought him a coxcomb," she said, "and never threw him the least crumb of encouragement; so, poor fellow, he gave over in despair."

Now, as it would happen, just at the wrong time this unencouraged and despairing gentleman chanced to be one of a party who made a flying pilgrimage to the prairies; and being thus far favoured by chance, he took his further fate into his own hands, so far as sufficed to bring him to the humble village which he had



understood to be shone upon temporarily by the bright eyes of Miss Clifford. He went first to her mother's, of course, and during a short call, ascertained from the old lady that her youngest daughter was on a visit to us. The captain was not slow in taking advantage of the information, and he was at our door before Rose had at all made up her mind what should be done in such an emergency.

I was equally embarrassed, since one never knows on what nice point those things called love-affairs may turn. However, I detained the captain, and wrote a note to Miss Clifford. What was my surprise when a verbal answer was returned, inviting Captain Maguire and myself to Mrs Larkins's. There was no alternative, so I shawled forthwith; but I really do not know how I led the young gentleman through the shop into the rag-carpeted sitting-room of Mrs Larkins. The scene upon which the door opened must have been a novel one for fashionable optics.

Anna Clifford, with a white apron depending from her taper-waist, stood at the ironing-table, half hidden by a clothes-frame already well-covered with garments of all sizes. Mrs Larkins occupied her own dear creaking rocking-chair, holding a little one in her lap, and jogging another in the cradle, while blue-eyed minims trotted about or sat gravely staring at the strangers.

"Get up, young 'uns!" said Mrs Larkins hastily, as Captain Maguire's imposing presence caught her eye, and Miss Clifford came forward to welcome him. "Jump up! clear out!" And as she spoke, she tipped one of the minims off a chair, offering the vacated seat to the gentleman, who, not noticing that it was a nursing chair, some three or four inches lower than usual, plumped into it after a peculiar fashion, a specimen of bathos far less amusing to the young officer than to the infant Larkinses, who burst into a very natural laugh.

Miss Clifford meanwhile asked after friends in Montreal and elsewhere, and entertained her dashing beau with all the ease and grace that belonged to the drawing-rooms in which they had last met. It was most amusing to note the air with which Anna ran over the splendid names of her quondam friends, and to contrast it with the puzzled look which would make itself evident, spite of "power of face," in the countenance of her visitor. Never was man more completely mystified.

Mr Larkins now brought in a huge armful of stove-wood, which he threw into a corner with a loud crash.

"Will there be as much wood as you'll want, Miss Clifford?" said he.

"Yes—quite enough, thank you," said Anna composedly; "I have nearly finished the ironing."

At this the captain, with a look in which was concentrated the essence of a dozen shrugs, took his leave, declaring himself quite delighted to have found Miss Clifford looking so well.

We were no sooner in the open air than he began—and I did not wonder—

"May I ask—will you tell me, madam, what is the meaning of Miss Clifford's travesty? Is she masquerading for some frolic? or is it a bet?—for I know young ladies do bet, sometimes."

"Neither, sir," I replied. "Miss Clifford is, in sad and sober earnest, filling the place of a servant, that she may procure the necessities of life for her family. More than one friend would gladly offer aid in an emergency, which we trust will be only temporary; but Miss Clifford, with rare independence, prefers devoting herself as you have seen."

"Bless my soul, what a noble girl! What uncommon spirit and resolution! I never heard anything like it! Such a splendid creature to be so sacrificed!" These, and a hundred other enthusiastic expressions, broke from the gay captain, while I recounted some of the circumstances which had brought Mrs Clifford's family to this low ebb; but when I pursued his trip to the prairies the next morning, and about attempting to procure another servant, the lady he so warmly admired, I came to a different conclusion. Not a very uncharitable one, I hope

—that Anna had shown her usual acuteness in the estimate she had formed of his character.

Perhaps the captain thought his pay too trifling to be shared with so exalted a heroine. But we must not complain; for his mistified look and manner at Mrs Larkins's affords us a permanent income of laughter, which is something in these dull times; and I have learned, by means of his visit, that there is one really independent woman in the world.

As levying day had come before it was expected, so selling day, the time so dreaded by the affectionate daughters, came duly on, and no tidings yet of Augustus. Many letters had been forwarded to his address in New York, and no answers arriving, the anxiety of the family had been such as almost to drown all sense of the hopeless, helpless destitution which now seemed to threaten them. Being alone at this time, and wishing that whatever it was possible to do might be done properly for Mrs Clifford, I took the liberty of sending for a neighbour, that is, a country neighbour—one who lived "next door," about four miles off—a gentleman well versed in the law, though not practising professionally.

Mr Edward Percival, this friend of ours, came into this country—then a land of promise indeed—some seven years since. Having inherited a large tract of wild land, he chose to leave great advantages behind him, for the sake of becoming an improver, a planter, a pioneer—what not? [By the aid of this obliging young person the selling day was staved off, and Mr Percival, unknown to the family, started off in search of Augustus—found him ill, but contrived to bring him home.]

While Augustus was gaining strength, his friend made the discovery that he was in pressing want of an assistant in his business. He had great tracts of land in far-away counties, calling for immediate attention; there was a great amount of overcharged taxes, which must be argued down, if possible, at various offices; he had distant and very slippery debtors; in short, just such a partner as Augustus Clifford would make was evidently indispensable; and Augustus got well.

Anna had come home to help to nurse her brother, but with such positive promise of return, that Mr Larkins did not go girl-hunting, but mixed griddle-cakes, and dressed the children unrepiningly during the interregnum. When Augustus recovered, the secret of the weekly dollar was confided to him, and Anna prepared for going back to her "place." The brother was naturally very averse to this, and laboured hard to persuade her that he should now be able to make all comfortable without this terrible sacrifice. But she persisted in fulfilling her engagement, and, moreover, declared that it really was not a sacrifice worth naming.

"Look at your hands, dear Anna!" said Rose.

"Oh, I do look at them; but what then? Of what possible use are white satin hands in the country? I should have browned them with gardening, if nothing else; and when once Uncle Hargrave's money comes, a few weeks' gloving will make a lady of me again."

"But Mr Percival, I am sure—" Rose tried to whisper, but Anna would not hear her, and only ran away the faster.

By and by Uncle Hargrave's legacy did come; and whether by a gloving process or not, it was not long before Anna's hands recovered their beauty. Mrs Larkins lost the best, "help" she ever had; and Anna at length told all to her mother, who learned more by means of this effort of her daughter, than all her misfortunes had been able to teach her.

The legacy, like many a golden dream, had been tricked out by the capricious wand of Fancy. In its real and tangible form, far from enabling Mrs Clifford to return to city splendour, it proved so moderate in amount, that she was obliged to perceive that a comfortable home even in the country would depend, in some degree, on economy and good management. Certainly being thus substituted for the vague and glittering phantom which had misled her, and helped to benumb her naturally good understanding, she set herself about the work

of reform with more vigour than could have been anticipated, and an expression of quiet happiness again took possession of faces which had long been saddened by present or dreaded evils.

Strange to say, Mr Edward Percival, by nature the most frank, manly, straightforward person in the world, seems lately to have taken a manœuvring turn. After showing very unmistakable signs of an especial admiration of Mrs Larkins's "girl," he scarce ventures to offer her the slightest attention. At the same time, his interest in the ponderous mamma is remarkable, to say the least. Hardly a fine day passes that does not see a certain low open carriage at Mrs Clifford's door, and a grave but gallant cavalier, handsome and well-equipped, soliciting the old lady's company for a short drive. This is certainly a very delicate mode of mesmerising a young lady, but it is not without effect. Anna does not go to sleep—far from it; but her eyelids are observed to droop more than usual; and choice flowers, which come almost daily from the mesmeriser's greenhouse, are very apt to find their way from the parlour vase to the soft ringlets of the lovely sleep-waker. What these signs may portend we must leave to the scientific.

Mr Percival came from the very heart's core of Yankeealand, and he has been four years a widower. These disabilities have been duly represented to Miss Clifford; nay—I will not aver that they may not even have been wickedly dwelt upon—thrown in her teeth, as it were, by one who loves to tease such victims; and I have come to the conclusion, which Anna herself suggested to me the other day, hiding at the same time her blushing face on my shoulder, after a confidential chit-chat—"There certainly is a fate in these things."

#### THE STAG-HUNT OF CHANTILLY.

*Partant pour la chasse*—What a host of recollections of old pictures are called up by these words—what reminiscences of old chansons no longer sung! The very thought of the bluff knights going forth in a spring morning dressed in antique guise, with attendants holding leashes of hounds, and huntsmen galloping their horses through far-winding glades in the greenwood, is quite refreshing in these painstaking and right-orderly times. The *chasse* is evidently settling down into the things that were; it is heard of in all its glory only by tradition. The world is too busy for it. The necessity to make, sell, and live, is too urgent to allow of "any such nonsense."

Of late, the royal house of Orleans has made the attempt to revive *la chasse*, as well as to introduce into France *courses des chevaux*—in plain English, horse-races. A kind of perception that a people do not "get on" the worse for being now and then amused, and allowed to kick up the heels of their mind, is apparently at the bottom of the movement. Any way, there the thing is. Chantilly, celebrated in its day, and still one of the prettiest places in France, distant about twenty-five miles from the capital, has been constituted the head-quarters of the revelries, which partake of something like the old *chasse*—horses, hounds, men, dogs, and a great deal of racing and chasing quite to one's heart's content. To see one of these affairs is worth going a great many miles; but there are other inducements. Chantilly was once the seat of the Dukes of Condé, and the splendid stables alone belonging to the domain, somewhere about half as large again as the national gallery, and six times as splendid a monument of architecture, are themselves worth travelling that distance to see. They are at the back of the town, facing the *palouse*, or vast turfed plain on which the races take place. Covering an extent of ground almost as great as Buckingham Palace, with their lofty windows, elegant cupolas, vast courts, spacious riding-schools, their poetry of the middle ages, their association with the days when Dukes of Condé were dukes indeed, their long train of chivalric recollections; with

all this, they present rather the appearance of mansions than of stables for horses. Enter, now, the great gateway in the *façade*, and as soon as you have recovered from the feeling of admiration which the grandeur of the interior building excites, look to the right and to the left, and you will soon perceive that you are in a stable, and nothing but a stable, though one of no ordinary kind—racks, mangers, stalls, and all other appliances being on the most splendid scale. The spectacle makes one almost feel that it is a pity to see such marvellously fine accommodations for horses, while the peasantry around are not one-half so comfortably lodged. We are, however, not to moralise, but to recount facts. Of the palace in which the Dukes of Condé lived, the revolution spared but little. Only a fragment exists; but the beautifully laid-out gardens, the forest, and many other things which yet remain, tell what Chantilly once was. Chantilly, as a town, is nothing—it has but one real street, one church, one hospital; its long street runs at a right angle to the high road to Paris. Its hospital is a rare old building; its church is pretty and curious.

I was present at the first race and at the first hunt which took place at Chantilly under the auspices of the present dynasty, and never shall I forget the bustle, the activity, the fuss, which for one good month prevailed, nor the anxiety which pervaded the minds and bodies of the inhabitants. I saw all the preparations, the hopes, the self-importance of the little town, and, as a good Chantillian, I joined in their anxiety; I felt, I appreciated the honour that was about to be done us. First, the *maire* called meetings, which were attended, as was fit, by all the great people of the town. What was decided on at these meetings, since nothing ever came of them, no one ever knew. Then, rooms were cleaned out, closets were called bed-rooms, and a universal rise in rent took place. Then came the horses and the jockeys, and this flurried our hearts considerably. Hunters and hounds without number next made their appearance; every hour brought some new arrival. Never since the palfry days of the Condés had so much of horse-flesh and of the canine race been seen in these parts. The bourgeois were in ecstasies. And then the carpenters; for six weeks they worked most gloriously, most indefatigably, at the grand stand, the little stands, and all the stands, which were of course so called because everybody sat in them. The royal stand was of course the great thing. It was a model of art; about as big as a moderate-sized opera box, with coarse red cloth inside, plenty of paint out, a profusion of Dianas and Nimrods, and nymphs and satyrs—what could be more elegant? The little boys and girls, and many of the big ones too, were lost in admiration.

The day at length came, but not the king. There were, however, the late Duke of Orleans, the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale, but papa didn't come; and we had Fieschi to thank for that. A profusion of English, of Italian, of Spanish, presented themselves; and also a Russian nobleman, who, taking a whole stand to himself, civilised the race. But the people came in thousands and tens of thousands. From Paris, and from every town, village, and hamlet, within fifteen or twenty miles, came men, women, children, on horseback, on assback, in carts, on foot—never had Chantilly seen such things before. A race-course three miles round was densely crowded with people in dresses of every character and colour; a mile of carriages—of course more than half English—drew up in front of the stands. Then there were the soldiers; true, they seemed to have borrowed all our cab-hacks for the occasion—but never mind; they were soldiers in earnest, and they knocked the people about, and trod on their heels with so good-natured an air, one hardly thought them the body-guard of the first king in Europe. The races were, in themselves, ridiculous to one who had seen Epsom or Newmarket. English horses were excluded, though English jockeys were not. We shall, however, spare the details. Suffice it to say, the day passed over

gloriously; the people were delighted, and returned home doubtless to talk over the event for months.

On the morning of the next day I rose at six, mounted my gray nag, and started for the meeting. I was not the first in the field. The street was already crowded; horsemen, pedestrians, carriages, hunters, hounds, ladies young and old, ugly and pretty, English and French, in satin shoes and in sabots, were hurrying along. The scene was admirable. When I reached the *pelouse*, which lies between the town and the forest, it was dotted over with anxious sight-seers. Here and there a red coat and white shorts, or a black or a chocolate coat and white shorts, proclaimed one of the *élite*—some Parisian exquisite, or St James's lounge, moving faster than ever he did in his life before: the royal hunters, in their superb liveries of red, and blue, and gold, with their enormous French horns and hungry hounds, were trotting across the plain. A barouche—then a britska, followed. After them, perhaps, came an old woman on a mule, a pretty girl upon an ass, a boy and a pony, I on my *Rozinante*; carts and carriages, horses and asses, horsemen and horsewomen, all tended one way, and I was not singular. It was to the *Place de la Table Ronde*. This spot is a central opening in the forest of Chantilly, to which some dozen roads tend. The Place is extensive, and in the middle is a large round stone table, of one solitary slab, quite Egyptian in size, and quite a curiosity in its way. Round the open glade were ranged hundreds of carriages; fresh ones were every moment arriving from every avenue, each of which, as the eye fell upon it, appeared a living stream. It was a lovely beginning; a stag-hunt extraordinary. Horsemen caracoled, hounds growled, the hunters used their long whips, the round table—at least the dense crowd on it—hallooed, while others, more prudent, sat down and devoured their breakfasts.

A loud shout rent the air. It was the royal dukes arriving with a gay cavalcade. They were fine young men, and particularly the late Duke of Orleans; and when they came up to where I was standing, were chatting in most excellent English with a titled representative of our aristocracy and sporting men. I forget his name. The crowd shouted again; the ladies stood up in the carriages and waved their white handkerchiefs and equally white hands—the princes bowed, smiled, and then—went off at a full gallop, followed by the whole multitude—carriages, carts, mules, horses, asses, footmen! After what? The deer had been started. Knowing well, by the official programme, where the deer was to be driven to, I did not follow the motley multitude; but, striking a line through a narrow path of the forest, made for the fish-ponds. A few minutes, however, brought me once more in contact with the crowd. It happened that two deer had been started; one set of hounds took after one, and one after another. The hunters too, of course, also separated, and so did the carriages, the mules, the satin, the sabots, the asses: not relishing the kind of sport, I followed neither. A leisure ride of half an hour brought me to the fish-ponds, and here again were the people. The ponds are situated in a deep and picturesque valley, surrounded on all sides by the thick forest. Along every slope, on every side of the valley, were parties of men, women, and children, eating, drinking, laughing, talking, chatting, and wondering when the deer would be driven to the water, and who would have the honour of putting his *couteau de chasse* into him. Such a stag-hunt had never been seen before. The forest resounded with cries, hallooing, shrieking, laughing—every shade and variety of the human voice. I rode round the valley, crossed one of the many dams which separate the ponds, and passed the time examining the several features of the scene.

An hour or two passed by. The whole hunting cavalcade, carriages, horses, asses, mules, footmen, men, women, and children, dogs and hunters, all came to the chateau to lunch at the chateau de la *Reine Blanche*. Not a deer was to be seen or heard of. The fact

was, the crowds of people crossing, recrossing, treading, throwing up the dust with their heels, quite broke the scent. The dogs were running hither and thither. "*La! voila.*" "*Non! la voila!*" In a word, every one had seen the deer every way, and nobody could find it. Meanwhile the princes, who, it seemed by their appearance, had not over-heated themselves, took it very coolly, and, with the whole multitude, went to lunch. It was evident that the chasseurs, racers, or whatever they may be called, did not care a sou about the game. It was only the pleasure of the excitement, the gaiety, the hilarity of the thing. In this view of the case they were real philosophers. If roistering, and laughing, and exercise do one good, then they deserve all praise, for they had them to their heart's content. Nor was the light-hearted run-a-foot part of the concern a particle less benefited. Yes, there is often much good in a good stirring laugh and a run on the green sward. Having at all events procured a famous appetite in their gambols, all, from the royal duke to the humblest garçon—there being no distinction in the matter of stomachs—sought to appease it. But the *Reine Blanche* had not anticipated so much custom. In a quarter of an hour everything eatable, everything drinkable, had disappeared, and yet half the mass had tasted nothing. I had been wiser than the generality, and fortunately possessed a few sandwiches and a small bottle of wine and water, with which I solaced myself, and was happy in affording a few mouthfuls to a lady who seemed almost ready to expire with exhaustion. The general want of provisions damped the ardour of the sportsmen. The people, the dukes, the dogs, the hunters, having nothing to do, returned to their chase, but in vain: and about six o'clock gave up and returned to Chantilly to enjoy a grand banquet, where, doubtless, they were more at home than with the stag-hounds. The Russian prince, however, as soon as the forest was clear—determined not to be defeated—started with his fresh pack and a few friends, and at nine brought the head of the deer in triumph into the banquet hall. Thus ended the first stag-hunt at Chantilly, which no one remembered better than I, and the fair and hungry lady. Good reason why; she is no longer a spinster, and I—the reader will guess the remainder.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN PARISH ROBERTSON.

PARTICULAR circumstances enable us to give a sketch of the life of a man extraordinary in many respects—John Parish Robertson—who died on the 1st of November last at Calais, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate. This individual, it will be recollected, returned to England a few years ago as ambassador for some of the South American republics, a function to which he was chosen on account of the remarkable talents and energy which he had shown in that part of the world in his capacity as a merchant: singular to tell, he had left his native country, only a few years before, as a boy, without either money or friends. A career distinguished by so extraordinary a circumstance cannot, we may well suppose, be without some interest.

The father of the subject of our memoir was at one time assistant-secretary to the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh: we remember him in the decline of his days, a clever, lively, quaint old man, with a strong spice of the good breeding of the old school, which gave at once limitation and point to his many humorous sallies, and made him the delight of listening youth. The mother of Mr Robertson was Juliet Parish, daughter of an eminent Hamburg merchant of Scottish extraction. John Parish Robertson was born either in Kelso or Edinburgh, and educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith. While he was still a boy, his father was obliged, on account of bad health, to resign his situation in the bank, and enter a mercantile house

at Glasgow. Commissioned to visit the river Plate for business objects, he took his clever boy along with him, partly for the sake of his company, and partly with a view to introduce him to a mercantile career. They were together in Monte Video when it was occupied by the British under General Whitelock in 1806; and Mr Robertson used to say that his first appearance in public life was as a powder-monkey, having been put to the business of handing out cartridges during some of the military operations of the place. On the cession of this city, Mr Robertson senior sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, but sent his son home by the shortest road. The boy had now, however, imbibed a taste for foreign mercantile adventure; and before he had been long at home, and while still in his fourteenth year, he resolved to start anew on his own account, by a vessel bound from Greenock for Rio Janeiro. When he had paid his passage in this bark, he found himself in possession of two guineas, and one of these he thought it as well to send back to his mother, who he thought might need it more than he, as his father was still absent.

The humble duties of a clerk at Rio and on the river Plate brought Robertson on to near his twenty-first year, by which time his abilities and good conduct had gained him the confidence of several influential persons. He was now enabled to proceed in the capacity of a mercantile agent to Assumption, the chief city of Paraguay, a country of great resources, but at that time, and for many years after, prostrated under the eccentric tyrant Francia. Of his residence there, and all that fell under his notice, including an interview with the tyrant himself, he afterwards presented a faithful account to the world, in two works entitled *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Francia's Reign of Terror*. Being compelled by Francia to leave the country in 1815, along with a younger brother who had joined him, he sailed with the remainder of his property for Buenos Ayres, but was stopped by accident at Corrientes, and induced to remain there for some time. This part of South America was now under the control of a mere master of brigands, by name Artigas, who plundered the poor estancieros, or farmers, at his pleasure, and was indeed rapidly reducing the province to a desert. The circumstances which detained Mr Robertson were as follow.

He was one evening sitting under the corridor of his house, revolving what slight accidents among these marauders might give his body to the dogs, and his property to the winds, when he was accosted by a tall raw-boned ferocious looking man in gaucho attire (that is, the attire of the shepherd chiefs of these plains), with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard, &c.; unkempt, unwashed, and blistered to the eyes; and who, with a page or follower entirely worthy of himself, rode up to his very chair. Mr Robertson expected that these would speedily be followed by others, and, in short, that the period he had expected was come. This, however, proved a friend; an Irishman of the name of Campbell, originally bred as a tanner, afterwards a soldier, who, having remained in the country when it was evacuated by the British, was at this time in possession of a command under Artigas, and for his desperate courage much esteemed by him. To Mr Robertson's astonishment, this man, who had previously seen him in a very critical period of his history, a prisoner in the camp of Artigas, but who was now his friend, the moment he had heard of his arrival from Paraguay, under circumstances of misfortune which were perfectly known to him, had conceived a plan of operations for their mutual interest. "There is not an estanciero," he said, "that has the courage to go to his own estate, or to peep out of his own window, unless he knows I am out to protect him; nor is there a gaucho among them dares to interfere with them, knowing I am out. I know you have the control of large property here, and that you are endeavouring to convert it into produce to take to Buenos Ayres; but you will never get all you want, till you command my humble abilities. Therefore let me go out and scour the country

with your money, carried by Eduardo (his follower); and I promise you, that in a year the hides of 5,000 bullocks, and 100,000 horses, shall be sent here or to Goya" [a port about 150 miles nearer Buenos Ayres]. "I don't want much salary," he continued; "I like the occupation. Give me 1200 dollars a-year [about £250] for myself and Eduardo, and I am your man. I want nothing for my expenditure either in food or horses; my friends are ever too happy to see me, to admit of remuneration for either."

In conclusion, this bargain was struck; money to a large amount was from time to time intrusted to this man, and he always faithfully accounted for it. He made many large purchases, and as honestly paid for them. The Messrs Robertson found the business so profitable, that they at last invested £5,000 even in the wagons and bullocks necessary to transport their merchandise. As the people came to their abandoned and miserable-looking establishments, Campbell and his men would set about helping them to put their farm-houses into repair, to get their corrales, or pens for cattle, made good, to collect some milch-cows and horses, and to gather together a flock of sheep from the peon's huts scattered about. He would here procure from some village a carpenter to mend doors and set up wagons; and there he would engage to send carts of our own to take away produce. He aroused the small towns and villages, as well as the estancieros, from their dormant state into an active pursuit of business; and, in short, under the protection, as it may be said, of this admirable fellow, and the enterprise of these liberal and adventurous men, the country, as if by magic, started into new life and prosperity. Messrs Robertson, however, were induced by prudential considerations to wind up the business after a year, and retire to Buenos Ayres. Campbell soon after sunk into some obscure situation.

In 1817 Mr Robertson returned to Scotland, at once to revisit home and establish more extensive and intimate relations with it, having left his brother and a friend in charge of matters in Buenos Ayres. He was now received by his grandfather (by this time in splendid retirement at Bath) as a worthy scion of the house. He in due time settled at Liverpool, for the purpose of establishing connections there and at Manchester; and he added Glasgow, Paisley, and London. In the end of 1820 he sailed again for Buenos Ayres, but destined for Chili and Peru. He effected settlements in those quarters also; and thus, as he states in the last of his *Letters on South America*, their connection extended "from Paraguay to Corrientes, from Corrientes to Santa Fe, from Santa Fe to Buenos Ayres, and round Cape Horn, and across the Andes, to Chili and Peru." In fine, in the autumn of 1824 or 1825, this still young man landed at the port of Greenock, which he had left about eighteen years before with a single guinea in his pocket, with claims and assets to the value of £100,000; in a ship chartered for his sole use, and with the character of political agent and representative in this country of several of the South American republics.

It is truly painful to think that this well-gained wealth and distinction was to be of brief duration. He had established himself in London in connection with some of the first merchants there, and was prepared to carry on South American business with new spirit and new means, when the wide-spread ruin of 1826 involved him, and he was compelled to return to that country to attempt the recovery of some part of his fortune. Baffled in this object, he returned in 1830 comparatively an impoverished man, and finding that he must wait in the hope of better days, he quietly entered himself a student in Corpus Christi college, Cambridge, in order to effect an object he had long contemplated, that of making himself a scholar. It was an odd resolution in one approaching forty; but not unworthy of an enthusiasm which had already in another walk led him to such brilliant results. He did acquire, in three years much scholarship, but it was at a cost, somewhat

too great, as afterwards appeared. Mr Robertson, it may be remarked, though under the middle size, was originally of a robust frame of body; but he had undergone, in the course of his adventurous career in South America, much fatigue and hardship, and some flesh and spirit-shaking trials of no ordinary kind. While still a youth, he had had many long journeys on horse-back across the Pampas and the Cordilleras, and in various other directions, in pursuit of business objects. On one occasion, in ascending the Parana by navigation, he had had his ship and cargo seized, and himself carried before the brutal Artigas, who was about to shoot him, when his brother arrived, and successfully interceded for him. The writer of this has seen a small prayer-book belonging to him, in the fly-leaf of which he had written a prayer in contemplation of immediate death on this occasion. Then he had seen the fruits of all his toils reft from him in one moment, and himself reduced from something like greatness to penury: few pass altogether unaffected in health through such calamities. The addition of severe study was little needed to endanger the constitutional health of this remarkable man. So it was, however, that he found it necessary to retire from college sooner than he intended, and seek for new vigour in a beautifully placed cottage in the Isle of Wight.

Here, for about a year, he was chiefly occupied with his endeavours to obtain an arrangement of his business affairs. The necessity of seeking for bread then (1834) brought him to London, where for some years more his pursuits were almost solely of a literary kind. Besides publishing the two works on South America which have been named, he contributed many papers on similar subjects to the magazines, and thus contrived to realise some moderate gains. More recently, he gave the world a work entitled *Letters on South America*. Another comparatively recent event of his life was his marriage to a young lady who loved him solely for his own sake and "for the dangers he had passed." He contemplated, we believe, a third series of *South American Letters*, but death has stepped in to balk the intention.

Such is, we fear, a very imperfect outline of the life of one of those men—the guiltless Napoleons of common life—who occasionally start from obscurity under impulses given to them by Providence for no mean purposes. Robertson was, we think, altogether a remarkable man—a merchant while yet a boy—a political figure of considerable importance while little above thirty—afterwards an accomplished scholar and litterateur, and all this without anything like the basis of patrimony or education—all the product of his own innate energy and genius. His first independent act in life stamps, we think, the moral nature of the man as pure and genuine. It never was belied by any subsequent act. His courage and coolness in the most trying situations could not be exceeded; and as his means increased, so did his liberality to his family, and to all having claims upon him.

His enterprise, and the soundness of his judgment in that enterprise, were equally conspicuous, though ultimately baffled by misconduct, not so much in individuals, as in states. He was the first to open up and to establish a considerable intercourse with Paraguay; and though himself extruded from that country, the intercourse he had established he still kept up. The extent of his transactions at Corrientes, and the consequences to himself and the country, have been in some degree indicated. Upwards of one thousand bullocks were at last daily occupied on land, and several ships on water, in carrying on the business of which he was the head. He and his brother not only repeatedly rode along great part of the distance from Corrientes to Buenos Ayres in the course of that business, with the security of carriers, but they established a regular service of portages—first and only one ever established in the world—up the Parana. As the voyage up the Parana was to be seen as tedious and expensive,

Mr Robertson, at his own expense and risk, introduced steam, having sent a steam-vessel from this country under the command of a friend. Agriculture on a proper principle being almost unknown in those countries, Mr Robertson purchased an estate of many thousand acres within twenty miles of Buenos Ayres, and introduced on it a colony of Scottish agriculturists, with all their implements and habits, including the schoolmaster and clergyman. The moment he could calculate that the republics of Chili and Peru, or even their principal cities, would be open to British commerce, he followed in the wake of the conquerors, who were his particular friends, and established a trade on the most respectable scale; and finally, though he left a trade established, and warehouses stocked with every requisite for its continuance, he was himself so prudent in his selection of customers, that on leaving those establishments to come and serve the republics in which they had been set up in this country, he did not leave three thousand dollars due to them in any direction. Wherever he saw an opening for industry, thither he went; and wherever he went, he organised a trade; and not merely with a view to the present, but also to future times. All his plans will yet pay, though not to him; and they would have paid him, but for a perversity in the states which he sought to benefit, that astonished and disappointed every one taking an interest in their affairs, as well as himself. Even his estate of Monte-Grande, which, as a model introduced for the benefit of the republic, much more than of the individual, should have been held sacred, was profaned and almost devastated by the barbarous followers of the wretches contending for political power; the trees on it being broken down for fire-wood in some of their senseless contests, and the walls of the gardens and houses used as fortifications. Yet notwithstanding all these injuries, personal, and, it may be said, public, and although he has related traits in the persons who have successively risen to power in those states, which seem to stigmatise the people, yet he has never written of them in any other than a spirit of the greatest impartiality and even tenderness.

Mr Robertson's features were not fine, but they were manly and pleasing. In business he was grave and decided, but business over, he was all cheerfulness. Being imprisoned with his brother at Corrientes by some worthies who had mistaken their power, he turned their prison into a ball-room, as is related by his brother, not in the way of bravado, but to make his more unfortunate companions temporarily happy. Being stripped of everything, even his linen, by the soldiers of Artigas, and an old soldier's coat thrown to him in lieu of all, he was still cheerful; and whenever, on his visits to this country, he could strike up a dance instead of indulging at table, he was ever ready to do it. His wish to diffuse more lasting happiness was not less. A friend in Liverpool having lost his all, Mr Robertson, without being solicited, but asking what would assist him, gave him £2000. A friend of his father in Edinburgh (when he required a friend) having expressed a wish to carry out some improvements on his estate, which required a similar amount, Mr Robertson gave it. His liberality in encouraging useful enterprise has been already mentioned; and, in short, what he acquired by skill as a merchant, he used with munificence as a man. Of all the sums so bestowed, it is believed he lost little; his losses proceeded from the faults of states, and not of individuals.

As a writer, we think Mr Robertson's style is singularly clear and strong; and as he wrote mostly of what he had seen, his descriptions are in the last degree graphic, as well as entertaining and useful. He sometimes falls in humour—in serious matters never. His conversational style was good; and having travelled far, and read and thought much, and mingled in almost every variety of life, his opinions were always ready and sound. Had he lived to write more variously, he would have attained a higher place, because in that



variety would have been displayed the extent of his information and his sagacity; and even in the peculiar path he had chosen, no one who knew him doubts that the concluding portion of his labours would have been the most valuable.

### BENEVOLENCE OF THE POOR.

[The following paper, by the late Alexander Bethune, the enlightened and pure-minded Fifeshire peasant, seems to us of considerable value, from the presumable truthfulness of all that is stated in it as fact. In this character it is of consequence, we think, as a report on the economy, circumstances, and feelings of a portion of the humbler classes; that subject which is now everywhere engaging so much attention. At the same time some abatement must needs be made from Bethune's remarks on the affluent classes—a subject on which the poor man is generally as much a visionary as the rich man is about the poor, and from the same sad cause—ignorance.]

To become rich is evidently, with many, the sole aim and object of their existence. With the single idea of *riches*, they seem to associate comfort, consequence, "space in the world's thought," and all that is worth following after. Yet the rich rarely fail to tell us of the miseries they endure—of the accumulation of care, and the increase of anxiety, which fortune inflicts on them. The poor would be rich, while the rich indulge in day-dreams about the happiness of the poor. Both are perhaps deceived by appearances. That the rich are so, might easily be proved. Many of those evils of which not a few of the rich complain, might be entirely cured by a better acquaintance with those of that class which they deem so happy. How would it alter the ideas of those who murmur over imaginary evils—those who never knew what it was to encounter a real hardship, or meet a real misfortune in their lives—were they only subjected for a short time to live and labour with the poor! The lady, for instance, who frets and supposes herself perfectly miserable, because she has been disappointed in her expectations of being invited to this or that party, or because some part of her dress does not become her well, or because twenty other things, which might be mentioned, are not within a whole hair's-breadth of what she would have them—what would her feelings be, were she to take a scanty breakfast at six o'clock in the morning, travel two or three miles, and turn out by seven to spread manure, not with any instrument, but with her delicate white fingers! Shrink not from the loathsomeness of the idea—to spread dung with her fingers, in turnip or potato drills, till six in the evening; and should her strength or dexterity prove less than that of her companions, to have her ears assaulted with the oaths and upbraidings of a heartless wretch, whom his master keeps for the purpose; and to hear herself called upon to "get on," in language with which no writer would blot his page! To add to the discomfort of the scene, a wet day may be supposed, and the possibility of returning home drenched to the skin at night, to an extinct fire! To deepen the picture yet another shade, think of a woman supporting herself and a child, or, it may be, two, upon the eightpence or tenpence a-day, which is the most this drudgery will produce. Say not that this is too dark a picture; its darkness might be deepened by many shades, and still the depth of those waters, through which many a poor man and woman must wade, remain untouched. Yet distressed, pinched, and scorned as the poor often are—great as are their privations, it is surprising how much they often do for each other. Here the comparison between poor and rich is very striking. When the wealthy impart their guinea to relieve distress, they probably give but a five-hundredth or a thousandth part of their revenue. The poor in serving the poor frequently give the last mouthful of food which they can call their own. Surely this is benevolence with the least imaginable tincture of selfishness.

These desultory remarks were suggested by an incident with which their writer lately became acquainted.

At a short distance from his place of residence stands what was once a little lonely farm; but the land which belonged to it being taken in lease some years ago by a neighbouring farmer, the offices were fitted up for dwelling-houses, and are now inhabited. Past it winds one of those broken, uncouth, and ill-conducted roads, which, half a century ago, were all our fathers had to travel on. This road is now little frequented, save by the ragged boy who takes it for a nearer cut, or the wandering beggar, who, finding it difficult to supply his wants and procure quarters near the highway, where his trade is overdriven, strikes off into remote and secluded districts, where he has fewer competitors, and the people are more willing to bestow an alms.

Along this road, a few days ago, came a man, a woman, and two children, the youngest of whom, a suckling infant, she carried in her arms. The man was middle-aged, the woman apparently still young; and want and privation were pictured in the faces of the whole. The man entered the first house he came to, while the woman—she was his wife—with the children, remained at the door. Here the family were in moderate circumstances, and comfortable for their station. He asked and obtained leave "to light his pipe." The pipe was empty; and after several unsuccessful attempts, it was given up as hopeless; but there appeared in his manner still a wish to linger. He was, however, told that *he must go*, and went. When he came out, his wife and he exchanged hopeless looks, and their heads dropped heavily on their bosoms. They then proceeded to the next door, and stood before it for a space, like people seeking the means of escape from some terrible calamity, or trying to muster courage for some desperate attempt. At last the man entered as before, and again he asked and obtained leave "to light his pipe;" but again the pipe was empty, and his attempts to light it unsuccessful. This was the house of a widow, whose husband had died about a twelvemonth before, leaving her in very poor circumstances. Beside her, at the time, sat a woman, by courtesy called the wife of an invalid, whose earnings for many months had only amounted to a few shillings. Infamy, it was said, was attached to their connexion; and this the world had not failed to visit on their heads with something worse than neglect. Here, however, the unfortunates were destined to find better fortune. After the pipe-lighting had proved utterly unsuccessful, the wife and children were kindly invited to "come in and rest them." Their wants were inquired into, and commiserated. Let pleasure-hunting pomp blush to hear what follows. Neither of the two, without the assistance of the other, could supply the wants of the strangers. The one had a small quantity of milk, which had been the gratuitous gift of a neighbour to herself; the other had a scanty store of meal, which she had probably purchased with her last shilling; and by laying their slender means together, they contrived to set before the hunger-bitten travellers a meal—their breakfast. It was now almost noon. This unwonted kindness drew forth their story.

The man, according to his own account, was by trade a dyer; and after having fallen out of employment, and exhausted all the means he could think of for procuring it, he had quitted his home in the expectation of finding, if not work, at least food for himself and his starving family. But he had not been bred to beg, and could not ask it. With his wife matters were still worse. She was even ashamed to have it known that they were in want. The pipe-lighting had been often tried, and with various degrees of success. Sometimes it produced an inquiry if they had got their breakfast or their dinner; sometimes not. And on the previous night, after all their endeavours to procure the shelter of a house had failed, after they had preferred the request at every door they came to, so long as they could find a door open, or any one awake to listen, suppress, and wearied out with travelling, they had made their way

Beside a hedge, with the sky for curtains and a covering, the mother keeping her infant warm in her bosom, and the father doing his best to preserve animal heat in their other child. Thus they passed the night. As morning advanced, and early risers began to stir, they resumed their comfortless wanderings, in the hope that some one would offer them that bread which they could not muster courage to seek. But there are seasons when Fortune seems to set all her powers in array against the victims of her wrath. The pipe-lighting, and such other simple stratagems as they could devise, had all failed, and they had travelled, faint and fasting, till they found a morsel where this narrative found them.

When the cravings of nature were satisfied, and this simple story told, they parted with a few homely but heartfelt expressions of gratitude, a tear, and a promise if, should it please God that they should ever meet under a reverse of fortunes, they would not forget the kindness they had experienced beneath that humble roof. "While there is life there is hope," saith the proverb; and it is well for the poor that hope seldom abandons them. When friends have proved false, and fortune hath forsaken them, in the abyss of misery they cling to it; it cheers them with a meteor-light amid the storm; props them with its illusions when about to fall; leads them with a steady hand over the precipice of despair; nor ever leaves them till the mortal sweat is on their brows. And even then, when "earthly hope" is at an end, how often doth that other spirit, with eyes fixed above, support them in the last agony, and paint a smile on their countenances in that fearful struggle, when death is fast winning the victory.

In the habitation of comfort, and comparatively easy circumstances, the wanderers had not been offered even a seat, while in that of penury, and all but absolute want, they had found pity and kindness, and the means of prolonging life for another day. It is thus the obscure and indigent help each other along on "life's thorny road," while the poet drivels nonsense about the "happiness of humble cots," and the philosopher amuses himself in his study with fine-spun theories for bettering their condition, and the political economist tries to persuade them that poverty would constitute a perfect paradise if they would only do as he bids them, little knowing that they do all they can, and probably a great deal more than he would do were he in their place. Let them continue to do so. Let them nobly do their duty, heedless though the hero's idol—this world's fame—should never smile upon them. Though the splendid gift and the liberal donation may be far beyond their reach, let them offer the voice of consolation and the friendly hand of assistance wherever these may be required. Let them cherish benevolence to each other, and those kindly sympathies of which they often stand so much in need. "When misfortune bears down its victim, or when the constitution is labouring under the attack of disease, and physical strength decays, then the perceptions often become quicker, and the senses more acute. The sufferer, whether from mental or corporeal pain, looks, as it were, into the very soul of those around him, and reads their thoughts without the assistance of their words. He who now writes, when his pulse beat feebly, and the tide of life seemed to ebb in his veins with every passing hour, has felt soothed by a look of sympathy, when he turned away with loathing from the cold inquiry and the offered gift. And when weakness pressed upon his frame, and pain preyed on every nerve, he has gathered fortitude to bear it from a kind word, the tone of which told from whence it came, when the lecture of the less comfortable, though it vibrated in his ear, left no impression on his heart. To the sympathies and assistance of the poor he owes much, and he is proud to receive it. Though the rich may pass them by, or abandon them to their fate, let them at least, as the other. Though obscurity may be their lot, and oblivion wrap their names in its folds, they were to be seen, and the is but little worth, and

fame is both fluctuating and perishing property. A nobler reward awaits every truly virtuous action: even the wish, where the power is wanting, will not be forgotten. Let them remember what a greater than the greatest upon earth said of the mite which the widow cast into the treasury. Let them consider that there is an eye on them which seeth not as man seeth—a Power above them, by whom justice cannot be partially dealt—a Judge before whom they must appear, who reckons not of men by the garb they wear, or the property they possess, or the professions they make, but by their thoughts and actions. Let this consideration stimulate them to do their duty; and let this, with the unsullied pleasure which always flows from a consciousness of doing good, be their reward when it is done. And, if it could serve as a prompter to patient perseverance in well-doing, let them be told that there are among the learned and the truly great men who take an interest in their welfare, hearts which pity their distresses, and hands which would not be slow to record their virtues, were they only known.

#### BRIGANDS IN SPAIN—PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

The following account of an incident of travel in Spain, characteristic of the state of that unhappy country, has lately appeared in various newspapers. It purports to be a letter from M. Tanskie, correspondent at Madrid of the *Journal des Débats*, Parisian newspaper, describing a journey he made a short time ago from Madrid to Bayonne.

"I have just made acquaintance, in a manner somewhat dramatic, with the ladrones of Old Castile, who are a sort of *juste milieu* between the robbers of Apulusia, who pass for being the most *caballeros* (gentlemanlike) men, and those of La Mancha, who are justly branded as the most savage and cruel. After the new arrangement of the post between Madrid and Bayonne, the mails had been several times attacked by brigands, particularly soon after leaving Madrid. The government thereupon had the coach escorted by detachments of cavalry as far as Buñago, and also certain stages between Aranda and Burgos; but they are not a sufficient protection. In fact, it was at two and a-half leagues from Orando, at eight in the evening, that the mail in which I was a passenger was stopped. Two of the brigands seized the leading postilion, and pulled him off his horse. Four others, two on each side, came to the carriage, and called upon the coachman and the conductor to come down. I was in the *coupe* with M. Mayo, a young Spanish advocate. The courier and a student were in the interior. We were not suffered to alight, and as we were all unarmed, we could not have made any effective resistance. Indeed, had any one shown such a disposition, the rest would have prevented him, because, in that case, all would have been murdered. Sometimes the robbers burn the coach and all the luggage, in the hopes of finding among the ashes such money and valuables as remain concealed.

After binding the hands of the postilion and driver behind their backs, they led the mules and carriage about five hundred yards off the road, on to the fields. There they made us all four get out, and then tied our hands behind our backs. The captain of the band, who was the only one on horseback, dismounted, and called upon us, in bad Castilian, to declare what money we had, and where it was, adding, that if we did not tell the truth, we should be victimised. He interrogated us with all the acuteness of the most experienced commissary of police, frequently changing his tone and accent. Who are you? whence do you come? where are you going? were questions put to us; and if we had had the misfortune to belong to any place near the haunts of the brigands, or had happened to know the person of either of them, we should have been inevitably assassinated. In fact, only three months ago, a poor postilion was killed by these brigands near the same spot, because he happened to be acquainted with one of them.

They inquired of us whether we were Englishmen or Americans, for if we had been, they would have completely stripped us; the Spanish lower orders of people imagining that the clothes of all the English and Americans are stitched with gold thread. Our interrogation finished, we were made to lie flat on the ground, with our faces downwards. This done, they plundered the coach, throwing

down all the trunks and packages. Knowing that they could not get mine open without breaking it to pieces, I looked up and told them that I would open it for them, and give up to them all the money it contained, if they would unbind my hands, for they had drawn the cord so tight that I was in great pain. They consented, and brought my trunk to me. The money they found in it did not satisfy them. They left me in the hands of one of their band, a young man between twenty and twenty-two years of age, who continued to search my trunk, while an older and fiercer brigand watched my every look and gesture, with his carbine levelled at me. The young man, although he made use of the coarsest oaths and other expressions the Spanish language could furnish him with, was not so savage as the rest, and this was evidently his first expedition. He carried neither carbine nor sword, and the only weapon he had was a Catalan knife stuck in his belt. Everything he saw in my trunk caused him surprise and wonder. He asked me to tell him the use of each. On finding some rosaries, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are a priest?' I told him no, but had bought the rosaries at a fair in Madrid as curiosities, and that they were of no real value. He, however, with great devotion kissed the crosses suspended to them and the other emblems, but finding they were of silver, he broke the string, letting them all fall to the ground. He carefully picked them up, and again kissed each cross and emblem, but at the same time renewed his oaths at his own awkwardness. He secured these and every other thing he thought valuable between his shirt and his skin; but my clothes and linen he put into a large sack, which appeared to be the common receptacle. I had also some small knives and daggers. He asked me what I did with them. I told him they had been sold to me as having been worn by the *Manchas* of Madrid under their garters. At this he laughed, and throwing two of them on the ground for me, he put the rest into his private magazine.

I hoped to make something of my young brigand; but while I was talking to him, the captain came suddenly up and struck me with violence on the back of the neck with the butt end of his carbine, saying in a furious tone, 'You are looking in his face, that you may be able to recognise him!' He then seized me by the right arm, while another took my left, and they again bound them behind my back. In my bad Spanish I assured him that I was a foreigner, but they threw me down upon the other passengers. I fell upon the driver, who was literally sewed up in two or three sheep-skins, with the wool outwards. I took good care not to stir from this position, for the ground was saturated with the snow which the sun had melted and brought down in streams from the Semo Sierra. By this probably I escaped the fever which attacked the student from Tolosa, who lay in the water more than an hour. When the brigands had secured all they thought worth taking, the captain remounted his horse, gave the word of command, and they all retreated. My young robber, in passing by me, put into my fastened hands the padlock and key of my trunk, and throw over my head a peasant's cloak.

After remaining some time recumbent, the postilion, whom the brigands had released before leaving, unbound the conductor, and thus one after the other we were all set at liberty and upon our feet again. The wind had scattered all my papers and books; my first object was to collect them. The postilion and coachman set to work in the meantime to take up such of my linen as the robbers did not think worth carrying away, but I begged them not to put themselves to so much trouble, and thus secured myself a change on reaching Bayonne. I also recognised in the hands of some of my fellow-travellers a sheep-skin I had been advised at Madrid to furnish myself with, a silk handkerchief, and a cap, which I claimed, and which served to keep me warm while crossing the plateau of Burgos, which was covered with snow and hoar-frost. As to the cloak bequeathed to me by my young thief, the conductor claimed it as his, saying that it was the custom of the brigands thus to cover those whom they had robbed, to prevent their seeing what direction they moved off in. This rather lowered in my estimation the gratitude I owed to my young thief.

On arriving at the small village of Orquillas, about half a league from where we had been stopped, a different scene awaited us. The courier and conductor, to account for the delay in the arrival of the mail at Irun, thought it necessary to apply to the local authorities. We were all shown into the venta of the village, which consisted of little more

than a kitchen within four bare walls, in which a young girl endeavoured to make a fire with some damp weeds and roots of trees, which sent forth a vile odour and a thick smoke, which filled the place, and set all our eyes weeping. The alcalde soon made his appearance in the venta, with the *fiel de fechos*—a species of escribano or registrar—accompanied by some peasants with guns in their hands, representing the national guard. The alcalde seated himself by our sides on the wooden bench. He was about sixty years of age, clothed in an old cloak in rags, without any shirt; but *en revanche* he wore in great pride, a little tending to one side of his head, what was once a hat, but was now without any brim or top to the crown. The escribano was younger, but apparently more intelligent. He wore a peasant's dress, but had on also a pair of boots, a cravat of red cotton, and a hat entire in all its parts. He placed himself behind a table close to the alcalde, taking from his pocket pens, ink, and stamped paper.

The national guards were in jackets, and shod with *abar*—or square pieces of leather, fastened to their legs by long scraps crossed over them. The legs themselves were naked; and very few, if any, wore shirts. They looked upon us with a sort of contemptuous consequential smile. [Our depositions having been taken, the escribano gave orders in the name of the alcalde to the national guards.] He sent four of them in pursuit of the robbers, as he said, and four others were to accompany us. They loaded their muskets before us. The escribano pulled out of his pocket a handful of small pistol balls, and distributed them to the men, who put several of them into their *trabucos*.

The ceremony being finished, the alcalde rose up solemnly, took off his hat, the escribano did the same, and recommended us to follow his example, and swear that our depositions were sincere and exact. We obeyed, and repeated after him the oath usually administered in courts of justice. [We were now favoured with a little brandy, by the politeness of the postilion, having no money of our own: it was very acceptable, for we had tasted nothing for fourteen hours, and were very cold.] We then set out with the four national guards, and at the first stage some cavalry soldiers were added. Thus, when we had nothing to lose, and when we were in a fit condition to brave all the brigands in Spain, we travelled along escorted like princes, and fed at the expense of the *mayoral*, who at every inn stood our guarantee as far as Irun.

## POEMS BY CLARINDA.

[CLARINDA (Mrs. McLehose), whose correspondence with Burns was lately noticed in the Journal, was the authoress of a few fugitive pieces of considerable taste and beauty. The following from the Appendix to the "Correspondence" will, we have no doubt, be read with pleasure.]

## ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Talk not of Love! it gives me pain—  
For love has been my foe:  
He bound me in an iron chain,  
And plunged me deep in woe!  
But Friendship's pure and lasting joys  
My heart was formed to prove—  
The worthy object he of those,  
But never talk of Love.

The "Hand of Friendship" I accept—  
May honour be our guard,  
Virtue our intercourse direct,  
Her smiles our dear reward.

Your thought, if Love must harbour there  
Conceal it in that thought,  
Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
The very friend I sought.

## ON THE LOSS OF MY CHILD.

Does Heaven behold these sadly-falling tears,  
Shed by a mother o'er her darling child?  
Ah, blasted hopes! and heart-distracting fears,  
That fill my breast with frantic sorrow wild!

Yes, Heaven beholds; from thence the stroke descends,  
And Heaven alone can heal the wounds it gave.  
Oh, Thou, who dost afflict for gracious ends,  
Lead my sad soul to scenes beyond the grave!

Tis there alone all tears are wiped away;  
There death-divided friends shall part no more.  
Oh, Thou Supreme! whose years know no delay,  
Teach me thy dispensations to adore.



### Weekly Chat-Chat.

*Play writers* have now-a-days no pleasant duty. They must compose pieces not so much for the purpose of "holding the mirror up to nature," as to suit the fancies of actors, a thing about as ridiculous as would be the writing of books to suit the taste of compositors. In a late article in *Mr Jerrold's* *Illuminated Magazine*, an ideal author, Mr Delawhange, who writes a play called the *Road to Riches*, submits his production to the manager of one of the metropolitan theatres, and receives it back along with the following characteristic letter:—"My dear Sir—We are all of opinion that the third act of your drama must be transposed with the first; because *Mrs Z*— (if she is to play your heroine) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after *Miss Q*— has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative. You must, my dear sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which now-a-days means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with *Mr —*'s character, and he *must* be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny; you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second bailiff, which is short enough, and he is never on in *Mr —*'s scenes. The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue—but what are we to do? I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for *Mr —*. It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to *Mrs Z*—, if she will introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less. You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly ineffective*. Yours most sincerely, — P. S. Send it altered in the morning."

*Female Wood Engravers*.—We are glad to see, by announcements in the newspapers, that a class for the instruction of young women in wood-engraving has been lately established in the government School of Design, Somerset House, London. No doubt there will be many competitors for instruction in this elegant art; but we should recommend no lady to think of applying herself to it, who is not already a proficient in drawing, both of figures and landscapes; for before the wood can be cut, it must be drawn upon, and therefore to be able to draw the subject with taste, is a matter of first importance; while taste in cutting, so as to bring out the true meaning of the lines and touches, is at the same time indispensable. With a preliminary knowledge of drawing, we should have no fears of soon seeing ladies attain an eminence in this lucrative and respectable profession; with ordinary diligence, they could at least very speedily rival the bulk of the persons who now profess to furnish wood-engravings for books. The publishers of the present sheet, who expend several hundreds of pounds per annum on wood-engravings for their works, have all along experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring the species of cuts which they require. A want of a thorough knowledge of drawing they feel to be a chief source of the difficulty.

*Glory*.—Mr Allen, in his work descriptive of the march through Scinde, presents the following scene, a fine comment on military glory:—"The entrance to the pass would have formed a fine subject for *Salvator Rosa*. The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloomy, and threatening. I was between the quarter-master-general's party and the column; consequently, there were but few people, and one or two officers scattered about. The craggy and fantastic rocks towered almost perpendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of camels and horses. The gray light of morning scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which appeared entirely shut in. Large carrion-crows and vultures, with flagging wings, were soaring heavily overhead. As we entered, the ghastly memorials of past calamity became more and more frequent. It is impossible to estimate their numbers, but the ground through the whole length of the pass, about five miles, was

cumbered with them. Some were gathered in crowds under rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting wind; we could conceive what it must have been in January, for such was the intensity of the cold, that we were almost all compelled to dismount and walk to keep life in our limbs, and the water froze in icicles on the legs of the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons huddled together in a little nook. Some, from their attitudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones, so that the hands and feet were little altered in form. Some were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse and rider lay side by side, or men were seen clasped in each other's arms, as they had crowded together for warmth. One spot, where the pass was almost closed by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked with the corpses of men, horses, and camels. It appeared as if a tremendous volley had been poured among them, or that the delay unavoidable in passing so narrow a gorge had caused them to drop from cold. A small ruined building, on the left of the road, was quite filled with dead bodies."

*Progress of Quarrels*.—The first germs of the majority of the disunions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct—hazarded, very possibly, at moments of ill humour—and the whisperings and suggestions of suspicion, aroused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns, at first, upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give way; each must first see the other humbled; and thus, those perhaps who were completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possessed the means of rendering to one another essential services, part from each other's company in aversion. And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way? [Every reader can put this question to himself.]—From "*Hours of Meditation*," by Zschokke, a German writer.

The two loftiest chimneys in the world are those belonging to Messrs Charles Tennant and Company of Glasgow, and Mr James Muspratt of Newton, Lancashire. That of Messrs Tennant and Company is 436 feet, and that of Mr Muspratt 406 feet in height. The latter, however, is wider, and contains three millions of bricks, being a third more than what is in the former. We believe chimneys equally high are raising in other parts of the country.

### CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The present, as it will be perceived, differs in size and appearance from the previous numbers of the Journal. The cause for this alteration will be briefly explained. Throughout the twelve years' existence of the work, its large size was the subject of constant complaint, which increased latterly in force, as the inconvenience of such bulky volumes in a library was more and more felt. We long resisted the demand for a change, from a dislike to give the least disturbance to the arrangements of a publication which had experienced so singular and unvarying a prosperity. At length, however, when on the point of completing the twelfth volume, we concluded that this disinclination on our part ought not any longer to stand in the way of the general wish of our readers. The present number, therefore, the first of the thirteenth volume, has been issued in a royal 8vo. size, and for convenience has been entitled the *first of a New Series*. By this alteration the Journal will in future range with *CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE*, *CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*, and *PEOPLE'S EDITIONS*.

As the object of this change is simply what has been stated—a mere matter of convenience, deemed likely to be agreeable to our readers, and for that reason possibly favourable to the interests of the work—we hardly feel called upon to make a single further remark on the present occasion. It may only be proper to say, that the Journal, in this its new size, contains precisely the same quantity of matter as formerly, that every other arrangement connected with the work remains unchanged, and that we contemplate carrying it on with, if possible, increased zeal and assiduity, as a miscellany of instructive and entertaining reading for all classes, and as an instrument for promoting the great cause of popular education.

A General Index for the preceding twelve volumes of the Journal has been prepared, and may be had along with any odd numbers to complete sets. W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

BOIS TO VALENCAY—SELLES.

THE sun never shone more brilliantly on the bocage and vine lands of France, than it did on the morning of the 8th of August, as our voiture, hired for the occasion, wended its way along the capacious bridge over the Loire, towards a scene of beauty and historical interest which I was desirous not to pass unvisited. We were now on our way southward, having resolved to make a detour from the valley of the Loire to that of the Cher, and to return again at a point where fresh objects of attraction presented themselves.

It was not without regret that we bade adieu to Blois: kind friends had rendered our short stay agreeable. We had interchanged thoughts with one who looks cheerily on man's social advancement, whose mind is not bounded by the mean or trivial circumstances which surround it, but looks abroad over nature's great common for subjects whereon to settle. Whether from this extrinsic circumstance, or otherwise, I felt that Blois would form a pleasant and convenient resting-place for migratory English. True, the streets are, for the most part, narrow, ancient, and steep, but there are many good houses in the upper environs, and also many very agreeable resting places on the vine-clad slopes which unbosom themselves to the broad river beneath; and what scene of earthly beauty to compare with that on a calm summer evening, from the bosky terrace-like gardens, the moon travelling across an azure firmament resplendent with stars, and shining in glittering pageantry on the far-winding Loire. The rides around this ancient city are also beautiful; not open and dusty highways, but generally paths of the best order through patches of forest and orchard, or past neat villages, hamlets, gentlemen's seats, or other tokens of a dense and respectable population. The peasantry, and humble classes generally, as I was informed, are among the most orderly, and therefore most comfortable in France; their dialect is also better than in most other parts, a circumstance readily traceable to the long residence of the court in Touraine, and the many persons of influence who have country seats on the Loire and its environs. I cannot easily forget the happy appearance which a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Blois presented on the Sunday evening which I spent in this part of the country. Neatly dressed in their somewhat peculiar costumes, men, women, and children sat in tranquil enjoyment at the doors of their cottages, or on banks by the wayside, under the shade of apple trees; while at one place, on a secluded patch of green-sward, a party of youngsters, of both sexes, were dancing to the merry strain of a rustic violin.

Along one of these highways we were now advancing. Our path lay, for a number of miles, through a forest, into which, as there was no bounding-wall or hedge-row, our eyes were able to pierce for a considerable distance. For miles no living thing was to be seen, save an occasional *cantonnier* at work on the roads, or the child of a woodman carrying a few fallen twigs

to a distant cottage. As the day advanced, the heat became intolerable; the flies darted in myriads at every accessible part of our unhappy horses; and to save them as much as possible from their tormentors, Jean, the driver, clad them from almost head to heel in boughs of vines and other green plants, feigned without mercy from the adjoining thickets. Here and there were large open tracts of land from which the corn harvest had lately been reaped, while the produce was in the act of being driven to the villages on low and rudely constructed wagons, drawn by bullocks, or horses and mules. In a few places the reapers were still busy; and here, for the first time, I saw in France more than two or three persons at harvest-work in one spot, thus indicating a greater than usual scale of farming operations. We likewise passed, in the course of the day's journey, several flocks of sheep under the charge of shepherds, feeding on the herbage they could pick up in the stubble fields and on the sides of the highway. They were, as usual, a long-legged breed, dirty, and lean. In my various excursions through the country, I have never been so fortunate as see a respectable flock of these animals. Judging from what has fallen under my own notice, I should say that the sheep in France are reared in small flocks, of from a dozen to a score, on the grass by the sides of the highways. Doubtless, however, there are tracks of country in which a superior system prevails.

The villages we passed through were of the usual dull aspect, though clean and resplendent under the bright noonday sun. The first and last house in each, as I had occasion to remark elsewhere, was marked by a small blue painted board inscribed with the name of the department, the *arrondissement*, and the canton, with the number of kilometers to the chief lieu. Such town sign-boards are common in other continental countries besides France. We likewise observed that each village was provided either with a *poste aux lettres*, or a *boite aux lettres*. I think it will not be uninteresting to say a few words in explanation of the difference between these two kinds of establishments.

In France there are 2846 cantons, each provided with a post-office, or *poste aux lettres*, and in some cantons there are two or three, or more, each of course managed by a keeper or director, the majority of whom are females. The total number of these post-offices is above 4000, and connected with them is a corps of about 9000 letter-carriers, a number of whom also are women. In all this there is nothing remarkable; the singularity is in the establishment of subsidiary receiving boxes, or *boites aux lettres*. England has nothing to show of this kind. The *boite aux lettres* is simply a locked box with a slit for the admission of letters, fixed on the gable of a cottage, on a wall, or on a post, by the wayside. Placed in a situation convenient for the neighbourhood, it receives all letters brought to it, and is cleared regularly of its contents by the letter-carrier in his rounds. The letters being taken to the nearest office, are there stamped and taxed, and forthwith distributed. These boxes cost nothing for management, and are a great accommodation to the country. In England, such conveniences could not be trusted in

the open highway, which is a misfortune; but one, at least, might receive the shelter of every parochial or district school-house; indeed, properly followed out, twenty thousand letter-boxes might, on this simple plan, be scattered throughout the hamlets of the United Kingdom, at the merest trifle of expense, and excite probably a vast increase of correspondence as well as of revenue.

Let us now proceed on our journey. Our voiture has reached the valley of the Cher. The country, which has latterly been bare tilled land, is now more green and woody. Selles, an aged town, placed on the left bank of the river, from which it receives the name of Selles-sur-Cher, is before us, and is speedily reached by crossing an old stone bridge. Having stopped for about an hour to rest the horses, during which we had an opportunity of walking along the pleasant banks of the Cher, which is here about the size of the Tweed at Coldstream, we were again on our journey towards Valençay, a place at a few miles' distance, which it was our object to see, returning thence to Selles for the night. Valençay we reached about three o'clock, on an exceedingly beautiful afternoon, and cost us upwards of an hour in the inspection. The country here is still more woody and irregular than upon the Cher; and we can fancy, from its patches of oak forest, its long avenues of trees, its old walls and mansions, that aristocracy has for ages been the presiding genius of the locality. As our carriage ascends the small eminence on which the town is situated, we feel assured that we are approaching the house of a great man, for there it stands, a fine old chateau of the renaissance period, commanding a view of the country around.

This, then, good reader, is the Chateau de Valençay, a half-castle half-palace, erected principally in the reign of that palace-building hero, François Premier, from the designs of Philibert de l'Orme. We alight, walk to the arched portal, and are admitted by the concierge to the court behind, where a projecting wing of the building of the era of Louis XIV. is now pointed out. Beneath this projecting portion of the building is an open arcade with pillars, intended as a promenade in wet weather, and from this arcade do we enter the hall, whence from suite to suite of chambers, below and above, are we conducted over the whole house. Who resides at Valençay, or what is the object in visiting it?

Valençay offers one of the best existing specimens of the ducal chateau, with its terrace-like gardens, avenues, bowers, and enclosures—but only exteriorly; for the house is altogether furnished according to the modern French taste. Inferior, however, as respects internal antiquity to another chateau which I shall afterwards describe, it is in the present day an object of interest, from having been the property and country residence of Talleyrand, and the place where he spent the latter years of his life. Here, also, as some readers will recollect, Ferdinand VII. of Spain was confined from 1808 to 1814 by Bonaparte. At the time of our visit, Valençay had no inhabitant, but everything in the establishment was complete, and precisely as Talleyrand had left it. The large salle, to which we were first admitted, is elegantly furnished, and decorated with full-length portraits of royal personages, gifts to their late owner. Among these are pictures of Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and his queen. The more private rooms on the same range possessed also some fine modern portraits of statesmen and others; but these interested us less than two other apartments, likewise on the ground-floor, which had been used as the study and bed-chamber of Talleyrand. Everything remained as if prepared to receive him. In front of a chair were his shoes, large, clumsy, and made of softish leather; one being suitable for a deformed foot, with steel supports and bandages for the leg. On a table adjoining lay three canes with convenient handles to lean upon in walking. And in the centre of the floor was a table containing the whole apparatus for writing—pens, wax, and at least a dozen seals, some of them the size

of a tea-cup. On a writing book, in the midst of this array, lay his spectacles, through which the eyes of their owner had taken their last look. In the dressing-room were two glass cases placed against the wall, and in these were displayed the magnificent laced robes, stars, and orders of the ex-minister, or, as one might almost call them, the theatrical properties which had for half a century figured in the shifting dramas of the French court.

On the floor above, we are first led through a long gallery with smooth oaken floor, and embellished on the side opposite the windows with various portraits of distinguished members of the Perigord family, some of which were of considerable antiquity, the family, during the middle ages, having possessed the dignity of sovereign counts within their domains. Besides those paintings, there are numerous prints of crowned heads and statesmen of the last fifty years. The library, which is dispersed in the gallery and in an adjoining apartment, is a vast collection of books, consisting chiefly of ancient Latin and modern French authors. Among the whole, we observed only two or three English works. How thoroughly does difference of language separate countries distant only a few miles from each other!

We were conducted to a still higher floor in the chateau, consisting, however, only of private apartments, and thence were led to a turret at one of the exterior angles of the building, from which we had a charming panoramic view of the beautiful country around, with the town of Valençay adjoining the palace grounds on the east. It was now time to leave the place of Talleyrand's abode while living, and to pay a visit to that in which his mortal remains have been consigned to wait the final doom.

It was market-day when we pushed through the crowded streets of this neat little town. The Place was strewn with vegetable produce; countrywomen in their bright-coloured costumes were busy exposing their wares to the purchasers; and over all was seen the cocked hat of a gendarme, preserving order by his magisterial presence. By the politeness of this functionary—whose friendly advances, however, one is never altogether sure about—way was made for us across the Place, and we found ourselves in a narrow tributary street at the further corner. Here was pointed out to us a plain mansion within a bounding wall, as the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in the chapel connected with which Talleyrand has found a tomb. We entered the little chapel, which was situated on the right-hand side of the court in front; it was, appropriately, as silent as death; a single nun, in her black attire and white coif, alone knelt in mute and diligent devotion before the only altar. It was certainly rude to think of disturbing such orisons—what plea of curiosity could entitle any vagrant foreigner to intrude himself on a scene so tranquil and holy? Yet what will an assumed plea of necessity not dare or overcome? The nun must be faced. And, after all, there needed no great degree of courage to address her. She was a meek quiet person; one of those gentle beings in whom we could imagine all vestige of earthly passions had been extirpated. A whisper of a few words, in which the fair devotee might gather the almost anticipated sounds—*étranger—tombeau de Talleyrand*—raised her from her devotional posture. Without uttering a word in reply, she walked out of the chapel, but immediately returned with a bunch of keys. Where there was any door to open, I could not conjecture; for in the walls of the chapel no outlet, except by the entrance, was visible. Our doubts on this point were soon at an end. Proceeding to a part of the floor immediately in front of the altar, the youthful nun withdrew a piece of carpet, disclosing a wooden trap-door, which she lifted and removed. A heavy iron door now made its appearance, and the nun applying a key to the lock, it was ready to be lifted by a ring. As I stooped down, and raised upon its hinges this very ponderous iron trap, exposing, at the same time, a dark gulf below, the scene with Aladdin and his inhuman

uncle over the cavern of the wonderful lamp came across my memory, the present appearance of things being not very dissimilar; only that, instead of a magician, there was a simple-hearted nun with a rosary at her girdle; and for Aladdin, there was an impertinently curious traveller, who, with the partner of his journey, had come so far from the banks of the Loire to view a few objects of something more than local or temporary interest.

'*Descendez, Monsieur, s'il vous plait,*' said the nun; and now looking intently at the dark opening before me, I perceived it contained a flight of narrow stone steps, down which I cautiously groped my way to a depth of perhaps twelve feet, when I found myself on a stone floor, on which a gleam of light fell from a distant window. Going forward in the direction of the light, I was led into a chamber partly beneath the altar, and to all appearance partly below an open ground beyond the chapel; for the light came from a species of skylight in the arched roof overhead. The vault, when I had time to examine it, seemed to me about twenty feet square. All was cold, dry, and silent. And so, said I, as I looked around, and recognised through the gloom the few objects which the place contained, this, then, is the tomb—the *domus ultima*—of the renowned Abbe de Perigord—the Bishop of Autun—Citizen Talleyrand! Within a niche in the wall opposite the entrance is placed a large dark-coloured stone sarcophagus, containing the coffin and remains of the great man, as is indicated by an inscription on its side—'*Ici reposent les cendres de Charles Maurice de Perigord, prince de Talleyrand, &c., with the date of his death, May 20, 1838.*' On the floor on each side of the apartment are ranged several other sarcophagi, containing, as is seen from similar inscriptions, the remains of members of the Perigord family; none, however, of any antiquity; the whole place, indeed, having the air of a modern creation.

There was little time to moralise in this place of tombs, fruitful as it was in associations connected with modern history; so we left it to a reign of silence which would not, in all likelihood, be broken till the visit of some equally intrusive tourist. The iron and wooden doors were lowered, the pious nun meekly resumed her kneeling attitude, and, dropping a few coins into the *trone* at the doorway—an Englishman being never able to divest himself of the idea of paying for his freak—we departed. In the evening, we again sauntered along the green banks of the Cher, in the neighbourhood of Selles, whence we proposed on the morrow to pursue our way by Chenanceaux to Amboise.

#### THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

On the 14th of October 1842, the city of New York held holiday—and well it might; for on that day, for the first time since its foundation, did its inhabitants enjoy the blessings of a cheap, copious, and permanent supply of pure water. Hitherto, that essential requisite to existence was obtained from pumps and draw-wells; now, it flowed through their streets in the form of a fresh and sparkling river, spread out into extensive lakes, gushed forth in every square and park, and disseminated itself in living rills of health and comfort to the remotest alley. The accomplishment of such a purpose was, in truth, a triumph worthy of a civilised people—a feat more glorious and enduring than the squandering of ten times the amount of capital in gunpowder and bayonets. Those who are accustomed to sneer at the 'utilitarianism' of the age, may regard the watering of a city as a mere ordinary incident, a fit enough topic for the newspapers and small-talk of a week, and nothing more; but to the individual who can take an enlarged view of human progression, and who knows how much of public health, comfort, and

prosperity depends upon a plentiful supply of pure water, it will appear in its true light as a great national achievement. In such a light was the completion of the Croton Aqueduct regarded by the citizens of New York; and, viewing it through the same medium, we proceed to lay before our readers some account of this magnificent undertaking, as gleaned from a recent American publication devoted to the subject.\*

Like most modern cities which have rapidly increased in population and importance, New York, so early as the end of last century, began to feel the necessity of a plentiful supply of pure and wholesome water. As with most modern improvements, too, depending upon the consent of the many, there was a world of preliminary palaver and delay. In 1774, when the population amounted only to twenty-two thousand, the necessity began to be felt; in 1799, it was the subject of much talk, and even consultation, with engineers; and again, in 1822, after a lapse of twenty years, a committee 'sat upon' the subject, obtained a survey, drew up a report, and had the same approved of. Still, however, nothing was done; the inhabitants of New York continued to drink impregnated waters when they could obtain them; when they could not, it is humorously supposed they betook themselves to 'gin-sling.' In 1824, the yellow fever committed fearful ravages; being all the more severe, that the inhabitants had not the indispensable element of cleanliness to abate its effects. This roused the authorities to a keener sense of the importance of water; hence 1825 and 1826 are remarkable for the number of speeches, reports, prospectuses, &c., which the water-question gave birth to. Still, there was no actual movement. In 1831, a new committee talked of 'more decided steps,' and besought the municipal authorities 'no longer to satisfy themselves with speeches, reports, and surveys, but actually to raise the means and strike the spade into the ground.' These, it must be confessed, were bold words; but they brought no water. However, a more urgent monitor now appeared; and in 1832 the plague of cholera ravaged their filthy and unwatered city. This so stirred the inhabitants and authorities to a sense of their danger, that the latter now set about in absolute earnest to remedy the defect. Surveys and reports were executed anew; and after a few more last words and deliberations, the work was commenced in reality. In May 1837, the spade was struck into the ground; in July 1842, the waters of the Croton traversed the aqueduct, and in October of the same year were distributed throughout the city of New York, whose inhabitants hailed the event 'with unrestrained enthusiasm and joy!'

How this result was accomplished; at what cost, and with what success, we shall now endeavour to describe. The modes of supplying modern cities with water are either by means of Artesian wells, by pipes which conduct and distribute some distant spring, or by the engine pump applied to the water of some river, if, luckily, such a source be available. The aqueduct, upon its ancient and gigantic scale, is rarely if ever resorted to, and herein consists the novelty and interest of the mode adopted by the city of New York. An aqueduct, in its primitive sense, means simply a *water-leader*, a familiar instance of which is afforded us in the common mill-course. The water is diverted from its natural channel at the requisite height, and then led along in an artificial course to the point desired. Now, this artificial channel may be simply a ditch, or it may be constructed

\* Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct. By F. B. Tower, of the United States Engineer Department. New York. 1843.

of solid masonry; it may be open or covered; it may wind along the sides of hills, so as to preserve the proper level, or it may be carried straight forward through hills and across valleys. The ancient aqueducts of Rome were generally constructed upon the latter principle, being carried through heights by tunnels, and across valleys by *viaducts* upon arches—the arched portion of the structure originally giving the name of *aqueduct*, just as the range of bridges which carry a railway across a valley are termed a *viaduct*. The ancient principle was that adopted by New York: the Croton river is dammed up near its source, its pure and undefiled waters are conveyed in a channel of solid masonry through hills by tunnels, over rivers and valleys by arches or embankments; and after a course of forty miles, administers to the health and comfort of four hundred thousand human beings! The reasons for adopting this species of structure are obvious: an open canal would have been liable to receive innumerable impurities from the *wash* of the country: a closed one not only prevents waste by evaporation, and preserves cleanliness, but adds to the strength and durability of the structure. The inequalities of the country between the source of the Croton and the city of New York were such, as entirely to preclude the idea of a plane or continuous water-course, and the question to be decided was—whether the laying of pipes, or the construction of an aqueduct after the plan of the ancients, would be more economical, efficient, and permanent? After due consideration, it was decided in favour of the latter: and now for Mr Tower's details.

Beginning with the Croton river, we are informed that its sources are principally in the county of Putnam, at a distance of fifty miles from New York. They are mostly springs which in that elevated and uneven country have formed many ponds and lakes, never-failing in their supply. There are about twenty of these lakes, which constitute the sources of the Croton river, and the aggregate of their surface areas is about three thousand eight hundred acres. From these sources to the mouth of the Croton, at the head of Tappan Bay in the Hudson, the distance is about twenty-five miles. The country bordering upon the Croton is generally elevated and uneven, not sustaining a dense population, and cleared sufficiently to prevent injury to the water from decayed vegetable matter. The river has a rapid descent, and flows over a bed of gravel and masses of broken rock. From these advantages, there is good reason to suppose that the water will receive very little impurity from the wash of the country through which it flows, and there is no doubt that the sources furnish that which is peculiarly adapted to all the purposes of a large city. The water is of such uncommon purity, that, in earlier days, the native Indian gave a name to the river which signified *clear water*.

Again, as to the flow of water into the Croton, the capacity of the fountain reservoir, the discharge of the aqueduct, and the sufficiency of supply, we are presented with the following details:—The medium flow of water in the Croton, where the fountain reservoir is formed, exceeds fifty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours, and the minimum flow, after a long-continued drought, is about twenty-seven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours. The dam on the Croton river is about thirty-eight feet above the level, which was the surface of the natural flow of water at that place, and sets the water back about six miles, forming the fountain reservoir, which covers an area of about four hundred acres. The country forming the valley of the river, was such as to give bold shores to this reservoir generally, and incases where there was a gentle slope or a level of the ground near the surface of water, excavations were made, so that the water should not be of less depth than five and a half feet. The available capacity of this reservoir, down to the level where the water would cease to flow off in the aqueduct, has been estimated at six hundred millions of gallons. Could we suppose that the Croton river will ever, in any season

of drought, fail to furnish a supply greater than would be carried off from this reservoir and the reservoirs at the city by evaporation, we have still a supply of water which would be sufficient for one million of inhabitants during the space of thirty days (estimating the amount necessary for each inhabitant to be twenty gallons for every twenty-four hours). But we may assume the number of inhabitants at present to be one-third of a million, and therefore we have a sufficient store of water in this fountain reservoir to supply them for the space of ninety days, in the emergency before supposed. In addition to the quantity in the fountain reservoir, we have sufficient in the reservoirs at the city to supply one-third of a million of inhabitants for about twenty-five days, at the rate of supply before-mentioned. Thus we find, should such a limit as we have supposed ever happen to the supply from the river, the season of drought cannot certainly be supposed to continue during the length of time (about four months) that would be required for the present population of the city to exhaust the quantity in store when all the reservoirs are full. The minimum flow of water in the river, where the dam is constructed, has been stated to be twenty-seven millions of gallons for every twenty-four hours. This would be a sufficient supply for one million of inhabitants; and should the population of the city increase to one million and a half, this supply, together with the quantity in store, will probably be sufficient during any season of drought. There is, therefore, no fear in regard to the supply for the present, and should the time arrive when the city will require more than the present facilities afford during low stages of the river, other streams may be found which can be turned into the upper branches of the Croton, or into the aqueduct along its course. Other reservoirs may also be constructed farther up the Croton, to draw from in seasons of drought.

Such are the wonderful capabilities of what may be termed the 'feeders' of the Croton Aqueduct, which is calculated to discharge no less than *sixty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours*! Some idea of this magnificent supply may be formed from the fact, that the daily consumption of the principal London water companies (eight in number) amounts only to *twenty-one millions of gallons*. Of the architectural structure of the Croton Aqueduct, it would be impossible to convey any clear idea without the aid of sections and diagrams. A general sketch of the undertaking may, however, be presented. As already stated, the fountain reservoir covers about four hundred acres, and is formed by a dam thirty-eight feet in height, thus creating a source one hundred and sixty-six feet higher than the city of New York. At this dam are sluices or gates for regulating the discharge of water, and of course under the superintendence of a competent manager. The interior of the aqueduct is, throughout, of an arched or elliptical form, founded upon hydraulic concrete, built of squared stones, and finally lined with brick prepared for the purpose. In crossing flats slightly below the intended level, it is raised upon solid embankments; in crossing valleys or rivers, it is supported upon arches; and in passing through hills, these are tunneled, to admit the mason-work of the aqueduct. Roads and other thoroughfares are of course left unobstructed by the erection of bridges, just as they are in our country when a railway is laid down. As the magnificence of aqueducts depends upon the height and number of arches requisite to carry them across valleys, it may give some idea of that under consideration, when it is stated that Harlem river is crossed by fifteen arches, seven of which are of fifty feet span, and eight of eighty feet, the greatest height being one hundred and fifty feet from the foundation to the top of the mason-work. This, it is true, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the aqueduct, but there are other bridges and embankments of no mean magnitude, the design and construction of which do credit to American engineering. No essential change occurs in the form of the channel-way from the fountain reservoir on the Croton to the



receiving reservoir on the island of New York, a distance of thirty-eight miles, except in crossing Harlem river, reach the island, and in passing a deep valley on the island, where iron pipes are used instead of masonry, to provide for the pressure consequent upon a depression from the regular plane. Thus the course of this artificial stream may be said to combine two principles—that of the ancient aqueduct, and a descent and ascent as in ordinary pipes. Should it ever be resolved on to remove the tubes from these depressions, and to substitute arcades to maintain the regular inclination of the channel-way, a second tier of arches will be required in crossing the Harlem river, and a bridge of great elevation to span the ravine on the island.

Having, by the means now described, reached the receiving reservoir at the rate of one and a half miles an hour, the surface-level of the water is still one hundred and nineteen feet above the level of mean tide. From this it is conducted (a distance of two miles) to the distributing reservoir, where the surface-height falls to one hundred and fifteen feet, this last being the height to which the water can be made available in the city. The receiving reservoir covers about thirty acres, and contains one month's supply; whilst the distributing, which is entirely built of stone, is four hundred and thirty-six feet square, forty-five feet deep, and contains twenty millions of gallons. This last reservoir may be considered the termination of the Croton Aqueduct, and is distant from the fountain reservoir forty and a half miles. The whole cost of the work was about 9,000,000 dollars; and adding to this the cost of pipes, and arrangements for distributing the water in the city, it will make the total cost of supplying New York with water 12,000,000 dollars, or about three millions sterling.

Commenting on the comforts and blessings of this supply of pure water, Mr Tower remarks, 'the time is not far distant when New York will regard it as a treasure which was cheaply purchased, and will proudly point to the noble work which she has achieved, not only as an example of her munificence, but as an illustration of what art and science can accomplish. With cleanly streets, and the public parks beautified with the fountains which send forth cooling and refreshing vapours upon the air, the citizens will forget to leave the city during the warm months of summer; and the sea-shore, the mountain tops, and watering-places, will fancy their beauty has faded, since they cease to be visited. But health is no less promoted by the internal than by the external use of water; and it is to be hoped, that but a short period will elapse before free baths will be provided at the public expense for the use of the poor, as well as the public generally. Daily ablution should be regarded as necessary as daily food or sleep.'

The lime contained in the previous well-water rendered it inapplicable to the purposes of brewing, tanning, washing, bleaching, and many other processes in the arts of domestic economy; and, we believe, the calculation would not be found extravagant, if we would say that, by the use of the Croton water, 100,000 dollars would be saved to the inhabitants of New York in soap and soda, and an equal amount in tea and coffee. To this may be added the superior cleanliness of the streets, the diminution of danger from fires, and the consequent reduction of the rates of insurance; the improvement of the public health, and the consequent saving in medicine and physicians' fees; the increase of working days, and the extension of the average period of working ability among the labouring classes; and lastly, the moral and intellectual advancement of the entire population, attendant upon the improvement of their physical condition; each of which is not an unimportant item in the aggregate of public prosperity and happiness. The value, however, of an abundant supply of pure water to the city of New York is not to be estimated by dollars and cents, if it were, it could be easily shown that it has not been pur-

chased at too dear a rate, even were the expenses attending it increased to double the actual amount.

Having thus gleaned the above sketch of the Croton Aqueduct from Mr Tower's 'Illustrations,' which form a very handsome pictorial volume, we shall take an early opportunity of presenting our readers with some account of the aqueducts of the ancients, ~~adverting to the defective system of watering, sewerage, and ventilation, which prevails in most of the populous and commercial cities of the present day.~~

## THE HEIRESS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.\*

ONE of the prettiest spots in Woodfield was the old market garden. It was situated in a warm sunny angle, where three of our bowing lanes met, near the ruins of St Edmund's Abbey. It was unlike any other garden of the kind I ever saw; the old mulberry and pear-trees, and espalier apples, whose golden fruits might have tempted wiser nymphs than Atalanta, were evidently relics of departed centuries. I think they must have been planted by the dainty monks of the adjacent monastery, or at any rate grafted from their ancient stock, for, with all our horticultural improvements, we get no such apples now-a-days. Their very name bespake their origin. The Abbot's Pippin they were called. That abbot was a man of taste, I'll warrant him, from whose pet seedling first sprang this spicy family. His name is forgotten—his grave is unknown; but these pippins are a perennial monument of his good deeds, in introducing so excellent a stock of apples among the East-Anglian orchards. The thyme, the fennel, the red sage, and many a flaunting marigold, are still to be found in the green lanes near to the mouldering line of broken arches which formed the boundary of St Edmund's Abbey, indubitable landmarks of the ancient herbarium from which the cowed physicians of the olden time concocted the simple medicines for the village poor, as well as for the petty suzerain of the manor. A hardy race were both the peasant and his lord in those days, when health might be extracted from herbs of grace and flowers of the field, and none ever received such a thing as an apothecary's bill to raise their spirits after a long illness.

The market garden of Woodfield, when I first remember it, was rented by a widow in the decline of life, who with her grandson occupied a low substantially-built cottage, with Flemish gables and ancient carved casements, which formed the tenement belonging to the garden. Old Aggy Durrant, as she was called, was not a native of our county, though she had married a Suffolk man. The Woodfield peasants regarded her as a sort of foreigner, saying, 'She came out of the shires, and was not one of them.' The Suffolk peasantry have the most singular dislike to the natives of any other county than their own; nor will they, if they can possibly avoid it, accept a service in any division of England that bears the termination of shire. 'No, ma'am, I can't think of going into the shires,' is the reply of these determined clingers to native scenes, and oft times to native miseries; but why the idea of a shire should be so displeasing to our worthy East-Anglians, I never could make out. Certain it is, however, that the *South folks* are a peculiar people, having very few affections to bestow on strangers. Old Aggy had lived long enough in that cottage to have insured a local settlement in any village, one would think; but no, she was among the people, but not of them. Her accent betrayed her northern origin; her manners and customs differed from theirs. 'She neither ate hard dumplings nor w. the bacon, which made it plain she came out of the shire,' and was not one of them.

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The gossips complained that no one knew anything about her, except that she did not manage her garden like other people with proper straight walks and squares of cabbages, squares of potatoes, and squares of other kinds of garden sauce (the name by which the Suffolk peasants class vegetables, when they speak of them collectively), like people who pretended to get their living by growing garden produce; but she had flower-beds and borders, and winding walks, like *sarapens*, with boweries at the corners, and arches made with climbing plants running over strings and bent sticks. Even her scarlet-beans and her peas were set out to look like some out-of-the-way fancy, all denoting the pride and ambition of this strange old woman with her popish name. No one, in reality, had less of these unpopular qualities than poor old Aggy Durrant. She was the meekest and most benevolent of living creatures. Very liberal halfpennyworths and pennyworths of small fruit did she dispense to her juvenile customers; and if she heard of a sick person having a craving desire for fruit, the first gatherings of her strawberries, her cherries, or her plums, were freely accorded by her, without a thought of payment.

Much as the picturesque arrangement of old Aggy's garden offended the bad taste of some of her invidious neighbours, it was always a favourite resort on holidays or summer evenings for young persons who wished for quiet enjoyment, a pleasant walk, and a cheap feast, or at night by a little improving conversation with the amiable mistress of this village Eden. Many a spare hour have I spent in acquiring a little of her practical knowledge in floriculture and herb-ology, for Aggy was learned in the virtues of plants, from the oak to the house-leek. She could distil simple waters and compound rare ointments for curing burns, blisters, and chilblains, and concoct draughts for the relief of coughs, colds, and many other of the maladies to which the poor were subject, and she never made any charges for her simple medicines, unless to those who could well afford to pay her. The squire's lady and the young ladies at the hall were great customers to Aggy Durrant for her double distilled rose-water and elder flower-water, and the apothecary himself privily purchased her mint-water, and gave her extensive orders for her healing ointments, though he told every one that 'she was a shocking old quack, and ought not to be encouraged.' He was her best customer, nevertheless, and never ordered conserve of roses, conserve of hips, or currant-jelly of any one else.

Some people fancied Aggy Durrant must be growing rich, as she had so many ways of getting money; but her profits were too small, and her charities too abundant, for the acquisition of wealth, and all her savings were employed in the education of her orphan grandson George. Till he was twelve years of age, the boy had no other instructor but herself, and it was evident that she understood enough of the rudiments of learning to have enabled her to keep a preparatory school; but Aggy Durrant was of an active turn, and preferred her miscellaneous employments to the sedentary business of tuition. When George, to use her expression, 'got beyond her in his learning,' Aggy Durrant astonished and offended all her neighbours by actually sending him to a boarding-school kept by a worthy curate in a neighbouring town. As soon as this fact transpired, Aggy had an influx of customers-extraordinary, who came—it being winter-time, when no cheap winter-fruits were in season—for pennyworths of raddish seeds and cabbage seeds, and pints of peas and beans, as an excuse for catechising the old lady on the subject of her grandson's departure from Woodfield, and her reasons for sending him to Scripture school.

Aggy had a quiet laconic way of replying to cross-questioning, that might have baffled the most impertinent lawyer on a country circuit. 'So you have sent George to boarding-school, Mrs. Durrant?' began the baker.

'Why, that will be a great expense to you?'

'I fear it will.'

'They say you mean to make a parson of him?' pursued the persevering querist.

'I cannot make parsons.'

In common with many others, I always suspected the widowed Aggy had seen better days. One day I told her so. She turned her mild eyes expressively upon me, and replied with impressive brevity, 'I have.'

As I was not actuated by the intrinsic spirit of vulgar curiosity, which led our Woodfield gossips to pry into the affairs of their neighbours, I made no other comment upon this rejoinder than a look indicative of the interest I had always taken in Aggy Durrant, from the days when I used to coax our nurse to let us spend our half-holiday pennies in buying strawberries or cherries from her garden. Not but that we had strawberries, cherries, and all other fruits in their season in our own garden almost *ad libitum*, but we did not think our fruit half so delicious as that which old Aggy gathered for us, and it was such a treat to go in her jessamine bower to eat it, and to look at her flowers and learn all their names, and whether they were to be propagated from seeds or slips, and how to 'make floral pyramids by training major convolvuluses up strings pegged in a circle, and then all knotted together to a tall lath in a central point.

Years passed away, leading us from infancy to childhood, and from youth to maturity; but though time had wrought so manifestly with us, we perceived no particular change in Aggy and her garden. She had never altered the fashion of her garb—the garb of widowhood—though sometimes, when she attended her customers in the garden, she now covered her closely-drawn cap with a black hood on chilly March days, an indication that she began to shrink from the sharp east winds; but her figure was unbent, and she was always to be seen on Sundays in her accustomed seat in the village church, with her substantially bound book of common-prayer and bible, both of a venerable appearance, and dignified with silver clasps. Like Aggy Durrant, they too had seen better days, and like her they did not appear older than when first I remembered them. It was in the widow's grandson that the only remarkable change had taken place. The curly-headed schoolboy had become a sedate and somewhat sentimental student. Aggy lamented that she could not send him to college; not that she breathed such a word to her every-day customers, who would have laughed the idea to scorn, she only whispered the regret to me, 'that she had not made an effort in the first instance to get him into some public school, where he might have earned a scholarship.'

'Perhaps,' said she, 'I have been too proud in dreading to encounter a denial, yet for his sake, I ought to have applied to my kinswoman; she could have got George a presentation if she had pleased.'

'Can she not now stand his friend in allowing him a maintenance at college?' asked I.

'Ay,' rejoined Aggy, 'if she please, but I do not feel disposed to ask favours of those who scorn me.'

The widow drew her hand over her eyes, and remained for some minutes in deep but silent communings with her own soul, and then, after a long pause, she said, 'No one can be competent to offer counsel in this matter who is not acquainted with the real circumstances of the case, and there is no reason why I should conceal them from a true friend. In my early life I was one of those unfortunate individuals who have no settled station or place in society. Left an orphan at so tender an age, that I scarcely have any remembrance of my parents, I was brought up in the nursery of a proud and wealthy family, to whom I was, it seems, distantly related, but never otherwise acknowledged than as an object of charity. I was what is called a *humble dependent*; that is to say, a servant without wages—a creature with all the artificial wants and wishes belonging to a lady without the slightest means of gratifying them. I was the lowly companion of the only daughter

of the house, a spoiled and wayward girl about my own age, to whose caprices I was compelled to conform myself with the submission of a slave. I sometimes thought of the difference in our lots; but when I perceived how greatly my cousin Leonora was hated and feared by every living creature, except her parents, I did not wish to occupy her place, for her haughty and irritable temper rendered her a more pitiable person than myself. When Leonora had been presented at court, we had many gay doings at the hall, but the only share I had in them was to assist in the preparations, sometimes in the housekeeper's room, sometimes in the conservatories, and occasionally in the decorations of the saloons. I was at that happy time of life when occupation of any kind was pleasant, and I preferred anything to the weariness of being confined to Lady Wendover's dressing-room day after day, engaged in the drudgery of a dressmaker's assistant, under the superintendence of the lady's-maid, for whose blunders or negligence I alone was considered responsible, and was hourly exposed to reviling on my awkwardness, uselessness, and ingratitude. I longed for something in the shape of independence; but, without a connexion or friend in the world, how was it possible for me to escape from my Egyptian bondage? It was only in the gardens that I enjoyed freedom and repose from insult. I was passionately fond of flowers, and I had acquired a trifling knowledge of botany from my cousin's books, and assisting her in acquiring her lessons. But Leonora was not fond of study, and deputed the arrangement and classification of the plants to the gardener and me. William Durrant was a well educated young man, with a very fine person, engaging manners, and habits of a more refined and intellectual character than those of the steward or any others of the retainers of the family. He was a farmer's son, and never associated with the other servants. He treated me with a degree of respectful deference which I had never before received from any living creature. There was a sort of silent anticipation of all my wishes in everything he did; and as my wretchedness within my gilded prison-house increased, the dearer to me became the hour which was spent by me in collecting the flowers and evergreens for my daily task of dressing the vases with which the drawing-rooms and boudoirs were decorated.

I was never permitted to mix with the high-born guests with whom these splendid apartments were occasionally thronged, and if I by any chance encountered any of the gentlemen in my walks, I was regarded with looks of insolent curiosity; and at length I was insulted with a proposal of a dishonourable nature from one of the visitors. I indignantly applied to Lord and Lady Wendover for protection; and her ladyship observed, that "the boldness of my deportment must have invited such overtures;" and added, that "I was the offspring of a mis-alliance, and appeared disposed to disgrace the noble family in a greater degree than my mother had done." With a heart ready to burst at the injustice and cruelty of this treatment, I resolved to eat no longer of the bread which was so often steeped in my tears. I went to the housekeeper to announce to her my intentions of seeking a service, and asked her assistance and advice; but Mrs Shadwell was drawing up the programme of a large dinner that was to be given that day, and besought me not to tease her with such nonsense. I went to my cousin Leonora; she was practising a difficult piece of music for the evening display, and sharply reproved me for interrupting her. There was not one creature within that house who cared for my misery. Within an hour I had turned my back upon it; and, passing through the park gates, I took the road to the nearest town. When I had proceeded about a mile on my way, I was overtaken by William Durrant. He was much agitated, and asked me whither I was going. I replied, "To seek a service."

"Where, and with whom?" he demanded.

I told him, "I should inquire for a place in the town to which I was bending my steps."

"Pardon me," he replied, "if I tell you that it is impossible for any one in your situation to obtain what you seek."

"Why not?" I exclaimed; "I am young and strong, can work well with my needle, and am possessed of some useful knowledge."

William shook his head, and proceeded candidly, but respectfully, to point out to me ~~that~~ my project which my profound ignorance of the world had prevented me from anticipating. No respectable family would receive me without a recommendation from Lady Wendover; and the manner in which I was quitting her protection would cause injurious reports and surmises to be cast upon my reputation. I burst into a hysterical passion of weeping and wringing my hands, and exclaimed, "What am I to do?"

"Return to the hall before your absence can have been observed," said William.

That were only to expose myself to fresh taunts and insults more cruel than I have yet received," sobbed I.

"If," said William, "I might dare to ask you to partake of the humble home and true heart which I could offer, I would maintain you cheerfully with the labour of these hands, and shield you from all unkindness; no tender flower should be more fondly cherished, and more carefully guarded from the withering cold or scorching heat than you should be, if you would condescend to be the queen of my cottage, the partner of my life."

Till that moment I knew not how dear to me the man was who thus wooed me in the manly sincerity of true affection. I had no parents to outrage, no sisters to injure, no brothers to offend by a lowly marriage, and without hesitation I signified my consent to his proposal. We then returned to the hall by different paths; he to announce his intention of quitting Lord Wendover's service in a month, and I to endure with patience my trials till my affianced husband had made his arrangements for our union, by taking a small farm in his native county, Suffolk, and employing his savings in stocking it, and furnishing a house for my reception. When this was done, he returned to claim me, and, to the unspeakable indignation of my noble relations, I became his wife, and never for one moment repented of my choice.

In the active and endearing duties of conjugal and maternal ties, I enjoyed for many years as much happiness as can ever fall to the share of frail mortality. Those were my better days, and I bless God that I have seen them; for the memory thereof is sweet to me. My son, who had married an amiable young woman, died of a fever; and his wife did not survive the birth of my grandson George. This was a sore trial to me; but a sorer came when my manly true-hearted husband was called hence, and I saw him laid in the green churchyard, beside the grave of our only son. The lease of the farm fell that year; and for the sake of that young child who had been so solemnly intrusted to my care by his dying mother, I roused myself from the indulgence of useless sorrow to struggle for his maintenance. It was in active occupation that I found my surest cup of forgetfulness; and in the midst of my sorrow, I did not feel half so forlorn as when I sojourned in the stately mansion of my proud kindred, as a despised pensioner on their stinted bounties, without a defined duty or a reasonable object in life.

It is now twenty years since I hired this pretty cottage, and undertook the cultivation of the market garden for the support of my orphan grandson. He early manifested abilities of a superior order, and inclinations that made me desirous of obtaining for him the advantages of a liberal education; and having done all that Heaven permitted me to place him in a sphere where his talents might have fair scope, I cannot help regretting that I cannot do more. Sometimes my thoughts have wandered to my kindred, but nearly five-and-forty years have elapsed since any intercourse has taken place between us. Lord and Lady Wendover have long been dead. Leonora married a gentleman of equal fortunes



to her own. Like me, she has been a widow for upwards of twenty years, and might assist my youthful descendant if she would, but my experience of her haughty and capricious disposition in early life has hitherto withheld me from applying to her.

I represented to the venerable widow the possibility of advancing the interests of her grandson with a powerful relative, who was at present unconscious of his existence. That consideration prevailed with her; the letter was written to the Honourable Mrs St Maury, and posted; but no answer was vouchsafed. Aggy Durrant expressed neither surprise nor disappointment; she knew the nature of her she had addressed too well to expect any favourable result; and after a fortnight of anxious hope and fear on the part of the young student had worn away, she took him by the hand, and repeated the words of the poet Gay—

Were I to curse the man I hate,  
Attendance and dependence be his fate.

George blushed deeply, and his grandmother continued, 'You will never find your way to college by watching the postman, my boy.'

'Then I must seek some other path to reach that goal,' replied George.

A few days after this conversation, George Durrant obtained an engagement as tutor to a baronet's son, whom he was to accompany to Eton. Old Aggy considered this engagement as a stepping-stone to learned fame and honourable independence. She preserved her usual quiet course of active useful occupation. She reared her cabbages, her peas, and cauliflowers, as usual; retailed her strawberries, her cherries, her pippins, and pears in their season; she mentioned the name of her haughty kinswoman no more; and if she thought of her, it was only with a feeling of satisfaction, that George Durrant was in a fair way of obtaining a scholarship at Oxford by his own honourable exertions. Several terms at Eton passed before George was able to spend a vacation with his aged relative; and then he came full of joy. The wish of both their hearts was accomplished—he was to accompany his pupil to Oxford. Old Aggy now began to busy herself in preparing linen and other necessities for his use at college. Some of her purchases at the neighbouring town were wrapped up in an old Morning Post, and, as she unfolded it, her eye was attracted by a familiar name, and she read, 'Died, on the 28th of May, at Wendover Hall, Yorkshire, after a short illness, Wendover St Maury, Esq., the grandson and latest descendant of the Honourable Leonora St Maury, the only daughter of the late Lord Wendover. It is said that the numerous estates of this ancient family will be inherited by a distant relation in humble life.'

Aggy Durrant glanced at the graceful figure and ingenuous countenance of the last scion of the haughty line of her maternal ancestry with a trembling feeling of delight, as the stately old hall, in all its solemn grandeur, and the widely-extended domains of Wendover, returned to her memory; but she spoke not to him of the change in his prospects, for she knew the vanity of youth, and the deceitfulness of the human heart, and dreaded lest the anticipation of his future greatness should have an injurious effect on his character. He went to Oxford, and returned no more to Woodfield till he had taken his degree. Old Aggy was a proud and happy woman on the following Sunday, when she entered our little church leaning on the arm of the youthful bachelor of arts. The mother of Cardinal Wolsey never felt greater satisfaction in the academic honours of her learned boy, than old Aggy did on this occasion.

That week a letter sealed with black arrived at the Woodfield post-office, directed to Mrs Agnes Durrant.

Aggy trembled and turned pale as she extended her hand to receive it. 'It is to announce her death—the death of the lady of Wendover Hall!' she said as she broke the seal. She was mistaken; it was from the lady herself, requiring her immediate presence at Wen-

dover Hall with her grandson, and inclosing a £50 note for the expenses of their journey, which the Honourable Mrs St Maury requested might be respectfully performed.

The gossips of the village had almost given over wondering at the unaccountable proceedings of old Aggy Durrant; though they continued to cabal together when they met at the town well, and other places of public controversy, at her unreasonable conduct in persisting in bringing up her grandson for a gentleman; 'and the worst of it was,' some of them said, 'that he had actually been taken for a gentleman by the whole village before they traced him to old Aggy's cottage, and then people guessed who he was.' But even those praiseworthy members of the community who attended to their own business rather than to the doings of their neighbours, were filled with surprise one day on seeing a post-chaise drive up to old Aggy Durrant's door. At first it was supposed to contain some gentleman or lady who came to purchase choice plants or roots of Aggy. But no—it was 'the Scampton Angel post-sly,' and had certainly been ordered for the said Aggy's use. Aggy herself appeared, clad in the unwonted grandeur of a new black silk cloak and bonnet, trimmed with erape. She was attended by her grandson, the young Oxonian, who, with an animated countenance, assisted her to enter the vehicle, then springing in after her, took his seat by her side. The Scampton Angel post-boy cracked his whip, and the real *po-shay* with its freight rattled up the turnpike-road, with all the Woodfield imps scampering after it, in hopes of catching a stolen ride behind. 'It was very evident that old Aggy Durrant was somebody after all, and had gone back into the shires again,' the neighbours said, as they gazed at the cloud of dust by which the progress of the Scampton Angel post-chaise might be traced for a quarter of a mile on the turnpike road.

In due time the travellers arrived in Yorkshire; and at the last stage, they found the Honourable Mrs St Maury's carriage and four, with two out-riders, waiting to convey them to Wendover Hall. I will not describe the mingled feelings with which the eyes of the widow of William Durrant overflowed as she raised them to the once familiar home of her childhood, and memory brought back the rainbow lights and shades of years long past away. Her reverie was, however, interrupted by an immediate summons to the presence of the lady of the hall. Leaning on the arm of her grandson, she followed the servant to the state saloon. In the ante-room through which they passed, all the servants and tenantry of the Wendover estates were assembled, who saluted them with profound obeisance as they proceeded to the saloon, at the upper end of which, clad in the deepest mourning, and supported by pillows, sat the fast fading Leonora St Maury, reposing, as it were, on the awful threshold of that new and untried state of existence to which she was rapidly passing.

When her visitors were announced, she arose from her crimson velvet *fauteuil*, and taking the weeping Aggy by the hand, saluted her by the name of 'Cousin Agnes,' and leading her into the ante-room, she presented her to the assembled tenants and dependents as the heiress of Wendover Hall, and their future lady.

'My time here is short,' she added; 'I have survived my last descendant; and when I am gone, the law of entail will vest the succession to the land of Wendover in the person of my cousin, Agnes Durrant, widow, the granddaughter and representative of my father, the late Lord Wendover's only brother, the Honourable Joselin Wendover. The heiress of the hall had never heard so much of her pedigree before, and now it was too late in the day, as she afterwards observed, to be of much importance, unless for the sake of her youthful descendant, George Durrant. The Honourable Mrs St Maury, before she died, exacted a promise from him, that he should take the name and arms of Wendover. She expressed much satisfaction that her cousin had given

a suitable education to the heir of their ancient house. And old Aggy has lived to see the boy for whose support she had tilled the market garden of Woodfield called to the House of Peers by the style and title of Lord Wendover, of Wendover.

#### 'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING' FOR 1844.

THIS has always been one of the most respectable of the annuals, and it seems destined to be amongst the latest survivors of the class. The volume for this year—much larger than it used to be a few years ago—possesses all that elegance of pictorial embellishment, typography, and external decoration, which fits the annual for a Christmas present; and, what we are more interested in, the literary matter is generally good—for which the names of Mr Procter, Mrs Hall, Mr Leitch Ritchie, and Miss Toulmin, are, indeed, a pretty fair guarantee.

There is a paper on the Bonkah, or dandy of India, by Captain Bellew, which contains some remarks that strike us as flowing from a mind of a more philosophical cast than is generally found in the ranks of light literature. 'Society in some parts of India,' says Captain Bellew, 'and in other countries of Asia, particularly among the Mohammedans, appears to be much in the same state of advancement in most respects at present as was that of our own country in the days of Harry VIII., or of the mis-called "good Queen Bess," when my "grave Lord Keeper led the brawls." Masques and mummeries delighted the full-grown babies of the age, and "fayre savages covered with ivy" spouted nauseous flatteries by the hour to kings and queens—when, truly, "who peppered the highest was surest to please;" when men of the greatest minds, crushed by the dread of irresistible power, licked the dust which tyrants trode; when heads rolled for words lightly spoken, and fire and fagot were the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for non-conformists and the cure of error; an age in which men were always either playing the fool or playing the devil, and yet, strange to say, amidst whose moral twilight arose those two great burning and shining lights—a Shakespeare and a Bacon.

War pageantry, costly habiliments, splendid attire—all that dazzles the eye—superstition—childishness—sycophancy—astrology—puerile conceits—inflated language—a vitiated taste, and a great esteem for wisdom and learning, with very imperfect notions of both, constitute in so many words the prominent marks of their stage of progression. In the mail-clad Indian chieftain, armed in proof from top to toe, on his barbed steed, snorting and caracoling, as if proud of his burden and of his glittering housings, I have sometimes fancied myself looking on a Marmion or a Surrey, or perhaps some fiery Hotspur of an earlier age. When accompanying the Thakoor, or village lord of Rajasthani or Bundelkund, with hawk and hound, on his sporting excursions in his runnahs or preserves, or, seated in his castle or barree, amongst his retainers, his family priests, and his minstrels, the feudal baron or wealthy franklin has risen to my mental view. In the grave-bearded ministers of kings and princes, with their wise saws, sage counsels, unworthy flatteries, and excessive deference for legal power, I have fancied that I looked upon the exact prototypes (saving a slight difference of hue) of the Burleighs, the Morcs, and the Cromwells of yore. Conversing with the moollahs and holy men, I have thought that I recognised the reasonings and exact constitution of mind characteristic of our Cranmers, Jewels, and Latimers, or the sapient Jamie himself. I have heard the privileged jester crack his jokes in the presence of the prince, where others were respectfully silent; and in many a dissipated young Mohammedan bonkah, hipping his Rindie Bolea (literally, woman's language), have imagined that I saw a Sir Pierrot Shaffton, or such a one as he who "smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting gentlewoman," to the grievous annoyance

of the choleric Hotspur. *Similar states of mental progress produce similar fruits*, which are modified by religion and climate. What is the Durgah of the Peer\* but the tomb of the saint? who can fail to perceive the palmer in the hadji or pilgrim journeying to Mecca, and in the moollah or fakcer and his rosary the monk and his beads? The same insecurity of life and the same barbaric magnificence prevail in the East as so long assigned in the West. Chiefs and their feudal tenants abound, whilst a country studded with castles and strongholds betokens a weak executive: in a land where each petty chief bids defiance to his liege lord, the blessing of order must be unknown; and these things bring Europe of the middle ages, with some few points of difference, most forcibly to the observant mind.

As a pleasant contrast to the above, we add a snatch of humour from the pen of Miss Camilla Toulmin:—

\* I sat down to rest on an old tombstone,  
By grass and wild-flowers all overgrown,  
But through wild-flowers and grass I was able to scan  
The legend it bore, which thus began:

"In memory of a darling wife,  
The joy and solace of my life,  
This stone is raised by him who now,  
Longing, himself awaits the blow  
When death shall kindly lay him low;  
For death, so cruel to divide,  
Alone can place us side by side.

Also in memory of"—was underneath;  
But here the weeds had formed a sort of wreath,  
So that I could not see  
The village poesy;  
Although I knew it then  
Turned to that "best of men"  
Himself, who doubtless followed to the grave  
The lost and loved his anguish could not save!  
I should have said  
That at the head,

Where was recounted this sad tale,  
A stooping figure seemed to wail,  
And with one wing was clearly trying  
(A stony wing not meant for flying)  
To wipe away the stony tears  
That, after five-and-thirty years,  
(So from the battered date appears),  
Still coursed adown the stony cheeks,  
Whose many weather-beaten streaks,  
Neighbour'd too by a broken nose,  
And loss of fingers and of toes,  
Proclaimed that either rude old Time,  
Or Slumberwell's ungenial clime,  
Had shown but small respect to one  
Who through all trials still went on.

Mine was a kind of waking dream;  
And while I pondered, there did seem  
A sort of radiance to gleam,

Which I could plainly trace,  
As it did quickly chase  
From the stone angel's face  
All signs of woe;  
While there did grow,  
Curling the lip the while,  
A most indubitable smile;  
And but a minute after,  
With smothered laughter,  
The bruised and broken thing,  
Still resting on one wing,

Bade me in voice, though low yet clear,  
To tear away the weeds that grew so near:  
Murmuring the while, "Ah! when she first lay here,  
He used to come and water with a tear  
The earth that covered her—even me he'd grasp,  
And wreaths of flowers around me clasp;  
He said he envied me, that I should ever be  
Near the sad home of his dear Emily;  
Yet somehow, after a few weeks were gone,  
He used to leave me very much alone;  
The flowers he twined around my urn  
Were faded quite before he did return;  
And soon he made his visits few and far between,  
Till for three months at once he was not seen.  
But when at last he came, his tear was shed  
Upon his Emily's low narrow bed;  
And oh! the next time that he came,  
I did not know him for the same.  
Sables were doled; he smiled and looked so gay—  
I should observe, he only passed this way

\* The shrine of the Mohammedan saint.

To church upon his second bridal day !"  
I started as I tore away  
The grass and wild-flowers that had grown  
Cloud-like around the lettered stone.  
And thus I read—

"In memory of dear Jane,  
The second wife of Walter Blane."

"Go on," the stony figure said;  
And, half-indignant, half in dread,  
I turned to my fierce work again,  
And grass and wild-flowers tore again,  
Till there appeared another name,  
And to the third—third—wife I came !

Now, though no doubt it would be wittier,  
And look on paper far the prettier,  
To rail against false fickle man  
(Who only has been "fickle" since the world began !)  
It seems to me a happy thought,  
A ray of Heaven's mercy caught,  
That Time—abuse him as we will—  
Has power to soothe our sorrows still;  
And though the living may not fill  
Quite up the void the aching heart  
Feels when the loved one doth depart,  
It is a happy dispensation  
That they should make some compensation !"

### TITLES OF HONOUR.

AMONG barbarous nations there are no family names. Men are known by titles of honour, by titles of disgrace, or by titles given to them on account of some individual quality. A brave man will be called the lion, a ferocious one the tiger. Others are named after a signal act of their lives, or from some peculiarity of personal appearance; such as the slayer-of-three-bears, the taker-of-so-many-scalps, or straight limbs, long nose, and so on. Some of these—especially such as express approbation or esteem—are worn as proudly by their savage owners, as that of duke or marquis is by European nobles. They confer a distinction which begets respect and deference amongst the tribes, and individuals so distinguished obtain the places of honour at feasts; they are the leaders in battle. It is nearly the same in modern civilised life: titled personages are much sought after and feted by the tribes of untitled; and are, moreover, the leaders of fashion. The only difference between the savage and civilised titles of honour is, that in the former case they can only be obtained by deeds: they must be earned; which is not always the case with modern distinctions.

In the social and political systems of modern nations, all titles of honour originally took their rise from official employments; but in many cases the duties have been abandoned, while the titles, which they at first conferred, are retained. This is the case with the five orders of British peerage, and with the baronetcy and knightage. Amongst us, a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight, have at the present time no official duties to discharge in consequence of their titles. It is not so, however, in some parts of Germany, and amongst the nations of the East. The highest of all titles—that of king or ruler—on the contrary, has never been merely honorary; the responsible duties of government having always been coupled with it. As might be expected, the most extravagant superlatives which language could supply have been added to the honorary designation of the supreme ruler; especially in oriental countries, where the poetical figure of hyperbole flourishes in the greatest excess. The most powerful of all monarchs is the emperor of China; his subjects believe him to be Heaven's sole vicegerent upon earth. Hence his titles are the 'Son of Heaven,' and 'Ten Thousand Years.' This is somewhat akin to our own legal axiom—that the king *never dies*; which is nevertheless true of the mere dignity. In an official document received by the governor of Bengal from the general of the Chinese forces, the emperor is styled 'the flower of the imperial race, the sun of the firmament of the world, the resplendent gem in the crown and throne of the Chinese territories.' His imperial highness is not supposed to possess these distinctions upon

groundless pretensions; for he claims to be brother of the sun, cousin-german to the moon, and professes to be connected by ties of relationship to every one of the stars. In short, the emperor is considered the concentrated essence of all worldly distinction; in other words, 'the sun of the firmament of honour'; for, besides him, there is no aristocracy in China—no strictly honorary titles but those he monopolises. Every dignity must be gained by learning and merit; and there are no titles whatever, except his own, which have not their official duties. There is no hereditary nobility in China.

The titles claimed by the Shah of Persia are not less extravagant than those of the Chinese monarch. In a treaty concluded with Sir John Malcolm in behalf of the British government, he calls himself 'the high king, the king of the universe, the phoenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe; a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed; and a variety of other outrageous similitudes, which it would be tedious to recite. His subordinate officers imitate him in this respect. The governor of Shiraz, for instance, adds to his official designations the following savoury similitudes:—The flower of courtesy, the nutmeg of consolation, and the rose of delight.—Some of the titles assumed by the sultan of Turkey consist of high-flown comparisons with the Deity, which are carried to the point of blasphemy. He, as well as the Chinese emperor, claims a near relationship to the sun and moon. He declares himself to be, moreover, 'the disposer of crowns,' although during the present century he has had enough ado—honest man—to keep his own on his head.

Russia unites Asia with Europe, and we naturally pass to a consideration of the autocrat who styles himself 'Emperor of all the Russias.' This, however, is a modern appellation, that of czar (kaiser)—the Slavonic for 'king'—having been always given to him from the earliest times.\* Most European rulers are kings (from the Teutonic word *king*, signifying either knowledge—from which we get 'ken'—or potentiality, giving us the auxiliary verb 'can'): some, however, assume to be emperors, from the Roman *imperator*.—The kings of Spain were formerly so encumbered with titles, that in 1586 Phillip III. ordained that he should be termed simply, *el rey, nuestro señor*—the king, our lord. Indeed Spain may be considered the hot-bed of unmeaning and ignoble titles, though there are some persons of good and ancient family who have titles of real honour. The king of Spain is called his Catholic Majesty; the higher nobility are counts, and, as with us, marquises and dukes. The precedence of persons holding these distinctions, as to who shall rank next after the princes of the blood, is settled by the king. This select few have the privilege of being covered in the royal presence, and are styled illustrious, and addressed, like the pope, with 'your Eminence.' The inferior nobility of Spain call themselves *cavalleros* (knights) and *hidalgos* (gentlemen). Most of the nobles are on grand occasions covered with orders and other insignia. These are so cheap in many parts of the continent, that persons of very indifferent reputation often obtain them; hence the Spanish proverb, that 'formerly rogues were hung on crosses; now crosses are hung on rogues.' It frequently happened in former times, that, from the peculiar Spanish law of tenure, many small estates descended to the same individual, the names of which the owner added to his own. Illustrative of this, there is a story in the Spanish jest-books of a benighted grandee who knocked at a lonely

\* Some etymologists trace the word czar to 'Cesar,' of which they affirm it to be a corruption; but the reverse is the fact: Cesar is the Latinised form of kaiser or czar. Richardson, quoting Thore, a native etymologist, says that kaiser, imperator, or more strictly 'watcher,' is a word acknowledged and used by all ancient dialects.

inn, and when asked, as usual, *quien es?*—'who is there?' replied, 'Don Diego de Mendosa, Siloa Ribera, Gutman Pimentel, Osorio Ponce de Leon Zuniga, Acuna Tellez y Giron, Sundoval y Roxas, Velasco Man.' 'In that case,' interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, 'go your way; I have not room for half of you.' A great many titular distinctions in Spain have been levelled by the succession of revolutionary shocks which that unfortunate country has sustained within the last forty years.

The Germans cling to all sorts of titles with the most tenacious fondness, and often assume them without any right to do so. Many of the genuine titles are purchased; some persons buying land to which a title is annexed. This venality even exceeds what it did in France under her most corrupt régime. The most common honorary appellation is *Geheimrath*, or privy councillor; but few are really entitled to assume it; inasmuch that those who are, put *true* after the designation. Every person is very sensitive about being properly addressed. To accost a gentleman, as in England, with *sir* (*mein herr*), is almost an insult; it is necessary to find out his office or profession. The commonest title is 'rath,' there being a rath for every profession. An architect is a *banrath*; an advocate *justizrath*; and a person with no profession at all contrives to be made a *hofrath* (court councillor), an unmeaning designation, mostly given to those who are never in a situation to give advice at court. The title of professor is also much abused. It is far safer in Germany to attribute a rank greater than the person addressed is entitled to, than to fall beneath the mark. Hence an Englishman is often surprised by hearing himself called *Mr Count* (*Herr Graff*), or *Eur Graden* (*Your Grace*). 'Every man who holds any public office,' says Russell in his *Tour in Germany*, 'should it be merely that of an under clerk with a paltry salary of L.40 a-year, must be gratified by hearing his title, not his name.' Neither are the ladies behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. 'A wife insists upon taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There are *Madame Generaless*, *Madame Privy Councillorless*, *Madame Daybook-keeperless*, and a hundred others.' These titles, as may be readily imagined, sometimes extend to an unpronounceable length. Conceive, for instance, a foreigner's powers of utterance taxed to the extent of addressing a lady as '*Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin*;' in other words, *Mrs Directress of the Upper Consistory Court*. In France, titles of honour were abolished at the Revolution; in the present day, however, counts, and other members of the old aristocracy, retain their titles among their own private friends by courtesy. The legislative function of peer gives no personal title. Badges of honour are exceedingly prevalent: the cross of the legion of honour, with its gay ribbon, 'decorates' the button holes of almost half the grown male population of France.

On the continent, the extreme abundance of titles causes their owners to obtain but little respect; but in England, the case is different. The royal prerogative of creating knights and nobles is—except on very rare occasions—exercised with much greater circumspection than it is, and used to be, by neighbouring potentates; the honour, therefore, to the distinguished few, is highly prized. The feeling of loyalty is nowhere so fervent and sincere as in Great Britain; not only the 'fountain of honour itself,' but the honours that flow from it, are held in great esteem. The ruler of the country is said to be 'by the grace of God queen (or king) of Great Britain and Ireland;' with, however, the irrational addition of 'defender of the faith'—a faith which has ceased to be that of the state. The title of prince only belongs in this country to the sons and nephews of kings. The ducal was originally a Roman dignity, derived from *dux*, *exercituum*, or commanders of armies; but under the later emperors, the governor of a province was entitled *dux*, or leader, whence our word is derived. The first duke—as we now apply

the title—was Edward the Black Prince, created Duke of Cornwall; a titular honour, which ever since has belonged to the king's eldest son during the life of his parent; so that he is called in heraldic parlance *dux natus*, or a born duke. After him there were many *duces creati*, or dukes who were created in such manner that their titles should descend to posterity. But in 1572, during the reign of Elizabeth, the dignity became extinct. Half a century afterwards it was renewed by James, who created his favourite George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. The sons of peers in Great Britain and Ireland have not formally any noble rank; but by courtesy the eldest son always bears the second title of the family, if there be one, while the younger sons receive the appellation of lords, if the paternal rank be not under that of an earl. The second order is that of marquis, connected with which was once the duty of guarding the frontiers or limits of the kingdom, called *marches*, from the Teutonic word *marche*. The persons who had this command were called 'lords marches,' or *marquesses*. The office was legally abolished by Henry VIII., after it had long fallen into disuse; but the title remained. A marquis is addressed as 'most noble,' but more in conformity with herald's authority, as 'most honourable.' Of all honorary distinctions, none is so ancient as that of earl. We derive it from the Saxon word *eorl*, which means elder, and it is a little startling to find that two such dissimilar dignities as earl and alderman have a common origin; but so it appears; for the Saxon earls were called *ealdormen*, otherwise seniors or senators; and it would appear that, besides assisting in the general government, as is implied by this designation, they were also *schiremen*, or custodiers of divisions of shires. After the Norman conquest, these functionaries took the French name of counts, but which they did not long retain; though to this day their shires are called counties, and their wives countesses. The earl ceased to trouble himself with county business at an early period, deputing it to a subordinate officer, called *vice-comes* (in Saxon, *scyre*, a shire, and *reeve*, a steward or sheriff), whence sprung the fourth degree of peerage—viscounts; 'which,' saith Cowel, 'is not an old name of office, but a new one of dignity, never heard of amongst us till Henry VI. his days.' With this uprise the viscounts or sheriffs got, like their official predecessors the earls, above their business, and the local affairs of the country are now superintended by the lord-licutenant and his deputy, and by sheriffs. The history and etymology of the barons are involved in great obscurity.

The wives and daughters of all peers partake more or less in the titular honours of their relatives, except the female relations of the prelate, who are plain Mrs and Miss. All peers, except 'their graces' the dukes, are addressed as 'my lord,' so that when we include the lords by courtesy not in the peerage, 'my lords' of the treasury and admiralty, lords-licutenant, the Scottish lords of session (facetiously denominated 'paper lords'), lords provost, and the three lords mayor (of London, York, and Dublin), it will be seen that the lords of this empire are in great variety.

The next downward step in the ladder of dignity takes us out of the peerage into the baronetage. The title of baronet is compounded of baron and the diminutive termination *et*, which makes it to signify a baron of lesser degree. The order was instituted by James I., at the suggestion of Sir Robert Cotton, in 1611. It is the lowest honorary title which is hereditary. Next come the knights, whose history goes back to that of ancient Rome, for in that empire it was the second degree of nobility. It was conferred in the chivalric times upon every person of good birth, to qualify him to give challenges, and to perform feats of arms. The honour has, however, gradually extended itself to persons whose habits are the reverse of military; who are dubbed, in Shakespeare's phrase, 'solely upon "carpet consideration."'

The title of esquire—the next in order—has become

as unmeaning in England as that of privy councillor in Germany. What the designation originally meant, is ascertained by the origin of the word, which is traced to the Latin *scutifer*, or shield bearer. They were men-at-arms, and attended knights 'to the wars.' Camden enumerates five orders of the rank, the last being 'such as hold any superior rank, public office, or ~~some~~ the 'prince in any worshipful calling.' This is sufficiently vague, to take in a very large class of persons; hence it has been a subject of great dispute and much doubt amongst our wisest lawyers, to whom the title of esquire properly belongs. Blackstone and Coke have written on the subject, and the question has been recently agitated with great vigour by the worshipful petty sessions of Kensington.

In such high estimation are titles held, that even to be associated ever so indirectly with one, is considered an honour. Hence the middle ranks of English society have been described, not without justice, as a body of tuft-hunters. These persons have a kind of reverence, an awe—not so much for the nobility in their proper persons, as for their titles. They know the peerage, baronetage, and knightage by heart. They deem the smallest omission on the superscription of a letter, or in verbally addressing a noble, as an unpardonable sin. We have heard of a military poet—himself owning the title of lieutenant in a foot regiment—who, in writing some verses on Waterloo, conveyed one of his reminiscences of the battle in the following heraldic couplet:—

'Step forth, Lieutenant Cobden, of her majesty's hundred and second foot—step forth unto the front,'  
Cried Major General Sir Hussey Vivian, K. C. B.—'and bear the battle's brunt!'

Titles are in this country a part of our political system, and as such, receive the sanction of many friends of our institutions, who otherwise care little about them. The example of America shows that they may be formally excluded from a country, whilst a strong inclination to use them, however obliquely, still remains. In that republic all such distinctions are *theoretically* renounced as unworthy of a free and enlightened nation. 'Mere honorary distinctions are not by the constitution allowed; yet in no country in the world are titles so worshipped. M. de Beaumont, a French traveller, who may be considered disinterested, declares, 'Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends on whether you are a duke, marquis, count, or nothing. The meanest driver,' this writer continues, 'of a diligence styles himself *gentleman*, and no one who has attained a position the least above the mass of men ever fails to take the title of esquire.' The members of congress, and every local legislature, is styled the 'honourable Mr So and So,' which is the only civil rank, except esquire, in vogue. Yet all the means and appliances of titular nobility are eagerly adopted. Heraldic insignia are much affected, and even spurious vanities are sported on family vehicles.

One class of people, who abound in America, namely, the 'Society of Friends,' abandon every vestige of titular distinction, be it ever so simple; and in this respect are at least consistent, for they scrupulously practise what they preach. Excepting this upright class of men, we know of no portion of mankind, civilised or otherwise, who disdain to seek for or to use titles. In this, indeed, there seems remarkably little distinction. To the high, titles appear almost a necessary part of their existence, although we have heard them complained of as a load which would be very willingly resigned. To the most humble in station they are perhaps still more fondly clinging to. Every woman is desirous of being spoken to as *Mr*; and his respectable wife, who requires no such adjunct, is addressed as *Mistress*. In short, from high to low, throughout all grades, is this craving manifest. Viewed in the abstract, titles are not things worthy of desire, and they must be considered as failing in their object when applied without distinction as to

merit or any other qualification. Absurd or insignificant, however, as they too frequently are, they may be considered as not altogether useless. Classing them with many other things which philosophy would disown, they are to be viewed as in some respects essential to the present tastes and habits of society, and therefore worthy of all the toleration usually accorded to social arrangements in themselves indifferent or unobjectionable.

#### THE LEGEND OF THE HAPPY VALLEY.

ONE of the chief delights of travelling, especially in the woods, wilds, and prairies of the vast American continent, is to light upon some strange and quaint wanderer who can beguile the hours of repose with anecdotes and recollections of his past life. I rarely failed, on putting up at a hotel, whether it was the far-famed Tremont of Boston, the somewhat less celebrated Tremont of Galveston, a road-side shanty, or venerable log, to find one of these retailers of traditional lore in the shape of backwoodsman, leather-stockings, bee-hunter, or red man. The latter was ever most welcome; for though the hunting scrapes of the former were always interesting, yet about the Indian—though I never was a believer in their elevated character, demeanour, and intellect—there was yet on all occasions something new, fresh, and to a European, however sceptical concerning their good qualities, something of secret and mysterious interest. This feeling is so strongly implanted in our nature from early association of ideas, and from the opinions we have formed of the native inhabitants of Columbia in the fascinating pages of the American novelist, that we endeavour, when coming in contact with Indian tribes, and finding our preconceived opinions very much shocked, to persuade ourselves that we have fallen on a bad specimen of the great family—that we have but to travel further, to explore more carefully, and we shall find that all are not so dirty, lazy, and treacherous as those we have met with. Be this as it may, I shall not easily forget the emotions of pleasure which filled my mind when, on dismounting after a weary day's journey, and crossing the threshold of the low shanty which served the purpose of an inn, at the upper ford of the Sabine, I saw standing erect before the fire, habited as nearly as possible in the costume of a white American hunter, an Indian. He was one of those who, without exactly dwelling either with his tribe or with the settlers, lived on the confines of both. In the village of the Wacco Indians he had his wigwam: true, he had no squaw, and his sons had all followed the war-path to return no more. In the white man's settlements there were whisky, tobacco, and powder, and the Indian's rare skill as a hunter enabled him to exchange the produce of his untiring labour for such articles as he most coveted. In the wigwam of White Hawk were more knives, and blankets, and guns, than in any other, though he had no squaw or young men; but White Hawk distributed his goods with a liberal hand among his people, and was a great chief. These facts I learned in a very few seconds from my landlady, the thin, yellow, but still healthy wife of a borderer. I intimated my intention of supping, and invited the Indian to join me. He did not decline the offer. Thirty years of constant intercourse with the invaders of his soil had taught him their habits and language, and White Hawk could use a knife and fork, relish salt, drink whisky-toddy, and, what is more, speak English, all with equal facility and readiness. French, indeed, was better known to him—perhaps no Louisiana creole spoke it more purely—but then the languages bear more affinity one to another than his and ours, and we accordingly conversed in French, especially considering the fact, that it was the native dialect of our hostess. We talked animatedly for hours; I listened, however, more than I spoke, and wondered still more. The man had travelled immensely. In every state of the Union he had left a trail behind him, and in Texas his footsteps



crossed one another in all directions. He told me many and wonderful stories, and among others one to which I listened so eagerly, that the Indian could not refrain from a smile. Though, I believe, to such Americans as have wandered beyond the edge of their vast frontier it is not unknown, to few of my English readers can it be familiar, unless in some obscure hints which travellers may have thrown out concerning it. I would give it in the Indian's words, but I fear few would thank me for my fidelity. Preserving, then, the facts without addition, retrenchment, or alteration, I lay it before the public.

Nawata-toni was the chief of a small tribe of Peorias who inhabited the foot of the Rocky Mountains, between Fort Leavenworth and the bursting of the Arkansas from its rocky prison, and who hunted buffalo during the summer on the wide and boundless prairies which stretch from that great Alpine chain to the abodes of men. The Sioux, that fierce and indomitable tribe of warlike Indians, who claim an extent of territory equal to some of the most powerful empires of Europe, and who, in support of that claim, go about like raging wolves seeking whom they may devour, took it one day into their heads to destroy this little band of Peorias. Knowing the deep cunning and valour of Nawata-toni, they chose a day when he was absent in treaty with a neighbouring chief of the Kaskaskias, and falling upon the village unawares, took the scalp of every warrior, and bore the women and children into captivity. The men who did this deed were sixty in number, and though thus far successful, they knew that the squaws would mock them, the old men shake their heads, and deny them the title of braves, if they brought not in the tuft of Nawata-toni. The chief returned to his village to find it desolate, destroyed, annihilated; and, though alone, he vowed vengeance upon his persecutors. Life had lost all its charms; there was nothing left but to revenge and die. Knowing well that his enemies were thirsting for his blood, he thought it prudent to hide for some time, until they should have returned to their winter-quarters, when he could come forth and lay his deep and hopeful plans of retaliation. With his faithful bow, his quiver full of unerring arrows, he turned to the mountains, there to secrete himself. He moved but slowly, as he used the most careful precautions to conceal his trail; walking in the bed of running streams, taking his way with his face to the spot whence he came, leaping through a dense forest, for miles, without ever touching the ground, the trees being his path, until at length, at the expiration of a week, he found himself on a ledge of hard rock, that could not leave even the most faint trace of human footsteps. The chief followed it. It led between two lofty hills, becoming every moment more narrow; at length he reached its termination, and a sight burst upon the Indian's view which even at that desolate moment made his heart leap with gratitude and unspeakable emotions. At his feet lay a lovely valley, or rather hollow, for, save where he stood, there appeared no gap or break in the hills; a sward, green and smooth as a lawn, ran down from the crest of the rock to a lake which bristled with sparkling springs, each rising like a *jet d'eau* of art, and falling again into the bubbling bosom of that sweet piece of water. Groves dotted the scene all around, and on the sides of the hills were dense thickets and woods, which promised abundance of game. The chief walked slowly down to the banks of the lake; it was teeming with fish. He walked nearly round it; a river escaped from one end, a mighty stream in its very birth, and at some distance was heard the roar of waters. But nowhere did the restless searching eye of Nawata-toni detect the slightest evidence to prove that mortal man had ever trod that spot. A smile of grim satisfaction passed over the warrior's face, as he determined to take up his abode in it, there to baffle his enemies for a time, and then to found another tribe; once more to have wigwams about him, and then—his dark eye glistened,

and became big with deadly meaning—he was thinking of the fifty reeking scalps which hung up in the lodges of his hated enemies the Sioux. His first care was to build a small and convenient hut, to manufacture traps for beaver, and fishing-tackle for the speckled trout. Of both, the lake and stream afforded abundance. Then, laying aside his bow and arrows, he plunged into the river—whose high, rough, and precipitous banks forbade any other mode of exploring it—to find where it led to, and to discover if it afforded any facility for the secret advance of an enemy. He swam along quietly, his eyes scanning every gap and fissure in the rocks, until he felt the current become violent, the roar of waters more loud, and, dashing out, he made the right bank of the stream. Clambering amid pointed rocks and loose stones, he soon gained a spot from whence he saw the river of the Happy Valley escaping in a gigantic fall of some hundred feet or so into another and equally extraordinary place. The chief sat down upon a fragment of granite, and gazed around him. The bed of the river presented a singular aspect; in the middle it was a smooth though rushing stream, while on both sides were caverns, and arches, and gullies, through which the mad water fiercely bubbled, escaping through vents which its own impetuosity had carved out. Nawata approached to the very edge of the cliff, looked down upon the smooth grass and green woods of this other valley, and smiled; then, as if satisfied with his survey, he leaped once more into the water, and returned to his hut. On a first inspection, he had imagined that the lake and stream were one body of water; but a more careful survey caused him to discover, that though the river took its origin certainly in the hundred springs of this lively sheet of water which supplied him with fish, beavers' fur, and beavers' tails, yet the river burst from a cavern some twenty feet from the lake, the connecting interval being subterraneous.

Almost a month had passed, and Nawata-toni began to think he had baffled his enemies. There was, he found, no lack of beaver or trout; the woods afforded him squirrels, and racoons; and turkeys; and in the immense valley below the falls he had seen, though as yet without pursuing them, many a buffalo. Every day added to his knowledge of the locality, and every day to his settled determination of peopling the valley of Nawata, as in his pride he called it. He had already enlarged, ornamented, and garnished his hut with furs and skins, and placed it where a village could conveniently surround it; he had laid out the line of wigwams in his eye; the maize fields for the squaws to labour in; the tree which was to be hewn down on the days which should summon his new tribe to the war-path, to follow the trail of the murdering and lying Sioux. About the dusk of one evening, which gave sign of a stormy and disagreeable night, Nawata sat at his tent door, resting on a luxurious heap of beavers' skins, and smoking out of a rude pipe the most aromatic leaves of the forest. His keen restless eye ranged all around; his nice ear, alive to the faintest sound, was ever listening for the footsteps of the foe. Why does Nawata start, lay aside his pipe, and stand erect on the threshold of his hut, clutching with eager grasp the handle of his tomahawk? Next minute his bow is bent, an arrow flies from it, a loud cry is heard, and fifty dark and yelling forms burst from the narrow entrance whence Nawata had gazed upon the peaceful and Happy Valley, now changed into the abode of wild and infuriated savages; who, rushing down the gentle slope with triumph glaring in their eyes, seek to clutch their victim. It was the Sioux who had laid waste his peaceful village, and Nawata-toni, feeling that to live was necessary to his revenge, fled. To leap into the lake, to swim under water until his breath could be held no longer, then to rise at a distance and shake his clenched fist at his pursuers, who, discharging a hasty flight of arrows, threw down their bows and followed him, was the work of a few minutes. The bubbling springs con-

fused his pursuers, and some were at fault; but there were enough who were not, and Nawata-toni soon found that these were gaining on him. The darkness was not sufficient to hide any very palpable object from the sight; and when, reaching the point where, in a kind of whirlpool, the lake rushed into its cavernous passage to the river, the Sioux saw their victim plunge into the vortex, an awful yell rent the air. The whole fifty warriors in an instant were on the land, which gave a distinct view of both pieces of water. Another yell, half of pleasure, half of admiration, followed, when the opposite cavern gave up the apparently lifeless body of Nawata-toni. Every dark form, which a moment before was filled with bitter sensations of disappointment, now dilated with joy, and, plunging after the chief, each man sought to be the winner of the prize. The end of the chase appeared no longer doubtful. Nawata, bewildered, stunned, almost senseless, however, rapidly recovered, but not so rapidly as to be any match for his pursuers, who, fresh, strong in numbers, and eager for his scalp, dashed after him with an intense violence, which showed how much they valued their prey. Nawata laughed aloud, a laugh of taunting, bitter irony, as he cried, 'The Sioux are squaws—the Sioux are dogs!' Still they rushed on, more eager than ever, their yells mingling with the boiling waters, when suddenly Nawata plunged headlong under water. A yell of horror, terror, agony, burst from the foremost of the Sioux as they strove to turn, but it was in vain; those behind pressed them on; man clung to man, men to men. One gigantic warrior clutched a point of rock; the Sioux became as one dark mass; they were stationary. The whole fifty or sixty warriors were hanging by the single arm of the gigantic chief; they were in the very leap of the cataract; the current was too impetuous to be stemmed; there was no hope. A loud taunting laugh caused them to raise their eyes to the bank, on which stood the avenger pointing to the abyss below. A cry then arose so horrible, so piteous, so deathlike, that even Nawata was appalled, and he returned to his hut, without one living enemy within hundreds of miles, with a heavy heart. But he had had his revenge; the place was now deserted; no one would dwell in it—certainly not Nawata-toni; 'and,' said the Indian, 'Nawata dwelt with the pale faces, and hunted for them, and the Waccos became his friends, and called his name White Hawk.'

I started: the conclusion was unexpected. Thirty years had passed, and Nawata-toni was an old man. I told the chief how deeply his tale had interested me; but neither he nor I cared about any other that night; and over an excellent cup of coffee, prepared by our French hostess, we dwelt for hours on the recollections which had been awakened in both our bosoms by the Legend of the Happy Valley.

### THE GRINDERS OF SHEFFIELD.

[Abridged from the London and Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science, as given in the Medical Times.]

'DR G. CALVERT HOLLAND, of Sheffield, has published a series of communications of great importance and value on the grinders of that town, more especially with reference to their physical condition, the manner in which it may be alleviated, the diseases to which they are subjected, chiefly those of the pulmonary system, the pathological changes induced in their lungs, and the treatment that should be adopted for their relief. He says his attention was directed several years ago to the condition of the grinders, in the hope that something might be devised to mitigate the evils under which they labour, and the lengthened investigations into which he has entered are the result of much thought and personal observation. His object was less to study the phenomena of disease, than to induce the legislature, by a statement of general facts, to take the appalling circumstances into consideration, with the view to enforce measures for their correction; and he thinks he has reason to believe that the legislature will interfere. When it is considered that in Sheffield some

thousands of individuals pursue the pernicious occupation of grinding, and that many thousands depend upon these for their daily bread, it becomes an imperative duty to endeavour to correct evils fraught with so much misery and wretchedness, not only to the artisans and their families, but injurious in the extreme to the town at large.'

A plan of Mr Abraham for saving grinders from the effects to which they are exposed having in a great measure failed, from its application being voluntary on the part of the men, another and much more effectual means of preventing the dust from being swallowed has been invented. 'A wooden funnel, from ten to twelve inches square, is placed a little above the surface of the revolving stone, on the side the furthest from the grinder, and this funnel terminates in a channel immediately under the surface of the floor; or we may consider the channel simply as the continuation of the funnel, in order to avoid any confusion in the explanation. The channel varies in length, according to the situation of the grinder, in reference to the point where it is most convenient to get quit of the dust. If we suppose that eight or ten grinders work in the same room, each has his own funnel and channel, and they all terminate in one common channel, the capacity of which is, perhaps, twice or three times as great as each of the subordinate or branch-channels. The point where they terminate is always close to an external wall. At this point, within the general channel, a fan is placed, somewhat in form like that used in winnowing corn, and to this is attached a strap which passes upward, and over a pulley, so that whatever puts the pulley in motion causes the fan also to revolve. The pulley is placed in connection with the machinery which turns the stone, so that whenever the grinder adjusts his machinery to work, he necessarily sets the pulley and the fan in motion. The fan, acting at this point, whatever may be the length of any of the subordinate channels, causes a strong current to flow from the mouth of each funnel, which carries along with it all the gritty and metallic particles evolved, leaving the room in which the operations are pursued free from any perceptible dust. When the whole apparatus is perfect and in excellent condition, the atmosphere of the place is almost as healthy as that of a drawing-room.

The efficiency of this apparatus is shown in a spindle manufactory belonging to Messrs Yeoman and Shaw, where it is kept in beautiful order. The dust, which is thoroughly removed, is conveyed by the general channel into a trough of water on the outside of the building. The quantity which accumulates in it in a few weeks is very great, and in raising it in a mass, it seems to have almost the specific gravity of metal. The expense in the construction of the apparatus would scarcely exceed the proportion of a sovereign to each grinder. The funnel will cost only a few shillings, and the channel, if the grinder work on the ground-floor, may be formed by the excavation of the earth, and placing bricks over it, or it may be constructed entirely of bricks. The fan and pulley may be purchased for a mere trifle. The branch or subordinate channels should be under, and not, as they are occasionally, above the floor. In the latter case, especially if made of wood, they are liable to accidents, and may be so damaged as to destroy their utility, the dust escaping into the room, and rendering the atmosphere exceedingly impure.'

Scissor-grinding is described as exceedingly pernicious to health; but 'the more destructive the branch, the more ignorant, reckless, and dissipated are the workmen, and the greater is the tendency to marry, and at exceedingly early ages. Where the circumstances of the occupation are favourable, the average duration of life will be high, where otherwise, low; consequently the ages of the workmen in the respective branches of grinding are a general indication of its healthy or prejudicial nature. In the scissor-grinding branch, 161 of the 213 employed are under 40 years of age, thus affording direct evidence of the destructive tendency of the business. Of these 213, 11 have not worked at the trade for several years, from different causes, and only one of the 213 has reached the age of 60. The majority of deaths occur respectively from the ages of 26 to 30, and from 36 to 40. Of 102 deaths, 66 took place under 45 years of age, and five only exceeded 50; of 1000 scissor-grinders, not one has reached the 65th year, while of an equal number of operatives in Manchester, there are 45 living at that age, and in the agricultural county of Northumberland 119. Many of the artisans in this branch are emaciated and shattered in constitution at an age considerably under the prime of life, owing to the pernicious

nature of the pursuit. Of the 213, 145 were found to have suffered, or were at present afflicted with the following diseases:—24 had been affected with inflammation in some part of the chest, which had required medical treatment; 24 had had spitting of blood; 24 had suffered from rheumatism, and often in a very severe form; 33 complained of some affection of the urinary organs, frequently pain in micturition, or the deposition of numerous small particles of sand; 12 had had fever, in most cases typhus; and 18 had unequivocal organic disease of the lungs, exhibiting difficulty of breathing, urgent cough, and expectoration. The grinders themselves never seem to be sensible of the incipient stages of pulmonary disease, though invariably accompanied with cough, and some degree of difficulty of breathing on exertion. They complain only when disease interferes with the ability to pursue the occupation.

The educational condition of the scissor-grinders is low. Of the 213, 98 can read and write, but very indifferently; 17 can read only, and 98 can neither read nor write. More than half of these are under 35 years of age. The apprentices in this branch are not much better educated.

Fork-grinding is considered as a branch of the work of such destructive tendency, that other artisans frequently refuse to work in the same room with the fork-grinders, and many sick-chubs have an especial rule against their admission, as they would draw largely on their funds, from frequent and long-continued sickness. There are 87 men and 100 boys employed, and an immense proportion of them die under 30 years of age. In 1820, it was found that one-fourth of the number employed died every five years, a rate of mortality exceeding everything previously known in any branch of manufacture, or in any pursuit or occupation. Of the 61 who died from 1825 to 1840, 35 died under 30 years of age, and 47 under 36. Out of 1000 deaths of persons above 20 years of age, the proportion between 20 and 30 in England and Wales is 160; in Sheffield 184; but amongst the fork-grinders, the proportion is the appalling number of 475; so that between these two periods, three in this trade die to one in the kingdom generally. Between the ages of 30 and 40 a still greater disparity presents itself. In the kingdom, 136 only in the 1000 die; in Sheffield 164; but in the fork-grinding branch 410; so that between 20 and 40 years of age, in this trade, 835 perish out of the 1000, while in the kingdom at large only 296.

Needle-grinding is not very extensively carried on in Sheffield, where it has been introduced only of late years. Dr Holland's remarks are therefore based upon his observations at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, where there are several manufactories. He says that he had frequently heard of the pernicious tendency of this particular occupation, and though prepared to believe much, from elaborate investigations into similar pursuits, he thinks that the physical evils produced by it exceed all that imagination has pictured. He had no conception that men could be found so reckless of consequences as to engage in the trade, when protracted suffering and death were the certain results. The new hands are taken fresh from the plough with vigorous constitutions, at a time of life when the animal system possesses considerable energy—that is, from the ages of 17 to 20—are employed only six hours a-day, having the rest of their time for gardening and other amusements, and yet the majority of them are killed off under 30 years of age, after two or three years of suffering. Such details are fearfully sickening.

The number of needle-grinders at Hathersage in 1822 was 7; in 1832, 14; and in 1842, 23. The average age of the 23 is 25½; that at which they began the business, 18½. Of 12 who have died at Hathersage, the average duration of life, after commencing needle-grinding, is 13 years and 4 months, the longest period being 24 years, the shortest 5. The man who continued thus employed for 24 years began to work at 18; 9 of the twelve died of the grinder's disease. There are 10 needle-grinders in Sheffield, who present the same general facts as the preceding 23. They generally work the entire day. When the needle-grinder is exceedingly ill, suffering from a constantly distressing cough, and great difficulty of breathing—symptoms which usually continue for several years—he follows his occupation until his strength is quite unequal to any exertions. He is then a miserable object; his figure is bent forward, his looks haggard, his frame emaciated, and a train of other symptoms indicative of wretchedness are obvious to the superficial observer. The average of individual suffering of the 9 workmen who died at Hathersage of the grinder's disease was 15 months, the longest period being 36 months, the

shortest 5 weeks. The needle-grinders are ignorant, and mostly dissipated. One-half can neither read nor write. The dust which is evolved in the process of needle-grinding contains a much larger amount of steel than is produced by any other kind of grinding.

Razor-grinding Dr Holland considers to be accompanied with greater evils than the two preceding. It is much more laborious, requiring, in some of the stages, a continual concentration of muscular power, while at the same time the trunk is bent at a right angle over the revolving stone, a position which is peculiarly unfavourable to respiration. The back and tang, or small end of the razor, are invariably ground on a dry stone, the rest on a wet one. During the latter process, the artisan says, a gaseous matter is evolved, not only exceedingly disagreeable, but prejudicial, and which is necessarily inhaled. There are 275 adult workmen, 154 of whom are under 31 years of age, only 20 above 45. This falling off in numbers before the prime of life is owing to the destructive tendency of the occupation.

Table-knife-grinders use both the dry and the wet stone; the atmosphere they breathe is exceedingly injurious, though less so than that used by the fork-grinders. There were, in 1811, 319 persons employed, of whom 295 are under 46 years of age; 33 of the 319 have been removed for various periods from the baneful influence of the trade, having been in the army or navy, or otherwise employed; 67 have died since 1832, 52 of whom died under 42 years of age; and of the 15 above it, 5 were not fully exposed to the destructive agencies of the employment, by not having worked regularly at it.

Table-knife-grinding is almost always effected on the wet stone, but the artisans are more or less exposed to the dust caused by dry grinding, from working in the same room. Their condition, in regard to health and longevity, is intermediate between the most deleterious and the least pernicious branches. Table-knife-grinding is practised partly in the country and partly in the town. Saw, file, and scythe-grinding is less pernicious. Scythes are entirely ground on the wet stone. The occupation is laborious, but not injurious to health. The men live and work in the country, and are a fine healthy set: they are 30 in number: there are 10 apprentices. They can all read and write. They are better educated, and live longer than other workmen, with the exception of the saw-grinders.

From the preceding statements, we may infer that some of the more pernicious influences to which the grinders, as a class, are exposed, are susceptible of modification, and that their present painful condition is greatly aggravated by a general want of education, and by intemperance.

## THE DANSEUSE.

The suppleness and agility attained by stage-clowns, posture-masters, and dancers, is a marvel to every on-looker, while to the physiologist it is an interesting illustration of the effect of use or exercise in improving the physical powers. The training required for the buffoon and dancer is commenced in their childhood, when the system is soft and pliable, and it is continued incessantly till they have become more or less accomplished in their art. It involves a constant practice of leaping, tumbling, twisting, and bending of the body into all sorts of odd attitudes, besides the throwing of the somerset, which is justly reckoned amongst the most difficult of all such feats. To attain eminence in the profession, not only an unusual degree of industry must be exerted in this course of education, but an uncommon degree of personal elegance and vigour, and perhaps also some extraordinary mental faculties are necessary. In all this, there is involved a good deal of hardship, while in some branches, as in that of the female rope-dancer, there is superadded a deprivation of delicacy which it is extremely painful to contemplate.

Female stage-dancers, or danseuses, are not exposed to so much degradation; but their education is not less tardy and painful. The primary object is to bring, by sheer exercise, the joints of the limbs and feet to a state of extreme agility, as well as strength: even in the education of the two great toes, so as to make them capable of standing and pirouetting upon these extremities, a vast amount of labour and care is expended. And not only must this power be acquired, but it must be sustained, for which purpose constant exercise is required; as, otherwise, the joints would become stiff, and relapse to an ordinary degree of strength. To acquire afterwards skill and grace in



the movements of the dance, is a subordinate object. Paris is the metropolis of the world of the dance, and to it accordingly do the aspirants of this art resort from nearly all parts of the civilised world, in order to obtain the last and finishing graces of their profession. To bring even a naturally well-qualified danseuse to perfection, requires a degree of application, a subjection to a series of torturing devices, and an expenditure of money, from which all would shrink with dismay, were it not for the enormous remuneration which she has the chance of obtaining. A danseuse who reaches the first rank in her profession—a Taglioni, for example—will clear hundreds of pounds by a single exhibition, and gain more money, perhaps, in a season, than men of science will obtain for a lifetime spent in the most valuable services to mankind. In a publication called *La Monde Musicale*, an account is given by a member of the corps de ballet of the nature of the education which fitted her for her high calling. We present the following passages for the amusement of our readers, taking only leave to hint, that the account is perhaps a little overdrawn.

'Ah, sir, if you did but know how much courage, patience, resignation, and unremitting labour a poor girl must command—if you did but know what excruciating tortures she must submit to, and how many involuntary tears she must stifle—even to become a "mediocre" dancer, you would at once be moved with terror and compassion.

Scarcely was I seven years when I was despatched to the class of M. Barrez. Oftentimes I was sent early in the morning, with nothing in my stomach but an equivocal cup of coffee, without socks to my feet or a shawl over my shoulders. I oftentimes arrived shivering and half-famished; then commenced the daily torture, of which, however exact my description might be, I should fail in giving you a just idea. Banished from our code, torture has taken refuge in the class for dancing.

Every morning my feet were imprisoned in a groove-box, heel against heel, and knees turned outwards; my martyred feet accustomed themselves naturally at last to fall in a parallel line. This is what is called "*se tourner*."

After half an hour of the groove, I was subjected to another variety of torture. This time I was obliged to rest my foot on a bar, which I was obliged to hold in a horizontal line with the hand opposite the foot I was exercising. This they term "*se casser*."

After these labours were over, you imagine, perhaps, that I enjoyed the charms of repose; repose for me, indeed! as if a dancer knew what repose was! We were like the wandering Jew, to whom the Barres and the Couloins were perpetually crying out "Dance, dance." After these *tournees* and *cassers*, we were obliged, in order to escape from professional reprimand or maternal correction, to study assiduously *les jetés*, *les balances*, *les ronds de jambes*, *les jondettes*, *les cambrioles*, *les pirouettes sur le condepiéd*, *les sauts de basques*, *les pade tourées*, and, finally, the *entre-chats à quatre*, *à six* et *à huit*. Such, sir, are the agreeable elements of which the art of dancing is composed: and do not believe that this rude fatigue lasts only for a time; it is to last and to be renewed without intermission; on this condition only can the dancer preserve her *souplesse* and her *légèreté*. A week of repose must be redeemed by two months of redoubled incessant toil.

I have seen Mademoiselle Taglioni, after a two hours' lesson which her father had just given her, fall exhausted on the carpet of her chamber, where she was undressed, sponged, and resuscitated, totally unconscious of her situation. The agility and marvellous bounds of the evening were insured only at a price like this. Now, the example of la Taglioni is strictly followed by the other opera-dancers. There are some even who, by nature having greater difficulties to surmount, martyrise themselves with a barbarity yet more ferocious. Nathalie Fitzjames was an example of this; she invented a new method, *de se tourner*, et *se casser*, at one and the same time.

Perhaps you are not aware that the art of dancing is divided into branches—en *Ballonné* and en *Tacqueté*. The *Ballonné* is the school of Taglioni; it is lightness combined with grace—the dance which seems to delight in and float on the air. The *Tacqueté* is vivacity and rapidity; 'tis the little sparkling steps and measures on the point of the feet; in a word, it is what Fanny Elssler is.

You are aware that a similar profession cannot be exercised with impunity. From the multitude of simulated dangers, the dancer accustoms herself to real ones, as the soldier in war-times accustoms himself to pillage. Now she is suspended to lines of wire, now she is sealed on

pasteboard clouds; she disappears through traps, she ascends through chimneys, she makes her exit by the window. In the first act of the new ballet, *La Peri*, there is so dangerous a leap, that I consider Carlotta Grisi risks her life every time she executes it; the *mal-adresse* of a moment in shifting the trap-door, and Carlotta would dash her brains out against the plank. There is a certain Englishman who never misses a performance of this ballet; he is persuaded that it will prove fatal to Carlotta, and he would not for the world be absent on that night. This is the same Englishman who followed Van Amburgh for three years, ever believing that the moment would arrive when the wild beasts would sup on their master.

**Dignity of Labour.**—In early life, David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading, to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, 'Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.' From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

**Waste of Land.**—If we consider it to be a waste to employ land in the production of articles to be used in forming intoxicating liquors, the waste must be immense. A writer in a newspaper makes the following calculation:—'There are 45,769 acres of land employed in the cultivation of hops, and one million acres of land employed to grow barley, to convert into strong drink. According to Fulton's calculation, if the land which is employed in growing grain for the above purpose were to be appropriated to the production of grain for food, it would yield more than a four-pound loaf to each of the supposed number of human beings in the world; or it would give three loaves per week to each family in the United Kingdom! If the loaves (each measuring 4 inches by 12) were placed end to end, they would extend 160,225 miles, or would more than describe the circumference of the globe six times!' But vast as this waste is, it is a trifle when compared with that on the continent of Europe, where whole districts are devoted to the culture of the vine.

**Tact in Begging.**—The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces stranger vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very adroitly. We give the following as a specimen:—An English preacher advocating the generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to his hearers:—'From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of, that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts. The result was an overflowing collection.'—*Boston Recorder.*

Our Editors respectfully announce that they do not require any communications in prose or verse.

The half of a five-pound Bank of England note has been received for Mrs Weston from 'an Englishman.'—Dec. 20, 1841.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## THE PARTICULAR AND THE GENERAL.

It is very curious to observe the different ways in which Mr Smith, Mr Thomson, or any other impersonation of the English nation, regards the same thing in its two various forms of particular and general. Tell Mr Thomson that you are giving your son Frederick a practical sort of education, by which you imply a training in his own language, in writing, accounts, geometry, without neglecting elegant literature, dead or alive, or any of the weightier matters relative to morals, and he will listen to the detail with all the approving patience and interest that could be desired, and next day tell twenty people how sensibly you are managing the matter, and that he has a grand mind to put his own George and Samuel through exactly the same course when they are ready for it. But let another person on some other occasion propound to Mr Thomson the opinion, that education should everywhere be made more of a practical kind, that it should not be unmingled Latin and Greek, but should include such elements as shall enable the new generation to enter life not quite ignorant of the laws of nature, and more particularly of those things which concern each of us in the career for which we are destined, and instantly doubt and alarm are depicted on the usually smooth and happy tablet of Mr Thomson's countenance. He is afraid you are disaffected to some of the good old institutions of the country, that you feel Jacobinically towards birch, and would disestablish the Grecian mythology. What in a single instance obtained the immediate sanction of his common sense, now, in the aggregate, meets a thousand objections from him. He cannot grasp the idea in this form, and therefore it oppresses and frightens him. 'What!' says Thomson, 'would you have us to be a mere nation of bargain-hunters? would you exclude the ornamental and the refining? would you make all our youth cunning old merchants at once? No saying where we should all be in a hundred years, if you were to make education of so utilitarian a character.' And so it is that, while in the case of his own George and Samuel, he would really like an education calculated to inform as well as improve the mind, and fit the lads, in some degree, for the world, he yet will take no means, nor sanction the taking of such means by others, to put all in the way of obtaining such an education. Had it formerly existed, he would have thought it—to use one of his favourite phrases—all right; but to alter an old system, and rear a new one, is quite another affair; he must think twice about it. In short, you see you are to have no support from Thomson.

When I was a very young person (George III. being king), a well-informed man was always respected. Even amongst the country gentlemen, any one who had read a good deal, so as to be able to solve a knotty point now and then at a county meeting or at table, usually enjoyed some extra consequence on that account. Fathers, however ignorant themselves, would tell their sons to seek the society of well-informed men, for the benefit which was to be derived from their conversation. It was generally held a sort of disgrace to be extremely igno-

rant. And even yet, when Mr Thomson happens to be thrown into the society of a man of large and various knowledge, he is quite delighted. 'What a head that fellow has, sir! No subject could be brought forward but he had some light to throw upon it. How much I would give to know a fourth of what he does!' Thomson really thinks and feels in this manner. He has been charmed, and he only speaks his heart when he says there is nothing he holds in greater respect than knowledge. But if you were to meet our national representative at some other time, and commence a conversation with him about the desirableness of taking some steps to remove the general ignorance, and diffuse useful knowledge amongst the people, very likely you should find him opposed to everything of the kind, and this not only from a disinclination to see intellectual light extended, but a disrespect for intellectual light itself. He would have some very sage remarks on the too exclusive cultivation of physical science in our age, its effects in causing us to worship the actual and the real overmuch, and its connexion with the mammon-spirit of the day. Perhaps a few jokes at men of science would season his discourse. He would quite overlook the mighty extension which modern science has given not only to many objects dear to humanity, but even to our conceptions of divine majesty and benevolence; he would forget the souls which its abundant dissemination snatches from corrupting influences, and places by virtue's decent fireside. And this simply because, while able to appreciate the superiority of knowledge to ignorance in a special case, or as far as the individual alone is concerned, he cannot conceive of a multitude of such cases with the same clearness; the idea escapes him, its vast and undefined lineaments terrify him, and he becomes an alarmist about a thing which he actually venerates.

We find this respect for the particular, and dread of the general, very prevalent with regard to the idea of the useful. There is not a respectable parent of three children in the country—no matter, almost, of what rank—who does not twice a-day tell his youngsters to see that they make themselves useful. There is not a careful housewife in the world, who does not deliver lectures daily to young women on the propriety of their making themselves useful. 'Be useful' is the general order dinned into the ears of all persons, from the first moment they have a brain to think or hands to work. Compliment the philanthropist with a dinner and panegyric, and he modestly assures the company he is always very happy when he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. Place the patriot at the head of the poll for Fussborough, and he declares from the hustings that it will henceforth be the pride of his life to be useful to Fussborough. One-half of the so-called highly-educated men of the country, if told of some remarkable discovery in pure science, will think themselves sure of a triumph in the remark, 'But of what use is it?' as conceiving immediate usefulness to be an infallible criterion of merit in such a case. Yet, if one were to happen, in conversation with any of these parties, to let fall some general approbation of utility, it is ten to one that they would all hesitate to concur with him. They would

not, perhaps, have any objection distinctly felt in their own minds, but they would fear that utility somehow was a wrong or bad thing in this form, albeit the guiding rule of all their ordinary actions. This is surely a most absurd delusion of the popular mind; for what is good on a small scale can never be otherwise than good on a more extended one, seeing that in the latter case we have merely a multiplication of single examples. If Tom, for instance, is benefited by turning all his natural and acquired gifts to use, how can it be bad for Harry, or his respectable brother Dick, to make themselves useful too? Or how can the usefulness of Dick and Harry be bad to Tom? And if usefulness has been found laudable in the cases of this venerable trio, how can it be worthy of reprobation with regard to mankind at large? The fact is, usefulness is good for each and all; but the public starts at what it calls theories, by which word it describes all concentrations of single facts into principles.

I have, for my part, no theory, properly so called, about utility, nor am I even fully informed upon some of the more remarkable theories of other men upon this subject. But I can very readily see that there is both a contempt and a dread entertained for it among thousands, whose character as good citizens entirely depends upon the fact, that their almost every action is of a useful kind. There is, in the first place, a prejudice against the general idea of the useful, as if it were something naturally in hostility to all that decorates and refines life, and would exclusively direct attention to what is gross and material. Now, there could not be a greater error than this; for the useful, in reality, comprehends all those decorating and refining, as well as all beneficial and moral things, within itself, and stands properly as a general term for whatever can promote the happiness of mankind, and that not merely here, but hereafter. The distinction of the ornamental and amusing arts from those productive of immediately necessary things, was but the transient error of one philosophical mind—that of Smith—and is now nowhere upheld. Why, then, should it any more be thought of? Even Bentham, who is usually considered as the most aberrant spirit on this subject, was an admirer of both painting and music, and an amateur of the latter, and invariably advocated the liberal support of the cultivators of both arts, as persons useful to the community. Surely, then, it is a ridiculous mistake to suppose, as we every day hear men doing, that, because some particular person recommends utility to be studied in all things, and follows it much in his own daily conduct, therefore he is one who has no soul for anything beyond the sternest realities, and would willingly see all the fine arts and all the moralising agencies of the age put down and extinguished. The very contrary is often the fact; and we find nowhere such perseverance in good-doing and good-thinking, or such a liberal and enlightened taste for both the beautiful in art and the profound and abstract in science, as in some who endeavour, in humility of spirit, to mark their whole lives with usefulness. How could anything else have ever been presumed, when there are so many of the very highest of sanctions for this same usefulness? What is 'going about continually doing good,' taken by itself, but a course of usefulness? If, indeed, any one were to limit his idea of usefulness to a life devoted altogether to the realising of small and gross utilities, and which, from mere narrowness of spirit, excluded whatever might only be expected to become useful reflectively and after long time, there might be some justice in the opinion in question. But I am unaware of any men of reputation who take this narrow view, which rather appears to me a mere groundless imputation put forward by those who, from limitation of soul, can only see good in single cases, and start with instinctive trepidation from the assertion of everything like a principle.

In the scale of mind, the particular and the general might almost be considered as the leading marks. There are men who readily understand any single isolated

fact, and make it part of their stock of knowledge, but whose stock of knowledge consists entirely of such distinct facts. These men cannot lay a number of facts together, so as to draw some general inference from them. They are the children of the intellectual world. As we advance in the scale, we find the maturer and higher forms of intellect in those who readily generalise from single facts, and combine many small ideas into a great one. Analogous to, and intimately connected with the first class, are those men who exhibit all desirable benevolence towards their fellow-creatures in personal and individual respects, who are good masters to their servants, good landlords to their tenants, eager to commiserate and relieve every single case of distress that comes under their notice, but are totally unable to form any general scheme of a rational kind for the benefit of large numbers, or to sanction any such scheme which may have been formed by others. Analogous to the second class—the intellectual generalisers—are those who, while perhaps more disposed to follow the course of a strict justice towards individuals, are competent, and at the same time eager, to form and follow out great principles and plans for the general good. There can be no hesitation in assigning to each of these classes their proper shares of praise: the former are respectable for their personal doings, but often form great obstructions to plans of the highest value; the latter are the less amiable, but by far the more useful. The former may be likened to the occasional gleams of good feeling which appear in the barbarian mind; the latter are comparable to the mild and benevolent maxims which govern the bulk of civilised society.

It will therefore be the mark of a great intellectual advance in mankind, when they are found to understand that all social and political things are but congeries, or clusters of things individual and familiar, and are liable to laws, and attended by maxims, precisely the same. A nation is but an extended family, as all mankind are but an extensive kind of nation, and whatever is for the interest of any one man or family, must be for the interest of the nation, as well as that of mankind. It is the pursuit by each man of his own calling, for his own benefit, that creates the wealth and greatness of the congeries of men called a people. Whatever mode of operation facilitates the industry, and promotes the benefit of the individual, without doing harm to his neighbours, that will be found an infallible rule of action for similar arrangements amongst class and class, and nation and nation; and, by parity of reasoning, whatever would be an impediment to the industrial operations and personal benefit of an individual citizen (always presuming that he aims at nothing which is not moral towards his neighbour), that will be found to be equally unfavourable to the interests of a nation, and of mankind generally. It requires only some degree of wisdom, and particularly some share of that best of all kinds of merely human wisdom, a genuine benevolence, or love of our neighbour as ourselves, to see these great truths; and it requires but seeing them, and acting upon them, to produce a vast increase of happiness upon earth.

#### AQUEDUCTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

We presume that most of our readers have heard something of the 'pools,' 'water channels,' and 'canals' constructed by the ancient Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians, and even by the half-civilised inhabitants of Mexico and Peru. To these people a copious supply of water was essential alike to their agricultural and domestic welfare. Situated under a burning sun and cloudless sky, where the dews of night are for months the only available moisture, their crops would have utterly failed, had not their ingenuity devised means to collect and disseminate the water which fell during the rainy season, or which flowed in streams from the distant mountains. Hence it is that the traveller finds in Ceylon, in Persia, and in Peru, the frequent ruins of dams, canals, and water-courses, which the former and

more advanced inhabitants had constructed for the irrigation of their fields and gardens. But it was not merely for the purposes of agriculture that the ancients constructed these expensive water-works; they were no less indefatigable in securing for their cities a plentiful supply of this indispensable element. Their histories are rife with allusions to digging of wells, excavating of reservoirs, and constructing of aqueducts; while the remains of these structures in Judea, Italy, and Mexico, testify how much those distant and dissimilar people alike valued a plentiful supply of fresh and wholesome water. What acquaintance they had with the principles of hydraulics, we have no direct information. This much we ascertain from an examination of their works, that they understood the principle, that water always seeks the level of its source, no matter how irregular and desious the course it may be made to pursue. In conducting streams across valleys and rivers, the Romans occasionally made use of the inverted siphon; but this method was seldom adopted, on account of the meagre skill they possessed in metal-working. The siphon pipes employed by them were of lead, a metal not well adapted to sustain a great degree of pressure; and when we state that it is only within the last century that cast-iron pipes were constructed for hydraulic purposes, it will be readily perceived why the ancients should have resorted to the laborious and expensive mode of conducting their water-conduits across valleys and rivers, upon vast structures of masonry. In this process they have been left unrivalled by modern nations—the Croton aqueduct\* for the supply of New York being the only structure of the kind which has been erected during the last hundred years. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to present the reader with a brief sketch of their water-works; in particular, of the aqueducts which were more exclusively devoted to the supply of their towns and cities.

The word *aqueduct* is derived from the Latin *aqua ductus*, and signifies merely a conductor, or conduit of water. In this sense, all leaders or channels of water would be aqueducts; but the term is restricted to those artificial structures by which streams were conducted from their sources, by a uniform and continuous descent across valleys and through mountains, towards the city they were destined to supply. The conduits were built of stone, rough or hewn, or of bricks, and cemented by the finest tempered mortar. Some were of a square form, paved and covered with flag-stone or tiles; others were arched over, or were throughout of an elliptical form. This conduit, or stone pipe, if we may apply such a term, was conveyed through hills by tunnels, and across valleys upon single arcades, or even upon double and triple tiers of arches. In general, these arches supported only one water-course, but occasionally each tier had its own conduit, so that an aqueduct presented a double or triple form. The channels were constructed with an imperceptible descent, that the current might be accelerated by its own weight; and where following a direct line would have given too great an impetus to the flow, they were conducted over many miles of country by frequent and winding mazes. This device not only reduced the impetus of the current, and thereby preserved the interior of the channel from a rapid abrasion, but allowed the water to deposit its sediment, and to become softer and better fitted for domestic purposes. For the latter purpose, tanks or cavities were formed in the channel in which the stream lodged, until it had precipitated its mud and feculence; and open ponds were constructed, in which it expanded, till purified and sweetened by atmospheric influence. There were also *spiramenta* at regular distances, by which a superfluous flow of water might be disembogued, and which also served for the discharge of the whole stream in the event of the channel being stopped by accident, or requiring repairs.

Parallel to the course of the conduit, in some of the more magnificent aqueducts, there were foot-paths, forming at once a novel and cooling promenade. Having arrived at their destination, the waters were generally received in reservoirs, and conducted by leaden pipes, or by stone grooves, into private cisterns, or dispersed throughout the cities by means of public fountains, which were often adorned with all the magnificence and allegorical allusion of ancient architecture. These structures were invariably under the charge of a public functionary; and it is from the treatise of Sextus Julius Frontinus, who was inspector of the aqueducts of Rome under the Emperor Nerva, that we derive most of our information respecting the water-works of the imperial city.

Passing over some imperfect traces of aqueducts in Hindostan and Ceylon, and advancing westwards, the first worthy of notice is that which Procopius records to have been built by Creses, king of the Persians, for the supply of Petra, in Mingrelia. This seems to have been a square conduit, covered by flags, and supported in part of its course upon three tiers of arches, each tier supporting a channel; so that no less than three streams were made available in Petra at different elevations. We have also accounts of aqueducts constructed under the reign of Solomon; and the remains of them still existing in Palestine, give evidence of an extensive acquaintance with the principles of hydraulics among the architects employed by the Hebrew rulers. The 'Pools of Solomon,' near Bethlehem, were evidently connected with a scheme for supplying Jerusalem with water, and their remains are to this day a theme for travellers. 'These large, strong, noble structures,' says Mr Stephens in his *Incidents of Travel*, 'in a land where every work has been hurried to destruction, remain now almost as perfect as when they were built. There are three of them about 480, 600, and 660 feet in length and 280 in breadth, and of different altitudes, the water from the first running into the second, and from the second into the third. The water from these reservoirs is still conveyed to Jerusalem (a distance of six miles) by a small aqueduct, a round earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter, which is sometimes above, and sometimes under the surface.' Again, Herodotus describes the mode in which Eupalinus, an architect of Megara, supplied the city of Samos with water. A hill 900 Greek feet high was pierced by a tunnel about a mile in length. This tunnel was eight feet high and eight feet wide, and in it there was cut a channel thirty feet deep by three feet wide, through which the water flowed in a covered course to the city.

It was among the Romans, however, that the construction of aqueducts was carried to the greatest magnificence and perfection. Masters of half the world, wealthy, and luxurious, it is not to be wondered at that they should have expended an enormous amount of labour in conducting streams into their cities; and less when it is considered that the capital of their empire was unfavourably situated by nature in regard to pure and wholesome water. The glory of a reign was in general perpetuated by the erection of a temple, palace, or other public building; what more fitting monument than an aqueduct—a species of structure susceptible of architectural display, as it was essential to the public welfare? For 440 years from the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants contented themselves with the water of the Tiber, and of the wells and fountains in the city and its neighbourhood. But at that period the number of houses and inhabitants had so augmented, that they were obliged to bring water from distant sources by means of aqueducts. Appius Claudius, the censor, commenced this scheme of improvement 312 years before the Christian era; and after him, for several centuries, additional works were constructed, as the necessities and luxuries of the city demanded. Among those who signalised themselves in this department of public utility were Curius Dentatus, Lucius Papirius, Quintus Marcus, Agrippa, Augustus, and Claudius;

\* An account of this magnificent erection appeared in No. 2. of the New Series of this Journal.

that erected by the latter being upwards of forty-two miles in length, and discharging about ninety-seven millions of gallons in the twenty-four hours. In the remains of these aqueducts, some portions are elevated above the ground on solid stone-work, or upon arches continued and raised one above another; while others are subterraneous, such as that seen at Vicovaro, beyond Tivoli, where a tunnel of about five feet deep and four broad pierces the rock for a distance of more than a mile. One of these aqueducts was formed of two channels, one above the other; they were, however, constructed at different periods, the most elevated being supplied by the waters of the Tiverrone (Anio Novus), and the lower one by the Clodian water. It is represented by Pliny as the most beautiful of all that had been built for the use of Rome. It was subsequently repaired and extended by several emperors, is now called *Aqua Felice*, and still administers to the supply of the modern city. The *Aqua Marcia*, *Aqua Julia*, and *Aqua Tepula*, entered Rome by one and the same aqueduct, divided into three ranges or storeys, each of which supported its own independent channel-way. This accounts for the extraordinary height of this structure, which far surpassed that of its compeers, which generally ranged from seventy to eighty feet, that being the height required to bring the plain which surrounded Rome to the average level of the city.

Without adverting more minutely to those structures, a general idea may be formed of their extent and importance, when it is stated that Rome was supplied with water from sources varying from thirty to sixty miles in distance, and that at one period of its history, not fewer than twenty aqueducts brought as many different streams across the wide plain or campagna in which the city stands. In the time of Frontinus (A.D. 100), the entire length of aqueducts exceeded 255 miles, the daily discharge of which was about three hundred millions of gallons—a supply to which that of London is a mere insignificant dribble. Nor was it ancient Rome which alone reaped the benefits of these superb structures; the modern city is still abundantly supplied by three of them, which have undergone repairs and restorations, the most important of which was made by Sextus V., from whose conventual name of Brother Felix the term *Aqua Felice* is derived.

The chief provincial cities of the Romans, as well as their own metropolis, were supplied with water by aqueducts; hence in Greece, Gaul, Spain, Italy, &c., portions of these extensive constructions remain to the present day. That of Nîmes, built by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, is perhaps the most ancient of their provincial aqueducts. It was about thirty miles in length, when entire, and traversed a very mountainous country, piercing through hills, and crossing valleys by means of arches upon arches. It was constructed of squared stones throughout, and was coated in the interior, which was 4 feet by 5½, with finely prepared mortar. The '*Pont du Gard*' is that part of the aqueduct of Nîmes which crosses the deep valley in which flows the Gardon, or Gard. This part, considered alone, is one of the noblest monuments built by the Romans among the Gauls. It is composed of three ranges of arches, one above another. The first range under which the Gardon runs is formed by six arches, the second by eleven, and the third by thirty-five—all of which are semicircular, and form a total height of 160 feet above the water of the river. The entire length of the bridge is 300 yards. This magnificent structure was destroyed by the barbarians about the beginning of the fifth century, but is still in such a state of preservation, that it could be restored without a very great expenditure of money. Passing over the ancient aqueducts of Lyons, in which the inverted syphon,\* as well as the inclined channel-

way, was used, and of Bourgas, near Constantinople, the only other provincial structure of the kind to which we shall allude is that of Metz, of which a number of the arcades still remain. 'These arcades,' says an ancient authority, 'crossed the Moselle, a river which is broad and vast at that place. The copious sources of Gorze furnished water for the representation of a sea-fight. This water was collected in a reservoir; from thence it was conducted by subterraneous canals formed of hewn stone, and so spacious, that a man could walk erect in them. It traversed the Moselle upon its superb and lofty arcades (3600 feet long, and 100 feet high), which may still be seen at the distance of two leagues from Metz; so nicely wrought and so finely cemented, that, except those parts in the middle which have been carried away by the ice, they have resisted, and will still resist, the severest shocks of the most violent seasons. From these arcades other aqueducts conveyed the water to the baths and to the place where the naval engagement was mimicked.'

Of the aqueducts erected within a comparatively recent period, we may mention the following:—The aqueduct of Spoleto, constructed in 741 by Theodoric, king of the Goths, to communicate with the town of Spoleto, situated on the summit of a mountain. It is one of the handsomest structures of the kind, and remains entire to the present day. In crossing the river *De La Morgia*, the channel-way is supported upon two tiers of Gothic arches, the lower containing ten grand arches, and the latter thirty. The length of this arcade is 800 feet, the breadth 44, and the height 420! The aqueduct of Caserta, built in 1753 by Charles III. of Naples, is also an expensive and gigantic structure, one of its arcades consisting of three tiers of arches, 1724 feet long and 190 feet in height. The aqueduct of the Prince of Biscari, constructed at his own expense across the river St Paul, in Sicily, and the aqueduct bridge of Castellana, are also magnificent erections. In France, that which conducts the waters of St Clements and Du Bouldou to Montpellier, is perhaps the most beautiful. It was built under the superintendence of M. Pitot, and required thirteen years for its completion. The principal arcade is 90 feet high, and consists of two tiers—the lowest containing 90, and the upper 210 arches. That of Arcueil deserves next to be noticed. It was originally built by the Emperor Julian, A.D. 360, to bring water to Paris, and supplied the palace and hot-baths, but was destroyed by the Normans. After it had been in disuse for 800 years, it was rebuilt in 1634; again repaired in 1777; and fresh sums have lately been devoted to the same purpose by the city of Paris. The arcade over the valley of Arcueil consists of 25 arches, is 72 feet high, and 1200 feet long. But of the aqueducts of France, that of Maintenon, had it been completed, would have been the most remarkable, equalling in grandeur even the most magnificent of the Roman structures. The project was one of the noblest examples of the enterprise which characterised the reign of Louis XIV.; it was designed by Vauban, commenced in 1684, and abandoned in 1688. It was intended to conduct water from the river Eura to Versailles, a distance of seventy miles; and it was also contemplated to continue the work to St Cloud and to Paris. Had this been done, the entire length of the channel-way would have exceeded ninety miles. The *chef-d'œuvre* would have been the arcade across the valley of Maintenon, which is three miles and a quarter wide, and 234 feet below the flow of the aqueduct. The number of arches designed for this bridge was 685; some of the piers of the lower tier were constructed, but have since fallen into ruin. The last modern struc-

\* We have evidence of this, in the aqueduct of Mont Pila, the water of which was partly conveyed by leaden pipes, and partly by the usual stone channel-way. In one case the pipes (nine in number, and eight inches in diameter) were carried across a valley upon a range of low bridges, about 100 feet below the regular in-

clination of the aqueduct; and in crossing the Rhone, a series of similar pipes was laid down in the bed of the river. Towards the end of last century a portion of these pipes was dragged up by an anchor. The fragment is preserved in the museum of Lyons; it is soldered at the joints by the same material, and on each joint are the words in relief, C. CANTIER POISSINUS, F., which is apparently the name of the maker or architect.



ture of the kind which falls to be noticed is that of Lisbon, completed in 1738. It is about three leagues in length, and, in some parts of its course, has been excavated through hills; but near the city it is carried over a deep valley for a length of 2400 feet by several bold arches, the largest of which has a height of 250 feet, and a span of 115.

But it was not alone in the eastern hemisphere that the ancients excelled in the construction of aqueducts; we have evidence of the existence of kindred works in Mexico and the adjacent states, and also in Chili and Peru. Those of Peru were perhaps more intended for agricultural than for city purposes; but those of ancient Mexico were strictly of the latter description. The city of Mexico, which was built on several islands near the shore of the lake, was connected with the mainland by four great causeways, or dikes, the remains of which still exist. One of these supported the celebrated aqueduct of Chapultepec, which was constructed by Montezuma. When the Spaniards besieged the city, 'there appeared,' says De Solis, 'two or three rows of pipes, made of trees hollowed, supported by an aqueduct of lime and stone, and the enemy had cast up some trenches to cover the avenue to it; but the two captains (Olid and Alvarado) marched out of Tacuba with most of their troops, and though they met with a very obstinate resistance, they drove the enemy from their post, and broke the pipes and aqueduct in two or three places, and the water took its natural course into the lake.' As in Mexico, so in Tezcuco, Tlascala, Iztacalapa, and other Mexican cities, there were aqueducts, baths, and fountains.

Such is a necessarily brief sketch of the aqueducts of other times. Our space will not permit us to advert to the adjuncts of these stupendous structures—to the reservoirs, pipes, and fountains, by which the streams were ultimately conveyed to the streets, baths, gardens, and private dwellings of the ancients. It is evident, however, that in their public baths and fountains, in the general dissemination and application of pure water, they have left us moderns still far in the rear. With them the supply of water was the paternal duty of the state; with us it is the monied speculation of private individuals. With them it was an object to make water as free as the air they breathed; to us it is in general sold at the highest rate which can be exacted, without absolutely inviting some new 'company' into the field of monopoly. This contrast is by no means over-stretched, as we shall attempt to demonstrate in a future paper on water.

#### THE TEA-ROSE.

[The following is taken from an American publication entitled 'The Mayflower'—a series of sketches by Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs Stowe's scenes and characters are of a domestic nature, each exhibiting some feature in every-day life which we are apt to regard as of little or no importance. That which we extract very simply but happily inculcates the duty of cherishing a sense of the beautiful among our lowlier neighbours—that fine feeling which rusts out and dies, because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.]

There it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin. 'I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as to our conversation you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers indeed; that is, I like a regular

bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line.'

'Make yourself easy as to that, Kate,' said Florence with a smile; 'I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum in view for my favourite.'

'Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs Marshall, you know.'

'Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it.'

'Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here.'

'Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies.'

'But do tell me, Florence.'

'Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?'

'What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly old-maidish ways, dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighbourhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut Street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress-girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?'

'Just the same as I do,' replied Florence calmly. 'Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?'

'But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room where Mrs Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook.'

'Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me.'

'Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living.'

'Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gift to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs Stephens's room as in ours.'

'Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things.'

'Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs Stephens, for example, I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose.'

'Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of taste!'

'Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box, and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard

day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptised in.'

'Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it.'

'Well, Katy, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour.'

'Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way.'

'Well, cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have oily coarse shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers.'

'Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once—so go on your own way; and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

It was a very small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely-covered bed in one corner; a cupboard, with a few dishes and plates, in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed it was the only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale sickly-looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking-chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few minutes, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed her fine stitching, on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated and radiant with delight, as she bore in the vase with the rose-tree in it.

'Oh! see, mother, see! Here is one in full bloom, and two more half out, and ever so many more pretty buds peeping out of the green leaves.'

The poor woman's face brightened as she looked, first on the rose, and then on her sickly child, on whose face she had not seen so bright a colour for months.

'God bless her!' she exclaimed unconsciously.

'Miss Florence—yes, I knew you would feel so, mother. Does it not make your head feel better to see such a beautiful flower? Now, you will not look so longingly at the flowers in the market, for we have a rose that is handsomer than any of them. Why, it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. Only see how many buds there are! Just count them; and only smell the flower! Now, where shall we set it up?' And Mary skipped about, placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

'Oh yes, truly,' said Mary; 'well, then, it must be placed here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it; it will look so much better.' And Mrs Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

'There,' said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, 'that will do—no, for it does not show both the opening buds; a little farther around—a little more; there, that is right; and then Mary walked around to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there. 'How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us,' said Mary; 'though she had done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this seems the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt; and so few do that, you know, mother.'

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's fingers flew the livelong day as she sat sewing by her mother; and Mrs Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought, as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter, the watching, tender thought, that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant thoughts, that beguiled the sameness and wear-

ness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—and constantly awakened fresh enjoyment in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then proud and happy was Mary; nor did even the serious and careworn widow notice with indifference this tribute to the beauty of their favourite.

But little did Florence think, when she bestowed the gift, that there twined about it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall and graceful gentleman called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and wayfarer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs Stephens's patrons. As he turned to go, his eye rested admiringly on the rose-tree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

'How beautiful!' said he.

'Yes,' said little Mary, 'and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is.'

'Ah,' said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication; 'and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?' 'Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and so she gave us this.'

'Florence!' echoed the stranger.

'Yes—Miss Florence l'Estrange—a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts; but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter.'

'Is she here now? is she in this city?' said the gentleman eagerly. 'No; she left some months ago,' said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; 'but,' said she, 'you can find out all about her at her aunt's, Mrs Carlyle's, No. 10 — Street.'

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know that writing. This letter told that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing my story for themselves.

## POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. I.—MALBROUGH.

AN enterprising Parisian publisher has, during the last year, been issuing a series of the most popular songs of France, with illustrations which surpass, in pictorial effect and in characteristic drawing, any publication we have to boast of in England, while the price is a mere bagatelle—sixpence—or about the fifth of what such a thing would be offered at for sale in this country. Each number (of which one appears every week) contains sometimes a single piece, though, when they are short, there are three songs to a *livraison*. An interesting essay precedes, and the music, with piano-forte accompaniment, concludes every number. The first song is one of the most popular—not only in France, but over the rest of the continent and in this country—that ever was written. It is properly entitled, 'The death and burial of the invincible Malbrough' (Mort et Convoi de l'Invincible Malbrough), the great Duke of Marlborough's name having been first corrupted by the French into 'Malbrough,' and imported back again to its native language altered into Malbrook; by which the song is universally known here.

As it relates to one of England's most celebrated generals, we prefer translating the curious and interesting French remarks which accompany the ditty in the 'Chansons Populaires,' to making any comments of our own. This amusing essay is by M. Lacroix, chief librarian to the king of the French, an accomplished historian, and author of several historical tales of great interest and popularity. He has invariably written under the name of the Bibliophile P. L. Jacob:—

'The celebrated song of Malbrough was certainly composed after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, and not after the death of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough,

in 1722, as many grave commentators on the facetious ballad have supposed. Not a single circumstance narrated in the popular little poem accommodates itself to the veritable demise of his Grace. When the illustrious general died at his estate of Windsor Lodge, on the 17th June 1722, from the consequences of an attack of apoplexy, he had not appeared at the head of an army for more than six years; for more than ten he had played nothing more than an obscure and secondary part in European politics; and the French, more fickle at that epoch than they are even at present, had had quite time enough to forget him. George I., on mounting the throne, recalled the Duke of Marlborough to court, from which Queen Anne had estranged both him and his wife; but his majesty demanded nothing more than the duke's counsels—which he never followed. Marlborough, therefore, lived very soberly upon his domain, where his money failed him in completing his magnificent Blenheim, which Queen Anne and the English parliament agreed to finish in memory of his brilliant Dutch victory. He fell into a second childhood, and finally expired in presence of Lady Marlborough, whom he charged to bury him with pomp and grandeur.

The ditty is, then, anterior to his demise, which made but little noise even in England; yet in the ancient prose legend which originally accompanied the song, it is stated that "Marlborough was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, which took place between Mons and Baray on the 11th September 1709." In that battle, which was, even according to English historians, glorious for the French, the Marshal de Villars was wounded in the knee when he was about to surround the Duke of Marlborough, and to hem him in between the two wings of the French army. At this decisive juncture the English general ran the most critical hazards, and was supposed to have partaken of the fate of five of his generals who were killed in the mêlée.

The rumour of his death was rapidly spread, and, without doubt, some wanton versifier made the following funeral oration while bivouacking at Quesnoy on the evening of the fight, to console himself for having had neither food nor rest for three days: such being characteristic of a Frenchman's temperament. The Duke of Marlborough, a great captain and subtle politician, had been the bane of Louis XIV. during thirty years—he had pursued, attacked, and crippled him on every field of battle, and in every European cabinet. He had proved himself a worthy pupil of the great Condé and of Turenne at Hochstett, Oudenarde, and Ramillies; his name was the terror and admiration of the soldier. Not being able to conquer, the enemy lampooned him, and each of his victories was followed by a new satirical song; such verses being in France then—as in the good times of Cardinal Mazarin—the people's most ordinary means of taking their revenge.

The song was not much known to the heroes of Malplaquet; it was preserved only by tradition in some of the provinces, where it had been probably left by the soldiers of Villars and De Boufflers: it was not even received in the immense collections of anecdotic songs which formed part of the archives of the French noblesse. But in 1781 it resounded, all of a sudden, from one end of the kingdom to the other. It happened that when Maria Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir, he was nursed by a peasant named [probably nicknamed] Madame Poirine, who had been chosen, among other qualifications, for her healthy appearance and good humour. The nurse, while rocking the royal cradle, sung Marlborough, and the dauphin, it is said, opened its eyes at the name of the great general. The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burthen, and the touching melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it. Everybody repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words, *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*. Marlborough was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables—it became quite the rage; from the court it was adopted by the tradespeople of Paris,

and passed thence from town to town, and country to country: it was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as popular as in France. It is said that a French gentleman wishing, when in London, to be driven to Marlborough Street, had totally forgotten its name; but on singing the air of Marlborough, the coachman understood him immediately, and drove him to the proper address with no other direction.

Goethe, who travelled in France about the same time, was so teased with the universal concert of Marlborough, that he took a hatred to the duke, who was the innocent cause of the musical epidemic. Marlborough made itself heard, without ceasing, apropos of everything, and apropos of nothing; it gave its name to the fashions, to silks, head-dresses, carriages, and soups. The subject of the song was painted on fire-screens, on fans, and on china; it was embroidered on tapestries, engraven on toys and keepsakes—was reproduced, in short, in all manner of ways and forms. The rage for Marlborough endured for many years, and nothing short of the Revolution, the fall of the Bastille, and the Marseilloise hymn, were sufficient to smother the sounds of that hitherto never-ceasing song.

The warlike and melancholy air of the song did not, any more than its hero, originate in France, and we have sought in vain to trace its history back from the time when Napoleon—in spite of his general antipathy to music—roared it out whenever he got into his saddle to start on a fresh campaign. We are not unwilling to believe, with M. de Chateaubriand, that it was the same air which the crusaders of Godefroid de Bouillon sung under the walls of Jerusalem. The Arabs still sing it, and pretend that their ancestors learned it at the battle of Massoura, or else from the brothers-in-arms of De Joinville, who repeated it to the clashing of bucklers while pressing forward to the cry of "Mountjoy Saint-Denis!"

After so elaborate an essay, the reader will expect a first-rate song, but he will perhaps be disappointed to find that the mountain of preface brings forth nothing but a poetical mouse.\* The song of Marlborough is curious merely from its absurdity; but its very absurdity is quaintness. It is, in fact, not meant to be read in, as it were, cold blood; it is only intended to be sung, for much of the humour lies in the constant repetition of each line. Such repetitions would, however, be far from amusing to read, and we therefore only print the first and last stanzas entire. The couplets bereft of the refrain do not rhyme, for, as each line is sung over and over again before the tune is finished, the jingling of concordant syllables would render the whole tiresome.

#### THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MALBROUGH.

Malbrough is gone to the wars,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine; \*  
Malbrough is gone to the wars,  
None know when he'll return.  
At Easter perhaps 'twill be,  
Or else at Trinity.  
But 'Trinity has passed,  
And yet he comes not back.  
His dame ascends her tower  
So high, she can go no higher.  
Her page she sees approach,  
In vestments all of black.  
'O sweet and comely page,  
What is the news you bring?'  
'The tidings I shall tell  
Will cause your eyes to weep—  
Your pink attire to doff,  
Likewise your silk and gold.  
Monsieur de Malbrough's dead—  
What's more—he's buried.  
I saw him laid in the earth  
By four brave officers.

\* Miron-ton, miron-taine, is an old refrain, or burden, which was in other ditties usually articulated miron-ton, ton, ton, miron-taine, and corresponds to the *fal, lal, la!* with which English song-writers decked out their limping stanzas to the tune. The last line is sung three times, and the whole stanza repeated straight through.



One carried his cuirass,  
 A second his buckler stout,  
 A third his terrible sword,  
 A fourth carried nothing at all.  
 At the entrance of his tomb  
 They planted rosemary.  
 On the highest branch of the tree,  
 A nightingale was perched.  
 They saw it steal his soul,  
 With laurel it to crown.  
 Each man fell on his face—  
 And then got up again  
 To sing the victories  
 That Malbrough had achieved.  
 The ceremony over,  
 They all went home to bed,  
 Some with their good wives,  
 And others by themselves.  
 No single mortal failed  
 In this, I'm pretty sure;  
 Let them be dark or fair,  
 Or of the chestnut's hue.  
 I've nothing else to say,  
 Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine;  
 I've nothing else to say,  
 And I'm sure I've said enough (thrice).

#### A DAY IN ST ANDREWS.

'You'll have a tumbling voyage across the Firth to-day,' said an acquaintance whom we met on Prince's Street, one breezy morning last December, as we hurried along, bag in hand, to the coach-office, whence we were to be conveyed to the sea-side. 'Hope not—the wind and tide are together; at all events, can't help it—must go—good-by.' 'Good-by.' The sea, as we came in sight of it on rounding a corner of the curious zig-zag road at Trinity, certainly seemed a little out of humour. There was a white froth on the top of the curling waves, and I half glanced at the possibility of an awkward leaning position over one of the sofas of the steamer. Happily, all such anticipations proved fanciful. Stepping from the coach on board the steaming craft as it lay close to the pier at Newhaven, we saw there was no danger to be apprehended, and we were soon careering merrily across the Firth of Forth—the shores of Midlothian, with the turret-clad heights of Edinburgh, receding in the distance, and the coast of Fife becoming every instant more and more invitingly open to our landing. The island of Inchkeith, with its gray crags, was passed, and the bay of Kirkcaldy received us into its capacious bosom. In short, we crossed the Firth with little more than an easy breeze, and not a single incident which could be turned to account as an adventure. Nor were we more fortunate by land. A coach which was in waiting conveyed us without a jar through the peninsula of Fife, and early in the afternoon we found ourselves snugly ensconced in our temporary domicile at St Andrews.

St Andrews, as everybody knows, is one of the most ancient towns—we beg its pardon—cities in Scotland. Situated on a flatish promontory overlooking the German Ocean and the Firth of Tay, it appears to have been selected as the seat of a religious establishment by the early missionaries of Christianity who visited this lone and once barbarous part of Britain. Growing apace under the fostering care of Regulus and his successors, the place afterwards became distinguished for its stupendous cathedral—a building in its glory as splendid as the present cathedral of Canterbury—its castle, and its university. Sacked at the Reformation, and with revenues despoiled, its famed ecclesiastical structures sunk into a state of ragged ruins, while its educational edifices merged into an antiquated and forlorn condition, from which they have only been partially restored by some public grants in recent times.\* As a seat of

instruction, however, the university has always maintained a respectable footing, the place, from its retired character and salubrity of situation, being better adapted for some of the more tranquil branches of study than any of the populous university towns. Latterly, the institutions in the town have been reinforced by the establishment of a large school for elementary education, liberally endowed by the late Dr Bell, and, at his request, termed the Madras college.

Besides the attractions which may be supposed to arise from its university and schools, St Andrews offers other inducements as a place of residence. Nowhere in Scotland—and I might take in a much wider range—is to be found such excellent society, or a state of things more harmonious to the tastes and habits of those accustomed to the refinements of life. One is surprised and charmed to find so pleasant a set of well-bred persons in this part of the world, which is indeed a little world in itself, a thing of which the great, busy, hurryscurrying world without does not so much as dream. But for this concentration of ladies and gentlemen we must look not only to the educational establishments, but to the out-of-door play for which the links of St Andrews are renowned. St Andrews is the metropolis of golf. Of this game the inhabitants of other cities may speak—none but a resident in St Andrews can discuss it, ex cathedra—all of which the reader already knows, if he has read an account of the game formerly given in these pages. Well, then, golf attracts the lovers of out-of-door exercise, retired military men, civilians with families, old Indians, and others, from all quarters; while fresh air on a splendid seale, cheapness of living, fine walks, and old ruins full of historical associations, add charms altogether irresistible.

Reader, have you now anything like an idea of the place to which I have come on a flying visit? I am afraid not; for you would require to spend some time in the place to have a complete notion of it—pass an evening with a cluster of its *élite*—see a score of faces gleaming on convivial thoughts intent—hear the guffaw of the facetious old Professor —, and be electrified by a toast in Gaelic from Captain —. The very thought of such a scene makes one feel that this is not such a bad world after all—that there are nice quiet flowery nooks in it, if one would only look for them.

Having now, as one may say, taken a bird's-eye view of the subject, we may come a little closer to its main features; and, in short, if you, the reader, have no particular objections, take a look at the town. We have only a forenoon to spare, so let us make the most of it.

Stretching longitudinally along the height overlooking the sea, we find at least three good streets of considerable length, with the ruins of the cathedral closing the vista on the east, and the extensive sandy downs or golf-ground on the west. About the centre of the town, but separated from each other, are the different colleges, and towards the exterior thoroughfares are some new streets of elegant houses. Of course there are numberless cross alleys or *wynds*, generally lined with dwellings of an inferior kind. The whole town is built of sandstone, and is substantial and imposing in its aspect. Till lately, however, little had been done to give it a neat appearance, and it had fallen behind most towns of its size in some few respects; there were here and there, as in several old-fashioned Scotch towns, projections of various kinds upon the lines of street, and even the best thoroughfares were paved only with round stones, anything but suitable to tender feet; smooth trottoirs were unknown. Things might have gone on in this condition for centuries, but for the well-directed zeal of a single individual. I mean Major Playfair, a native of the town, now residing there with his family, and who acceded to the dignity of provost in 1842. This gentleman, possessing an independent fortune, and naturally of an active mind, must be considered as a species of Peter the Great within his burghal jurisdiction. Taking a fancy for improvement where so much was needed, he has already wrought wonders

\* Readers curious in the ecclesiastical history and antiquities of this venerable city, may consult a recent work on the subject—'History of St Andrews,' by the Rev. C. J. Lyon (episcopal clergyman in the town). 2 vols. 8vo. Tail: Edinburgh.

in the brightening up of this venerable city. Any ordinary mortal, three years ago, would have said 'Nothing could be done for St Andrews; her municipal revenue is completely crippled; nobody has any spirit to help her.' But on a retrospect, we can see that all such anticipations may prove fallacious, when a really energetic man chooses to apply his whole faculties to the object. The greatest doing of the worthy major is the formation of a smooth slab pavement, of from six to twelve feet broad, on each side of the principal street, along with a double row of gas lamps, as handsome as anything of the kind in the metropolis. Obtaining one hundred pounds, as I understood, from the impoverished burghal funds, the major had been fortunate in collecting a few more hundreds by subscription among the inhabitants and neighbouring gentry, and with this sum he was enabled to carry forward the very beautiful improvement now before us. The effect upon the aspect of the street, which in breadth and straightness was already a fine one, could scarcely be imagined, while its convenience to the inhabitants—supplying a fine promenade, agreeable for the feet, and at all times dry—is no doubt unspeakably great. Great, however, as is this improvement, it is rivalled by sundry other alterations. Everywhere, during last summer, workmen were to be seen engaged in removing old obstructions and eye-sores, propping up venerable ruins, and creating new beauties and conveniences. While other men would plan, ponder, and hesitate, the major acts. Was a railing required in front of Madras college, or a piece of playground to be put in order for its pupils? it was immediately done. Was there a street-projection, awkward and incommodious, which had been sighed over and lamented hopelessly, helplessly, for ages? it was one fine morning, before breakfast, gone. Was there a too acute angle at the turn of a narrow road, which had been a puzzle to coachmen for a century, and the cause of perhaps two accidents on an average per annum during all that time, but which had in like manner been bewailed as yet? now it was cut off by the major. Was an unseemly gap to be closed by a neat wall? forthwith the wall was raised. Was there anywhere some particular house so badly placed as to break a straight line, or interrupt a view of some distant object of an interesting kind? the major would not scruple to lay out a little money, that he might have the pleasure of seeing it removed.

While inspecting some of the wonderful doings of this rare chief-magistrate, we had the good fortune to be introduced to his notice, and conducted by him to different points where alterations had been, or were shortly to be effected. Our first visit was to Madras college, which has been a special object of the provost's solicitude. Conducted from a central courtyard which he has had lately paved, we went through some of the class-rooms of this noble institution, where—hear this, ye Englishmen—a first-rate elementary education may be obtained for a shilling a quarter! In one of the large rooms we found about three hundred children, divided into classes, receiving instruction at this humble charge; and in another apartment a similar number, but of a higher grade, who pay two shillings a quarter. We had the curiosity to examine a class of the humbler pupils, by cross-questioning them on the subject of their lessons, according to what is called the intellectual method, and were much gratified with their expertness. 'Wonderful, sir,' said the major, who had kindly taken the chair on the occasion; 'what a world this will be in twenty years hence, when these youngsters grow up! They beat us, the old set, all to nothing.' 'Quite true, major; but let us again be stirring.' We now proceeded westwards towards the principal entrance to the town, where various tokens of improvement met our eye in the form of widening, building, and paving; and turning to the right, we came upon the open links, where we were introduced to the club-house of the Golfers' society. Here are some pleasant accommodations for the gentlemen of the town, including a billiard and reading-room, rooms

for depositing golf-playing apparatus, and a species of restaurant from which refreshments may be obtained at a moderate rate—total annual payment for members ten shillings a-year! The doorway, as I observed to the major in passing out, was rather exposed, and would be improved by a portico. 'I know it; you see the foundations of a covered porch are about to be laid.' Leaving the club-house, we passed down a street to the eastward, where the major pointed out some conspicuous improvements; among others an infant-school of handsome architecture, not yet finished, on the pleasure-ground of which his own private gardener was busily at work. Near the school-house, the major proposes various alterations, and some are in progress. As we passed a house which stood somewhat out from the ranks, the major dryly observed, 'Take your last look of it—it will be down by to-morrow morning; and a cloud of dust which issued from the doorway assured us that he did not speak without warrant. We now proceeded by a narrower pathway overlooking the sea-shore on the north, where several men were engaged in smoothing a most irregular piece of downs, on which a public monument had lately been erected. 'Wherever one goes,' I said, 'he sees people at work.' 'Certainly; there is not an idle man in the town.' Having exhausted this quarter, we went eastward by the united college of St Leonard's and St Salvador's, and even here we could see some results of the major's activity, though not of a direct nature. The doors of the college had been coeval with the buildings—a more shattered, battered, tattered-looking gate did not exist on this side of South. Within the last two months, these doors have shrunk aside into the harmless character of curiosities, and been replaced by doors new and appropriate. The professors had for ages met in a long dreary hall forming a library, and incapable of being heated by an ordinary fire; now, they have got a smaller room fitted up as a reading-room, where they are perfectly comfortable.

Departing from the college, where some interesting objects of antiquity had detained us a few minutes, we went towards the eastern extremity of the town, near the ruin of the cathedral, where the habitations of the fisher population are situated. Here, the major informed us, he had great things in contemplation. He proposes that this useful community, whose dwellings are generally old and miserable, shall remove entirely to a spot of ground near the harbour, where he designs to build a terrace of neat and commodious tenements for the different families, on a uniform plan, having in the centre a reading and coffee-room, to which the fishers may resort when on shore, instead of lounging listlessly in the open streets. Means are alone wanting to carry this beneficial improvement into effect; but the major has already begun the work of melioration, by instituting two improvements worthy of notice. The first is the establishment of a general conveyance, in the form of a cart, to supply the fishermen with muscle-bait from a part of the coast several miles distant, instead of the old plan, which consisted in each man sending his wife or daughter for a back-load of that material, thus, perhaps, depriving the household of its managing member for the half of every day. A change of this kind, while trifling in the means required for it, is virtually a substitution of civilisation for the grossest barbarism; and its moral are as great as its physical effects. The second improvement consists in the establishment of a reading-room for the fishers. It appears that some such place was long thought, desirable, and one day, to the surprise of everybody, it was established. 'The whole affair, sir,' said the major, 'was effected in an afternoon. I got an old fisherman to allow his house to be used for the purpose—sent a couple of carpenters to make the necessary alterations, and there you see it is—only the nucleus, however, of what I intend.' In this mind-improving place of resort, we found three or four fishermen reading periodical publications, while a row of instructive and

entertaining books was ranged on the table before them, and a comfortable fire blazed in the humble grate. For a halfpenny a month, or some such fee, these men can now enjoy a newspaper, cheap periodicals, and books; and for no more than twopence a-week, they are supplied with a cup of coffee every morning before going to sea. What a stride in advance is this on the vicious dram-drinking practices to which fishermen are too frequently addicted!

We have now made pretty nearly the round of the town, and as the best of friends must part, so must we bid adieu to the major. Yet one word ere we say farewell. I should announce to the reader, that the major has been baffled in only one great undertaking; but then, even Napoleon himself was occasionally non-plussed. There is an old town-hall planted, as was the common custom of old, in the middle of a street near the market-place, interrupting the thoroughfare worse than any projection, and of such plain architecture, as to be no object of attraction in the town. On this ill-fated edifice the major has cast the eyes of his destructiveness, and would sweep it away to-morrow, if he only had the means of building another in what he thinks a better situation. Half in joke, half in desperate anxiety to accomplish this object, he has put up a notice in the Golfers' club-room, which we transcribe for the benefit of all persons who may possess more money than they know well what to do with:—

*'Notice Universal.*—It is hereby intimated to all those who have or may have any funds at their disposal, and who are hesitating to what purpose they will apply them during life or at their demise, that the ancient city of St Andrews is a field where a bequest might be made for a purpose which would perpetuate the name of the donor to future ages; namely, to furnish the means, either by deed or gift, for removing the present town-hall from the centre of the street (where it is a great obstruction and deformity), and to build another which should contain a market-place, assembly-rooms, and other conveniences—thus securing to the donor the gratitude and blessings of generations to come. Any person feeling inclined to promote this great public work, will receive every information on the subject on application to Major Playfair, the provost of the city. — St Andrews, 1st October, 1843.'

Whether our friend the major be successful in this bold and happily conceived design of immortalising the builder of a Hotel de Ville for the city of St Andrews or not, we cannot but accord great praise to personal energy and public spirit directed in the manner we have described. Here, in little more than a twelve-month, has one man gone far to accomplish something like the renovation of an ancient and somewhat neglected city. Could similar good be done elsewhere? Most assuredly, granting there exists elsewhere such men. It is true that the patriotic major has been obliged to open his own purse on several occasions; but this is rather in consequence of the peculiarly reduced state of the burgh funds than from any other cause. The grand requisite seems to us to lie in the qualities of the individual. Let any man of tolerable judgment and taste devote himself entirely for a given time to the effecting of such improvements, and we hold his success to be certain. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that there is classical authority for the inferior share which pecuniary means have in these local phenomena—

'Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick and salaco to the swain.  
Whose equable rays parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?  
The *Moss* each rising babe replies.' \* \*  
'Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
O say what sums that generous hand supply?' \* \*

'Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
This man possessed five hundred pounds a-year.  
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!  
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!'

That the provost of a Scottish country town, without the aid of either act of parliament or tax, should have been able to plan and carry forward renovations so extensive and beneficial, may well excite surprise; and one can very easily imagine, that without a great degree of sagacity, and the most masterly financiering, nothing could have been done. Many are the jokes told of the major's dexterity in procuring the consent of parties to the excision of street encumbrances, and of his schemes of ways and means. A short time ago, for example, he raised £30 by a public exhibition of pictures lent at his request by families in the town and its vicinity. Nor, from the general tastefulness of his improvements, is there any disposition to ridicule what he has effected, unless perhaps as respects his giving a new nomenclature to some of the roads and alleys, whereby, as with the wand of an enchanter, he has transformed certain wynds into *streets*, thus breaking up, as it may be called, certain old local associations. But even for this he has a ready and tolerably satisfactory answer, which no one actually disputes. Perhaps, however, his greatest act of generalship has been that of stilling down opposition in the municipal body of which he is the head. By the reasonableness of his propositions, his impartial distribution of patronage, and treating the predilections of all men with liberality, being at the same time frank and affable in his demeanour, and ever ready to be consulted by every one, he has introduced the most perfect harmony into his little senate; and it is a fact equally new and gratifying, that no time is ever now consumed in wrangling on general abstractions. This change is not less grateful than it is beneficial to the people generally, and we may be assured that it is no small element in the list of means by which our friend the major has been able to carry on so many useful reforms. It is a lesson most devoutly to be commended to all municipal bodies throughout the empire.

#### MODERN INSTANCES OF SUPERSTITION.

IN October last (1843), the *Inverness Courier* had the following paragraph:—A woman was last month tried at Dingwall, before Sheriff Jardine and a jury, on a charge connected with the almost exploded belief in witchcraft. In 1836, Donald Matheson, a small farmer residing in Strathconan, having lost some of his sheep by death and other causes, applied for advice to a divining woman, or sorceress, named Catherine Beaton, the wife of a sawyer at Dingwall. He travelled thirty miles on this important mission, and Mrs Campbell having duly weighed the circumstances of the case, told him that there was great trouble coming to his house through a woman who lived in his neighbourhood, and who had consulted Miss Hay of Inverness, a once noted sorceress, for means to carry out her intentions. Fortunately, however, Mrs Campbell could avert the machinations of all wicked women, and the means were simple. "Bring me a pound note," she said; "I will tie it up in a parcel, which you must take home, and your wife must place it under her pillow while she sleeps. After this, return to me with the parcel, when you will get the pound note as good as before." Donald immediately borrowed the money from a meal-dealer, and delivering it to the skilful woman, had it *charmed*, and tied up. He trudged homewards, pluming himself on his sagacity and foresight; and his wife duly slept upon the packet as desired. In a day or two, however, female curiosity got the better of her superstitious dread, and she opened the mysterious packet. The pound note was gone, and in its place were found some sand, rags, and a piece of paper. Donald then returned to Dingwall to claim his money, but the sorceress was inexorable—nothing could be obtained from her. The charm was unavailing, and the money was gone. An-

other deception was practised by Mrs Campbell. A widow in Loch-Broom, named Elizabeth Murchison, about ten or eleven weeks ago lost a sum of two pounds. She consulted the *diviner* as to the restoration of her money, when she was told to provide herself with other two pounds. This was done: Mrs Campbell uttered some words over the money, and the widow, at her request, spat upon the parcel in the name of Providence! The widow was charged not to touch the parcel till Mrs Campbell would return the following morning; and she was further informed, that, if she did not sleep during the night, she would see a person come and place the two pounds which had been stolen in the window. The *honest thief*, however, did not appear to replace the money, neither did the sorceress return, and the parcel being opened, was found to contain merely some crumbs of bread. These facts being fully established in evidence, Sheriff Jardine sentenced Mrs Campbell to three months' imprisonment. The worthy sheriff, at the same time, remarked on the extraordinary circumstance, that so absurd a superstition should still linger among the people in these days of intelligence and information.

About five years ago, a young farmer in Glendochart, Perthshire, disappeared one night, after having attended a rustic merry-making. He was about to have been married, and there was a strong suspicion of his death having been caused by foul play, arising from the malignant passion of jealousy. That he had been precipitated into the Dochart, there could be little doubt, as there were marks on the banks as of a deadly struggle between two men. Public interest was strongly excited in that remote glen, and the people turned out in great numbers to search for the body, which they did for several days; but all in vain. The young man was never more seen. The fact apposite to the present subject is, that on the *ninth night* after the supposed murder, the whole of the active part of the population once more turned out, and kept watch along the banks of the river and on all the hills whence its course could be seen, and this throughout the whole night, in expectation of detecting the situation of the body, by seeing the *corpse candle* burning over it on the surface of the water! A legal functionary who was present, making investigations into the case, has described to us the particulars of this strange vigil, as perhaps the most strikingly romantic affair with which he ever was connected.

About the time when this happened, the same county was the scene of an act of superstition which we venture to say could not have been surpassed in grossness in the darkest of times. It appears that in a parish to the northward of Dunkeld, a suspicion had gone abroad, that in a particular family doings of a secret and mysterious character had been going on, the nature of which, however, the neighbours could not divine. Some averred that a human skull had been seen in the house, or in the hands of some of its inmates; and in the progress of the story, others supplied the remaining parts of the body, and it was finally conjectured that body-lifting had been practised in the first instance, although for what ulterior purpose could not be discovered. Unpleasant and aggravated reports spread through the district, until the information assumed a shape which required the personal investigation of the proper authorities, when the following circumstances were elicited:—It appeared that two junior members of the family referred to had been subject to epileptic fits, and the mother, impressed with belief in the virtues of a horrid and barbarous superstition, namely, that food prepared in a human skull was an unfailing remedy for that disease, had, in the absence of her husband, procured one for the purpose of proving its efficacy. This, it would appear, she had effected through the medium of a medical student, and as it was a principal part of the charm that the mess should be boiled upon fire raised upon the march between two large properties, a fitting opportunity having offered, a mess of oatmeal porridge was

boiled at the proper hour, and at the proper place, a human skull forming the pot. Although the operation was performed with all due secrecy, for the charm was imperfect if the patient was made aware of the circumstances—still, some whispers of the fact got abroad. Both patients, it would appear, had partaken of the mess, unconscious of the mode of its preparation, although with reluctance by one of them, who expressed dislike of its darkish appearance; the popular rumour in the neighbourhood leant, however, to the belief that both benefited by the charm. It is needless to add, that the result of the investigation proved that the case was one which called for the strongest pity and commiseration, rather than the interposition of the law.

The Highlands of Scotland are a district so thinly peopled, and so remote from the principal agencies of civilisation, that it is scarcely surprising to find incidents like the above taking place amongst the inhabitants. But an out-of-the-way locality, and a scattered population, are not the only things conducive to keep alive the superstitions which we fondly believe to be characteristic of earlier times. Otherwise, why should we so often hear of instances of the most extravagant credulity occurring amongst not merely the humbler, but the middle class of English? So lately as the month of September (1843), a clothier residing at Holmfirth, near Huddersfield, became the dupe of a female gipsy, under the following circumstances:—Having first persuaded him that there was a large treasure concealed in his house, she induced him to raise the sum of £310, wherewith she was to perform a charm by which to overcome the influence of certain evil spirits, which she described as guarding the desired hoard. When he had gathered the money, one half of which was in gold, she repaired to the house to work the charm, for it had been understood that the money was never to go out of his possession. A leather bag was produced; the money was deposited in it; and, after some ceremonies had been performed, it was placed under lock and key in one of the clothier's drawers, with strict injunctions that it was not to be disturbed for four days, by which time the charm would be worked, and the treasure found. The four days elapsed; the gipsy failed of her appointment, and the dupe began to have some misgivings. After allowing one extra day to elapse, he opened the drawer, where, instead of any new treasures, he found only the bag, now containing only a few pieces of lead and brown paper.

A signally tragical instance of superstition among the English middle classes occurred, in October 1838, at Preston. A young woman, named Alice Hodgson, had been confined safely, and was rapidly recovering under the care of a regular medical practitioner, when her mother, and a person styling himself an elder of the Mormonites, interfered in the case, induced her to discharge her proper attendant, and trust herself to their superior means of restoring her to health. The treatment which they adopted was rubbing her body with rum, giving her tea made from ginger, and placing the elder's walking-stick by her side, with injunctions for her to grasp it with her hands, and put unreserved faith in its power of healing! She died a fortnight after.

The measure of the superstition of a people is not solely to be judged from actual cases of gross delusion, such as the above, but also from the manner in which the people generally receive and consider certain facts. The change of the style in 1752 seems a rather remote event to refer to in treating of the present state of the popular mind on this point; but it is not so irrelevant as may at first sight appear, for many things show that the rural population of England is, in respect of intellectual advancement, all but the same as it was in the middle of the last century. Of the popular odium in which the reformation of the calendar was held, an enlightened person of the present day can scarcely form any idea. The false reasoning on which the odium was founded is not less incomprehensible. Confounding a

mere human arrangement for reckoning time with time itself, the common people everywhere deemed the act an impious attempt to put eleven days out of existence, and so far to alter the course of nature. This notion even entered into the politics of the period. A gentleman who had voted for the bill in parliament, is represented by Hogarth as assailed on the hustings with cries of, 'Who stole the eleven days?' Irreconcilable to a change so sacrilegious, many persons continued to use the old style, particularly with regard to religious and other festivals; and of this pertinacity we see some remains even yet. The Rev. Mr Bree makes the following curious statement on this subject:— 'I knew an old labourer, a native of an obscure village in this county (Warwickshire), who recollected the alteration of the style, and who to the last was never reconciled to it: he stoutly maintained that the nation had never prospered since. "I did not wish," he said, "to make mischief, so I never said anything about it to my son; but you may depend upon it, sir, the nation has never prospered since the style was changed. If you'll observe, sir, the cuckoo and the swallow, and everything else, they don't care for the change: they all come and go by the old time, and not by the new. I don't know," continued he, "what use it were of, unless it were to make the parson tell lies of a Sunday." "How so, Master Caister?" "Why, sir, he says it's the tenth day of the month when it isn't the tenth." He assured me that the inhabitants of his native parish were so disgusted with the change, that they were at the pains of procuring a minister, at their own private expense, to perform divine service upon *old* Christmas day, and that they made a point of going about their ordinary occupations, and setting their servants to work on the *new*. Moreover, a deputation, consisting of two of these simple villagers, was actually sent down to Glastonbury for the purpose of consulting the holy thorn upon the occasion [this is a thorn which the monks of Glastonbury Abbey planted many ages ago, and which is believed to blow every Christmas day]; a sprig of which, gathered on old Christmas day, in leaf, or else in flower (I forget which), was brought back in triumph to the village.

Of the credulity of the rustic classes in England towards things which address their sentiment of wonder, the progress of the dreary fanaticism of Mormonism, the reliance placed, in a district of Kent, upon the maniac pretender Thom, and the still prevalent practice of consulting gipsies, and other employment of impostors respecting fortunes, are incontestable proofs. But superstition is not confined to the humble, or the middle classes of society. It has many votaries even in the highest. Nor is this to be wondered at; for though the more affluent classes can command the best education, and thus emancipate themselves from many weaknesses which beset their inferiors, the great principles of human nature are still at work within them: the Marvellous sentiment will work with more or less freedom from Reason's control, and there are even some agencies of an educational kind which tend to give these strength. It is the lot of almost every man to be impressed in childhood by notions of a superstitious kind, which remain ineffaced through life; nearly all men have so much that is to them unknown around them, that they are nearly as ready to believe in something which is contrary to natural law, as in things which are conformable to it. There is also a self-love which generates much superstition: a man easily conceives there is a particular fortune attending himself. It is only on these grounds that we can account for the belief in destiny, which formed so singular an exception from the general sententiousness of Napoleon. Byron, who probably was sceptical about many things where faith is above all virtue, was in like manner a believer in warnings. As an instance, says his biographer Moore, 'of a more playful sort of superstition, I may be allowed to mention a slight circumstance told me by one of his Southwell friends. This lady had a large agate bead,

with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow [a sepulchral mound], and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet, and the charm was, that, as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. "Then give it to me," he cried eagerly, "for that's just the thing I want." The young lady refused; but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said she should never see her amulet again.'

Sir Walter Scott was even in a greater degree superstitious. Of nature and her laws, he was, from education and habits of study, entirely ignorant; he had even a sort of contempt for all of science that had not at least got pretty well stamped by the kind of authorities he was disposed to respect. But, while hard of belief as to any extraordinary thing which professed to stand upon some natural principle, he would have listened with more than mere patience to a tale of the second sight: again, if any one had thought of explaining second sight as something possibly connected with mesmerism, and therefore a natural thing, albeit extraordinary, it would have instantly lost all charm for him, and he would have been the hardened sceptic once more; so much do our beliefs depend on the particular tendency of mind through which propositions appeal to us. There seems to be no room for doubt that Sir Walter conceived himself to have been the observer of several supernatural occurrences. In 1818, a Mr Bullock of London died suddenly there, during the time that some furnishings were going on at Abbotsford under his directions. On the night before his death, Scott and his wife were roused in the middle of the night by sounds as of some one drawing furniture through a distant room. Next night, at the same hour—and the time of Bullock's death—the same sounds were repeated so distinctly, that Scott rose to see what was the matter, but found nothing unusual. There is proof that his mind was affected by these incidents before he knew of Mr Bullock's death, for he wrote of them to a friend in London while yet ignorant of that event. The coincidence, when he was aware of it, is allowed by Mr Lockhart to have made a strong impression upon him. In his Letters on Demonology, he tells us how, sitting one evening in a room off his entrance-hall, he there saw what for a brief space he thought the figure of Lord Byron, not recollecting that his noble friend was dead. The figure, he says, at his approach, resolved itself into a screen occupied by greatcoats, shawls, and other such articles; but on again retiring to the place where he formerly stood, and endeavouring to realise the vision once more, he found that to be beyond his capacity. In his book, tact and good sense make him tell the tale as a mere case of visual deception; but a late chronicler of his conversations avers, that he impressed his hearers with the idea that he believed himself to have seen a genuine apparition of the deceased poet. The same writer gives the particulars of another vision of the great minstrel as told by himself. 'I had sent my servant, with a horse and cart, for provisions and other articles expected from Edinburgh. I had walked out to meet him about the time he was expected, and I saw the man, horse, and cart coming to meet me. At once the whole tumbled down the bank. I hurried on to render assistance, when, to my surprise, nothing was to be seen. I returned home, not a little ashamed at having allowed myself to fall into a delusion. The cart did not arrive until two hours after its proper time; and when I questioned the man what had occasioned the delay, "The carrier from Edinburgh, sir, did not arrive until two hours after his time, which caused me to wait till it became dark. I got loaded, and came away; but, on account of the darkness, the cart ran too near the brae, and all tumbled to the bottom. I found the horse had thrown himself out of his harness, and was standing unhurt. Assistance came, and I got the horse righted, and again set on the



road, and here we are all safe at last." The time that the cart really tumbled was at least two hours after my vision.

The present writer can relate a very trifling anecdote to the same purpose. I was walking one day with Sir Walter Scott through St Andrew's Square in Edinburgh, when we met a gentleman clad in deep mourning, whom I recognised to be one of his associates at the clerks' table in the Court of Session, and to whom Sir Walter spoke for a moment. On making some inquiry as to the cause of the mourning, and the air of deep melancholy on his friend's visage, he mentioned the death of a grown-up daughter, and, I think, implied that it was not the first incident of the kind which had taken place in the family. He then shook his head, looked extremely grave and *awed*, as he always did when his mind was full of any romantic feeling, and referred with perfect seriousness to a Highland curse launched eighty years before against Mr —'s wife's family, on account of her ancestor having given up to the government the unfortunate Marquis of Tullibardine, who, flying from Culloden, had taken refuge in his house in Dumbartonshire, relying upon some ties of family connection. The whole manner and discourse of Scott on this occasion was unquestionably calculated to convey the notion, that he attached importance to this anathema as a *cause* still operating.

After so many illustrations of still vigorous superstition, how absurd to call out that the education of this age is too much for realities! or that any class of the community is in danger of becoming too wise!

#### MR KOHL'S TOUR IN IRELAND.

WE have already followed this indefatigable traveller in his wanderings through Russia and Austria; but have been able to test the accuracy of his observations only by the information concerning the same empires supplied by former travellers. Now, however, our German friend comes so near home, that had he fallen into any misconception or misstatement, it would have been readily detected. But, happily, all our vigilance has been in vain: had Mr Kohl resided in Ireland for several years, his views of her condition and people could not have been more correct. Hence his present work has increased our faith in his former ones, and causes us to look forward with pleasure to his forthcoming 'England' and 'Scotland.' Mr Kohl is excellently adapted for a travelling author: to a sharp and discriminating eye he unites reasoning powers of sufficient activity to enable him to form rapid judgments; and though his conclusions are swiftly arrived at, they are seldom unjust.

His Irish journey took place in the autumn of 1842. From Dublin Mr Kohl proceeded to Edgeworthstown, and visited the gifted lady, Maria Edgeworth, whose family owns the estate, and which shows, in the superior condition of the tenantry, the advantages of resident landlords, which the Edgeworths have been for a long period. Though much that is interesting might have been gleaned from notices of the authoress whose works have delighted thousands, Mr Kohl, with a degree of good taste, which we hope to see imitated by future tourists, abstains from entering into any private details. He prefers noting down more general and useful information, and at an early period of his journey, describes one of the most striking peculiarities of the country—bogs.

'Mountains and valleys, rocks, ravines, and plains, nay, sometimes even the caverns, are all covered with bog in Ireland. Where cultivation ceases, the bog begins, and the whole island may be said to be a bog with occasional interruptions. There are parts of Germany, France, and the Netherlands, which also seem to have a decided tendency to the formation of bog, but nowhere else is this so much the case as in Ireland. Our Harz mountains have some bog, it is true, but in Ireland the very summits of such mountains are covered with bog, and wherever cultivation recedes, the bog

resumes possession of the abandoned ground. The humidity of the climate, I suppose, is the chief though not the only cause of this phenomenon. The decayed vegetable matter, which in other countries dries and resolves itself in dust, leaves here a considerable residuum, which is augmented in the following year by the new residua of decayed plants, and a rapid accumulation thus takes place, a quantity of moisture being held in absorption, till gradually immense compact masses are formed. A young bog, one that is yet but in its infancy, is called a "quaking bog;" but in time, when the mass becomes more compact, and assumes a black colour, it is known as a turf-bog or peat-bog. The vegetables, whose residua go to the formation of these bogs, are of course of infinite variety. The mosses, as they decay, form a loose, spongy mass, often so tough, that the turf-spade will not pierce it, and it then goes by the name of "old wife's tow." Sometimes the bog is formed almost wholly of mosses, sometimes of mosses mixed with the remains of other plants. Hence arise two principal descriptions of morasses in Ireland: the red or dry bogs, and the green or wet bogs. The former yields a light spongy turf, that quickly burns away, the latter a heavy black turf. Some of the green bogs, however, are so wet that no turf can be obtained from them at all. The Irish bogs are at once a source of wealth and a cause of poverty to Ireland. They yield fuel to the people, but at the same time cover much fertile land, which they withhold from cultivation. The manner in which the fuel-yielding turf is allowed to run to waste is characteristic of the improvidence which unhappily prevails in Ireland. 'The majority of the population everywhere burn nothing but turf, which may be obtained more easily from the surface of the ground than can the coals from their deep and laborious mines. When their supply of turf has been exhausted, the Irish will pay more attention to their coal-fields, the real extent of which is still unknown to them. Before that time comes some centuries must pass away, but there are parts of Ireland where turf is beginning to grow scarce. In the north of Germany, where we have also many turf bogs, the people provide for the reproduction of the turf. They leave square holes, in which the water collects. The marsh-plants accumulate in these reservoirs, and at the end of thirty or forty years, turf may again be cut from the same place, and thus a piece of turf-land is made to afford an inexhaustible supply of fuel to its owners. In Ireland, nothing of the kind is thought of. The turf is cut away wherever nature has deposited the treasure, and none seems to trouble himself about the renewal of the supply. The consequence is, that many villages are already mourning over their dwindling stock of turf, and can almost calculate the day on which they will have consumed their last sod.'

The generally excellent farming around Edgeworthstown affords our author an opportunity of contrasting it with what is visible elsewhere. In a few words, he points out one of those pernicious practices which have contributed to make Ireland what it is, namely, the excessive subdivision of lands.

'It often happens in Ireland that a farm, originally sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a man and his family, becomes divided, after a few generations, into a number of holdings, each father giving a piece of the land to each of his sons to set him up in the world. This subdivision is one of the many causes of the poverty of the country. Every man is anxious to have a bit of land of his own to till, and, laudable as this desire is, it may, if carried too far, as is the case in Ireland, become the occasion of many evils. An Irish farmer with a large family cannot prevail on himself to show more favour to one child than the rest, and always endeavours to divide his farm in equal shares among all his children, whatever may be the tenure by which he holds it. The effect of this system is, that at last the land is divided into such small fractions, that a man and his family, on their diminutive holding, are always just

on the verge between existence and starvation. If the farms were preserved in their original extent, and the younger sons were sent out into the world, the elder sons would have more interest in the improvement and good cultivation of the land, and the younger sons would in the end be the better off, for they would be spurred on to exert their ingenuity and industry in some other pursuit. The vast extent of most of the estates in Ireland offers a melancholy contrast to the minuteness of some of the farms, or rather potato grounds. Had the division of property existed in the upper classes also, the small landlords would gradually have approached nearer to the small farmers, and the subdivision of estates would have acted as a check on the subdivision of farms. As it is, however, there is no country in Europe where the actual cultivators of the soil have so little property in the land they cultivate as in Ireland. In Russia there are large estates, but the holdings of the peasants are large too. In Ireland there are single estates more extensive than German principalities, with farms (if such an expression can be applied) not larger than the bit of ground which an English gentleman would set aside for his rabbits in a corner of his park. In the county of Tipperary, out of 3100 holdings, there are 280 of less than an acre, and 1956 of more than one, but less than five acres.

From Edgeworthstown our traveller started for Athlone, and during this part of his route, new specimens of carelessness about personal comfort, which usually accompanies poverty, presented themselves; and Mr Kohl becomes deplorably eloquent on the subject of rags and finery.

The rags of Ireland are quite as remarkable a phenomenon as the ruins. As an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable, and then abandons it to its fate, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. In other countries there are poor people enough, who can but seldom exchange their old habiliments for new, but then they endeavour to keep their garments, old as they are, in a wearable condition. The poor Russian peasant, compelled to do so by his climate, sews patch upon patch to his sheepskin jacket, and even the poorest will not allow his nakedness to peer through the apertures of his vestment, as is frequently seen in Ireland among those who are far above the class of beggars. In no country is it held disgraceful to wear a coat of a coarse texture, but to go about in rags is nowhere allowed but in Ireland, except to those whom the extreme of misery has plunged so deeply into despair, that they lose all thought of decorum. In Ireland, no one appears to feel offended or surprised at the sight of a naked elbow or a bare leg. There is something quite peculiar in Irish rags. So thoroughly worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, no rags are elsewhere to be seen. At the elbows and at all the other corners of the body, the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose; the edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, or the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at last unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is every morning disposed after a new fashion, and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches, or the breeches for coat.

What in the eyes of a stranger gives so ludicrous an effect to the rags of an Irish peasant, is the circumstance, that his national costume is cut after the fashion of our gala dress—of the coats worn among us at balls and on state occasions. The humbler classes with us wear either straight frock coats, or, when at work, short round jackets. In Belgium, France, and some other countries, the working men have a very suitable costume in their blouses, and a very similar garment, the smock frock, is worn in most of the rural districts of

England. Paddy, on the other hand, seems to have thought the blouse, or the short jacket, not *enough* for him, so he has selected for his national costume the French company dress-coat, with its high useless collar, its swallow tail hanging down behind, and the breast open in front. With this coat he wears short knee breeches, with stockings and shoes, so that, as far as the cut of his clothes is concerned, he appears always in full dress, like a *rake gentleman*. Now, it is impossible that a working man could select a costume more unsuitable to him, or more absurd to look upon. It affords no protection against the weather, and is a constant hindrance to him in his work, yet it is generally prevalent throughout the island. Is it not strange that a hint so often given to him should still be thrown away on the Irish peasant, and that he should not long ere this have thought of exchanging his coat for a jacket? If he did this, he would not so often, while some blush of novelty is left upon his coat, be obliged to tuck up his tail while at work, or tie it round his body with packthread. The head gear harmonises with the ball-room suit. Paddy scorns to wear a waterproof cap, but in its place he dons a strange caricature of a hat. How millions of working men can have endured for so many years to wear so inconvenient and absurd a head-dress, is quite inconceivable to me, and utterly irreconcilable to that sound common sense by which the masses are generally characterised. Paddy, it must be owned, pinches, and flattens, and twists the uncomfortable appendage into a fashion of his own. He pushes up the brim away from his face in front, while behind it soon hangs in festoon fashion. The crown in time fills in, but being deemed an important part of the concert, is kept in its place for some time longer by the aid of packthread. The crown goes, however, at last, and the hat, one would then suppose, would be deemed useless; no such thing, the owner will continue to wear it for a year or two afterwards by way of ornament. It is impossible for a stranger to see a peasant at his work, thus accoutred like a decayed dancing-master, and not be tempted to laugh at so whimsical an apparition; I say whimsical, for in his deepest misery Paddy has always so much about him that is whimsical, that you can scarcely help laughing even while your heart is bleeding for him.

Making his observations as he travels, Mr Kohl at length embarked to descend the Shannon at Shannon harbour for Limerick, and—never idle—occupied the steam-voyage in fishing up, from the communicative conversation of his fellow-passengers, several such fairy tales as those to which Mr Croker has given a literary currency.

After visiting the far-famed lakes of Killarney, our author finds his way, by Bantry, to Cork, where the commercial life of Ireland is seen. The squalid poverty and improvidence of the rural districts is here exchanged for evidences of the greatest abundance of all the necessities of life; not, indeed, in use, but as articles of commerce. From Cork and many other Irish ports immense quantities of those provisions are exported of which the inhabitants stand so much in need. It would seem as if all the cattle, pigs, butter, and other such articles of food, were sent away from the interior, and that nothing is left for the peasantry but butter-milk and potatoes. Mr Kohl's next chapters are headed 'From Cork to Kilkenny,' and 'From Kilkenny to Wexford.' In the latter place, the gratifying progress of education and temperance was testified in a signal manner. 'There are,' he says, 'thousands of children that would otherwise have run wild about the streets, or have grown up in idleness in wretched hovels, enjoying now the advantage of a rational superintendence, and of a temporary asylum [in the infant-schools], far better than the parental roof can offer them. There is a great desire for instruction among the Irish, and such being the case, it is difficult not to rest sanguine hopes on the host of new schools that are starting up in all parts of the country. I do not remember to have passed through any Irish town in which I did not see a spick and span new school-



house, and a distillery either shut up or going evidently to decay. In Wexford there were formerly seven breweries, of which only one is now in a prosperous condition. In New Ross, whence we came, and in Enniscorthy, whither we were going, the principal distilleries had all been closed. After various excursions, Mr Kohl returned to Dublin, the main features of which he examined with his accustomed penetration. He then turned his progress northward, and here the scene is changed, as if by magic, from barren lands and wretched people to smiling fields and a well-conditioned population. Not far from Newry the province of Leinster ends, and that of Ulster begins.

The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating, when I say that everything was as suddenly changed as if struck by a magician's wand. The dirty cabins by the roadside were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage-gardens, and shady lines of trees, met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought that at all events the change must be merely local and temporary, caused by the better management of that particular estate. No counter-change, however, appeared; the improvement lasted the whole way to Newry; and from Newry to Belfast, everything still continued to show me that I had entered the country of a totally different people—namely, the district of the Scottish settlers, the active and industrious Presbyterians. I do not mean to say that the whole province of Ulster wears this delightful appearance; nor is the whole province of Ulster inhabited by Scottish colonists. It contains many districts, as I shall hereafter show, inhabited by the genuine Celtic-Irish race, and of those districts the aspect is as wild and desolate as that of any other part of Ireland; but on crossing the border, the contrast between Irish Leinster and Scottish Ulster is most striking. I have read the accounts of many travellers who crossed the frontiers of Ulster and Leinster at other places, and they all give the same account of the striking contrast between the two provinces.

Passing through Belfast, the linen manufactures of which he describes with minuteness, Mr Kohl threads the shores of Antrim to visit the Giant's Causeway and the other curiosities which abound in that quarter. 'At Belfast,' he concludes, 'I took my leave of Erin, and shipped myself for Caledonia.'

Except towards the end of his journey, Mr Kohl coincides with all other travellers in describing Ireland as exhibiting, in general, a panorama of wretchedness and of poverty at its lowest ebb. Yet he passed through some of the most fertile and altogether the most affluent districts of the country. The condition of Ireland is indeed deplorable, and deserves the gravest and most humane consideration, alike from the statesman and the philanthropist.

*Substitute for White Lead.*—The great amount of mortality among painters and manufacturers of paint, arising from the deleterious effluvia of white lead, is well known, and has frequently directed the attention of chemists to the discovery of an innocuous substitute. Hitherto the attempt has been fruitless; at least so far as we are aware, no other substance has taken the place of the common pigment. It would appear, however, from the report of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that M. de Ruolz has at length succeeded in producing a preparation possessing all the economical properties of white lead, without partaking of its offensive character. This substance is the oxide of antimony, which is distinguished by the following qualities:—Its colour is very pure white, rivalling the finest silver white; it is easily ground, and forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture; compared with the white lead of Holland, its property of concealing is as 46 to 22; and mixed with other paints, it gives a much clearer and softer tone than white lead. It may be obtained, according to M. de Ruolz, from the natural sulphuret of antimony, and at a third of the cost of ordinary white paint.

### SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[From 'Punch,' or the London Charivari.]

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work—work—work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work!  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's O to be a slave,  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work!  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work—work—work!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Hand, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

O! men, with sisters dear!  
O! men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own.  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!  
My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags,  
That shattered roof, and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!  
From weary chime to chime;  
Work—work—work!  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work!  
In the dull December light!  
And work—work—work!  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

Oh but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet;  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
Would that its tone could reach the Riel,  
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

## GRATIFYING FACTS RESPECTING DECAYED AUTHORS.

[Abridged from the Athenæum.]

THE daily papers have announced that Mr Moncrieff has received a pension through the liberality of her majesty. The account given is, however, incorrect and imperfect, and does so little justice to the benevolent intentions and generous kindness of her majesty, and the whole affair is so honourable not only to her majesty, but also to the Literary Fund Society and its excellent secretary, Mr Blewitt, that we are quite sure it will do good service to a good cause if we narrate the whole of the circumstances as they occurred; and Mr Anson has consented, at the request of Mr Blewitt, to allow the facts connected with the case to be made public.

About two months since, the secretary of the Literary Fund Society received a letter from Mr Anson, enquiring to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, stating that he had called upon him the day before. 'My object,' said Mr Anson, 'in seeing you, was to ask if in the literary world you happen to know any (I fear too many) reduced to poverty, who have not brought it upon themselves by their conduct, and whose exertions in the cause of literature might give them a claim to a charitable provision for life. The qualifications for the charity are, that he must be single, either a bachelor or widower, and above fifty years old; the advantages to the recipient are a separate apartment, with attendance and fire, meals, and some clothes, and about £26 per annum. If you know any such candidates, would you give me their names and a short sketch of their histories, without saying anything about it?' To this Mr Blewitt replied, by handing Mr Anson thirteen names of gentlemen, any of whom would be a fit subject for a presentation.

In a few days a letter was received from Mr Anson, enclosing others to be delivered to Mr Moncrieff and Mr Jones, containing the gratifying information that her majesty would be graciously pleased, if the appointment were worth their acceptance, to nominate each of them a 'poor brother of the Charterhouse.' The literary claims of these gentlemen to this honourable though humble provision may now be referred to without indelicacy, and without violating that secrecy which forms a marking feature in the proceedings of the Literary Fund Society. The facts were necessarily communicated to Mr Anson, and their further publication is a justification of the society in its selection, and a proof of the discriminating judgment with which her majesty's patronage and bounty are distributed. It will be enough simply to state, that Mr William Jones is 82 years of age, afflicted with loss of sight in one eye, and with chronic rheumatism. He is the author of a History of the Waldenses and Albigenes, 2 vols. (five editions); Biblical Cyclopædia, 2 vols.; Lectures on the Apocalypse; Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, 3 vols.; Primitive Christianity Illustrated; Continuation of Hume and Smollett, 4 vols.; Continuation of Russell's Modern Europe, 4 vols.; Christian Biography; Dictionary of Religious Opinions; Memoirs of Rev. Rowland Hill—of Rev. Edward Irving—of Dr Adam Clarke; and of other minor works.

To the honour of Mr Jones, we must add, that, though deeply sensible of her majesty's goodness, and fully aware of the privations and sufferings that awaited him in the future—he, with gratitude and thanks for the intended kindness, felt impelled to decline the appointment, as it can be held only by a member of the church of England; whereas he, though he set no exaggerated importance on mere dissent, had been a conscientious dissenter all his life. Mr Moncrieff's claims, though not perhaps of so high an order, are better known. He is 50 years of age, afflicted with cataract in both eyes, and other infirmities, and is the author of—A History of Leamington and Kenilworth; The Minstrel's Offering; Songs of the Gipsies; Poems—and about 200 dramatic pieces, produced at the different theatres, of which fifty have been printed and published.

In consequence of the scruples of Mr Jones, Mr John Davis was nominated. Mr Davis is 72 years of age, entirely destitute, and without any other means than those supplied by private benevolence. He is the author of Travels in America in 1788-99; the Post Captain, a naval novel, first published in 1802, and now in its tenth edition; and a Life of Chatterton. The Post Captain may be said to be the parent of all our nautical novels; and in regard to

the work on the United States, Mr T. B. Macaulay, in a recent letter, writes as follows:—'I have long been acquainted with the very curious and lively description of the United States, which he published nearly forty years ago, and which seems to me valuable, as preserving many traits of a state of society which has passed away.' The poor old man has also served his country in action; he was midshipman on board the Artois, Capt. Nagle, when she engaged and captured the Revolutionaire, forty years ago; and the merits of the Post Captain are attested by the fact, that Capt. Glascock, in the Naval Sketch Book, refers to it as an authority to decide the legitimacy of a disputed nautical phrase.

The result is best told in Mr Anson's own words. 'Her majesty,' said Mr Anson in his next letter, 'has given poor brotherships of the Charterhouse to Mr Davis and Mr Moncrieff, both of whom have accepted with the deepest gratitude. It was offered in the first instance to Mr Jones, but he was unable to accept from being a dissenter. I trust, however, that her majesty may be able to give him a little temporary assistance, and it is proposed to be done as follows:—that her majesty should cause to be paid to you a sum of £60 from the Royal Bounty, which you could pay him for three years, by annual instalments of £20. Three years at 82 is a long lease of life, and no doubt the kindness extended to Mr Jones will not forsake him, should he survive that period. The mere filling up of these appointments is nothing; they must have been given to somebody; it is the careful and anxious consideration as to how these appointments might be disposed of most judiciously and beneficially, and the considerate kindness to poor conscientious Mr Jones, that win from us our respect and gratitude. Mr Blewitt, in acknowledgement, expressed the pleasure it would give him to undertake the duty proposed, and to give effect to her majesty's benevolence in any way that might be pointed out. In accordance with his offer, £60 were forwarded to him, which he was directed to pay to Mr Jones by annual instalments of £20, and Mr Jones received the first instalment accordingly.

This is the way in which benevolence may work out the good which it desires to accomplish.

### A HINT TO STEAMBOAT PROPRIETORS.

Finery in steamboats, the proprietors of such vessels should be made to understand, is generally thrown away. What the public want is comfort, as respects accommodation, attention, and fresh air, not barren splendour. How many a passenger would prefer a roomy to an elegant birth! How few care for looking at themselves in mirrors, when agonized with sea-sickness! What a burlesque of terms is the application of *state-rooms* to closets in which one can scarcely turn themselves! The fitters-up of such vessels may not be able to afford space, but they can surely give ventilation; yet, except in one or two cases, we never heard of this being done on an efficient scale. A gentleman recently arrived from Calcutta, in the Hindostan, a large steam-vessel belonging to the Oriental and Peninsular Steam-Navigation Company, who has written an account of his voyage in the Jersey Times newspaper, makes urgent complaints on this point. 'As we left the good ship Hindostan, we confessed that she had behaved herself well, though she is not fitted up appropriately for an Indian voyage. She averaged nine knots an hour. We had, however, a remarkably smooth-water passage. She has a superb saloon, every panel of which is decorated with an elegant and costly painting on *papier maché* by an artist of taste and skill. Perhaps too much money has been lavished on mere embellishments. Pictures and finely-carved wood-work adorn the whole of that part of the ship which is fitted up for passengers, most of whom would be glad to go in vessels with less costly decorations, at a lower charge. All this finery makes the ship look as if she were meant rather for holiday pleasure-trips on a smooth lake, than to brave the dangers of the wide ocean. We scarcely ever sat down to dinner in the early part of the voyage, that we did not wish one of the fine paintings had been a good port-hole to admit a little air upon us, almost suffocated as we were by the close atmosphere in the crowded saloon, and the steam of the hot viands before us.'

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

### PART I.

'Mr dear,' said Mrs Smith to her husband, replacing her watch: Mr Smith was reading in a very indolent-looking lounging chair, and took no notice whatever of the tender epithet that so lovingly glided from his fair lady's lips.

'My love,' she said, and now a delicate ear could distinguish that her voice was raised a semitone higher than it was when she said 'my dear'; yet still Mr Smith made no reply, though he wielded the paper-knife to accelerate his studies.

Mrs Smith—Mrs Joseph Smith, I should say—was as pretty and pettish a little lady as could be found between Hyde Park corner and the noisy end of Sloane Street; and Mr Joseph Smith was as dreamy and absent in mind and habits as his lady was irritable, 'fussy,' and particular. He was *very* absent, sometimes mistaking his wife's bonnet for his own hat—putting a white waistcoat over a black one—remembering everything, in fact, that ought to be forgotten, and forgetting everything that ought to be remembered—building castles in the air, and paying no attention, that he could possibly avoid, to the earthly castle (a gaily-furnished house) in which they resided. He was fond of reading, and fancied he understood moral philosophy.

'Joseph,' said Mrs Smith, and her voice was now so decidedly elevated, that the little spaniel, who was pretending to sleep on the hearth-rug, opened his eyes, yawned, and stretching himself, walked over to his mistress, who next, in a really angry tone, exclaimed, 'Mr Smith!' Still the reader made no reply; and the lady, after darting a look of bitter scorn at the insensible gentleman, flounced out of the room, 'banging' the door, while the little fat spaniel stood looking after her in stupid astonishment.

Mr Smith remained alone for about twenty minutes, quite unconscious of his lady's departure. At last, starting suddenly up from his book, he exclaimed, 'My dear Lizzy, I have made a great moral discovery, which, if acted upon, will revolutionise society. I cannot explain it to you just yet, but you may guess its magnitude and importance, when I tell you it will render mankind honest. They—but are you there, my dear?' He walked to the bay window, where, half shaded by the curtain, the lady generally sat, so that she could see, as she said, her work and the street, and whatever was going on in the room, at the same time; he then opened the drawing-room door, and called 'Lizzy' and 'my love' repeatedly; there was no answer; he rang the bell. 'My mistress is gone out, sir,' was the footman's reply.

'Did she leave any message for me?'

'Not that I know of, sir.'

'That will do,' said Mr Smith; and then he thought to himself, 'it was very strange of her to go out without saying a word to me on the subject; and she knows that we had agreed to go somewhere—I really forgot to

find out where—together, and to be there exactly at two.' He looked at his watch, and found that, having forgotten to wind it, it did not go; he then cast his eyes on the time-piece; that being under Mrs Smith's care, was clicking away merrily; it was then ten minutes after the appointed time. 'Dear me,' thought Mr Smith, 'I daresay she is gone to the appointment. How very odd that she should not have called me;' he repeated this several times to himself, for he was sadly perplexed at finding his wife quite out of the way when he wanted her; and when his habits and ideas were disturbed, he always continued fidgetty and uncomfortable until again chained down by reverting to some old, or commencing some new, dream. Starting as if from the action of a galvanic battery, he caused the bell to ring a peal through the house. 'Tell the cook,' he said to the footman, 'there are two gentlemen to dine here at seven.'

'Please, sir, my mistress ordered dinner at half-past five, as she said she was going to the theatre.'

'Very awkward,' muttered Mr Smith; 'I remember she said something about that; but I thought it was to-morrow. However, it must be seven, and a proper dinner—fish, soup—you understand me?'

About five o'clock Mrs Smith returned in high spirits; she had been to a delightful little concert—the engagement her absent husband had forgotten. Her apparently unaccountable absence had put him out of temper. 'So,' he said, 'you are come back: and really, Elizabeth, I think it was very wrong of you to go off by yourself too, without saying a word to me, particularly as we were going to the diorama, or some such place together.'

'Now, really, that is very cruel of you, Joseph,' answered the lady, withdrawing the cheek she had held down for a kiss; 'I called you four times, and you sat there like a stock or a stone, minding me no more than if I were a stock or a stone. I knew my cousin would be waiting for me; as the concert was early—'

'You know very well,' interrupted her husband, 'you never called me. Now, I remember I particularly wanted to go to a concert, and you knew it.'

'You never told me so.'

'Psha!' exclaimed Mr Smith.

Mrs Smith stamped her little foot as she rang the bell. Bells are ill-used things where there is much domestic contention; and now the wire reeved and cracked, and the tongue rattled violently within its brazen mouth. 'Is dinner ready?' she inquired. The man looked at his master.

'No,' said Mr Smith, and there was much strength and decision in the little monosyllable. 'Mr Orepont and Mr Harrison dine here at seven. I remember having forgotten to tell you that, though I *did* tell you of my wish to go to the concert.'

But Mrs Smith made no retort touching the concert. She seemed petrified at something her husband had said, until at last she burst into tears, sobbing forth, she did not know what she had done, that he should insult her so. Mr Smith looked astonished, and inquired what she meant; and she reminded him

that Mr Orepoint was 'the man' who had jilted her poor sister Amelia; that it was impossible he (Mr Smith) could have forgotten the circumstance, as he had heard it so often; and that, for her part, she would not stay in the house with such a wretch as Orepoint. The moment he came in she would go out; she had made up her mind to that. The absent Mr Smith was overwhelmed; the little resolution he indulged in vanished. He remembered the circumstance when it was too late, reminded his wife of his forgetful habit, and said he 'would do anything he could.' Mrs Smith dried her tears a little, and replied, that he must write and 'say anything' to put Orepoint off; and then he found he had forgotten Mr Orepoint's address.

Never was unfortunate husband in a greater fever of perplexity than Mr Smith during the next hour and a-half. Finding that, often as he addressed his wife, she in her turn made no reply, he went into his little dressing-room, with a vague idea that he had something to do. His reflection in the looking-glass reminded him that he was not dressed for dinner. He went through the duties of the toilet with a perfect attention to what he was about, and was selecting from a cabinet a table snuff-box, which contained some peculiar snuff, when a loud double knock caused him to hasten down with the first box he met with in his hand, without taking another peep at his pretty little sulky wife; if he had, he would have found that her sulks were gone, and that she was preparing to do the honours of the house. Mrs Smith was not in any degree husband-hunting for her sister Amelia; but it occurred to her that Mr Orepoint would not have accepted the invitation, if he had not some desire to renew the intimacy that once existed between the families. He was still a *bon parti*, older by six years than when he jilted Amelia; and she thought Amelia had never loved any one so well since. Besides, Amelia had been a flirt; she knew that; and fancied her judgment on Mr Orepoint was sudden. Nor did she like sitting for four or five hours by herself; and perhaps, after all, she had been more vexed at not going to the play than at Mr Orepoint's coming to dinner. So just as Mr Smith had finished an apology concerning her absence, she entered the room, and thus afforded fresh ground for displeasure. A little forbearance, and she could have made all smooth, but her pettishness was again in the ascendant. The dinner increased the formality, which the flirting Mr Orepoint had it not in his power to assuage. The difficulty of knowing what to talk about, he inquired after 'her fair sister,' and Mrs Smith, while her husband was describing to Mr Harrison the proposed workings of his new moral theory, managed to draw him into a conversation as to old times, that was proceeding quite in accordance with her desire.

Just at that moment Mr Smith, with the suddenness which characterised all his movements, asked Mr Orepoint if he were particular in the flavour of his snuff, and Mr Smith went up his snuff-box; it had hardly glided over the snowy damask to its destination, when the mistaking Smith exclaimed, 'Not that box, Mr Orepoint; not that. Do me the favour to return it; that is not the one I intended.'

'And why not?' replied the bland gentleman—'why not? Here is a charming likeness of your lady and her sister, most exquisitely painted, and superbly set, the beauty of the one doing justice to the beauty of the other.'

'Ah!' said the absent man, 'I thought it might revive the memory of—' Mrs Smith, by a sudden effort, managed to interrupt the rest of the sentence. Mr Smith rallied, but was again stopped by a timely interruption. 'Mr Smith, you are throwing your walnut shells on the carpet, and they crush into it and cut it so, that I must beg you to be more careful.'

'I declare most solemnly,' said the husband, 'I have not cracked a single walnut yet; I was only twisting the nut-crackers.'

'You say anything to gain your point,' muttered

the lady, but not so low as to escape her husband's ear, who—like the animals in the menageries, when 'poked up' that they may waken and show off their nature, such as it is—was on the *qui vive* for an attack. Without waiting for a reply, she rose from her seat, and in leaving the table, had the address to carry off, unnoticed, the unfortunate box to her own apartment.

It was a damp drizzling evening, and the church clocks had just 'gone' a quarter past ten, when a carriage stopped at the door of a handsome house in one of the gorgeous streets that have arisen out of the damps and ditches of the 'Five Fields.' From this carriage Mrs Joseph Smith alighted, and rushing up her cousin Mrs Mansfield's stairs, did not wait for the servant's announcement. The lady whom she sought, after her day's ill-managed fever, was very different in character and conduct from the petted pettish little creature who, full of bitterness and vexation, flew to her for the advice she persuaded herself she required from 'her dear Madeline,' but pretty Mrs Smith always made up her mind—not a very large thing to make up—and acted upon her resolve, before she took counsel at all.

Mrs Mansfield was sitting in her splendid drawing-room alone; her embroidery frame stood beside her chair; and the bright and dead gold she was working into a satin scarf for her husband glittered beneath the light of the beautiful lamp, that shone without dazzling or disturbing the stately character of the apartment. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, as she rose to meet her cousin—'oh! your knock set my heart beating; I thought it was Edward!'

'What?' inquired Elizabeth, 'has he not been home since the concert? He told you to wait dinner.'

'So I did until half-past seven; but he does not wish me to wait beyond that.'

'Then,' exclaimed Mrs Smith, 'if he did not wish me to wait, that's the very reason I would wait; if he served me as he has been serving you these six years, the same—'

'Hush, Elizabeth,' said her cousin; and her 'hush' was decisive, both from its tone and the expression that accompanied it. 'I allow no one to cast reflections upon my husband. Pray, sit down, and tell me what fresh annoyance has brought you here this evening? You told me of your great trouble this morning; how that my good friend Joseph would not answer when spoken to. As you have known that habit as long as you have known him, I was somewhat astonished at your making a complaint of it now; and I told you to resort to your old practice, and jog his elbow; Joseph will feel the shake when he does not hear the words.'

'Well, and so I did when I went home; but he was as rude as a bear; insisted that he wished to have been at the concert, and had told me so, which he never did.'

'He thought he had, and that should have made you endure the assertion. You know he is quite incapable of intended falsehood.'

'I cannot describe his conduct. He invited that Mr Orepoint with Harrison to dinner, and he knew I was going to the play.'

'He forgot it,' murmured Mrs Mansfield.

'Orepoint, who behaved so ill to Amelia,' continued Mrs Smith; 'and I refused to meet him at dinner; and then I thought better of it, and dressed and came down; and instead of being grateful for my doing so, Smith looked flounders when I entered the drawing-room.'

'One kind word from you would have smoothed it all; but you are so touchy, that instead of forbearing, you said something rude or odd?' observed Madeline.

'I said nothing to him, at all events,' she continued.

'He knows I am hasty.'

'Granted; and you know he is absent.'

'My goodness, Madeline! you speak as if all the duty was on one side.'

'Not at all; the truest and only rule to render married life happy—the law, divine as well as moral, "BEAR AND FORBEAR," is imperative on both.'

'Then it should be practised by both,' said Lizzy.

'Granted most fully,' answered her cousin; 'and in your case it is simply because it is practised by neither, that you spend your days bickering about the straws of life.'

'How you talk, Madeline. Straws indeed. Would you believe it—he was going to tell the strange odd-sounding story of the foreigner who painted Amelia's miniature and mine on the box, whom we believed to be a count, and—a—a—desirable person; in short, one who might have done for Amelia; and how we found him out. Well, he was absolutely going to tell the whole of that to Orepont, and before Harrison, too, who is a sort of patent reporter.'

'Oh, you could have turned the conversation,' said Madeline.

'My dear, I tried; but it only made matters worse.'

'How unfortunate. Well, my motto, remember, is "Bear and Forbear." You know what I have often told you, that I never knew a matrimonial quarrel where *all* the wrong was on one side.'

'But, Madeline,' exclaimed Mrs Smith, 'it's all very well for the woman to forbear if the man will bear, or *vice versa*; but I cannot understand why a woman is to be trampled on.'

'Nor I; if a woman perform her duty, she *cannot* be trampled on. There is no mention in the marriage ceremonial of a wife's being obedient *if* the husband be affectionate, or of the husband's protecting and cherishing *if* the wife be obedient. No matter how the husband performs his portion of the compact, the wife is bound to perform hers.'

'The men ought to be nightly obliged to you,' said Mrs Smith sarcastically.

'Not so much as the women,' answered Madeline. 'I love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by the sunshine, unscared by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names—and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the feeling, she clasped her hands together—'but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightness of angels. Lizzy, it grieves me to see you frittering away your happiness. You are married to a man without faults—generous, faithful, and wonderfully patient; domestic, and yet leaving you *mistress* of your house and actions.'

'When he prevents my going to the play, and insults me at a horrid seven o'clock dinner,' thrust in poor Mrs Smith.

'Oh, nonsense, dearest; mere fibres upon which to hang a quarrel; he has heaps of peculiarities, I know; and you have only to laugh and humour them, as you used to do about two years ago, to be as happy as a summer day is long; but *beware!* if you get into a quarrelling habit, he will do the same—a straw has a tube large enough to contain gunpowder: a few more such quarrels as that which must have occurred to drive you at this hour from your house, when you ought to be in your drawing-room, would destroy the happiness of any home. Go back, tell him you are sorry for the quarrel, and never mind whether he says, or does not say, he is sorry; but don't strive to find out who began it, or who did not. You are sorry for the quarrel, are you not?' There was an increase of pout, but no reply. 'Elizabeth, I am older, and you say wiser than you; do not, I intreat you, thrust your happiness from you; if you do so in the days of your early marriage, you may hunt after it in vain. It is a foolish saying, that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love; but this I tell you, wedded quarrels are the knell of love. Go home, dearest cousin; forget your offended dignity; remember how tender your husband has been to you in sickness; recall not how much of your waywardness he has resented, but how much he has endured; think how he provided for your brother, and his liberality to your family—these are great things to set against small vexations. The idea of quarrelling with a husband

because he sometimes has a little mental wandering, and does not immediately hear what you say, or because he drops walnut shells on the carpet, is really too absurd. Go home, my dear, like a good wife, and think no more of this nonsense.'

The humbled Mrs Smith departed, not convinced of her error, but at least discomfited, and fortunately arrived at home before she was missed.

Mrs Mansfield was now ALONE, and alone she remained, until the chimes of the time-piece arrested her attention—it was a quarter past one. She rang the bell, directed the footman to desire her maid to go to bed, and ordered that all the servants should retire. In a few minutes an old and faithful domestic who had attended Mr Mansfield from his boyhood, and was now half valet half steward, entered the room, and told his mistress that he hoped she did not mean him to go to bed? 'I've sat up many a night for my master, and for his father before him,' said the man, 'and never rose the later for it; and I hope you will let me wait now as well as ever? I am sure, late or early, I am never tired. The air is cold, and it looks—I beg your pardon for saying so—strange to the other servants for their mistress to open the door: I will only do *that*, ma'am. I wish I could do anything to show my gratitude and respect for those who have done so much for me.' Incidents sometimes occur at war with all forms, that touch the heart deeply; there was so much kindness and delicacy in these few words, that Madeline thanked Lewis, and told him he might wait up if he pleased. Mr Mansfield was a man of station, wealth—or reputed wealth—and talents—the peculiar talents so much admired in society; his humour was buoyant, graceful, and accompanied by a constitutional good temper, that cheered others while it was refreshing to himself; but with all his accomplishments, he had one serious fault—in his character there was no stability; his good resolutions melted away before the first temptation, and his want of fixed principles rendered him the easy captive of the last passion or the last speaker. He was so courted abroad, that if his home had been neglected, or his wife other than she was, he would never have been seen at his own house. Mrs Mansfield, loving her husband with more than the usual love even of woman, had latterly entertained the ambition of being her husband's friend; to accomplish this, she sacrificed all small feelings, stifled at their birth all petty, or what many women would consider anything but petty, grievances, and determined to watch and wait for an opportunity to withdraw him from the vortex of fashion, folly, and, it might be, worse, into which he was plunged.

She had observed lately that her husband shunned her more than usual. He avoided their being alone, though he treated her with more than usual tenderness. He was connected, she knew, with many speculations; and she had heard of the failure of one or two houses, whose principals frequently dined at their table. She knew that he had lost at Epsom, but of *that* they had spoken. Mrs Mansfield was too wise to set herself against her husband's amusements. In reality, nothing could give him pleasure without interesting her; and, besides, she dreaded the coldness which so frequently arises in wedded life from the wife playing the monitor instead of the companion—the former destroying, the latter promoting that exchange of feelings and opinions beneficial to both husband and wife. She watched for his return on this particular night with more than her usual anxiety; she had ample cause for this and other feelings. She was less composed than she thought she had ever been before, had less command over herself; and thus it was she wished to have *felt* that every eye in the house was closed, every ear deaf except her own, when he returned. She could not, however, refuse the old servant's request, though, when the clock had chimed another hour, she felt sorry that he was still watching, as he had done many nights before. Her cousin little imagined, when she poured forth her thoughtless and idle complaints, and dwelt upon her childish grievances,

what was passing in the mind of her who, notwithstanding her own painful and perplexing circumstances, was gentle and wise as ever to counsel and direct her, if she would but have followed her advice. At last, when another and another hour had passed into eternity, laden with the deeds and misdeeds of a thoughtless world, wearied alike with reading and with work, wearied with watching and the heavy thoughts that accompanied it, she lit a taper, and stole silently, as mothers steal, into the nursery. Her boy was not asleep; his hands were hot and feverish; and when he saw her, he sprang up in his little bed, and clasped his arms round her neck. 'I cannot sleep, mamma, I am so hot and thirsty; but I did not like to waken nurse. Take me into your cool room, mamma; do, dear mamma, and I will not wake papa; you see I did not wake nurse.' Madeline was delighted with the child's consideration, and, alarmed at his evident illness, she carried him into her room, and laid him on the bed, while she found him something to drink. 'Where is papa?' inquired the boy; 'the stars are going out, and the sky will soon be red before the sun gets up. Where is papa?'

A loud knock replied to the boy's question; the child drank eagerly; and Mrs Mansfield was hastening across the staircase with him in her arms, when her husband, rushing up stairs, called to her to stop. Mr Mansfield was far too refined to yield to a habit of intoxication, but he was then flushed and unsteady from the effects of wine.

'Is Charles ill?' he inquired.

'He is a little hot and feverish, dear Mansfield,' replied his mother; 'and I think the nursery is too close; he will be better for this little change of air.'

Mr Mansfield stooped to kiss him. 'It is you who are hot, I think,' said the child peevishly, putting up his little hand to push away his father's face; 'your breath is so hot—there, don't kiss me any more; and he nestled his head on his mother's shoulder.

Mr Mansfield scowled upon both, as Madeline had never seen him do before. 'The child has been taught that,' he said in a most cruel voice.

Madeline raised her eyes to his; she made no reply; nor did a reproachful expression rest upon her features. Their eyes met: it would be impossible to describe her look, so clear, so full of truth. There was evidently a struggle in her husband's mind between his real nature and the occurrences and habits of the present; but his better angel triumphed. He kissed her cheek; she made no allusion to the injustice of his words, but returned his caress as affectionately as if they had not been spoken.

'God will bless you,' he muttered, as he entered the room she had just left; 'God will bless you, Madeline, and forgive me—if He can!'

#### JOTTINGS RESPECTING THE OAK.

THE natural characteristics of the oak have combined to give it importance in the eyes of mankind. The great and impressive size, and the vast age which it reaches, the hardness and durability of its timber, are the most conspicuous of these qualities, and they are such as to place it at the head of all trees, to make it what the lion is among quadrupeds and the eagle among birds—the monarch of its kind. It is a tree of temperate climates only, and England is one of the countries in which it grows to perfection. But although we thus speak of it in the singular number, there are, in reality, three great families of oaks, supposed to include not less than a hundred and fifty described species. The most common in England is the *Quercus Pedunculata*: another celebrated species, quite different in character, is the *flexilis*, which the oak known to the Greeks and Romans, and associated so remarkably with their superstitions. The oak has been a noted tree in all ages of history, from the period when it shaded Abraham on the plains of Mambræ while receiving the visit of the angels, till now,

when it forms an impenetrable wall around our beloved island.

The tree flowers slightly, but its seed attains to the character of a fruit—the well-known acorn—and this it produces in the greater abundance the older it grows. The name acorn, from *aik* and *corn*, as being a corn or grain produced by the oak, indicates the value in which it was held by our Saxon ancestors, who employed it in feeding swine; and such was the importance attached in those days to *mast*, as this food was called, that woods were estimated by the number of hogs which they could fatten; and, in the survey made at the Conquest, and embodied in Doomsday Book, woods of a single hog are enumerated. In years of scarcity, the acorns became a food for the people themselves. Oaks are generally eighteen years old before they yield any fruit, a peculiarity which seems to foretell the vast longevity of the tree, for 'soon ripe and soon rotten' is an adage that holds conspicuously in all departments of the organic world. The oak generally requires sixty or seventy years to attain a considerable size; if placed in a suitable soil, a deep sandy loam, where it can send out its huge roots freely, it will go on increasing, and knowing no decay, for centuries. Its ordinary height in England is from 60 to 80 feet. The largest known in that country is one at Studley Park, Yorkshire, which has attained the amazing height of 118 feet; but the tree is more remarkable for its lateral spread than its upward growth. A stem of Doric proportions usually spreads out into a number of branching arms, which usually become more and more crooked towards their extremities. There are, however, some oaks which have long straight stems, and are less umbrageous. There is a remarkably tall and straight one in the Duke of Portland's park at Welbeck, which has obtained the descriptive name of the Duke's Walking-cane. From the variety of its forms, the oak is highly appreciated by the landscape artist.

According to Mr London, the number of oak forests which formerly existed in Britain is proved by the many names still borne by British towns, which are evidently derived from the word oak, or its variations, *ac*, *ae*, *ok*, *ox*, *wok*, *hok*, and many others. 'The history of the use of the British oak in building, carpentry, and for naval purposes, is necessarily coeval with that of the civilisation of the British islands. The timber found in the oldest buildings is uniformly of oak. Professor Burnet possessed a piece of oak from King John's palace at Eltham, perfectly sound, fine, and strong, which can be traced back upwards of 500 years. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey are said to be coeval with the original building; and if by this is meant Sibert's Abbey of Westminster, which was founded in 611, they must be more than 1200 years old. The shrine of Edward the Confessor, which must be nearly 800 years old, since Edward died in 1066, is also of oak. One of the oaken coronation chairs in Westminster Abbey has been in its present situation about 540 years. "In the eastern end of the ancient chapel of St Stephen, in the castle of Winchester, now termed the County Hall, is Arthur's round table, the chief curiosity of the place. It bears the figure of that prince, so famous in the old romances, and the names of several of his knights, Sir Tristram, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gerath, &c. Paulus Jovius, who wrote between 200 and 300 years ago, relates that this table was shown by Henry VIII. to his illustrious visitor the Emperor Charles V., as the actual oaken table made and placed there by the renowned British prince, Arthur, who lived in the early part of the sixth century. Hence the poet Drayton sings—

And so great Arthur's seat old Winchester prefers,  
Whose old round table yet she vaunteth to be hers.

Some antiquarians, however, state that the *tabula rotunda* were introduced into this country by Stephen, and believe that the table in question was made by him, which in that case would diminish its age 600 years,



leaving it, however, above seven centuries to boast of; enough to render it a most valuable and interesting monument. It has been perforated by many bullets, supposed to have been shot by Cromwell's soldiers. The massive tables, paneled wainscots, and ceiling of Morton Hall, Cheshire, the roofs of Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, are fine specimens of old oak. In Gloucester Cathedral, also, are thirty-one stalls of rich tabernacle work on either side, little inferior in point of execution to the episcopal throne at Exeter, or to the stalls at Ely, erected in the reign of Edward III., and allowed to be among the finest pieces of carving in wood now remaining in England of that early date. Of about equal age were the carved figures of Edward III. and his queen, Philippa, in the collegiate church and hospital of St Catherine, lately removed from the Tower to St Catherine's newly built church and hospital, in the Regent's Park. The rich carvings in oak which ornamented the king's room in Stirling Castle were executed about 300 years ago, and are many of them still in good preservation in the collections of the curious. In digging away the foundation of the old Savoy Palace, London, which was built upwards of 650 years since, the whole of the piles, many of which were of oak; were found in a state of perfect soundness, as also was the planking which covered the pile heads. Buffon mentions the soundness of the piles of the bridge which the Emperor Trajan built across the Danube, one of which, when taken up, was found to be petrified to the depth of three quarters of an inch, but the rest of the wood was little different from its ordinary state. And of the durability of oak timber, the oldest wooden bridge of which we have any account, namely, that one famous from its defence by Horatius Cocles, and which existed at Rome in the reign of Ancus Martius, 500 years before Christ, might be given as another example. The piles which supported the buttresses, and immense uncouth starlings which confined the water-way, and so greatly disfigured old London Bridge, were some of them of oak; and I [Professor Burnet] have a specimen of one, which is far from being in a rotten state; and the still older piles on which the bridge piers rested were also in a very strong and sound condition; nay, those stakes which it is said the ancient Britons drove into the bed of the Thames to impede the progress of Julius Caesar, near Oatlands, in Surrey, some of which have been removed for examination, have withstood the destroyer time nearly 2000 years."

Although there are difficulties in ascertaining the age attained by particular trees, it seems to be made tolerably clear that some oaks have existed in England for periods varying between five hundred and a thousand years. Mr Loudon gives an account of the most remarkable of these, accompanied by many remarkable circumstances gathered from history and tradition: "The Fairlop oak stood in an open space in Hainault Forest [Essex]. The circumference of its trunk, near the ground, was 48 feet; at three feet high, it measured 36 feet round; and the short bole divided into eleven vast branches, not in the horizontal manner usual in the oak, but rather with the rise that is more generally characteristic of the beech. These boughs, several of which were from 10 to 12 feet in girth, overspread an area 300 feet in circuit; and for many years a fair was held beneath their shade, no booth of which was allowed to extend beyond it. This celebrated festival owed its origin to the eccentricity of Daniel Day, commonly called Good Day, who, about 1720, was wont to invite his friends to dine with him, the first Friday in July, on beans and bacon, under this venerable tree. From this circumstance becoming known, the public were attracted to the spot, and about 1725 the fair above-mentioned was established, and was held for many years on the 31 of July in each year. Mr Day never failed to provide annually several sacks of beans, which he distributed with a proportionate quantity of bacon, from the hollowed trunk of the oak, to the crowds as-

sembled. The project of its patron tended greatly, however, to injure his favourite tree; and the orgies annually celebrated to the honour of the Fairlop Oak, yearly curtailed it of its fair proportions. Some years ago, Mr Forsyth's composition was applied to the decayed branches of this tree, to preserve it from future injury; probably by the Hainault Archery Society, who held their meetings near it. At this period a board was affixed to one of the limbs of the tree, with this inscription:—"All good foresters are requested not to hurt this old tree, a plaster having been lately applied to his wounds." Mr Day had his coffin made of one of the limbs of this tree, which was torn off in a storm; and dying in 1767, at the age of 84, he was buried in it in Barking churchyard. The persons assembled at the fair frequently mutilated the tree; and it was severely injured by some gipsies, who made its trunk their place of shelter. But the most fatal injury it received was in 1805, from a party of about sixty cricketers, who had spent the day under its shade, and who carelessly left a fire burning too near its trunk. The tree was discovered to be on fire about eight in the evening, two hours after the cricketers had left the spot; and though a number of persons, with buckets and pails of water, endeavoured to extinguish the flames, the tree continued burning till morning. "The high winds of February 1820," Professor Burnet informs us, "stretched this forest patriarch on the ground, after having endured the storms of perhaps a thousand winters. Its remains were purchased by a builder, and from a portion thereof the pulpit and reading-desk in the new church, St Pancras, were constructed: they are beautiful specimens of British oak, and will long preserve the recollection of this memorable tree."

Another of these historical trees is the Abbot's Oak at Woburn Abbey. 'a low pollard-like tree,' says Mr Loudon, 'with nothing remarkable in its appearance, though the associations connected with it are extremely interesting. On the branches of this tree, according to Stowe and other historians, exactly three centuries ago, the abbot and prior of Woburn, the vicar of Puddington, and "other contumacious persons," were hanged by order of Henry VIII. Dodds, in his Church History of England, states that Roger Hobbs, the abbot of Woburn at that time, "nobly disdaining to compromise his conscience for a pension, as most of his brethren did, and as many others who do not wear a cowl do at the present day, resolutely denied the king's supremacy, and refused to surrender his sacerdotal rights. For this contumacious conduct he was, in 1537, together with the vicar of Puddington, in this county [Bedfordshire], and others who opposed the requisition, hanged on an oak-tree in front of the monastery, which is standing in the present day [1742]. He was drawn to the place of execution on a sledge, as is the custom with state prisoners." We saw this tree in September 1836, and found it in perfect health, though with few arms that would be considered large enough for the purpose to which the tree was once applied. On a board nailed to the tree are painted the following lines, written by J. W. Wiffin, Esq.:-

Oh, 'twas a ruthless deed! enough to pale  
Freedom's bright fires, that doomed to shameful death  
Those who maintained their faith with latest breath,  
And scorned before the despot's frown to quail.  
Yet 'twas a glorious hour, when from the goal  
Of papal tyranny the mind of man  
Dared to break loose, and triumphed in the ban  
Of thunders roaring in the distant gale!  
Yes, old memorial of the mitred monk,  
Thou liv'st to flourish in a brighter day,  
And seem'st to smile, that pure and potent vows  
Are breathed where superstition reigned: thy trunk  
Its glad green garland wears, though in decay,  
And years hang heavy on thy time-stained boughs."

'In Windsor Forest, there are several celebrated oaks: one of these, the King Oak, is said to have been a favourite tree of William the Conqueror, who made this a royal forest, and enacted laws for its preservation. This oak, which stands near the enclosure of Cran-



bourne, is 26 feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. It is supposed to be the largest and oldest oak in Windsor Forest, being above 1000 years old. It is quite hollow: the space within is from 7 feet to 8 feet in diameter, and the entrance is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high and 2 feet wide. "We lunched in it," says Professor Burnet, "September 2, 1829: it would accommodate at least twenty persons with standing-room, and ten or twelve might sit down comfortably to dinner. I think, at Willis's and in Guildhall, I have danced a quadrille in a smaller space." Queen Anne's Oak, says Professor Burnet, "is a tree of uncommon height and beauty, under which tradition says that Queen Anne, who often hunted in Windsor Forest, generally came to mount her horse." The tree is marked by a brass plate; and there is an engraving of it in Burgess's *Eidodendron*. "Pope's Oak, in Binsfield Wood, Windsor Forest, has the words 'Here Pope sang' inscribed upon it. Queen Charlotte's Oak is a very beautiful pollard, of prodigious size, which stands in Windsor Forest in an elevated situation, commanding a fine view of the country round Maidenhead. It was a favourite tree of Queen Charlotte's, and George IV. had a brass plate with her name fixed on it." Herne's Oak, in Windsor Park, has been immortalised by Shakespeare; and the remains of its trunk were lately 24 feet in circumference. Herne was a keeper in the forest some time before the reign of Elizabeth; he hanged himself on this oak, from the dread of being disgraced for some offence which he had committed, and his ghost was believed to haunt the spot. The following account of this tree is given in that very entertaining work, *Jesse's Gleanings*:—"The next interesting tree, however, at Windsor, for there can be little doubt of its identity, is the celebrated Herne's Oak. There is, indeed, a story prevalent in the neighbourhood respecting its destruction. It was stated to have been felled by command of his late majesty, George III., about fifty years ago (1784), under peculiar circumstances. The whole story, the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded. Herne's Oak is probably still standing; at least there is a tree which some old inhabitants of Windsor consider as such, and which their fathers did before them—the best proof, perhaps, of its identity. In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about half-way on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak; I can almost fancy it the very picture of death. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality, appears about it. The hunter must have blasted it. It stretches out its bare and sapless branches like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay. None of the delightful associations connected with it have, however, vanished; nor is it difficult to fancy it as the scene of Falstaff's distress, and the pranks of the "Merry Wives." Mr Jesse adds, that the last acorn, as he believes, of Herne's oak, was given to the late Sir David Dundas of Richmond, and was planted by him on his estate in Wales, where it now flourishes, with a suitable inscription near it.

The hugest oak of which we find any notice was one called Damory's Oak, in Dorsetshire, measuring 68 feet in circumference: it has long been among the things that were. The largest one living seems to be the Merton Oak, in Norfolk, 63 feet in circumference. But the space of ground covered by some oaks is not less wonderful. The Three-shire Oak, near Worksop, so called from its shading part of the three counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby, 'dripped over 777 square yards! An oak between Newham Courtney and Clifton shaded a circumference of 560 yards of ground, under which 1220 men might have commodiously taken shelter. The Worksop Spread Oak in Worksop Park, near the main gate, gave an extent, between the ends

of its opposite branches, of 180 feet. It dripped over an area of nearly 8000 square yards, which is above half an acre, and would have afforded shelter to a regiment of nearly 1000 horse. The Oakley Oak, now growing on an estate of the Duke of Bedford, has a head of 110 feet in diameter. The oak called Robur Britannicum, in the park at Rycote, is said to have been extensive enough to cover 5000 men; and at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the native village of the hero Wallace, there is still standing the large oak tree, among the branches of which it is said that he and 300 of his men hid themselves from the English. "The Duke's Walking-stick, in Welbeck Park, was higher than the roof of Westminster Abbey. The long oaken table in Dudley Castle (a single plank cut out of the trunk of an oak growing in the neighbourhood) measured considerably longer than the bridge that crosses the lake in the Regent's Park; and the famous roof of Westminster Hall, the span of which is among the greatest ever built without pillars, is little more than one-third the width of the Worksop Spread Oak, the branches of which would reach over Westminster Hall, placed on either side of its trunk, and have nearly 32 feet to spare; and its extent is nearly 30 feet more than the length, and almost four times the width of Guildhall in the city of London. The rafters of Westminster Hall roof, though without pillars, have massive walls on each side to support them; but the tree boughs, of 16 feet more extent, are sustained at one end only. Architects, who know the stress a staircase of even 8 or 10 feet in width has upon the wall into which the side is built, can alone fairly estimate the excessive purchase which branches on either side, spanning from outbough to outbough 180 feet, must have on the central trunk."

[This paper affords us an opportunity of adverting to the recently deceased Mr Loudon, the author of the noble work from whose pages its information has been chiefly derived. Mr Loudon was a native of Scotland, one of that numerous class of her sons who go forth into the world to reflect back honour on her educational institutions, and teach lessons of perseverance and self-denial to other nations. By the force of his own abilities mainly, he rose to be the first writer on horticultural subjects, and the highest authority as a landscape artist, in the country; and rarely has the world known a more industrious author. His *Encyclopaedia of Gardening*, *Agriculture*, and *Arbiculture*, are huge volumes, involving each an enormous amount of information. The periodical works which he conducted, the *Gardeners' Magazine*, *Magazine of Natural History*, and *Magazine of Architecture*, are also works embracing no small amount of labour on the part of their editor. But all of these sink into something like insignificance beside the magnificent *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, a book consisting of four thick octavos of letter-press, illustrated by two thousand five hundred cuts, and four thinner volumes containing additional engravings (wood and lithographs), upon which Mr Loudon concentrated the entire powers of his mind, and the whole collected results of his industry and experience, as well as all the pecuniary means which he had amassed in the course of a frugal life, amounting, we understand, to ten thousand pounds. It is a work which completely exhausts its subject. Every tree and shrub that grows in our soil, including the multitudes introduced within the last fifty years, is here treated without stint as to its history, its natural character, and its culture, so that the most ignorant can be at no loss to understand. Such an amount of labour, flowing from one devoted mind, whether we consider it as prompted by the love of fame, or by motives more domestic, is almost affecting to contemplate. Such at least was our feeling, on lately becoming acquainted

with it, and the sentiment was deepened when we reflected that these exertions were made under the pressure of many bodily ills, and had hurried our unfortunate author to a grave in some degree premature, and while yet pressed by debts incurred on account of this very monument of his genius. If ever literary man deserved of his country, it was Mr Loudon, and if ever such deserts formed a claim in behalf of those left behind, they do so in the case of Mrs Loudon and her daughter. We earnestly hope that this claim will be duly supported, and that no consideration will intervene to prevent its being admitted in proper quarters.]

## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

### SELLES TO TOURS.

Our lodging for the night, it will be recollected, was in Selles-sur-Cher, which I have hinted to be an old-fashioned, half-decayed town, which anybody can see from end to end in half an hour. With little imposing to look at in the place, we loitered about its ill-paved principal street to seek what was not to be found—amusement. Going about in this kind of way, and, for lack of better employment, scrutinising the nature of the goods in the shop windows, we had occasion to notice—what had often before attracted our attention in French country towns—the number of blacksmiths' shops. This is a remarkable feature in every French town and village. We counted five or six of these shops in Selles, which for size might, according to English notions, afford employment for only one or two. It is odd how a barbarous national policy strikes one in every quarter. The greater number of these blacksmith establishments find encouragement in making and supplying locks, hinges, keys, and similar articles, to the neighbouring population. On passing the wide open window of one of these country blacksmiths, you will see a stout son of Vulcan busily engaged in filing and polishing such a thing as the key of a drawer or cabinet, while another will be working at a bolt or lock, and the sum necessarily charged for any one of these, clumsy as it may be, is considerably greater than that for which a similar article could be furnished by a Birmingham manufacturer. The honest souls at Selles, I imagine, know nothing of political economy; and if they did, perhaps they would not be much nearer being allowed to purchase cheap locks and keys instead of dear ones. We remarked in the loungings here, as elsewhere, another feature of French country-town life; this was aged women sitting at their doors spinning with the distaff. The scene was generally picturesque, and conveyed impressions of a simple state of manners, as well as of extreme poverty. In a situation where time is not of the slightest marketable value, such practices are of course not open to the same animadversions as that of fabricating ironmongery at two hundred per cent. above what it can be purchased for from a neighbouring nation. Thus, the disease of utter incapacity to buy, which afflicts a vast mass of every continental people, forms a serious barrier to many projects of trade in that direction.

As we rode down the valley of the Cher, keeping that fine Tweed-like river on our left, we were afforded an opportunity of noticing French country-town and village life on a somewhat primitive scale. Having passed St Aignan, an ancient town on the face of a hill on the further side of the Cher, where manufactures of some kind are carried on, we approached Montrichard, and hereabouts commences a curious peculiarity in the landscape. The hilly range which descends to near the Cher, leaving little more than space for the road, is generally clothed with vines, which grow in great luxuriance, in consequence of the thin nature of the soil, and the fair exposure to the glare of the mid-day sun. The odd thing about the district is, that the greater number of the peasantry inhabit houses excavated in the face of the vine-clad hill. This hill must be considered a perfect mine of wealth. On a level with the road, it is here

and there perforated by a carriage-way leading to internal quarries, whence are dragged blocks of yellow sandstone to the banks of the river, and sent upon their travels in barges waiting for their reception. Generally, at a little higher level, or perhaps thirty feet up the sloping bank, the rural population inhabit dwellings in caverns cut out of the rock. The only parts of the dwellings which are visible are of course the front rocky walls, with the doors and windows, and these are upon no uniform plan. The interiors consist for the most part of but a single vaulted apartment, with a fireplace in the side, and from which a chimney is dug upwards to the face of the hill above. The tops of chimneys straggling among the vines, with which the hill is clothed, have, as may be supposed, a singular appearance. The greater number of the cottages, as these cavernous houses must be called, are provided with a draw-well outside the door, and with usually small gardens in front, they do not convey an air of discomfort, though, as far as I could observe, they are the abodes of a poor and drudging race of beings. Adjoining the cottages, and sometimes lower down, are cellars also excavated in the rock for keeping the wines of the district. Receptacles of this kind, and also excavated cottages, wherever the nature of the rock admits of their being formed, continue from this quarter down the valley of the Cher as far as we went, and were also seen for many miles on the banks of the Loire.

Turning and winding down the green valley of the Cher, with frequent objects to attract our attention—such as a semi-subterranean village, a castle on a height, or an old decayed town—we at length came upon a more open and meadowy part, tufted with trees of a respectable antiquity, from amongst which peeped the turrets of an edifice which it was the special object of our journey in this direction to visit—the chateau de Chenonceaux. Leaving our voiture at as neat a little country inn as we could wish to see, in the village of Chenonceaux, we proceeded on foot down an old-fashioned avenue to this interesting relic of a past age, of which I will do my best to give the reader an idea.

Valençay, as I formerly mentioned, is considered a fine example of the old ducal chateau of France; but its interior is modernised. So is almost that of every old castle or palace in existence. Now, the charm of Chenonceaux is, that it is within, as well as without, a genuine old chateau, being at the present day in the same state, and having the same furniture and decorations, as in the days of the immortal Francois Premier, who built it somewhat more than three hundred years ago. It is not every day that one sees such a vision rising from ages long since forgotten by all except the historian.

The avenue down which we have been sauntering unheeded, on greenward smooth to the feet, and sheltered by leafy trees from the rays of the sun, brings us first to a kind of moat, across which we are ushered into a green court surrounded with low walls, and decorated with boxes of exotic plants. On our right, in passing onwards, is a round tower, the house of the concierge, or keeper, where we are met by that personage, a decent female domestic. We need say nothing; she knows what we want, and forthwith conveys us to the great doorway in front of the edifice before us. The pile is striking and beautiful, full of points and pinnacles, with sharp roofs, highly decorated tall chimneys, and numerous ornaments; but what is most surprising, it is built on a bridge across the Cher—or, more properly, it is the bridge itself. No part of the edifice rests on the mainland. The approach to the doorway is across a bridge of two arches, and the building stands on five massive piers, with as many arches, beneath which flows the massive current of the river. The bulk of the house, however, is on the first and broadest archway and its supporting piers, the remainder behind being a more narrow, as well as more modern structure, of only two storeys, the lower forming a long gallery, at the further end of which a door opens on the lawn

on the south side of the Cher. The proprietor of this singularly situated chateau is M. le Comte de Ville-neuve, who resides here constantly with his lady, both being ardent lovers of rural life, and cultivators, in a small way, of the silk-worm and its produce.

The first part of the house we enter is the hall, a large and lofty apartment on the left of the lobby or ~~enter~~ hall. With floors of smooth oak, walls hung with stamped cloth, a kind of coarse precursor of flock paper, and decorated with old armour, also with a huge fireplace, and massive table, we have before us an exact realisation of the great hall or common apartment of ancient times. At an inner corner of the hall, a doorway and passage lead us into a small inner room, perhaps the most curious in the house; for we are told it was the private retiring room of Francis I., and the distinguished personages who came after him. Here is shown, among other curiosities, some exceedingly interesting old cabinets and chairs, the drinking-glass of Francois Premier, and a mirror which had been used by Mary Queen of Scots, when she resided a short time here (1558) with her husband, Francis II. A very interesting old chapel, occupying a front angle of the building, is adjoining. In the floor above, we are conducted through the bedroom of Diana of Poitiers, and also that of Catherine de Medicis. Both are fine specimens of ancient sleeping apartments—furnished with old satin-covered chairs, silk hangings, and antique couches. The doors here, as well as in the rooms below, are shrouded with screens of tapestry, which are drawn aside on entrance. All the floors are of smooth and darkened oak; and as no such thing as a carpet is visible, the aspect, on the whole, is more that of frigid elegance than of either convenience or comfort. While the lower gallery, which projects across the bridge, is occupied with pictures and busts, the upper contains a small theatre for dramatic performances. This, however, is a modern heresy, being an introduction during last century by Rousseau, while that half-mad dramatist lived for a short time as secretary to M. Dupin, once possessor of the house; and here he managed to perform for the first time one of his operatic pieces. What a silent and blank appearance has the little blue-coloured theatre, with its half-decayed stage and spectral side-wings, in the present day! But an old deserted theatre in daylight is always one of the most melancholy of earthly spectacles.

In the lower part of the chateau, the antique house-keeping arrangements are as interesting as those above. The kitchen, larders, and other necessary accommodations, are in a great measure constructed in the piers of the bridge, and being all according to an old taste, afford a good idea of what was required in the culinary department in past times. On leaving the chateau, there is pointed out to us a range of offices on our left, once used by Rousseau in certain philosophical researches here pursued by him. The apparatus he employed—air-pumps, retorts, and mechanical powers, &c.—has been presented to the public museum at Tours, where we afterwards saw it.

Since the days of its royal founder, this princely chateau has been a permanent or temporary residence to a succession of historical characters. From the crown it passed into the family of Vendome, was next sold to the Dukes of Bourbon, and by them sold, in 1733, to Dupin, the eminent farmer-general, and an encourager of learning, during whose era it was the resort of many eminent personages, including Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau, St Pierre, Fontenelle, and Lord Bolingbroke. At the revolutionary storm which burst upon France in 1793, Chenonceaux escaped the fate of other mansions equally noble, in consequence of the respect entertained for its venerable mistress and inhabitant, Madame Dupin, whose kindness to the surrounding peasantry was remembered when all laws and restraints were forgotten or trampled under foot. To this happy circumstance is the world indebted for the possession of Chenonceaux, with all its internal decorations and antiquities.

From the village of Chenonceaux and its tree-embowered chateau, we proceeded in the afternoon by way of Bléré towards Amboise on the Loire, which we reached after a ride disagreeable only from the excessive heat. At Amboise, where we remained a day, little is to be seen. The town, which is old and unimproved, is situated on the south bank of the river, and is connected with the bank on the north by means of an ancient stone-bridge reaching to an island in the Loire, and a wooden-bridge beyond. This island is about a mile in length, the upper part of it well covered with trees, and the lower part with a mean collection of houses—a suburb of the town. The only object of attraction at Amboise is its ancient castle, a lofty building of the castellated palace order, with a high rampart, which is boldly planted on a knoll overlooking the town. As a royal residence, Amboise has been the scene of divers historical movements; latterly, it has been greatly repaired and improved by Louis Philippe, and is at present inhabited. One of the king's most remarkable improvements has been the forming of two inclined tunnels from the base to the top of the building, by which carriages and horses may ascend directly from a point in the town near the bridge, instead of pursuing a more distant path. The view over the town, the Loire, and surrounding country, from the castle rampart and gardens, is very beautiful; and here, within the gardens, the visitor will contemplate with pleasure the restoration of a small chapel dedicated to St Hubert. It is of a highly florid style of Gothic architecture, profusely covered with miniature figures of men and animals, illustrative of pious and historical legends. The restoration of this pretty little edifice is only one of a hundred similar acts of munificence of the present king of the French—castles, cathedrals, palaces, and chapels, rising everywhere from a dilapidated condition to their original beauty, through the efficacy of his purse and influence.

Our descent of the Loire from Amboise was performed in another of the small iron steamers called the Inexplosibles. We reached Tours after a voyage of four hours, passing in our course banks somewhat more bold than we had formerly seen, and in some parts perforated with that curious kind of cavernous dwellings and wine vaults which we had seen on the Cher.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### NIGHT ASYLUMS.

Night asylums for the poor—by which is meant charitable establishments where the otherwise houseless are provided with shelter and food for a single night—have now been on trial for several years in Glasgow and Edinburgh, to the obvious relief of many thousands of persons, no small proportion of whom are worthy objects of benevolence; nor have we ever heard that any evil can be detected as arising from, or being connected with them. In such circumstances, it has afforded us gratification to observe that such an establishment has been tried at Selkirk, a country town of from two to three thousand inhabitants. It was commenced in February 1843, and early in December, it was stated that 1833 persons had been received into it, at an expense of little more than twenty-four pounds, the further sum of ten guineas having been expended in previously fitting it up. This is about threepence each person for shelter and two meals—for such, we should suppose, is the arrangement here as elsewhere. The inhabitants find that this little institution has not only done much good amongst the poor, but has gone a great way to suppress begging in the town and neighbourhood.

It may be worthy of consideration for those who at once would promote the comfort of their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and do what wisdom may suggest for the better regulation of all the affairs of poverty, whether the example of Selkirk is not worthy of being imitated in other towns? We are inclined to think that such

establishments are fully as necessary in country towns as in large cities; but in both situations, we think they might be susceptible of a new and very important feature. The whole case of the wandering humble classes requires to be taken into consideration. At all times, a vast number of poor persons of decent character are going about in search of employment, or in the hope of bettering their circumstances in some laudable manner. There is also a vast horde of wanderers who either are demoralised persons, or approaching to that character. At present, individuals of both classes are promiscuously gathered in mean lodging-houses, where the good are liable to be corrupted by the evil communications of the bad, and all are huddled together in circumstances grievously wanting in decency, as well as cleanliness; ventilation being also greatly deficient. These lodging-houses are, indeed, described as in general centres of vice and disease, to a degree which it is painful to reflect upon. At the same time, they are not really economical places of shelter for the poor. Now, might there not be an improved kind of lodging-houses provided by the charitable and wise of the more fortunate classes? Let a night asylum not only offer its shelter, its bare board and blanket, and its two humble meals, to the absolutely destitute, with the benefit of a separation of the worthy from the vicious, but also present softer accommodations to the wanderers who can pay for them, where a man or woman, or family of decent character, might not necessarily come in contact with the base of either sex, and decency would be secured by simple arrangements. From the experience of night asylums, as at present conducted, we believe such accommodations might be afforded at a rate considerably within that of the pest-houses where the wandering poor are at present huddled together.

We are glad to observe that a *Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the indigent classes* is about to commence operations, under respectable auspices; professing to have for its leading object, 'to enable the labouring man to procure a comfortable, cleanly, and healthy habitation at a less expense than is at present paid for very inferior and unhealthy accommodation, arising from want of ventilation, bad drainage, and the crowded state of the apartments.' To effect this, says the prospectus, 'it is proposed to erect, 1st, dormitories for single men, or large rooms divided into compartments, with a separate bed to each occupier, which could be afforded at as low a rate as is paid at present by each person when three or four sleep in one bed; 2d, well-drained and ventilated buildings, to be let to families in sets of rooms, with an ample supply of water on each floor.' It is contemplated that the charges, low as they are, will yield a return for the outlay of capital. Should such be the case, might not a night asylum equally afford lodging for briefer periods at such rates as, while a boon to the poor, would yet make such a return, as to aid in a small degree the eleemosynary part of the establishment?

These matters are, we think, worthy of the attention of individuals who feel an interest in the condition of the humbler classes.

#### HIGH PRICE OF BOOKS.

Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, in his eighth report on those prisons, recently published, says, 'Among the very best books for a prison, I would class Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales and Parents' Assistant*, the stories being admirably true to nature, perfectly free from objectionable matter, containing a vast fund of practical wisdom applicable to the everyday concerns of people in all ranks of life, and each carrying with it a high moral purpose. But, unfortunately, the price of these books is so high as to exclude them from most prisons; and even in the larger prisons, it is not possible to have more than one or two copies.'

In the particular report on the Dundee prison, Mr Hill further says: 'The governor stated that a young man, who was some time ago committed for taking part

in a riot about wages, and who is still in prison, appeared, when he first came, to be puffed up with a high opinion of himself and of his own knowledge; but that, since he came in contact with Mr Lindsay (the chaplain and instructor), he had become very modest in his demeanour, and that he was now working well, and conducting himself very satisfactorily. The governor said also that he had himself given this young man a number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* to read, containing an article on the duty of obedience to the laws, and that when the prisoner had perused it, he declared that, if he had read that paper a few months earlier, he should not then have been in prison.'

Do not these two extracts from Mr Hill's report powerfully prove the utility of low or moderate prices for literary productions? We do not blame Miss Edgeworth for the high price of her books. We have reason to believe that it is not her fault, but that of her publishers. Is it not then lamentable that books so well calculated to do good amongst the humbler orders, and more particularly among those in whose moral correction the whole public has so great an interest, should be left, as it were, 'to waste their sweetness on the desert air,' in consequence of a prohibition-price being put upon them? Authors and the world at large are strangely insensible to the effects of high prices for books. It limits the mission of a book to a degree which, if seen in its full extent, would be startling. It seems to us to be an absurdity precisely such as it would be to place officers at the door of every church in the country, who should allow no person whatever to enter without paying half-a-crown. How far congregations would be limited by such a practice, we need not say; but it would not be more so than are the audiences of authors in consequence of the enormous prices of their books. Some books, indeed, are taken into reading-clubs and circulating libraries; this may be held as equivalent to admitting a few persons at sixpence each to the space between the ceilings and roofs of the churches, to hear as well as they could through the ventilators! The important point is to enable a man to become the possessor of a book, so that he may read it when and as often as he pleases or may find convenience.

We regret to think that there is little appearance of a tendency in literary men to come into these views. The inclination seems rather to lie the contrary way. Of late years, the public has shown in the most unequivocal way that, if books really to its taste were presented at moderate prices, it would buy, and that largely. Perhaps more striking evidences of this fact could not be produced than the success of various books which we have issued as *People's Editions*, in a plain style of typography, and at correspondingly moderate prices. Within the last four or five years, we have thus disposed, of a *Tour in Holland*, by W. Chambers (1s. 6d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of *Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land* (3s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of *Guizot's History of Civilisation* (1s. 4d.), 13,000 copies; of *Jackson's Treatise on Agriculture* (2s. 3d.), 7000 copies; of *Stories of Irish Peasantry*, by Mrs S. C. Hall (1s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; and so on with about a dozen other works, original or newly translated, each with sales of from four to ten thousand copies. Now, one material reason for these large sales is clearly the low price of the works, for by that means they come within the reach of thousands of individuals having a taste for reading, yet who can at no time command above one or two shillings for a book, however desirable be its possession. Stinted of original works at moderate prices, the bulk of the reading community are obliged to take up with reprints furnished by a comparatively humble but far from useless class of publishers—so far, that they may be considered as doing an important service to the community, by furnishing literature in almost the only shape in which it can be procured. But all such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes; the public looks with indifference

on the offer of *Rasselas* and the *Simple Story*, when its wishes are pointing to the last novel of Bulwer. What matters it to the people that they may have a cheap copy of *Falconer's Shipwreck*, when they want to become a little acquainted with Wordsworth? The books calculated, by the taste in which they are written, and their novelty, to meet with an extensive demand, are withheld, and twenty cheap libraries of reprints will not make up for the deficiency. The modified success of these reprints only shows how gladly the people would buy books more to their taste if they could be got. Hitherto, in America, modern British books have been republished at cheap prices, and have met with large sales, though we may suppose they were not in all instances so well adapted to the taste of that country as to our own. These reprints have also been introduced in large quantity into Canada. The law now forbids the Canadians to have them, and Mr Murray of London, with the best intentions, offers these colonists, instead, a cheap library of reprints mostly old, but containing a few that are new. The Canadians, however, have already shown that it is not old, but new books, that they want. Mr Murray's reprints will only succeed in the degree in which our own People's Editions and other cheap libraries of the last few years have succeeded, and that will be equivalent to the measure of the suitableness of the books to modern taste. Should the American congress go a step further, and establish a copyright in British books in their own country, there too shall we see this craving of the public starved. It is not unlikely that, of many of the best productions of English intellect, more copies will then be sold in France, Russia, and other continental countries, where they are not of course generally understood, than in the whole range of countries where the English language is spoken, and this simply because they can be had on the continent at reasonable prices, but not in these regions to which, by language, taste, and every essential peculiarity, they might be presumed to be best adapted.

All this is not saying that the authors of English books are not entitled to remuneration from the productions of their brains—although we by no means sympathise in the clamours about American 'pirates' of authors, many of whom would be found unwilling to admit the American people to any one brotherly right or claim in our commerce which could be withheld from them; neither are we quite sure that the best way in which nations can remunerate their most gifted sons, is to give them a right which operates in the bad way in which all monopolies must ever operate. But it appears to us most decidedly, from all which has been stated, that the present system of prices for new books of all kinds is altogether an error; and till it is rectified, there will be a tendency in Canada to smuggle from the States, and a success in this country for cheap literature even of inferior or antiquated taste—just as high duties on brandy at the custom-house cause a considerable running of the contraband article on the Sussex coast, and a considerable manufacture of 'British' in London—while, at the same time, the public intellect is only half or a fourth fed with its favourite aliment, and literary men are half or a fourth starved likewise—as they ought to be.

### THE CRANBERRY.

THERE are two species of this plant, the fruit of which is now so very largely employed as a kitchen article for tarts, and as a cheap and effective antiscorbutic among seamen. The common cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*) grows wild in upland marshes and turf-bogs both in England and Scotland, and generally over the northern parts of Europe. It is a trailing plant, with slender shrubby shoots, which are clothed with small linear leaves; the fruit is an austere red berry, about the size of the common currant. It flourishes by the sides of little rills, and not among stagnant

water, as its botanical name would imply; hence the difficulty of making it an article of culture. The Russian cranberries of the shops are produced by this species, and are so abundant in some localities, that the snow is stained crimson by the berries crushed to pieces by the passage of sledges over them. They are not gathered till after the disappearance of winter, so that those brought from the Baltic are always the crop of the preceding year. Before our own bogs and mosses were so extensively subjected to drainage and cultivation, cranberries were gathered in large quantities; and it is stated, that at Langton on the borders of Cumberland, they were once so considerable an article of commerce, that at the season from L.20 to L.30's worth were sold by the poor people each market day, for five or six weeks together. Cultivation has, however, changed this order of things, and the cranberry is seldom to be met with unless in the fens of Norfolk and Lincoln, in some of the border wilds, and in the mosses of the Scotch Highlands.

The American cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) closely resembles the common species, but is a larger and more luxurious plant. Its fruit is also larger, and of a longish shape; hence the term *macrocarpus*, long-fruited. It is imported from the United States in considerable quantity, and used for the same purposes as the other, only it is considered to be of inferior quality. The American cranberry, though growing wild in great abundance, is a plant of easy culture; and in some parts of the United States, barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage are converted into profitable cranberry fields at little expense. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs; and if these are covered with brushwood, the bushes should be cleared away; but it is not necessary to remove rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. Some old cultivators plough the land previous to planting; the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years the whole ground is covered with the vines; and an acre in full-bearing will often produce two hundred bushels, which bring about one dollar per bushel in the American market.

The cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country was first recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, and several gardeners have been so successful in the attempt, that this berry may now be regarded as one of our cultivated fruits. 'Whether there is a pond,' says Neill, 'the margin may, at a trifling expense, be fitted for the culture of this plant, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive in a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards within these, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry-bed from falling into the water; then to lay a parcel of small stones or rubbish into the bottom, and over it peat or bog-earth, to the depth of about three inches above, and seven inches below, the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow readily; and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two, by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space, a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they prove a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects.' Although a moist situation is best suited to the plant, yet, with a proper mixture of bog-earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively 'dry soil. It is seldom, however, so treated, the imported berries being so easily and cheaply procured.

What are called Scotch cranberries are not the fruit of an *oxycoccus*, but that of the *vaccinium vitis idæa*. This plant, according to Loudon, produces fruit quite as fit for tarts, and marmalade as any of the others; while it is of the easiest possible culture, in either dry or moist peat, requiring, indeed, no attention for years, and is a

more certain and abundant bearer than either the common or long-fruited cranberries above-mentioned. All the varieties of cranberry have a peculiar flavour, and a sharp acid agreeable taste; but the Russian berry possesses these qualities in greatest perfection. It is said that some very fine ones have recently been brought from New South Wales; and it is more than probable that they flourish in the southern temperate and antarctic regions, as well as in the northern. The cranberry is an easily preserved fruit, and will continue in flavour for many years. Britain imports from 35,000 to 40,000 gallons annually.

#### MR HOOD'S 'WHIMSICALITIES.'

MANY great men have failed in giving a true definition of wit, but had they lived to know Mr Hood and his works, they would at least have found a correct exemplification of it. 'Wit,' says Locke, 'lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.' Locke was manifestly aware that this did not wholly define wit; for he says it lies *most* (not altogether) in the assemblage of ideas, &c.; and Addison's Spectator, commenting on the passage, adds, 'that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such a one that gives delight and surprise to the reader.' From the materials thus supplied, Dean Swift wrought out a short, but full and conclusive definition, which may be taken as the true one. 'Wit,' he says, 'is the art association of incongruous ideas.' Now, this is precisely what is found in Mr Hood's writings. Though many authors possess the tact to throw together, and place in odd contrast, ideas of the most dissimilar kind, few have shown the skill of Hood in felicitously combining such remote associations with sufficient intimacy to make them appear alike and relative. By slightly twisting the signification of a single expression, he sometimes makes it form a link which seems to connect ideas of the most opposite character.

Mr Hood began his career as a punster. His first successful hit was, if we mistake not, a couple of pages of puns, which appeared some twenty years ago in Blackwood's Magazine. From playing on words—the first, because the easiest lesson conned by apprentices in wit—Hood improved his talents to playing upon ideas, which, when well done, is the perfection of joking; and in his 'Comic Annuals' and other works, prose as well as poetic, he has reached to an eminence in that art, to which no lesser genius has dared to aspire. It is alleged that Mr Hood is deficient in broad and laughter-stirring humour—the raw material of wit; but his accomplishments as a comic writer place him in the first rank of authorcraft, and, what is infinitely better, he is an amiable and large-hearted man. We have much pleasure in seeing an announcement of a monthly magazine of his own, which, we trust, will meet with a greater degree of success—supposing that to be possible—than that with which his previous works have been received. Meanwhile, he has favoured the world with a collection of pieces, under the name of 'Whimsicalities,' the greater number of which he had contributed to the New Monthly Magazine. In their new dress, we have no doubt that these pieces will be as popular as many which have preceded them; albeit, some must be already familiar to the public. Among those perhaps best known is the sketch called the Schoolmistress Abroad, an extract from which, however, we once more offer as a fair sample of these mirth-provoking volumes.

'A schoolmistress ought not to travel—

No, sir!

No, madam—except on the map. There, indeed, she may skip from a blue continent, to a green one—cross a

pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea—land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum. There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling—real journeying and voyaging—oh, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Indolent!

Nay, madam; consider her pretensions. She is little short of a divinity!—Diana, without the hunting!—a modernised Minerva!—the representative of womanhood in all its purity!—Eve in full dress, with a finished education!—a model of morality!—a pattern of propriety!—the faglewoman of her sex! As such, she must be perfect. No medium performance, no ordinary good-going—like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like—like—

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, sir!

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, better-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps dragged, drenched, torn, and rough-casted; and if not bodily capsize or thrown a somersault, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsy-turvy; an accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life.

"Phoo! phoo! it's all banter," exclaims the courteous reader.

Banter be hanged! replies the courteous writer. But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. Otherwise remembering that unique image—so incrustured with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—unpacked—as a Dresden China figure!

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage?

Real! Are there real natives—real blessings to mothers—real del monte shares, and real water at the Adelphi? Only call her —, instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her ex-pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old governess in the form with which, mixing up grace and gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters.

Miss Crane, thinking it proper that she—being a professor of geography and the use of the globes—should

\* Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering, by Thomas Hood. 2 vols. Henry Colburn. London: 1844.



travel, determines to go to Germany, accompanied by her sister Ruth and her father, 'the Reverend T. C.' 'Accompanying, as soon as the midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes—I don't know what luggage, except that for each of the party, there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, sir, how far did your schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic, nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe; not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museum, nor to purchase an *Almanach de Gotha*, nor even because his Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Gotha, was the husband elect of our gracious queen.

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.

Arrived in Prussia, the Reverend T. C. is unfortunately taken ill, and the party is obliged to halt at a miserable village inn.

"Now, the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the "Adler" convinced her, that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from home; that is to say, it was about as distant as the earth from the moon. And truly, had she been transferred, no matter how, to that planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Puffit—no cook—no John to send for the doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Ge-fällig" or "Ja Wohl!"—and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the meantime, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his floor-cloth manufactory by mistake for the hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made, for fear it should be wrong; and accordingly, whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—"Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently on the organ of the schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low slow sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she could do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—  
Or plaited him a guard-chain—  
Or cut him out a watch-paper—  
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—  
Or embroidered his waistcoat—  
Or worked him a pair of slippers—  
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—  
Or incrustated him with blue alums—  
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—  
Or festooned him—

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodies, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rick-paper roses! Miss Crane tries to provide something warm and comforting for her sick parent, and goes into the kitchen for that purpose; but, alas! cooking had formed no part of her education. 'She was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporise flint broth, and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick-room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious, as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof—plew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. "It's paste—common paste!"

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a statue of disappointment, she would have served for its model. It would have melted an iron master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent was only fit for—what? why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill sticker! But at length their postilion guesses what is required, and fetches a medical man, whom the ladies mistake for a horse doctor; for his prescription was, 'A series of powders to be taken every two hours. A set of draughts to wash down the powders. A box of pills. A bagful of certain herbs for fomentations. A large blister to be put between the shoulders. Twenty leeches to be applied to the stomach.' The first instalment of these potions the Reverend T. C. 'swallowed, the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at; but that was enough; for, on the physician's third visit, he found the invalid convalescent, and the whole party preparing to return.

"Well, I must say," murmured the schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Reverend T. C., still sore from recent disbursements; "they went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, "and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity; "and here the sketch concludes with the following moral uttered by the heroine:—'For my own part, I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad.'"

Besides the above, there are several sketches in this collection of Whimsicalities written in the same style, and conveying some moral. Amongst them we may instance 'The Defaulter,' which affords a warning against forming too rash judgments on private character from circumstantial evidence; and 'The News from China,' which is a satire on natural over-indulgence, and the neglect of moral culture in the young. From the poetical pieces contained in the volumes, we select, firstly, a negative description of a London fog:—

#### "NO!"

No sun—no moon!  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way—  
No end to any row—  
No indications where the crescents go—  
No top to any steeples—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing 'em—  
No knowing 'em!  
No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
No inking of the way—no notion—  
No go!—by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful case,  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No suds, no suds, no butterfies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!

Our author is generally severe on the seasons, as will be seen by the following ode to

#### SPRING—A NEW VERSION.

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!"  
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?  
There's no such season.  
The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!  
For why, I find her breath a bitter blight!  
And suffer from her blows as if they came  
From Spring the fighter.  
Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,  
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,  
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*  
Poured down their shoulders!  
Let others eulogise her floral shows,  
From me they cannot win a single stanza;  
I know her blooms are in full blow—and go's  
The Influenza.  
Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,  
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,  
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,  
Are things I sneeze at!  
Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!  
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—  
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear  
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,  
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;  
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy  
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,  
To me all vernal luxuries are fables;  
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,  
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;  
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;  
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off  
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack  
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—  
Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack  
To those he sprang on!

In short, whatever panegyrics lie  
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,  
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,  
And that is blighted!

#### A VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

In Edinburgh, a few years ago, attention was drawn to the protracted hours of shop-keeping, and the propriety of shortening these, for the benefit of the assistants and apprentices, was strongly urged. The movement for this object being favoured by several circumstances, it was successful to a considerable extent. A class of shops, amounting to perhaps nine-tenths of the whole number, were thereafter shut at eight, instead of nine; those which had been kept open till a later hour than nine, were now shut at that hour. By these means young men were enabled to attend classes and lectures in the evening for the benefit of their minds, or to obtain a little recreation for the good of their health. The master's cares were also so far abridged; nor has it ever since been found that the interests or convenience of any party has suffered by this change. The tradesman does as much business in the restricted, as he ever did in the extended time; the customer, knowing the new regulations, is not incommoded by them. Meanwhile, the general condition of the 'young men' is improved. Their life is less one of hardship; they are consequently more cheerful in the performance of their duties. Their intellectual as well as moral nature is advanced. In fact, it is altogether a blessed change to all parties; so much so, that last year, after a trial of a few years, a further abbreviation of the hours of shop-keeping took place, and young men are now very generally allowed the whole of Saturday evening from five o'clock to spend as they please. Of the results of this farther relaxation of the rigours of business, we cannot as yet speak; but we have no doubt whatever that they will be good. The amount of application is still fully as much as human nature can well admit of. The services rendered during business hours will be all the more hearty and kindly, that the person rendering them is made comparatively happy in his circumstances. The master is not injured, and the public is not subjected to the least inconvenience, so long as the same amount of business can be transacted, as it can be in most instances, in the shorter space of time. There is, of course, a limit to the progress of this reformation; but it does not appear that it has yet been transgressed.

Meanwhile, the shop assistants in other large cities are making exertions to procure similar alleviations of their labours. It is a righteous and holy cause, and most happy are we to give the above testimony in its behalf—one which we cannot doubt will be of some importance, as it often happens that that assurance of safety which is afforded by precedent, goes a greater way than the best arguments or the most powerful appeals to feeling. It appears, however, that the case of the shop assistants in many of our large cities, including the metropolis, is really such as to call strongly for a reform of business hours. We find a flood of light thrown upon the subject in an ably compiled pamphlet published by the benevolent Dr Grindrod of Manches-

jer.\* 'The central committee of assistant drapers in the metropolis states, "that a large majority of their body, amounting to many thousands, are closely confined in business, on an average from six or seven in the morning, until nine, ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and during the summer months generally two hours later, relieved only by a scanty intermission, absolutely necessary for the support of nature." On more minute inquiry, it appears that the period of commencing and closing business differs in various establishments. In the drapery business, the hours of commencing business vary from six to half-past seven o'clock A.M., some shops being always a little earlier than others, and all differing to some extent, according to the season. In the winter months, some close at eight, but an equally, or nearly equally large number, at half-past nine and ten. The most extensive number, however, usually close at nine. These statements refer to about five months of the year. In the summer months, about an equal number close at nine and eleven, and half-past eleven, but by far the greatest number about ten, or half-past ten. Some shops, however, keep open until twelve. The latter class, indeed, are not few in number. In winter, those shops that close on other nights at eight, keep open on Saturday nights until ten. A large number during this season keep open until eleven and twelve. In the summer season, comparatively few shops close before these hours. Those who transact business more particularly among the operative classes, do not close their shops until one on Sunday morning.' In some of the publishing houses in London, the drudgery is so great as frequently to ruin the health of the assistants. In one house, we have heard it stated, though, we hope, only in the way of joke, that, on an average, a clerk is killed off every six months.

The moral and intellectual degradation consequent upon this system of drudgery are strongly dwelt upon by Dr Grindrod; but we only can afford room for a few of his remarks. 'The education,' he says, 'of the bulk of young men engaged as assistants is limited and imperfect. Perhaps those engaged as linen drapers, and one or two trades equally respectable, form exceptions to this rule. No sooner, however, are the indentures of apprenticeship signed, than, in nine cases out of ten, farewell to improvement. Future acquisition in learning is confined to a more thorough knowledge of the science of pounds, shillings, and pence. From an early hour in the morning until a late period at night, the same monotonous routine of duties requires incessant attention. Little time is allowed for reflection; less for the cultivation of the mind, either by study or attendance upon lectures: no interval is permitted for social intercourse or friendly communication; even the period allotted for meals is often abridged to the smallest possible extent. The duties, indeed, of shop assistants are, with slight exception, purely mechanical—nay, worse, they are calculated to cramp the energies and to pervert the faculties of the youthful mind. The bud, however promising its early appearance—however careful and unremitting the attention which may have been paid to the culture of its parent plant, cannot be expected to expand into the healthy and perfect flower, if, at the most critical period of its growth, the stem from which it receives its nourishment is transplanted from its native soil into a noxious and ungenial atmosphere.

The period of apprenticeship comprehends that portion of existence in which our young men evince the most ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Youth, in fact, is the period for intellectual improvement. Is it then consistent with design, to suppose that at this important era in life, when the faculties of the mind and the moral powers not only are best adapted to judicious exercise, but possess the keenest sense of enjoyment, every hour unoccupied by sleep should be

entirely devoted to the mere drudgery of business, to the utter neglect of matters of higher and more enduring moment? Are there no after-duties in life to keep in view—no destinies in prospect, distinct from the concerns of the counter or desk, which require their due share of cultivation? It is, as before stated, the undoubted lot of man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—his physical powers demand it. Labour, within due limits, is not only necessary to procure the necessities and conveniences of life, but it is requisite to the maintenance of health. It is so ordained by the fiat of Omnipotence. The physical powers, however, only form one portion of man's constitution. The powers of the mind, and, above all, the faculties of the soul, require their due share of cultivation. Such also is the Divine will. He, therefore, who, for mere selfish purposes, deprives those in his employ of seasonable opportunities for the cultivation of each, is accountable to God and to his fellow-creatures.

It too often happens, however, under the present system, that apprentices and assistants are unable even to retain the limited education received at school, if, indeed, we except the almost mechanical acquirements of writing and accounts. No books at their command, or, if so fortunate as to possess a select few, no time to read, much less to study their contents, their minds gradually lose their former relish for the stores of literature and science, and receive their future cast from the associates and associations which constantly surround them. The manners and appearance of some of our fashionable mercers' assistants are certainly not calculated either to command the respect or to excite the esteem of those with whom they come in contact. The outward exterior, however, of the frivolous and foppish shop youth, but exhibits the condition of the inner man. Let our youths be influenced by a more elevated scale of morals; let them possess the advantages of an education more suited to their scale in society, and the objectionable manners under consideration will soon disappear. The moral and intellectual condition of our young men is not so much their crime as their misfortune. It is but the natural and unavoidable issue of the system—a sacrifice offered to the Moloch of gain.

One or two appropriate examples will serve to exhibit this subject in a more forcible light. At a meeting held in Manchester, November 1837, in furtherance of the desirable object of closing all retail shops at an earlier hour, a respectable and influential tradesman of that town stated, that he had served his apprenticeship under a master who had left one part of his character deeply engraved on his grateful recollection—a consideration for the welfare and comfort of those in his employment, manifested, among other ways, in the permission to close business at eight o'clock at night. Those hours, he added, thus gained, had been to him the source of all the improvement and advantage that rendered his more mature life happier than otherwise it could have been, and made him desirous to extend to others that advantage which he had enjoyed in his youth. The writer may add, that the individual in question, after a brief but successful career, has retired from the pursuits of business, and is at the present period pursuing his studies at one of our universities, with a view to enter into the sacred office of the ministry. This interesting record, however, does not comprehend the whole case. About fourteen years previous to the time when the above statement was made, the same gentleman took into his service a raw youth from a Sunday school. He permitted him to conclude the labours of the day at eight o'clock in the evening, and not only offered to him the use of his own library, but agreed to purchase any books he might want, provided that he would study them under his roof. The youth had both gratitude and a desire of self-improvement. Now, and for several years, observed his kind master, he has been one of the most highly honoured labourers in the South-Sea Missions, reflecting credit on the society that sent him,

\* The Wrongs of Our Youth; an Essay on the Evils of the Late Hour System. By R. B. Grindrod, LL.D., Author of 'Hutchins,' &c. London: B. B. Grindrod, Manchester: Irwin. 1843.

and promoting the glory of God by spreading the truths of Christianity in those islands. The writer can substantiate the latter statement from a personal knowledge of the facts.

The editor of one of the Manchester papers stated at the same meeting, that when in Glasgow, his master had permitted him to use for his own improvement the evening hours after seven, and that those hours, in the period from seventeen to nineteen years of age, were to him the most profitable of his life. He had also at his command the hours from six or seven till nine in the morning, and he laid in at that period a greater stock of substantial knowledge than he had ever been able to acquire in his subsequent progress through life.

Dr Grindrod adduces a number of authorities, amongst whom is Sir Anthony Carlisle, to prove that labour or application for ten hours a-day, not including two hours of intermission for meals and recreation, is as much as the human body can sustain with impunity. We most earnestly, though respectfully, press this upon the consideration of all shop-keepers, assuring them of our thorough conviction that it is actually for their own interests, as well as those of the young men employed by them, that business should be limited as nearly as possible to this daily measure.

#### BRADY, THE AMERICAN BORDERER.

In the account given by a tourist of his journey, in May 1835, to the Falls of Cuyahoga, near Lake Erie, and published in Silliman's Journal of Science, we find the following particulars of *Mumuk Bradly*, a noted American borderer who flourished about sixty years ago:—

Bradly was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair: he was remarkably straight, an athletic, bold, and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path, or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, excepting Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, "an Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than in any other portion of the frontier; and this doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Bradly was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more heaves than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver river, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp, and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gamut, a fire was prepared, near which Bradly was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion Bradly darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He

ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

Bradly's residence was on Charter's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio; and being a man of Herculean strength, activity, and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. About the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river. This party had murdered several families, and with the "plunder" had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Bradly a party was directly summoned of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having started one or two days earlier, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Bradly's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although Bradly made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Bradly's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardour of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Bradly directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Bradly, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in penurious times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Bradly directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Bradly, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, on the opposite cliff, the leap was favoured by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before; but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of their rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress.

The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Bradly advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the

trunk of a large oak which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also all returned in safety. The chain across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cnyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of *Brady's Leap*.

### Weekly Chat.

**A New Dish.**—The German newspapers of a recent date give an account of a grand supper which took place on the 17th of November last at Koenigsbade, near Stuttgart. The company consisted of more than 150 persons, belonging to the town and its environs, who were of all conditions of life. The fare included fice-soup, salt meat, and the grand novelty of the evening, which was *horse-flesh* dressed à la mode. All the guests agreed that the last-named dish was tender and agreeable to the palate, and that they could scarcely distinguish it from beef. Those who possessed less than the usual prejudice against horse-flesh, began to imbibe the à la mode vigorously, and declared it was delicious, thus encouraging the more squeamish to make the experiment, which they soon did; many of them insisting upon being helped twice. The party unanimously resolved to have another repast of the same nature as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. We doubt if the example of these courageous epicures will be very extensively followed, not so much from a difficulty of overcoming the popular aversion to horse-flesh, as from the expensiveness of the article, for horses cost much more than bulls and cows. Again, the flesh of animals constantly labouring during their lifetime is always tough; hence we are led to infer, that the horse, off which the Koenigsbade folks fed, must have been either a very young or very idle animal.

**Impurities of Water Corrected.**—The use of certain plants and vegetable juices in correcting the bad qualities of water, says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, admits of ample illustration. It is understood that the original inducement of the Chinese to the use of tea was for the purpose of correcting the bad qualities of their water; and our early colonists in America infused in the water, for the same purpose, the branches of sassafras. Niebuhr, speaking of the Nile, observes: 'The water is always somewhat muddy, but by rubbing with bitter almonds prepared in a particular manner the earthen jars in which it is kept, this water is rendered clear, light, and salutary.' Roberts, in his *'Oriental Illustrations,'* has some interesting observations concerning the practices of the Hindoos with reference to this subject. He informs us that the brackish water in the neighbourhood of the salt-pans, or of the sea, is often corrected by the natives throwing into it the wood called *peru-nalli* (*phyllanthus emblica*); and should the water be very bad, the well is lined with planks cut out of this tree. He adds: 'In swampy grounds, or where there has not been rain for any long time, the water is often muddy, and very unwholesome. But Providence has again been bountiful, by giving to the people the *teatta maram* (*strychnos potatorum*). All who live in the neighbourhood of such water, or who have to travel where it is, always carry a supply of the nuts of this tree. They grind one or two of them on the side of an earthen vessel; the water is then poured in, and the impurities soon subside.'

**The Water-Power of Ireland.**—At the meeting of the Savilian Society, held at the Royal Cork Institution, a paper was read by Mr Hennessy on the water-power of Ireland. The result of his calculations were, that if all the water in the streams in Ireland were applied to mechanical purposes, it would produce a power equal to 1,015,000 horses. It was also calculated that the water capable of being applied to chemical uses, as dyeing, tanning, &c., amounts to between four and five billions of imperial gallons. That the water of Ireland is pure, and therefore fitted for manufacturing purposes, was proved by various chemical and geological considerations.

**An Improvement in Fresco Painting.**—One of the chief difficulties which the fresco painter has to contend against, is the rapid drying of the mortar upon which he paints, obliging him to begin and finish a small section of his picture in one day, and to paint the whole of a large mass bit by bit. A promise of obviating this great disadvantage has been held out by Mr Thomas Heaphy, who, in a letter published in a recent number of the Art-Union, states that he has found means of applying the surface of mortar to the wall, 'in such a manner as shall retard its solidification for almost any period that may be desired. By this method the painting is rendered capable of being retouched for several successive days.' Should this promise be realised, it will give a great impetus to the long-neglected art, and earn for Mr Heaphy the thanks of all its true lovers.

**Novel Hot-bed.**—It is stated in the report of the Midland Mining Commission, that near Dudley, in Staffordshire, early potatoes are raised for the London market in ground heated by the steam and gases emitted from an old colliery, which has been on fire for many years. This is a much more direct and economical application of internal heat than that proposed by our Parisian neighbours, who are at present labouring to procure naturally heated water from a depth of 3000 feet, wherewith to warm the green-houses and menageries of the Garden of Plants—presuming that water from that depth will be raised to 100 or 104 degrees of Fahrenheit, by the central or internal heat of the earth.

**Fantastic Conceptions.**—The recently broached idea, that certain notes in music are somehow analogous to certain colours, is not new. Such fancies were entertained upwards of forty years ago, and most likely then not for the first time. At the end of last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument, resembling a piano-forte, for arranging colours. He supposed that the seven prismatic colours corresponded exactly to the seven tones of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion:—C was represented by blue; C sharp by sky-blue; D, pea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, light purple; B, dark blue. The octaves of each note repeated lighter tints of the same colours. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colours appear either successively, or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom nature had denied the sense of hearing, by procuring the agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony. Another French priest, the Abbé Poncelet, invented an organ for the gratification of the palate! He arranged his scale thus:—Acidity stood for C; insipidity for D; sweetness, E; bitterness, F; acid-sweet, G; harshness, A; pungency, B. The instrument was enclosed in a case; the key-board being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a continual current of air, which was guided into a row of organ pipes. Opposite to these pipes were ranged an equal number of phial-bottles, filled with liquids flavoured as above. The machine was so constructed, that, by pressing the fingers of the keys, the wind entered the sounding pipes, and uncorked the bottles, the liquids running into a large glass goblet placed underneath. If the organist played unskillfully, and produced discord, the liquor mixed in the reservoir had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious tones, the mixture was found to be delicious.

**Ages of Various Sovereigns.**—Last New Year's day the various rulers of the earth bore the following ages:—The king of Sweden, 80; the Pope, 78; the king of the French, 70; the emperor of China, 62; the king of Wurtemberg, 62; the king of Bavaria, 57; the king of Denmark, 57; the king of the Belgians, 54; the emperor of Austria, 50; the king of Prussia, 50; the emperor of Russia, 47; the king of Saxony, 46; the king of Sardinia, 45; the king of Naples, 34; the king of the Greeks, 26; the queen of Portugal, 25; the queen of England, 24; the sultan of Turkey, 20; and the queen of Spain, 13.

**Rules.**—Every opportunity should be taken to discountenance that false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius; they are fetters only to men of no genius.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## DOMESTIC MUSIC.

'Did you say a *grand* musical party, Mrs Jenkinson?'

'Yes, Mr Jenkinson,' replied my wife, 'a *GRAND* musical party; for why should the ample musical resources of our family be frittered away in small tea-drinkings and after-dinner songs? Since Clotilda came back from Paris, and George took lessons of the great German flute-player, we have never given them a fair opportunity of displaying their abilities. Then there is Miss Pollewe, our new governess, a first-rate pianoforte performer, who does wonderful execution, and plays the most fashionable fantasias much faster than anybody I ever heard. It would be a sin to hide all these capabilities under a bushel; especially while Mr Stokan continues his visit to us; for his guitar will be of great assistance. Then we can have concerted pieces, if assisted by our neighbours the Goodsons: the old gentleman's violoncello and Charles's violin will chime in charmingly. A duet or two, or a few glees, will make a pretty contrast; for Maria Goodson and Clotilda warble together delightfully; and Mr Bamble (the attorney, you know) sings bass, they tell me, quite as loud as Lablache. Thus you see, my dear, we can muster a strong musical force, which will, with a sprinkling of professionals, enable us to get up as grand a concert as anybody would wish to hear.'

'And who do you wish to hear it? Is it to be a meeting of musicians solely? Because, if you can do without me—'

'By no means,' replied Mrs Jenkinson, spreading out her fingers to count up the invitations. 'In the first place, it will be an admirable opportunity of asking our Scotch friends, Sir Fergus and Lady Mackintosh. Besides, Miss Mackintosh, being a native of Scotland, sings Burns's songs; and though they are a little out of date, I daresay I can persuade my friends to listen to one of them. Then the Johnsons are all amateurs; and so are the Browns—a large but extremely musical family; and the Hollingses (by-the-by, young Hollings sings comic songs); and the Whitbreads—all influential people, Mr Jenkinson, whose friendship (aside from musical considerations) it will be to our interest, for the sake of our young folks, to cultivate.'

I will say this for Mrs Jenkinson, that, however her vision may be dazzled by the glories of party-giving, she invariably keeps one eye wide open to business. For this reason she overlooked an addition to the concert, which, in my opinion, would have contributed a main charm; namely, two cousins of mine, Rose Parker and her brother, who sing ballads in a most pleasing manner. The fact is, they were very excellent individuals, but had no 'influence,' and so were left out. 'Besides,' said my wife, 'they don't know a note of music, and only

sing by ear. However, that will make them very good listeners; and they shall be asked, if you wish.'

During the interval between the planning and the execution of my wife's project, our house might have been likened to the Royal Academy of Music during practice hours. In one room my daughter was rehearsing duets with Maria Goodson; in another, George was incessantly double-tonguing on the flute; Stokan twanged his guitar in a third; and as for Miss Pollewe, the clatter she kept on the new grand piano was absolutely deafening! I endured this concatenation of discords for three days like a martyr, but at the end of that time, thought it expedient to create an important matter of business with a relative in Kent, with whom I found refuge till the evening of our grand concert.

When it arrived, my wife's arrangements appeared to be perfect. Returning only time enough to dress, and to receive our guests, I found everything in order. The grand piano was drawn out into the middle of the room; a bass viol was placed against it; and George's flute—the silver keys of which had been polished as brightly as our best tea-spoons—adorned the top; upon which it rested beside a fiddle and several leaves of manuscript music. In short, the piano only wanted the addition of a tambourine to resemble a music-seller's sign, or that picturesque ornament which he usually places upon his bill-heads. Underneath stood a couple of Canterbury's, well filled with music-books. Music-desks graced the four corners of the room, and were prettily embellished with coloured candles ready to be lighted. Miss Pollewe fluttered with anticipations of the sensation she hoped to create in her wonderful fantasia; my daughter declared she was never in better voice, and to prove it, kept singing ah! ah! ah! ah! whilst George insisted upon letting me hear how capably he could bring out his low C, till I heartily wished some of the guests would arrive to put a stop to these unpleasant preliminaries. This they did in due time; that is to say, at about the hour when I usually retire to rest.

The announcements, introductions, coffee-sipping, and other non-musical preludes, passed over as usual. At length that dead silence occurred which invariably takes place when something is expected to be done. Mrs Jenkinson broke the ice by asking Mr Stokan to oblige us with a grand concerto on the guitar. This he could not think of doing while there were so many more able musicians in the room. Miss Julietta Brown was appealed to—she had a slight cold; Charles Goodson felt too nervous to give his solo so early in the evening; Miss Pollewe, the governess, regretted she could not commence the concert with her fantasia, delicately hinting, that she declined being made a stop-gap. In short, though they had all confessedly met for the purpose of performing and hearing music, not one seemed



inclined to open the concert. I say 'seemed,' because in one or two instances the refusal was manifestly a mere pretence; for, while saying 'no,' the negatists were, to judge by their countenances, dying to show off. At length my daughter sat down to the piano, and sounded the first chords of the grand duet. I daresay the singing was very fine, for those of the auditory who had the reputation of being good judges listened attentively; but it struck me that Clotilda, in attempting the high parts, made a noise not unlike screaming. This a neighbour explained, by saying that the poetry (it was Italian; but the singers' odd pronunciation prevented me from making out a word) was expressive of a lady intensely alarmed and distressed, and I was bound to endure the ear-piercing, because it was perfectly in character with the poetry. Presently, however, the strain changed to a very lively measure, and the word '*gioia*' occurred incessantly; but still the screaming went on, though both singers professed themselves to be full of 'joy.' Great applause followed, and the ladies retired to their seats, blushing with the weight of the honours thrust upon them. I could see, by the expression of satisfaction on my daughter's face, that she thought she had sung to perfection one of the most difficult Italian duets extant.

'Well,' I said to a person near me, 'my taste is perhaps depraved, but I prefer a simple ballad to the most complicated music that ever was written.'

The individual addressed I had never seen before. He was one of my wife's importations. He looked at me with a sort of pity, and asked if I had ever heard Grial and Caradori sing the duet we had just heard. I had not. 'Then, sir,' he replied, 'do not blame the music for not pleasing; it is the execution of it which has in the present instance prevented its charming you. The young lady who sang the soprano part has not nearly capability sufficient for such music. Her voice is, I daresay, very well suited to a ballad which does not require a great compass; but the duet is vastly beyond her powers.'

'Then I am to attribute my distaste not to the badness of the music, but to the unskillfulness of the singing?' 'Precisely!'

We were startled out of our conversation by Miss Pollewe, who had commenced her concerto. It began with a noise like a clap of thunder, that being immediately followed by the semblance of a very long streak of lightning, effected by a run over every one of the keys from the bottom of the instrument to the top. A continual rumble was afterwards kept up among the bass notes, with only a few squeaks now and then from the high ones to enliven it. After several minutes occupied in that way, there came what my neighbour told me they call a '*cadenza*,' to perform which the country-dance evolution of hands across, down the middle, and up again, was frequently gone through upon the keys. This, I supposed, was the conclusion; but, to my surprise, the indefatigable player still went on, and I was told she had only just ended the beginning, or 'introduction,' and had got to the 'slow movement,' though why they called it so, I could not make out, for her left hand was working away as fast as ever. Then came the 'quick movement,' after which I left our governess scampering over the keys somewhat after the fashion of a cat upon a hot floor; for, being heartily tired of it, when I found that a third measure was commenced with no hope of its being soon over, I continued conversing with my neighbour. 'Ought I to be pleased with that?' I inquired.

'It is purely a matter of taste,' was the reply—'a matter in which every one differs. Some like music which interests the feelings or delights the ear; others, again, prefer feats of dexterity which please the eye, while watching how rapidly a player can move her fingers, and how many showers of notes she can pour out in a second.' What else my informant said I was a stranger to, for his voice was completely drowned by the 'Coda' (as I understood), or grand wind-up, which

our governess was thundering out with the most laborious energy. At length she actually left off, and the effect produced by the stoppage was singular. Her performance had been of such long duration, that the patience of the auditory had (as in my own case) fairly given way, and when they could keep silence no longer, they sought refuge in conversation. During the piece, the sounds of their voices were politely varied with those of the music, so as not to interrupt it; but at the finishing passage, they were obliged to talk very loud indeed, to make themselves heard to one another; and when Miss Pollewe concluded rather unexpectedly, she found, instead of silence only broken by applause, that the whole company was engaged in a series of animated conversations, apparently of so interesting a character, as to require some little vociferation, and scarcely to be interrupted by the cessation of her hostilities from the piano-forte. I afterwards heard from my daughter that Miss Pollewe was, poor girl, extremely mortified at this result of several years' hard practice, and made an oft-quoted comparison concerning the casting of pearls, which expressed anything but respect for her auditors, or composure in her own mind.

The succeeding performance was a strong contrast to the last. Instead of being too loud, it was too soft; for my son and his mustachioed master obliged us with the grand overture to *Zauberflöte*, arranged as a duet for two flutes! It passed off exceedingly ill; for, after listening to a few bars, the auditors took not the smallest notice of it, and went on talking as if nothing was happening. This confirmed Miss Pollewe in her opinion of us; and finding that George was so much in her own situation, she went up to him, and kindly patronised his performance by calling it 'very pretty.' Like most persons who have done anything ill, my son tried to show that the failure was attributable to everything but himself. Having exhausted his complaints of the tasteless character of the party, he turned them upon his master, whose fast mode of playing, he said, put him out. He wound up with a third excuse, which had at least the merit of originality; declaring that, before commencing, 'he had sprained his B flat thumb.'

By this time our party was changed from a musical one to a conversazione. The dialogues, being carried on in small detachments, created a far from harmonious effect. The stranger—who my wife had by this time informed me was Mr Sawyer, a musical professor of the old school—declared that the sound of so many voices reminded him of a Dutch instead of a 'grand' concert, and declared that our guests had formed themselves into a huge *pot pourri*, which he interpreted to mean a medley. Poor Mrs Jenkinson looked round with the rueful despair of a schoolmaster who, do all he can, is unable to keep his pupils quiet. She evidently feared that the auditory had closed their ears to her charmers, though half their efforts remained to be made. At this moment Mr Goodson, senior, sounded one of the strings of his bass, as if by accident, which had the desired effect of reminding the hostess that the time for him and his son to show off ought to be considered as having arrived. She took the hint, and presently we were so severely assailed by the tuning of fiddles, that some stopped their conversation, and others their ears. A trio by Beethoven followed, Maria Goodson taking the piano part, and much to the horror of Mr Sawyer, who, after a few bars, declared that he could not conscientiously remain to hear his favourite composer so woefully mangled, and left the room with precipitation. Fearing our noises had driven the honest man out of the house, hospitality demanded I should follow, and endeavour to apologise and detain him to supper. I did so, and found that my fears were fast being realised, for he was inquiring for his hat.

I had taken a sudden liking to the old musician, and persuaded him to have a short *tête-à-tête* with me in my study; for I was sure something was radically wrong either in my wife's arrangements, or in the performances of her guests; and was desirous of enlightenment

on the subject. 'The fact is,' began Mr Sawyer, when we got into the sanctum, 'the present generation mistake altogether the aim and end of domestic music. It is the common practice to make attempts which can never be realised. Instead of being content with such compositions as are within their powers, they murder music which was originally written for the most eminent and skilful performers of the age, and thus beget a disgust for the higher flights of musical genius amongst many listeners who would otherwise enjoy and cultivate it.' 'But surely there are some amateurs who are able to perform the best music creditably?'

'Very few; for the incessant application required to make a good practical musician would encroach too largely upon studies which are far more necessary for young people just entering life. Besides, music may be very good, and still simple; such being the class of compositions best adapted to amateurs, because they are able to perform it creditably to themselves, and with pleasure to their hearers.' A new idea broke in upon me as regards my own children, and having received sufficient information to enable me to take a new course for their future musical studies, we returned to the drawing-room.

There we found a great change. All was silence and attention; the cause of it appeared to be, that Miss Mackintosh had consented to sing. Now, this young lady was the daughter of our most 'influential' guest, and as every one in the room had been made fully aware that her father was a baronet, they felt bound to accord to her every attention. The song having been chosen, it became a question who should accompany her voice on the piano-forte. Several were asked, and all declined. Miss Pollewe made it a point, she said, never to play music she had never practised. This puzzled me. 'Surely,' I remarked, 'a young lady who can move her fingers so rapidly can play *anything* which may be put before her.' Mr Sawyer smiled, and hinted his belief, that although our governess, by dint of meretricious trickery, could rattle over the keys with great rapidity, 'yet she cannot, in all probability, read a bar of music correctly at first sight.' And this the event proved; for, dreading her deficiency might be detected, Miss Pollewe trusted to our ignorance, and consented to play; but she filled the symphony of Miss Mackintosh's song with so many mistakes, that the trembling singer could not begin. I persuaded my friend to fly to the rescue, which he did, and the beautiful air came out from under his experienced fingers with great expression. The fair singer's voice was not a strong one, but plaintive. The words of the song were by Burns, and were heard as distinctly as if they had been spoken; the singer threw her feelings into the melody, and the pleasure I felt at her performance I cannot describe. Though old and unsentimental, I could scarcely refrain from tears. Nor was I the only person thus affected. Even the superlative instrumentalists and Italian singers stood spell-bound. Miss Mackintosh was unanimously desired to sing the same song again, to which she consented with graceful readiness.

The beauty of the Scotch ballad was rendered more palpable by what followed. Mr Bumble, having been requested to exert his vocal powers, did so to the fullest extent, by singing a flourishing Italian scena with a degree of vociferation almost deafening. Though the piano-forte accompaniment was nearly as loud as Miss Pollewe's performance, he completely drowned it. People tried to converse with each other about the middle of the deafening display, but gave the attempt up as hopeless.

Wishing to hear more of the kind of music which had so much pleased, I got permission for Miss Parker to give a specimen. Nearly the same effect was produced as that achieved by the Scotch lady; and I began to think—as I knew my cousin was ignorant of music—that to learn that science was a detriment rather than otherwise. This notion was almost confirmed, when I exclaimed to Miss Mackintosh, while taking her

down to supper, 'What a contrast your and my cousin's style of singing present to that of my daughter! Of course you have learned the art for a very long time?'

'I never had a lesson in my life,' replied the lady.

Supper passed off, and when the ladies retired, we had songs. I enjoyed them extremely. Why should this be? Why should the musical efforts of my friends have been so unendurable in the drawing-room, and so pleasing after supper?

'I'll tell you,' said Sawyer; 'they have now sung naturally, without effort, and unshackled by difficulties they are unable to conquer. Nature surmounts what a limited amount of art only mars.'

'Then, according to that theory, all the fees I have paid Clotilda's singing-master have been thrown away.'

'By no means, if she would condescend to bring what has been taught her to bear upon music which is within the scope of her vocal powers and musical knowledge. In the manner, your son, if he would oblige us with a simple melody on his flute, will, by the same rule, please us much better than he did by the overture to *Zauberflöte*.'

The guests now rose to depart, and so ended our grand concert. We never gave another. We have parted with Miss Pollewe; and Clotilda has packed away all her Italian pieces, and practises native songs.

## PARALLEL IDEAS OF NATIONS.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the first paper under this title,\* it was shown that many of these ideas had probably a distinct origin, the common character being in such instances simply the result of a common human nature arrived at similar conditions, and working under similar suggestive circumstances. It was at the same time admitted that there were frequent instances of an opposite nature; that is to say, many ideas, productions of the imagination, styles of art, and peculiarities in customs and manners, are the same in nations geographically separated, because these nations have been derived either one from the other, or from some common source. Some of the facts illustrating this latter proposition are extremely curious, and they are so, very much in consequence of one important circumstance, namely, that most of what is refined, and great, and prominent about a nation, is of date posterior to the commencement of its distinct existence, and therefore apt to be peculiar; while the points which are common are to be found chiefly in the humble and obscure walks of the lower orders, or of children. These are classes of the community amongst whom fewer changes take place than amongst any other; and, more than this, things which in an early stage of society belong to the higher and more enlightened class, are in time gradually left to simple swains and denizens of the nursery. There is here a curious and instructive progress. In a nation's infancy the strong and wise are looked on as superior beings, and become objects of worship. In the next stage they are only the subjects of poetry, though as such still interesting to all. Finally, they sink into the heroes of cottage and nursery fire-side tales, the educated intellects of the nation having meanwhile gone on to subjects of worship and reflection of a totally different nature.

These remarks will have prepared the reader for some illustrations of the principle from our common nursery literature. The story of Jack the Giant Killer must be too familiar to require anything like an abridgment in this place; but we may remind the studious public of one of the adventures. Jack travels into Flintshire, where he receives a night's lodging from a Welsh giant with two heads, whom he overhears saying, as he marshals the way to the guest's apartment—

Though you lodge here with me this night,  
You shall not see the morning light;  
My club shall dash your brains out—quite.

\* Former series of the Journal, No. 621.

'Say you so?' says Jack; 'is that one of your Welsh tricks? I hope to be as cunning as you.' Getting out of bed, he found a thick billet, and laid it in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead of night came the giant with his club, and struck several blows on the bed where Jack had artfully laid the billet, and then returned to his own room, supposing that he had broken all Jack's bones. In the morning early, Jack came to thank him for his lodging. 'Oh,' said the giant, 'how have you rested? Did you see anything last night?' 'No,' said Jack; 'but a rat gave me three or four slaps with his tail.'

It will be learned with some surprise that this particular incident in Jack's career, and the joke of the rat's tail, are derived either directly or indirectly from a common source with a story of the giant Skrimner and the Scandinavian demi-god Thor, which is related in an ancient specimen of the literature of the north of Europe, the Edda of Snorro. Thor and Skrimner travelling together, the latter lies down to sleep under an oak. Thor, being anxious to get quit of his companion, struck him with his tremendous hammer. 'Hath a leaf fallen upon me from the tree?' exclaimed the awakened giant. The giant soon fell asleep again, and snored as if it had thundered in the forest. Thor struck at him again, and, as he thought, the hammer made a mortal indentation in the giant's forehead. 'What is the matter?' quoth Skrimner; 'hath an acorn fallen on my head?' A third time the potent giant snored, and a third time did the hammer descend, and with such force, that Thor fairly believed he had buried the iron in Skrimner's temples. 'Methinks,' said Skrimner, rubbing his cheek, 'some moss hath fallen on my face.' Thor might well be amazed at the escape of the giant; but Skrimner, exactly like our friend Jack, had outwitted his enemy by placing an immense rock upon the leafy couch where Thor supposed he was sleeping, and which received the blows of the hammer instead.

After this curious coincidence, it will scarcely be surprising to the readers, old or young, of this little romance, that to trace it in its entirety and its parts through all the channels of antiquity by which it has reached us, might be the subject of a volume, and that by no means an uninteresting one. According to Scott, Jack's history is a popular and degraded version of the traditions on which some of the metrical romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are founded. 'The Mount of Cornwall,' which was kept by a large and monstrous giant, is St Michael's Mount; and the giant Corinoran, whom Jack despatched there, and who was eighteen feet high, and about three yards round, is the same who figures in the romance of Tristan. Jack's invisible cap and coat, his sword which cut through everything, and his shoes of swiftness, all of which articles he obtained by jockeyship from a giant, figure in the early fiction of our Teutonic ancestors. Nor is this all: two of the articles at least can be traced also into oriental fiction, probably their original source, as the following extract from the Calmuck romance of Tsidi Kur will testify:—

'Now, the son of the Chan and his trusty servant travelled along a river and arrived in a wood, where they met many children, who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you dispute?" said they. "We have found a cap in this wood, and each of us wishes to keep it." "What is the use of the cap?" "The cap has this virtue, that who wears it is seen neither by the gods, nor men, nor Tchadkurrs." "Now, go ye all to the end of the forest, and run hither." And I will keep the cap, and I will give it to him who first reaches this spot, and wins the race." So spake the son of the Chan, and the children ran; but when they came back they could not find the cap, for he had placed it on the head of his companion, and they sought for it in vain. And the son of the Chan and his companion travelled onwards, and they came to a

forest wherein they met many Tchadkurrs who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you thus dispute?" said they. "It is I," exclaimed each Tchadkurr, "to whom these boots belong." "What is the use of the boots?" "He who wears these boots," answered the Tchadkurrs, "is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself." "Now," said the son of the Chan, "go all of you that way, and he who first runs hither shall obtain the boots." And the Tchadkurrs ran the race accordingly. But the Chan's son had concealed the boots in the bosom of his companion, who at the same time had the cap upon his head. And the Tchadkurrs sought the boots, but they found them not, and they went away.'

We now come to another nursery hero, the famous Mr Thomas Thumb, as Mr Newbery might have called him, whom we likewise find to be a person very ancient and most respectable descent. He is the *Thaumlin* (that is, Little Thumb) of Scandinavian fiction, a regular dwarf or dwergar of the mythology of that country. And Thaumlin is the same with a person familiar in ballad and tale amongst ourselves under the various names of Tom of the Lin, Thomlin, Tam Lene, &c. Tam Lene is a ballad of fairy incident, which Scott has printed in his *Border Minstrelsy*, and which is localised at Carterhaugh, in Selkirkshire. Thom of Lyn is spoken of as a popular air in the curious book called the *Complaynt of Scotland*, printed in 1548; and in an early English play—*The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art*—a character sings, amongst other songs, the adventures of Tom a Lin in a humorous but somewhat less decorous strain. The Germans have their popular story, like ours, under the title of *Daumerling*; that is, Little Thumb, though with no adventures in common, except the misfortune of his being swallowed by a dun cow. The Danes have a little book called *Svend Tomling, et Menneske ikke større end en Tommelfinger*, &c. (that is, Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and a quarter long). This tale also contains adventures not found in the English version. Our Tom Thumb was originally a ballad, of which we only find one passage quoted. It alludes to a trick of Tom's, in which he took

Black pots and glasses, which he hung  
Upon a bright sunbeam.

The other boys, to do the same,  
In pieces broke them quite;  
For which they were most soundly whipt,  
At which he laughed outright.

Now, this incident figures in the hagiography of the middle ages; it is found not only in the spurious Gospels, but also in the legend of St Columbanus, who, as we are told, performed a similar miracle, by hanging his garment on a sunbeam.

In the superstitions of nations, there is, as might be expected, much that is common. We have not room on the present occasion to enlarge upon this subject; but we cannot refrain from mentioning a curious circumstance which we have recently learned with regard to it. In the article on the parish of Sandsting and Aithsting (Shetland), in the New Statistical Account of Scotland, mention is made of the following among other superstitions:—"When a person has received a sprain, it is customary to apply to an individual practised in casting the *wresting thread*. This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting the thread round the affected limb, he says, but in such a tone of voice as not to be heard by the bystanders, nor even by the person operated upon—

The lord rode,  
And the foal staid;  
He lighted,  
And he righted.  
Set joint to joint,  
• Bone to bone,  
And sinew to sinew,  
Heal in the Holy Ghost's name!"

This lately came, through our humble means, under the attention of the celebrated grammarian, Jacob Grimm, who has consequently been able to explain an analogous German charm of the tenth century.

Several of our ballads have in like manner counterparts on the continent. There is one called in the Border Minstrelsy 'Lord Ronald my Son,' and relating the death of a youth by poison given to him by his 'true love'—for in old ballads ladies are true loves in all circumstances—which is repeated in a more childish form under the title of the 'Croodlin Doo,' in which case the victim is a child poisoned by its step-mother; and this story appears in the German nursery as 'Grandmother Addercook,' being nearly word for word the same as our own ballad. The Danes have a collection of ballads, called the 'Kæmpe Viser,' which were printed in 1591, and there we find several of the ditties still most popular in Scotland, as Lady Jane, Fair Annie, &c.: in some cases, whole verses appear to be literal translations of each other. Even the little prose recitals which are to be heard from every old woman by a cottage fireside in Scotland, are, it appears, but echoes of early fabliaux, of which other versions are to be found amongst other northern nations.

In the former article, we demurred to the supposition that the civilised people of Central America had derived their architecture from the Egyptians, and this partly because there were real differences between the styles, and partly because it was not easy to see how the Americans, admitting them to have moved from Tartary or Thibet, could have directly taken such features of art from a people seated in Africa. Nor do the forms of architecture appear to us a sufficiently arbitrary thing to give any decided improbability to the idea of their having been conceived in separate portions of the human family without prompting. At the same time, it is incontestable that some ideas common to the Americans, and certain nations of the elder continent, are of a nature with which this idea is irreconcilable. It requires a nice judgment to distinguish between instances of ideas where community of origin is unavoidable, and where the resemblance is explicable on other grounds. Humboldt has pointed out some striking resemblances between the Egyptian and the American modes of reckoning time. Both had a year of 365 days, divided into months, which left five days over. As every nation did not attain to such correctness, this is a little striking; yet, after all, it is the real number of entire days in a year, or revolution of the earth in its orbit—a fact which any nation of sufficient intelligence might ascertain. Then there are differences: the Egyptians had twelve months of thirty days each, the Mexicans eighteen months of twenty days: the Mexicans made up for the odd six hours per annum by putting in thirteen days at the end of every fifty-two years (equivalent to our one day every four years); but the Egyptians not only did not intercalate, but took their kings bound at their accession not to sanction such a practice. Hence the seasons went on changing for 1461 years, at the end of which time they commenced anew from the same point; and these 1461 years formed with them what was called the Sothic Period. Humboldt remarks, as a curious coincidence, that the number of weeks or half lunations in the Mexican cycle of 52 years is 1461, being the same number as the years of the Sothic Period of the Egyptians; but to us this appears as something unavoidable in the mere arithmetic of the two modes of reckoning. The chronology, then, we would say, presents no evidence of national affinity. It is different with the astronomy. The zodiac of the Americans bears so striking a resemblance to that of the Tartars and Hindoos, and that in matters so purely capricious—the signs of the tiger, hare, serpent, monkey, dog, and bird, occurring in the same relative places—that their common origin cannot be a matter of the slightest doubt. But by far the most incontestable evidence of a connection between the nations of

the two continents, is that found in their languages. Even here some caution is necessary; for example, the appellations White Water and Black Water are common in the British islands; in Scotland, there are streams so called in Berwickshire, besides the Avon Dhu (that is, black river), an old name for the Forth; in Ireland, there is the Ban (that is, white river) in the north, and also the Black Water in the south; and so on. Now, among the Africans, the Niger is called Uchimini-fu-fu (that is, white water), and the Chadda Uchimini-du-du (that is, dark water). Here the resemblance of the appellations is, we would say, merely the result of similar natural appearances. But philological inquirers reckon up a hundred and seventy words in the language, which, with some variations, pervades the whole of aboriginal America; three-fifths of which words are found in the languages of eastern Asia, and the remaining two-fifths in the languages of Africa and Europe. This subject has of late received some curious and valuable illustration from a work by Mr Arthur James Johnes, which we cordially recommend to public notice.\* Mr Johnes selects a few of the most familiar ideas amongst mankind, and shows how many of the words for these ideas in the African, Asiatic, and European languages, are like those applied to the same objects in America. We find, for instance, the following words for *father*:—oss, North American; ozha, Sclavonic; otze, Dalmatian;—a *woman*—panum, North American; banen, Cornish; been, Welsh; pin (applied to animals), Chinese:—*night*—nukon, North American; nux, Greek; noc, Polish. *Sleep* is in Greek hypnos: we have a by-word for it in *nap*: the North American Indian has nipu. The pronouns in the Mandan tongue bear a striking resemblance to those of European and Asiatic languages. Take also the following resemblances:—*Hor*, the god of day, Egyptian; *Hora*, time, Greek; and *Huarassi*, sun and day, Omaguans of South America. *Tonih*, fire, North Africa; *Tein*, fire, Gaelic; *Teinde*, fire, Algonquin, North America. *Dalhah*, a day, Middle Africa; *Talkon*, a day, extreme north-west of North America.

Even where the synonyms of distant regions appear very little, or not at all alike, they can sometimes be connected by intermediate words from other languages, partaking of the character of both, thus showing their common derivation. And similar connections are made out with regard to the grammatical structures of the various languages of the earth; a point of discrepancy on which still greater stress has hitherto been laid by those who have leant to the doctrine of a radical diversity and distinctness of origin for these languages.†

It seems to be clear, from all that has been brought forward, though it is but a scantling of what might be, that, while many of the things common to nations are so by virtue of similar faculties working to similar purposes, and in similar circumstances, there are others which only could have come from a common source or origin, or been derived immediately the one from the other. It requires, however, some sagacity to distinguish the one class of things from the other. In the one class, it is true, all is general; in the other everything is arbitrary. In the one case we see the common powers and dispositions of human nature operating upon objects everywhere the same; in the other we see only peculiar products of particular minds, such as may have been suggested by accidental circumstances, or elicited under the influence of special oddities or directions of character. But yet there is not wanting

\* 'Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race.' By Arthur James Johnes, Esq. Samuel Clarke, London: 1843.

† In a paper upon Languages which appeared in the Journal, No. 548, we assumed as proved that there were four or five sets of languages altogether diverse in words and in grammatical structure, and therefore inferred that the nations represented by those sets of tongues must have separated while they had scarcely any language in common. Mr Johnes's book has induced us, in some degree, to modify this opinion.

evidence to show how two different minds, distant in time and in place, and which could have held no communication with each other, will often hit upon the same idea, even though it may be of the character of a conceit. For example, Wycherley, the English dramatist of the seventeenth century, says in his comedy of the *Plain Dealer*, 'I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears.' Everybody will remember the passage in Burns—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

It is most unlikely that Burns ever read Wycherley. Still, it is possible; and we therefore pass from this instance. Another: In *Cupid's Whirligig*, published in 1607, occurs this passage:—'Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.' We need scarcely adduce the parallel thought of the same poet—

'Her prentice hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.'

Certainly there is hardly the slightest possibility of Burns having ever seen or read *Cupid's Whirligig*. The more probable solution of the problem is, that these ideas belong to the class which we have spoken of as excogitations possible—things which are within the range of human thought, and may therefore arise in two minds with like originality. What, we think, makes this view almost irresistible, is a third instance of parallelism in Burns, where the likelihood of a borrowing is still less than in any of the above cases, while it must be seen that the existence of a third instance of such an extraordinary kind is in itself tolerably good evidence. The Scottish bard, it will be remembered, burlesqued his provincial publisher Wilson, by an epigram entitled, *On Wee Johnny*:

'Whoe'er thou art, O reader know  
That Death has murdered Johnny;  
And here his body lies fu' low—  
For saul, he ne'er had ony!'

In a rare old work, *Nugæ Venales, sive Thesaurus ridendi et jocandi*, &c., bearing date 1663, but no place or publisher's name, is a Latin epigram turning upon exactly the same jest:

Oh Deus omnipotens, vituli miserere Joannis,  
Quem mors preveniens non sinit esse bovem:  
Corpus in Italia est, habet intestina Brabantus,  
Aet ælimam nemo: Cur? quia non habuit.

With such instances before our eyes, we cannot but see the greatest reason for caution in saying what is accidental resemblance, and what the result of communication.

## WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

### PART II.

Mrs JOSEPH SMITH was by no means celebrated for early rising; and on the morning after the incidents which we have related, she did not descend to the breakfast table till her husband had half finished his breakfast.

'You had better ring, my dear,' he said, 'and have some fresh tea made.'

'You know I never take tea. Now, when did you ever see me take tea? You are so very forgetful; you know I always take chocolate.'

'So much the better, my love,' replied the good-tempered husband, 'for then my being obliged to hurry into town will not inconvenience you.'

'It is very disagreeable to breakfast alone,' she muttered.

'You might rise earlier,' he said quietly. Mrs Smith opened wide her bright round eyes. Mr Smith followed up the stroke bravely. 'No household was

ever governed well where the mistress lies in bed till noon.' The poor man was fearful he had gone too far, said too much, hurt her feelings; and as he really loved the pretty fool, who seemed to lack the instinctive knowledge of caring for her own happiness, he paused, and added, 'Surely, my love, illness cannot be your excuse, for in all my life I never saw you look better than you do at this moment.'

'Look better!' repeated the little lady—'look better! So much for man's consistency of opinion. Why, look at this dress: you always said this dress disfigured me—that you hated it—that was the reason why I put it on this morning; and now you say I am looking well.'

'A proof you look well in everything, my dear,' said Mr Smith, tapping his second egg.

'You are breaking that egg at the wrong end, Mr Smith,' recommenced the provoking wife; 'it is ~~vowed~~ you cannot remember that the round end is the end to break an egg. Well, it is strange; you know how these little things annoy me, yet you persist in doing them.'

Mr Smith suppressed an expression which rose to his lips, as he had done many things, for peace' sake; but he also continued breaking the egg at the sharp end, and having eaten it, rang the bell. 'Do not forget to stop the omnibus,' he said to the servant.

'The buss you go by, sir, to the city has been gone an hour: I told you the time, sir, while you were reading,' replied the servant.

Mr Smith was provoked, perhaps, with himself, but he looked first at the servant and then at his wife, who was breaking her toast into very small particles, and throwing it at the little spaniel. 'Well,' she exclaimed, 'that was not my fault, I'm sure. I had nothing to do with your delay!'

'I did not say you had, Mrs Smith,' he answered.

'No, but you looked—you looked, sir!' Then, with a perfect change of voice, she whined out, 'God help us poor women! We little know what we may live to endure!'

'Stuff!' murmured the provoked gentleman, drawing on his gloves, and marching out of the room.

Mrs Smith poised her spoon over her cup of chocolate. 'He will hardly go,' she thought, 'without saying good-by; he never did that yet.' She listened, and certainly the hall door did not either open or shut. His step paused—it returned—a smile of petty triumph agitated her lips. No, he went up stairs. The smile, however, increased, for she knew he would look in as he came down. He did look in.

'Can I do anything in the city for you?'

Mrs Smith sipped her chocolate, as if unconscious of her husband's presence or his words.

'Elizabeth, do you want anything from the city?'

'If I did, you would forget to bring it.'

'Well, perhaps so. I shall be home to dinner at five.'

'I wish—though I suppose it is little use my wishing—but I do wish that you would sometimes dine at the club. Now, last night, if you had invited those men to dine with you at the club, you would have enjoyed yourself more, and I should not have felt the poor castaway I did.' Mrs Smith intended this as a bit of touching eloquence, but she had undermined her own influence by a system of annoyance which some women fancy augments, when it really destroys, their power.

'Are you in earnest?' inquired Mr Smith, advancing into the room, and looking steadily at his wife—'are you in earnest in saying that you wish I would dine at the club?'

'Why, yes; you would get better dinners there; and you are hard to please in that way; and she looked down at her chocolate with a pretty mincing expression of countenance.

'Very well, Elizabeth,' he replied, 'I will dine there to-day. It is at your request; my memory will be clear enough to remember that,' and without another word he left the house, and his lady to the exercise of her temper and imagination. While Elizabeth Smith was thinking her small thoughts, and arranging her small ways, Made-



line Mansfield was seated by her husband's side; his face was turned from her, so as to conceal what he did not wish her to observe.

'What you say, Madeline,' he answered at last to much that she had spoken—'what you say is true; I grant you that; but it is impossible. If I were to change my style of living, it would be talked of at the clubs, where things small, as well as things great, are canvassed, the one with as much eagerness as the other. My credit would be shaken.'

'It is shaken already, Mansfield,' she interrupted. 'Now do not shrink from or shudder at it; I know it is shaken. If it were not, do you think I should have heard it? But shrinking will not re-establish it, nor will bravado; difficulties must be encountered, to be overcome. I am sure,' she added with admirable tact, 'I have heard you say so many times—be they as bad as they can be, they must be met?'

'You are going out of your usual track,' said her husband in a severe voice, and evidently anxious to escape from her and from himself.

'I am doing,' she replied, 'as I have ever done; I am following in yours. I have shared your heart, Mansfield, and your prosperity; and if adversity—'

'Why,' he interrupted—'why say if adversity? Madeline, you are a very raven this morning. Who dared to speak of adversity? It cannot come. Your marriage settlement would protect you and our child. Adversity!—like all women, you speak as if a temporary inconvenience were decided ruin. Who has dared to bandy my name in this manner?' He rose from his chair, and seizing his hat, would have left the room, had not his wife prevented him.

'You will not hear me, Mansfield, will not confide in me; but although you do not know me, you believe in me. You know I would not breathe, much less tell an untruth. I will not detain you: only this, whatever may occur, there is my settlement to prop your credit. I can live and rejoice in poverty, but I could not bear your tarnished name. Do not hesitate to consider mine, in every sense of the word, yours. If you would only allow me, there are a thousand things I could retrench in.'

Mr Mansfield looked at her steadily, and then said, 'Would you consent to relinquish this house?'

'Most willingly—house, carriage, all—go to a suburban cottage at once. There would be nothing strange in that. I have been ill, and need change, and pure air, and quiet. Indeed that would be no sacrifice,' was her reply in a cheerful voice.

'Would you take our boy and go abroad,' he persisted, 'for two or three years?'

Madeline's colour came and went rapidly. 'Without you?' she faltered.

'Certainly—there would be nothing strange in your going abroad; the boy would improve rapidly in languages; and you would (if the crisis came which you consider so inevitable) avoid much pain.

'Mansfield!' exclaimed Madeline, panting in her utterance, 'why will you speak thus, as if we could have a divided interest? I could not. I do not want to avoid pain. Even if I loved you not, the sacred bond that binds us would prevent it. Anything but that, Mansfield,' and she added, while a faint smile struggled on her lips, 'I am sure you did not mean it.'

'We have met so seldom of late,' he answered, 'that I should not think you could feel it so much.' He did not venture to look at his wife after these cold words; if he had, his heart, always movable, must have turned with love and sympathy towards the struggling agony which she sought to repress. And it was agony only she sought to overcome. No desire to return pain for pain arose from her generous heart; nor had she occasion, in this great sorrow, to resort to the talismanic proverb which had so often taught her, on less trying occasions, to 'forbear.'

'We have met seldom, certainly,' she said, and the composure of her manner and the trembling of her

voice were at sad variance; 'and I confess that I have suffered much in consequence; but I knew, day by day, that you were well; I knew you were amused. If I did not always see you, I heard your voice or your step; and if you did not come, I could still expect you; but I cannot leave you. I have never been officious—never craved for attention, highly as I valued it—never, never disturbed your arrangements, or pushed myself into secrets which it would have given you pain to have revealed. Oh, Mansfield! let what will happen, do not thrust me from you.' The idea of parting from her husband overcame every other feeling; and her deep and earnest love, which Mansfield felt he was every way unworthy of, recalled much of his past affection. He left her with the assurance of attending to her wishes, of steadily investigating his affairs, of looking all difficulties in the face boldly and at once, and, above all, promising never to hint even at the idea of their separation again. All this, and more, he promised, and all this he intended at the moment to perform; but when his cab drove from the door, Madeline felt the oak upon which she leaned changing into a reed; for all her love could not blind her to the fact of Mansfield's vacillation. It was well that she had the truest Comforter to resort to. She knew that a married woman ought to have no friend, in the highest acceptance of the word—no one to whom she can open her heart fully and entirely—except her husband. Her mother was dead, and her only near relative—a warm-hearted old bachelor uncle—Uncle Oliver—had all the confidence she deemed it right to give to any; but she had no thought of complaining of her husband to any human being.

Before the sound of Mr Mansfield's wheels had died on his wife's ears, her faith in his promises was gone. It was in vain she recalled them; and the experience of the days and weeks that followed, only proved the total want of firmness of purpose in him she loved. Instead of retrenching, he seemed to rush more wildly than ever he had done before through the whirl of the world; and her inquiries were avoided with a wild burst of gaiety, or some bitter words, which were only replied to by unseen tears. She frequently blamed herself for not more firmly withstanding what she considered wrong; but her position was one of extreme difficulty. If she were sure of her husband's affection, she would have been better able to stem the destruction, whose course she watched as the devoted villagers watch the stream of lava that must overwhelm them in the end. Sometimes his mad gaiety would flash like a meteor through the house; at others he was so moody, so reserved, so evidently in a state of mental and bodily suffering, that all she could do was to attend to and console him; and this he would not always permit. She was watching for him one night—longing for, yet dreading the knock that would announce his arrival—when the servant brought her a letter, a few hurried lines, saying he was suddenly called by business to Antwerp, but she should hear from him in a few days. A line at the bottom of the scrawl implored Heaven to bless her and her child. The next day passed. She told her servant she would not be at home to any one. She might have spared the command, for no one called; it was a damp, misty, chilling day; the fog entered the drawing-room, and spread its hazy curtain over the looking-glasses, and mirrors, and windows, and crept about the marble tables and bronzes, making them feel clammy to the touch.

The following day was bright, and full of sunshine: she ordered her carriage, and drove into the Park. She was seeking refuge from herself. She bowed eagerly to all she knew, and her salutations were always respectfully and warmly returned; but she thought people seemed astonished to see her there. 'Why,' she could not tell, but she pulled the check and said 'Home.' Her uncle was in the drawing-room; she saw his face at the window, where she had looked expecting to see her boy; but before she was on the stairs, the old gen-



the man met her—nay more, he kissed her, and led her into the library. There was something so melancholy in his eyes as he gazed on her, that she felt suffocated; and unclasping her cloak, and throwing back her bonnet, she said, as calmly as she could—'You have something more, dear uncle, than mere town-talk to tell me to-day. Is Mansfield ill?'

'The rascal!' exclaimed Uncle Oliver—the most desperate rascal!

'You are sure he is not ill?' she persisted, greatly relieved, and for a moment losing sight of the injurious epithet in her deep anxiety for him she loved.

'Ill!—not he—such rascals are never ill.'

'Thank God!' she ejaculated; and covering her face with her hands, sobbed bitterly for a few moments.

'I wish,' thought Uncle Oliver, as he paced up and down the room—I wish I knew exactly what I ought to say, and what I ought to do. With any other woman, the difficulty would be how to keep her down; but with her, it will be how to get her up.'

'Don't cry, Madeline; don't cry,' he said at last; 'I am sure the involvements are greatly exaggerated; and, after all, there is not so much to regret, for he was never at home; so cheer up, my dear niece. I should be as happy as a prince,' he muttered to himself; 'quite, if she would only call him a rascal.'

'Whatever there is to tell,' she said, 'tell me now; I can bear it. I would not seek any whom we know, lest I should hear ill of him. I dreaded lest some one should come and tell me evil; but I do not mind you—I never minded you, Uncle Oliver.'

The old man looked sadly perplexed; he did not know how to say what he felt he must communicate. He began by talking of Mr Mansfield's embarrassments, and follies, and extravagances. All these, Madeline assured him, he might spare himself to mention: she knew all. Yes, she believed every one; and she thought she saw a clear and direct way to avert the disgrace, though not the ruin. Her relative looked astonished. 'Then you know,' he inquired, 'the cause of his journey; do you not?'

'Business, uncle, I suppose; business,' was her answer.

'Most villainous business,' he said. 'Have you never had a suspicion that he loved you less than formerly?—have you had no reason to believe why?'

Madeline grew deadly pale. 'It cannot be, uncle,' she said, 'that you come to me, in this hour of trial, to insult me by the gossiping reports of the town?'

He placed a letter in her hands; it was directed to him from her husband, signed by his name, entreating him to go at once to 'poor Madeline,' and cursing his evil destiny. It left no doubt as to who was the companion of his flight; no doubt as to his having violated the laws of God and man. Madeline folded up the letter deliberately, but, in the act of returning it to her uncle, she fell on the floor. There was neither scream nor tear; she fell as one struck off the life-roll into eternity. When she recovered her reason, she asked if Mr Oliver were in the house. He was soon by her side; but, contrary to his expectations, contrary to his hopes, deep and bitter as were Mrs Mansfield's feelings, no word of censure towards her husband escaped her lips.

'I am not able to think yet,' she said; 'I can only feel; but to-morrow I shall be better. Come to me to-morrow at two, and pray for me, dear uncle; I need the prayers of all the good and gracious creatures in the world.' The poor old gentleman brushed many tears away from his furrowed cheeks, and drove immediately to those who could give him information as to the real state of Mansfield's affairs. He found they were by no means so bad a state as he had heard at first; that if the headless man had possessed the moral courage to investigate them steadily, some outlay at the present, and retrenchment for the future, would have brought them round. But it was in vain he sought to discover what spell could have deprived Mansfield of his reason, and tempted him to outrage all

laws as he had done; indeed Mr Oliver was so incensed at Mansfield, that he seemed to retain only what told most against him. And what was there that did not tell against him? That a foreigner, whose code of morals falls far short of our English standard, and whose profession extracts the blush from the purest cheek that braves the glare of foot-lights and men's eyes—that such a one should have admired the gay, the witty, the handsome Mansfield, was no wonder. She had no position to sacrifice, no scruple to overcome; but that he should have been so infatuated, was past all understanding. The next morning, although he was rather before than after his appointment, Mrs Mansfield had been in consultation for some hours with her husband's 'man of business.' When she rose to meet her uncle, he was stloaked at the change which a few hours had wrought; but she was perfectly calm, and the very purpose that filled her mind imparted a more than usual dignity to her manner. She left the room to procure some papers, and the lawyer, addressing her uncle, said, 'Her going out, sir, is a relief to me. I never understood what woman could do before. She gives up the whole of her own property—the whole, sir, without reserve, to free her husband; and this, mind you, *unconditionally*. She is devoted, heart and soul, to save his credit—never thinks of the privations, or the loss of position, or the confined means, which they must submit to for some years.'

'Nor of her child?' questioned the old gentleman.

'I spoke of him,' was the reply, 'and she said the proudest event of her life was being able to save his father's name from reproach.'

'Her head is not cool!' exclaimed her uncle. 'No woman's head can be cool whose life has been one entire sacrifice to an ungrateful rascal, working up her maxim of "bear and forbear" until it brings—'

'Peace in the end, believe me,' added Madeline, who had returned unperceived by her uncle. 'Believe me, whatever I suffer, I shall be greatly rewarded—rewarded as women deserve to be, when they do their duty.'

'Duty!' repeated Uncle Oliver—'duty! Stuff! A scoundrel, to desert—'

'Uncle, uncle,' interposed Madeline; 'this house is his—I am his wife; and before me no one—not even you, who are my nearest and dearest kinsman—not even you—shall utter one disrespectful word of my husband.'

The lawyer thought it better to withdraw, promising to do everything that could be done, and to see her again as soon as possible. Uncle Oliver remonstrated, and stormed, or tried to storm; but his anger dissolved under the influence of her gentle words. She could not, indeed, trust herself to name her husband's name; but she spoke of what a happy thing it was that she could do so much; and she intreated her uncle to bear with her if he loved her, and to believe that she should yet be very happy—and here tears denied the assertion of her lips—and she would have said a great deal more perhaps, avoiding, yet returning to the subject of her sorrow, but she heard Mrs Joseph Smith's voice upon the stairs, and hastily retired into another room.

Mrs Smith hoped her cousin would see her. How sorry she was; every one said how it would be from the first, with her yielding quiet way, suffering herself to be trampled on, grudging herself every little indulgence, while for gloves and flowers alone Mr Mansfield squandered in one day upon 'the creature' eight-and-thirty pounds. 'She would take care not to be such a patient fool; and so ran on the little lady, repeating all, or at least all she had heard of, the on dits of the town, concerning what, fresh as it was at that moment, would never extend to a nine days' wonder. Now, Uncle Oliver could find fault with Mrs Mansfield himself, and say more than Lizzy had ventured to say, but he would suffer no one else to do so. He told her that if the town talked of Madeline's forbearance, they would never have an opportunity of talking of hers; and that she was more inclined, if 'the town' said truly, to emulate the gentleman than the lady. He read her a long

lecture; told her she had cast God's goodness from her; and ended by offering to see her home, 'where she would,' he added, 'do well to remain more constantly, except when escorted thence by her husband.' Indeed it was painful to see how the easy quiet nature of Mr Smith, disturbed out of its usual course by the perpetual annoyances of a silly wife, sought the comfortable refuge of his gilded club, soaking away existence, and becoming more and more attached to the creature-comforts, as opposed to the intellectual—of which clubs are the nurseries. He became perhaps, on the whole, as little inclined to bear as she to forbear; in all domestic matters, instead of drawing together, running full tilt against each other; sometimes with only straws, it is true, but still opposed. Mrs Smith was ever whining about her husband's continual absence from home; and when he did come, he more than once expressed his displeasure, of course at the wrong time, at Mr Orepoint's being installed 'as the friend of the family.' The world began to talk—the ladies, of course, finding fault with the woman, and the gentlemen laughing at both. In this war, begun of nothing, the happiness of both was wrecked.

After a few weeks had passed, Uncle Oliver received an unexpected letter from Mrs Mansfield. She expressed much gratitude to him for the affectionate tenderness he evinced towards her, and continued, 'Finding that my husband will not return to England, yet that we must together sign various papers, so as to realise a sufficient sum of money to discharge all that is necessary, I have determined to go at once to Paris, where I find he is, and let the lawyers meet us (perhaps I should write me) there. Is it not unaccountably strange, my dear uncle, that he should persist in refusing to "rob" me, as he calls it, when in reality the only jewel I prized—himself—is gone? Independent of all business-motives, I feel it is my duty to endeavour to win him back. I cannot hope that the love which deserted me, when I was still what he once admired, will return; but I know that my devotion and desire to make him happy may withdraw him from what, sooner or later, must bring its punishment. In this great trial I have some consolation. I cannot call to mind having ever driven him from home by any disturbing or fretful conduct; my exceeding love for him made my enjoyment so perfect, that, whatever cause I might have for discontent, vanished at the bare echo of his voice. But although I cannot accuse myself of a word that made him frown, I remember how much he must have lacked amusement from one whose love, so deep, was silent; and whose anxious thoughtful character, united to delicate health, rendered her an unamusing companion for one so sought after, so admired, so brilliant as Mansfield. Men have greater temptations than ever, of late years, to lure them from their homes. Those garish clubs! where everything is done to render a man perfectly and entirely independent of his own house! People little consider how a separation in amusements leads to a separation of interests. I tried to enter into his, and, strange as it will sound to you, though I am now deserted, I feel assured my duties have been so fulfilled, he cannot fail to remember, at one time or other, that there is one sworn his unchanging friend, whose lip never spoke reproach—whose heart never beat but with love for him. I fear you will hardly understand me when I say that in this is my consolation—in this, forsaken as I am now, shall I triumph in the end. Yes, my dear uncle, if women have patience to endure, they may die, but they must conquer. Do not mistake me—I mean by conquer the achievement of no command, the exercise of no authority; but I do mean that it will be their exceeding glory to win back the wanderer—to find him return—to save him for time, and, through God's blessing, for eternity. This is a Christian woman's triumph—a triumph in which angels will rejoice. I do not say I shall achieve this now with Mansfield—he is still in the toils; but when passion fades, and reason and affection return, he will return with them. Do not think I do not feel what all

women must, under such circumstances; nor do not give me more merit than I deserve. I love him—that of itself is sufficient to keep me in the path of duty; but even if I did not, I would, I hope, do from principle what I now do from affection. It is only then I should deserve praise. Poor Mansfield! he will have that to contend with hereafter that will bitterly try his temper and character—the falling away of summer friends, which, like summer flies, vanish at the first chill of winter—the loneliness and self-reproach—the restricted means—the impossibility of indulgence in tastes and refinements which habit has rendered necessary—the coldness of the few whom he respects. These form his future—a future that would drive him to utter despair, or more degraded sin, unless some haven opened to receive him.'

There was much more, but this was chief. She was already gone when Uncle Oliver received the letter—gone with her child, his mail, and the faithful Lewis. 'Have you heard the news?' exclaimed Mrs Joseph Smith as a lady of her acquaintance entered the drawing-room, and discovered Mr Orepoint holding a skein of worsted which she was winding for her 'crochet.' 'I am really quite half broken-hearted and half ashamed that one so nearly related to me should be so tried, and so lost, because there never was anything so foolish. Madeline Mansfield has given up the whole of her marriage settlement to clear away all the debts and things that tormented her good-for-nothing husband. So much; but that is not all. He would not come back to sign the papers which were necessary, and so she is quietly gone to find him. Now, did you ever in all your life hear of such a thing?—putting in practice what we read of in old books—only meant to be read, not done, you know, dear.'

'Most true,' said Mr Orepoint, while working with marvellous industry at the knot in the lamb's-wool.

'I wanted to ask you,' resumed the visitor, 'if there will be an auction at the poor Mansfields?'

'I don't know; but if there should be, and I could get Smith, by some miracle, into a good humour, I should like that harp—it is such a love!'

'I shall certainly go and see the things, whether I buy or not,' half-yawned Mr Orepoint. 'I always doubted the console-tables being real mosaic; and I must ascertain, as I have a bet at the club about them.'

'Everything in the house was real,' said Mrs Smith, bridling a little—for she fancied the observation a slap at the family—'I assure you everything in the house was real.'

'Except the happiness,' sneered the man about town—'except the happiness.'

#### 'WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.'

THE operative tradesmen of Germany—tailors, shoemakers, printers, watchmakers, and so forth—are a wandering race of mortals. As soon as a workman has finished his apprenticeship, he goes upon his travels, walks on foot from town to town, getting a job here, and a job there, and, if penniless, sometimes receiving aid from trades' guilds to help him on his way; and at other times begging, cap in hand, from passengers. When he has spent a number of years abroad, and seen the mode of working in many different towns, he returns, marries, and settles down as a quiet, home-staying citizen. We have often seen men of this vagrant order in Germany toiling along the roads on foot, with a knapsack on their back, a stick in one hand, and a pipe in the other. We believe begging is strictly forbidden, nevertheless many a cap has been held out to us imploringly, and even with a pertinacity which no denial could easily repel. One of these wandering journeymen, named Hothaus, a tailor, two years ago published an account of his travels, which excited considerable interest in Germany, and has been translated

by William Howitt, within the last month or two, and issued for the benefit of the English public.\*

This singular production is somewhat less amusing than we had expected, for the author says comparatively little about his own adventures, or means of getting employment, confining himself chiefly to a narration of where he went, with accounts of the places he visited. Yet the book is curious, as describing the actual rambles of an operative through various countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere depending for the gratification of his passion for travel solely on his needle. As the translator observes, it is the history of a man who 'literally sews his way from continent to continent.' To whatever country or capital he goes, he finds masters of his own nation and trade established. He works with them, saves money enough to carry him on to a new country, and there finds in his young countrymen fellow-pilgrims of the staff and knapsack, ready to bear him company on new excursions. Our hero commences his narrative as follows:—

'It was in the year 1824, that, after the early death of my parents, I quitted my native place, Werdohl, in the circle of Altena, being not yet sixteen years old, and betook myself to Schwelm. There I worked a year and a quarter. I then resolved on a farther journey through Germany, and set out upon it in July 1825, in company with three other hand-workers, one of whom was out of Saxony.' They proceed through the countries on the Rhine to Berlin, after which they go by Pomerania into Poland. Here they experience difficulties for want of proper passports, and their money runs so short, that one sold a shirt, the second a coat, and a third a pair of boots and pantaloons. At Cracow the author is struck with ague, which confines him to the hospital a fortnight. Quit of this affliction, he obtains work for a few days, and earns a little money, with the view of proceeding to Vienna; but the police turn him back into Prussia, and, beaten about from point to point, he is compelled to part with his knapsack to pay a debt which he had incurred for lodging. Lightened of his burden, our unfortunate tailor pushes his way homewards; 'and again,' says he, 'I stood poor and ragged only at a few hours' distance from my native place, Werdohl.' A feeling of shame now overwhelms him; he takes courage, and sets forth on a fresh cruise. To give anything like an idea of his zig-zag traversings, and also of his loiterings in different parts of Germany, for a number of years, is out of the question. It is sufficient to say that at Erfurt he got employment, saved some money, and was able to refit himself with clothes and knapsack. Having passed through Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Austria Proper, staying and working a short time in Vienna, off he set for Lower Hungary, sailed down the Danube, and halted at Pancsova, where he worked for eight months, and then went on a journey through Wallachia. At Bucharest he remained ten months. We next find him travelling to Warsaw, in Poland, and after that to the baths of Tüplitz and Carlsbad. At the entrance to the latter place, the inscription struck his eye—'He who is found begging in these walks will be seized, and sent with a shove to his own town.' 'I read this,' says he, 'with great composure, for I had yet money in my pocket.' After a short stay, with a glad heart he seized once more the old wander-staff, and went off towards Innspruck; journeyed a while through the Tyrol, where little work is to be had; proceeded again by Hungary and the Danube; and hearing that something might be done at Constantinople, his plan was made up to visit that distant capital.

The voyage down the Danube, and across the Black Sea, lasted several weeks, and was far from agreeable;

but all discomforts came to an end when he arrived in Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. 'Here,' said he, 'I had the good fortune to obtain employment from the ladies' tailor, M. Rolle, and I sat steadily for three quarters of a year, and worked hard. My manner of life was wholly Frankish. To breakfast and supper I had my own table; for dinner, I frequented a Frankish eating-house. At set of sun the workshop was closed, and then I returned to my quarters, which I had taken in company with others of my comrades, and there supped. In summer, supper consisted of figs, melons, and grapes; in winter, of tea, coffee, ham, and bacon, which last article the Maltese export in quantities to different countries. After supper we generally remained sitting, and smoked our tschibook, and conversed. In winter, we worked again some hours by lamp-light. Of course I did not omit on Sundays, and sometimes, too, on Mondays, to go about and observe the life and manners of this great city, with its million of men of the most various nations and characters.' His account of Constantinople, and the manners of its inhabitants, is ample, extending to about forty pages of his book, but is only a thousand-times told tale. Stamboul proved a golden soil to the vagrant tailor; he saved thirty-eight ducats by his labour. Here he might have remained and become rich; but no, he had an ardent craving to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, and set off on a voyage to the East accordingly.

Arrived in Egypt, our hero remained thirteen weeks in Cairo, but was not successful in picking up employment. Most of his time was spent in visiting the pyramids and other objects of curiosity. 'I often visited the slave-market in Cairo. Black and brown people lie separated into lots, and are offered for sale by the conductors. The brown are from Abyssinia, and have a tolerably handsome European cast of countenance, but with a black woolly hair. The black from Darfur, from Sennaar, and Upper Egypt, are more ugly, have thick lips, flat noses, through which they stick a bit of wood, so that the orifice may remain open for the ornament of an ivory ring. On each cheek they have three deep cuts, and on their heads black wool. The majority are wholly naked, though others have a gray woollen cloth round the loins, which they use at night as a blanket. If a Frank come into the market, they press eagerly forward, nod, call out with a soft voice, 'Tale henne!' and would fain be bought by him. In Egypt, the Franks are allowed to purchase some of them, but not in Constantinople. A female slave costs from five to eight hundred piastres—from six to ten pounds English; the young are something dearer. In Alexandria they are higher, and still higher in Constantinople. No white slaves are to be seen in Cairo, but black ones in great numbers.'

In June 1838, Holthaus quitted Cairo by a vessel down the Nile, and after a stay of ten days at Damietta, contracted with the captain of a merchant vessel to carry him to Beyrout, in Syria, for the sum of twenty piastres, or three shillings and sixpence. The voyage to Beyrout was undertaken with the hope of procuring work, and a recruitment to the purse, from a German tailor who was established there. On landing, says he, 'I made inquiries after him from some Franks whom I perceived on the strand, and found him in a large haan, where only foreigners lodged. Our countryman assisted us to hire a room in the haan—and a most wretched one it was—which we got for twenty paraahs daily. It was neither drawn nor paved; window holes it had, but no windows; and it was thoroughly black, and perfectly alive with fleas, rats, and mice. There was neither seat nor table in it; and for the wooden key with which we secured our door, we had three piastres extra to pay. The slave-merchants, too, took up their quarters in our haan, and offered their blacks for sale.' This turns out a bad move. The German tailor could not give any work, and Holthaus resolved on a voyage to Acre.

With a heart full of piety and thankfulness, the wandering journeyman set his foot on the Holy Land,

\* *Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, through Europe and the East, during the Years 1824 to 1840.* By P. D. Holthaus, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German Edition, by William Howitt. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

and, what was very pleasant, the Franciscan monastery at Acre afforded him three days' rest and refreshment free of all charge. The first night, he observes, 'I passed without sleep; for, as I had not slept in a bed for a year and a half, I was quite uncomfortable in one.' Quitting this haven of rest, along with a comrade, he set out on a journey by way of Nazareth to Jerusalem. This proved a distressing pilgrimage. Towards evening, as the wayfarers entered the plain of Zebulun, they sought for a free inn among the villages, but none was to be found. 'It was dark, and we went on for another half hour. Then, arriving at a thicket, we turned to the left, out of the way, and took up our quarters under God's free heaven, and beneath a peaceful olive-tree. Camel-drivers went past during the night, and my comrade was full of anxiety; but we continued quiet, and awoke happy the next morning. With the break of day, without any food, and with only a little supply of water, which was already warm, we arose, and advanced over hill and dale, through copses of oak, over stones and naked rocks. Roads crossed themselves in all directions. In the mountains grazed long-haired goats, and sheep with broad tails. Our necessity increased at every step, as we had no water; and the burning heat made us exceedingly faint. My companion flung himself on the earth, and resolved to die on the spot rather than to advance another step into the wilderness. After much persuasion, he was prevailed on to go a little further, collected his strength, and marched with me forward. Presently we issued from this desert track, and entered again the cheerful green fields; a well, too, after which we had so earnestly sighed, presented itself, and a kind-hearted maiden, like another Rebecca, gave us to drink. By this well it is always, and especially towards evening, a busy scene. Women are washing, girls come and draw water in their jugs or leathern bags, herdsmen approach to water their cattle, and asses are loaded with water-sacks, which they carry frequently to a distance of from six to nine miles. We asked the way to Nazareth—called in Arabic Nazara—and it was pointed out to us, with the assurance that it was very easy to find. Thereupon we laid us down under a shady fig-tree by a cattle-shed, and refreshed ourselves with the clear water, but had nothing to eat. After this, when we had climbed other hills covered with low brushwood, had seen to the east the village of Cana in Galilee, with its little mud huts, which looked like ruins, and had again refreshed ourselves with cold water at a well near a village, in a dale planted with fig and olive trees, we espied the little town of Nazareth, standing still and lonely on another hill, with its little huts of clay and mud, with flat roofs, from amid which a convent towered aloft, surrounded by a wall. One hut, owing to the steepness of the hill, lay as it were over the other. And this, then, was the place where our Saviour passed the years of his childhood, and where he afterwards, on his perambulations, taught in the schools.'

At Nazareth they receive poor treatment, and proceed through a miserable country to Tiberias, satisfied with a view of the sea of Galilee, which lay before them 'like a clear pure mirror, surrounded by naked and scorched hills.' Amid stones, crags, and sandy wastes, they travelled to Cana, and then back to Nazareth, suffering great bodily distress from hunger and excoriation of the feet. Finally, they got to Jerusalem on the 15th of August 1838. Holthaus gives a pretty succinct account of the Holy city, which, having inspected to his heart's content, living the meanwhile at free quarters in the Franciscan convent of St Salvatori, he went off on a wandering excursion to the Jordan and Dead Sea. He returned to Jerusalem, and finally quitted that city on the 20th of September for Jaffa, halting by the way at another of those Franciscan convents, without shelter from which, poor pilgrims would die in thousands in the inhospitable wilderness. At Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, he picked up his former comrade, and the wandering pair took ship to Bey-

roul. The vessel, which was loaded with water-melons, was a bad sailer, and one day when the anchor was dropped, our hero went ashore to a neighbouring Arab village. There is a touch of nature in what follows. 'An old woman speedily came running up to me, and implored me to enter her dwelling. I regarded the invitation with suspicion, for you cannot lightly trust the Arab and Turkish women. But I ventured; and she led me into a miserable hut, which I was obliged to enter by stooping, or rather creeping through its low doorway. There, on the floor, lay a black man and a boy, who were both ill. The old woman made me to understand that she wished me to cure them. I could only shrug my shoulders, and explain to her that I was no doctor, nor had any curative means with me. The poor woman sighed, probably imagining that I would not exert my skill. In the East, a Frank is continually regarded as a doctor, and this was now my case. Had I had some brandy and sugar by me, it is probable that I might have assisted the Arab, for this is the favourite remedy with these people.'

The vessel again went forward on its voyage, but so slowly, that at Acre the errant journeyman lost patience with the delays, and resolved to encounter a land journey at all hazards the rest of the way. 'Throwing my knapsack on my back, I bought some bread, filled my bottles with water, and marched on by land. It was a fruitful plain through which I strode. To the left lay the Mediterranean, and before me stretched a vast level. At first my way lay through pomegranate gardens and a cedar wood; but afterwards amongst rocks and precipices, till towards evening I entered the plain of Tyre, now Sur. The night overtook me, and I took up my quarters in the bed of a dried-up brook. The next morning, as I awoke, I heard the dull ringing of the bells of a caravan. I arose hastily, quickened my steps, and soon reached it. One of the drivers, who had an unloaded ass, allowed me for eight piastres to ride it to Sidon. This was a novelty for me. We passed several kanaks, where Arab bread, goats' cheese, figs, grapes, and coffee, could be purchased. This night again I slept in the open air, but in the company of six camels, two asses, and three Arabs. Three hours before the break of day, our caravan put itself in motion; and before the dawn, we were in Sidon, or Saïde, as it is at present named, where I merely stayed a few minutes in a Turkish coffee-house, and then stretched my staff farther along the coast, now through deep sandy plains, and now over mountains. Six miles from Beyrout, however, from fatigue and thirst, I was unable to move another stride. I took up my quarters for the night in a summer-house in a mulberry garden, and arising early the next morning, proceeded to Beyrout, where, the 12th of September, I luckily again encountered my fellow-countryman and pilgrim, August, who had arrived the day before. Here then our pilgrimage ended. I had traversed the desolate mountain ranges of Palestine, stood on the shores of the Galilean lake, of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. I had trod the scenes where the foot of the Redeemer had once wandered, and knelt and prayed on the place of his birth, his death, and resurrection; and now I yearned once more after Europe and my native land.'

From Beyrout the journeyman tailor went by sea to Constantinople, there got some work from his old master, but, urged by the thirst for travel, became impatient, and broke away for Athens. At Athens, he was delighted to find himself—thanks to King Otto's Bavarian followers—in a town almost half German. Getting work immediately from the ladies' tailor, Marksteiner, he describes his mode of life. 'Here, as in Constantinople, I hired a room with my fellow-traveller, but a room it was only, without bed, chair, or table. Beds I had no further acquaintance with. For years I had now slept on the paved ground, on boards, and frequently amongst rocks and precipices in the open air. Here, wrapped in my quilt, and with my knapsack under my head, I slept more sweetly than many

one in the softest bed. My trunk was my chair and table. Every morning I went early to the workshop, where, besides the master, four journeymen and five German girls worked. We made up only fine articles, for the most part silken stuffs; for the ladies of Athens dress as splendidly as the Grecian, Armenian, and Frank ladies in Constantinople. In the morning, at seven o'clock, we had a cup of sweetened coffee, with a white roll, handed to us in the workshop; at noon we dined in a Bavaroise—that is, a Bavarian hotel—and paid, for three dishes, with a bottle of wine, seventy lepte, about fourpence-halfpenny; in the evening we took supper at home: but I did not spend much time in my hired room. On Sunday mornings we went to church, took a walk in the afternoon, partook in a coffee-house, on a country excursion, a glass of wine, of which the bottle cost twenty lepte, or sixteen pence, about a penny-farthing English, and chatted very agreeably the time away. In the evening we went to the "Concordia," that is, to a select society of German masters there established, their wives, and assistants, both young men and young women. The journeymen tailors and other professionalists formed themselves into a theatric company, and one of my comrades was director; and sometimes an individual stepped forward and declaimed something. Occasionally a ball was given, so that, side by side with good employment here, pleasure and entertainment were not wanting.

Our space forbids us going much further with the vagrant tailor. He walked over a considerable part of Greece before leaving the country; sailed for Naples; visited Rome; arrived in France by Marseilles; and proceeded by way of Paris and Belgium to Germany, where the beloved waters of the Rhine again greet his sight. On the 5th of November 1840 he entered his native Werdohl, after an absence of sixteen years and six months. Affectionately the long absent tailor was welcomed by his friends, and the narrative of his wanderings was listened to with universal delight. Having given his travels to the world in the volume before us, he set forth on a fresh journey, taking this time a direction towards the northern countries of Europe. He is now stitching his way through Russia, and the reader may hope, if he return safe, for another and equally curious volume, to be translated, like the present, we trust, by our friend William Howitt.

#### NICHOLSON, THE AIREDALE POET.

A VOLUME of poems, the production of John Nicholson, 'the Airedale poet,' as he was termed, has fallen under our notice, and affords us a not unsuitable opportunity of saying a few words respecting this son of genius, and of drawing a moral from his unhappy fate. John Nicholson, as we learn from a biographic sketch prefixed to his poems, was the son of a wool-sorter at Bingley, in Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of which, on the summit of the wild mountain tract of Romalds Moor, he received the elements of education from a rustic besom-maker; who, like a peripatetic philosopher, led forth his little band of scholars to teach them lessons, while they pulled the blooming twig for his besoms, which he sold in the surrounding villages on the Saturday holidays. Whether this vagrant life among the hills unsettled the mind of young Nicholson, does not clearly appear; but we learn that, as he grew up, his father could not induce him to adopt patient habits of industry at his profession of wool-sorting, and that he took every opportunity of neglecting his duties for the sake of reading and meditating on poetic composition. We must pass over his early years, however, and take him up at middle life, when he had begun to write and publish fugitive pieces, and to have almost entirely abandoned the means of gaining a regular livelihood for himself and family. Encouraged by admiring friends, in 1824 he published 'Airedale and other Poems,' of the versification of which, the reader

may form an idea from the following eulogy on past times:—

Though history hath shaded o'er with crimes  
The long past period of the feudal times,  
Here foreign luxuries were yet unknown,  
And all they wished was in the valley grown.  
Their wholesome food was butter, cheese, and milk,  
And Airedale's ladies never shone in silk;  
The line they grew their own soft hands prepared;  
The wool unneeded to the poor was spared;  
But few the poor, unless by age oppressed;  
At little rent some acres each possessed.  
Such was this vale when Kirkstall's glories shone,  
And who can help but sigh that they are gone?

A few lines from a poem entitled 'Reflections on the Return of the Swallow,' may be given as a specimen of one of his shorter pieces:—

Swift-winged and pleasing harbinger of spring!  
Thou from thy winter's voyage art returned,  
To skim above the lake, or dip thy wings  
In the sequestered river's winding streams.  
Instinct has brought thee to the rural cot,  
From whence, with new-fledged wings, thou took'st thy flight.  
Oh! could I give thee intellect and tongue,  
That thou to man might'st tell what mazes wild,  
And what eccentric circles thou hast flown  
Since thou didst soar in autumn far away!  
Cities in rising splendour thou hast seen,  
And those where solemn desolation dwells.  
Hast thou not peaceful slept the night away,  
Perched on the distant pyramid's high point;  
Or on some massive column's hoary top,  
Beheld great Aëna's dark sulphureous smoke,  
Then dipped thy wings upon the orient waves?  
Like thee, could man with philosophic eye  
Survey mankind in every varying clime,  
How would his mind expand! his specious soul,  
Released from bigotry and party zeal,  
Would grasp the human race in every form:  
Denominations, sects, and creeds would sink,  
His mind o'erpowered with the thought that He  
Who formed the universe regards them all!

A literary work from a hand so unpolished and unpromising excited surprise; and a poet being at that time a phenomenon in the locality, he became highly popular, and received many substantial marks of favour from his patrons. In his long and frequent journeyings to deliver his book to subscribers, and to obtain other purchasers, he unavoidably associated with men who were ever willing to treat him with liquor for the sake of his original and instructive conversation, and to witness his feats of impromptu verse-making. Had he possessed the least prudence or foresight, the produce of the poems, and the presents he now received, might have secured him a moderate competency for life; but, regardless of the intreaties and endeavours of friends, he riotously wasted his money among convivial companions, and seldom returned from book-vending excursions with a penny in his pocket.

It is difficult to say whether this poor man most deserves pity or blame. Whatever were his own natural weaknesses, he was evidently a victim of the vulgar admiration which has shipwrecked so many uneducated poets. For years he gleaned a subsistence by selling his books, both in the country and in the metropolis; but this precarious mode of life brought no consolation, and having glutted the market with his wares, he was fain to return to the occupation of a wool-comber at Bradford. His life was a chequered scene of labour one day and reckless conduct the next, till the event which led to his melancholy end. Fond of rambling over hill and dale, and communing with nature, he one night, in April 1843, in crossing the river Aire by means of stepping-stones, lost his footing, as is believed, and was swept down the stream. He was able to scramble to land, where he lay unnoticed, or at least unassisted, till he perished from cold and the apparent effects of apoplexy. He left a wife and eight children, for whose benefit the present volume of his poems has been laid before the public.\*

\* Poems by John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, with a sketch of his life and writings, by John James, author of the History of Bradford. London: Longman and Company. 1844.



We said that a moral might be drawn from the dismal fate of poor Nicholson, and it is this—that whatever be a man's attainments, or however influential be his friends, all will not compensate for the want of prudence, and particularly temperance; nor will anything whatever excuse the neglect of the first of natural duties, a regard for the well-being of the domestic hearth. Nicholson possessed a wonderful degree of taste and power of expression; his poetry abounds in beautiful descriptions of the scenes amidst which he delighted to wander. But what availed such gifts? His career was one of disappointment and woe—his death that of the veriest outcast. Committing first the error of deserting his profession for the uncertain products of a half-mendicant existence, he yielded to temptations which in his sober moments he despised. The mental anguish he appears to have sustained during these lucid intervals is well depicted in one of his poems, called 'Genius and Intemperance,' with a quotation from which we close the present notice:—

Oh! could I write that I myself could save  
From this one curse, this sure untimely grave,  
This endless want, that soon must stop my breath,  
These flaming draughts, which bring the surest death,  
Then should my Muse upon her wings advance,  
And Genius triumph o'er Intemperance.  
I know there's mirth, and there's a flash of joy,  
When friends with friends a social hour employ,  
When the full bowl is circled all around,  
And not a single jarring string is found;  
But truest wisdom of a young man's heart,  
Is well to know the moment to depart.  
Thousands of hopeful youths, who first begin  
To mix with friends in this bewitching sin,  
Soon lose their resolution—and what then?  
Their privilege is gone to other men;  
Their wealth has wasted, and the landlord, where  
They seemed so happy with his social cheer,  
When all is spent, and all resources o'er,  
Soon kicks the starving wretches out of door.  
I could employ my pen for weeks, for years  
Write on this subject, wet it with my tears;  
For spacious as the ocean is the scope;  
For drinking drowns all genius, wealth, and hope,  
Lays best of characters below the dust,  
And fills connexions with a deep distrust.  
But in weak verse the ill can ne'er be told—  
Eternity alone can these unfold.  
That I may know these ills, and stop in time,  
Is my last wish, as thus I end the rhyme.

### HEALTH—ITS LOSS AND PRESERVATION DEPEND ON DAILY CONDUCT.

[From Dr Combe's 'Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health.']

We are constantly meeting with anomalies in practical life, in the case of individuals little accustomed, when in health, to observe or to reflect on the influence of external circumstances and modes of living in disturbing the actions of the various animal functions, but at the same time easily and deeply impressed by all extraordinary occurrences affecting them. Thus, when any one is taken ill, his relatives or friends become extremely anxious to have his room properly ventilated; his body-clothes frequently changed and carefully aired; his food properly regulated in quantity and quality; his skin cleaned and refreshed; his mind amused and tranquillised; his sleep sound and undisturbed; and his body duly exercised. And they state, as the reason for all this care, and most justly, that pure air, cleanliness, attention to diet, cheerfulness, regular exercise, and sound sleep, are all highly conducive to health. And yet such is the inconsistency attendant on ignorance, that the patient is no sooner restored, than both he and his guardians are often found to become careless and indifferent in regard to all the laws of health, as if these were entirely without influence, and their future breach or observance could in no way affect him! Just as if it were not better, by a rational exercise of judgment, to preserve health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then pay the penalty in suffering and danger.

as an indispensable preliminary to its subsequent restoration!

One cause of such anomalous conduct is the dangerous and prevalent fallacy of supposing that, because glaring mischief does not *instantly* follow every breach of an organic law, no harm has been done. Thus, what is more common than to hear a dyspeptic invalid, who seeks to gratify his palate, affirm that vegetables, for example, or pastry, or puddings, do not disagree with him, as he ate them on such a day, and felt no inconvenience from them? and the same in regard to late hours, heated rooms, insufficient clothing, and all other sources of bad health, every one of which will, in like manner, be defended by some patient or other, on the ground that he experienced no injury from them on a *certain specified occasion*; while all, when the rule is not directly applied to themselves, will readily admit that, in the case of others, such things are, and *must* be, very harmful.

Happy would it often be for suffering man could he see beforehand the modicum of punishment which his multiplied aberrations from the laws of physiology are sure to bring upon him. But as, in the great majority of instances, the breach of the law is limited in extent, and becomes serious only by the frequency of its repetition, so is the punishment gradual in its infliction, and slow in manifesting its accumulated effect; and this very gradation, and the distance of time at which the full effect is produced, are the reasons why man in his ignorance so often fails to trace the connection between his conduct in life and his broken health. But the connection subsists, although he does not regard it, and the accumulated consequences come upon him when he least expects them.

Thus, pure air is essential to the full enjoyment of health, and reason shows that every degree of vitiation must necessarily be *proportionally* hurtful, till we arrive at that degree at which, from its excess, the continuance of life becomes impossible. When we state this fact to a delicately constituted female, who is fond of frequenting heated rooms, or crowded parties, theatres, or churches, and call her attention to the hurtful consequences which she must inflict on herself by inhaling the vitiated air of such assemblies, her answer invariably is, that the closeness and heat are very disagreeable, but that they rarely injure *her*: by which she can only mean, that a single exposure to them does not always cause an illness serious enough to send her to bed, or excite acute pain; although both results are admitted sometimes to have followed. An intelligent observer, however, has no difficulty in perceiving that they *do* hurt her, and that although the effect of each exposure to their influence is so gradual as not to arrest attention, it is not the less progressive and influential in producing and maintaining that general delicacy of health by which she is characterised, and from which no medical treatment can relieve her, so long as its causes are left in active operation.

Of the truth and practical value of the above doctrines, the author may be allowed to quote his own case, as an instructive example. In the autumn of 1831, he went to Italy in consequence of pulmonary disease, which, in January and February 1832, reduced him to such a state of debility as to leave no hope of his surviving the spring. Aware that his only chance lay in assisting nature to the utmost extent, by placing every function in the circumstances best fitted for its healthy performance, he acted habitually on the principle of yielding the strictest obedience to the physiological laws, and rendering every other object secondary to this. He did so, in the full assurance that, whether recovery followed or not, this was, at all events, the most certain way to secure the greatest bodily ease, and the most perfect mental tranquillity compatible with his situation. The result was in the highest degree satisfactory. From being obliged to pause twice in getting out of bed, a slow but progressive improvement took place, and by long and steady perseverance, continued till, at the end



of two or three months, he was able to drive out and walk a little every day. From month to month thereafter the amendment was so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible; but, at the end of a longer period, the difference was striking enough. Thus encouraged, the author continued true to his own principles, and in resisting every temptation to which improving health exposed him; and the ultimate result has been, that every successive year, from 1832 up to the present time, 1841, has, with one or two exceptions, found him more healthy and vigorous than before, and that many of his professional friends, who long regarded his partial convalescence as destined to be of very brief duration, cannot yet refrain from an expression of surprise on observing it to be still perceptibly advancing at the end of ten years.

The author now publishes this example, both because—as an illustration of the advantages of acting in accordance with the laws of our nature—it is as instructive as any with which he is acquainted, and because it strikingly shows the gradual accumulation of almost imperceptible influences operating surely, though slowly, in restoring him to a degree of health and enjoyment which has richly repaid him for all its attendant privations. Had he not been fully aware of the gravity of his own situation, and, from previous knowledge of the admirable adaptation of the physiological laws to carry on the machinery of life, disposed to place implicit reliance on the superior advantages of fulfilling them, as the direct dictates of Divine Wisdom, he never would have been able to persevere in the course chalked out for him, with that ready and long-enduring regularity and cheerfulness which have contributed so much to their successful fulfilment and results. And, therefore, he feels himself entitled to call upon those who, impatient at the slowness of their progress, are apt, after a time, to disregard all restrictions, to take a sounder view of their true position, to make themselves acquainted with the real dictates of the organic laws, and, having done so, to yield them full, implicit, and persevering obedience, in the certain assurance that they will reap their reward in renewed health, if recovery be still possible; and, if not, that they will thereby obtain more peace of mind and bodily ease than by any other means which they can use.

From the preceding explanation of the slow but gradually increasing effect of both noxious and healthful influences on the human body, it is obvious, that while we cannot infer from a single application of a remedy or single fulfilment of a physiological law being unproductive of an instantly perceptible result, that it is therefore of no use; neither ought we to infer, that because a single excess of any kind does not produce a direct attack of disease, it is therefore necessarily harmless; for it is only when the noxious agent is very powerful, indeed, that its deleterious influence on the system becomes instantly sensible. In the great majority of situations to which man is exposed in social life, it is the continued or the reiterated application of less powerful causes which gradually, and often imperceptibly, unless to the vigilant eye, effects the change, and ruins the constitution before danger is dreamt of; and hence the great mass of human ailments is of slow growth and slow progress, and admits only of a slow cure; whereas those which are suddenly induced by violent causes are urgent in their nature and rapid in their course. And yet so little are we accustomed to trace diseased action to its true causes, and to distinguish between the essential and the accidental in the list of consequences, that, as already observed, if no glaring mischief has followed any particular practice within at most twenty-four hours, nine out of ten individuals will be found to have come to the conclusion that it is perfectly harmless, even where it is capable of demonstration that the reverse is the fact.

The benevolence and wisdom of this arrangement are very conspicuous. There are many casual influences in the agency of which man will never be

able entirely to protect himself. If they are speedily withdrawn from him, the slight disorder which they produce quickly ceases, and health remains essentially undisturbed. But, if they be left in operation for a considerable length of time, the derangement which they excite gradually and slowly increases, till at last a state of disease becomes established, which requires an equally long or longer period, and a steady observance of the laws of health, for its removal.

[The present seems a proper opportunity for informing our readers, that Dr Combe's Physiology is now published in a People's Edition (Macaulay and Stewart, Edinburgh) at a third of its former cost, so as to be within the reach of a much larger portion of the community than have yet availed themselves of it. This cheap edition is the twelfth in nine years, a strong proof of the value which the public has placed upon the work, and we observe that thirty thousand copies have been sold in America. It is no extravagance to say, that the sound unostentatious wisdom of this book, the interesting manner in which it impresses the importance of attention to the organic laws of our being, and the singular lucidity and simplicity of the author's language and ideas, all combine to render it one of the most remarkable literary productions of our age. It should be read and studied, and made a practical guide, by all: the poorest man, as well as the richest, ought, if possible, to possess it. The numbers who have profited by the book must be pleased to learn what the author tells of his personal history in the above extract. So the case really is, that this gifted man has written his *Physiology*, his work on *Dietetics*—scarcely less valuable—and an admirable practical manual for mothers on the *Management of Infancy*, entirely out of the relics of a constitutional strength which twelve years ago seemed on the point of extinction, but has been saved and revived purely by attention to the organic laws. The thread is still a frail one; inasmuch that the author has been obliged to spend some of the late winters in milder climes than ours; but, in common with thousands who have enjoyed the benefits of his writings, we shall hope that a few more years will see this changed, so that Dr Combe will not only have the satisfaction of seeing his present works going on to a vastly extended utility, but compose others by which he will confer new, and, if possible, still greater obligations upon his kind.]

#### ANECDOTES OF ENGLAND IN 1843.

[From the newspapers.]

'The condition of the poor is a subject which, altogether irrespective of the poor-law and its collateral questions, must ever excite the attention of thinking men. Above all, it should in London, where the condition of the poor is most strikingly appalling. It appears, from the report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street police-office, that there is an average number of fifty human beings, of all ages, who huddle together in the parks every night, having no other shelter than what is supplied by the trees and hollows of the embankment. Of these, the majority are young girls, who have been seduced from the country by the soldiers, and turned loose on the world in all the destitution of friendless penury, and all the recklessness of early vice. This is truly horrible. Poor there must be everywhere. But that, within the precincts of wealth, gaiety, and fashion, nigh the regal grandeur of St. James's, close on the palatial splendour of Bayswater, on the confines of the old and the new aristocratic quarters, in a district where the cautious refinement of modern design has abstained from erecting one single tenement for poverty, which seems, as it were, dedicated to the exclusive enjoyments of wealth—that there want, and famine, and disease, and vice, should stalk in all their kindred horrors, consuming body by body, soul by soul! It is, indeed, a monstrous state of things. Enjoyment, the most absolute that bodily ease, intellectual excitement, or the more innocent pleasures of sense, can supply to man's craving,

brought in close contact with the most unmitigated misery! Wealth, from its bright saloons, laughing—an insolent heedless laugh—at the unknown words of want! Pleasure, cruelly but unconsciously mocking the pain that moans below! All contrary things jostling one another—all contrary, save the vice which tempts and the vice which is tempted!—*Times, October.*

Of the gross number of 155 prisoners tried at our recent county and city sessions, only six could read and write! All the rest could either do so only 'imperfectly,' or had not the least knowledge of reading. Neither is Gloucestershire singular in this pitiable exhibition of intense ignorance in that class from amongst whom our jails derive their too great population; for we find by our contemporary, the Bristol Times, the chaplain of the Taunton jail states that, during the last three years, no less than 360 prisoners had come under his notice who were as completely ignorant of Christianity as heathens. This is a picture of England in the nineteenth century. Here at our very doors, crawling about our streets, lanes, alleys, and roads, to beg or to steal, and filling our workhouses and jails, we have a population of hundreds of thousands who know nothing of God or religion, and who are not possessed of the commonest rudiments of education to remove the gross ignorance which envelops them like a cloud, cuts them off from all association with their better-taught fellow-creatures, which almost necessitates that they shall beg or steal, or else not live; and which obscures their perceptions till they sink from poverty, and crime, and misery, into the grave, into which they fall without thinking, feeling, or believing that its gloomy portals admit them to an everlasting futurity, which this life was given them to prepare for!—*Gloucester Journal, November.*

Yesterday forenoon, a poor diseased and emaciated looking lad was wheeled to the police office on a hurley, regarding whom a somewhat painful tale has to be told. It appears that about six weeks ago he became affected with the prevailing trouble, influenza, and having no place to go to, he resorted, for shelter and rest, to an out-house or shed attached to the cattle market in Gallowgate, where he has lain ever since imbedded amongst the straw, unchanged in garments, and unwashed in his person. It would appear that several persons in humble life knew of the poor creature's burrowing place, and, according to his own statement, he was fed pretty often with brose, bread, or turnips, and thus continued to keep soul and body together, though he was always too weak to get upon his legs. Notwithstanding, however, that a fellow-being had occupied this wretched bivouac for at least six weeks, and, during that time, encountered weather which made many shiver at the chimney-nook of ease, none of those who knew his wretched plight ever once thought of informing the authorities, or representing his case at the poor's-house. It was only, indeed, by accident that the policeman on the station heard of the circumstance, and had the unfortunate creature removed from his lair into the light of day. The name of this unfortunate is M'Callum, and his age twenty. For a time he was employed to work a horse and cart, and latterly picked up a few coppers in the market by herding cattle; but when trouble came, he had nothing for it, as he says, but to go in amongst the straw. It is likely that the mind must have become depressed as the body got weakened, otherwise it is scarcely possible to conceive how a human being could have been so long in the position described, without making some desperate attempt to make his sufferings known to the world. Now that it is known, he will be carefully tended till his recovery.—*Glasgow Herald, November 17.*

Late on Wednesday evening, intimation was received at the police office that a poor man, an hostler, generally known by the name of English Bill, had taken refuge in the course of the night in Mr Thorne's stables, in West George Lane, and was believed to be in a dying state. Dr Easton promptly visited him, and recom-

mended his removal from the stall in which he lay to the police office, where everything that kindness and skill could do to relieve suffering humanity was done for him, but he died at an early hour yesterday forenoon. There is too much reason to believe that the death of this poor man (who, we believe, had seen better days) was caused by the want of the ordinary necessities of life; and it is most painful that such a state of things should exist in a community which considers itself both enlightened and charitable. Surely some effort should be made to procure a place where the pressing wants of such persons could be attended to, without the difficulty or delay at present experienced in getting them admitted into any of our public institutions.—*Glasgow Herald, November 24, (a week after the above date).*

For some weeks the surgeon of the Edinburgh police has been making investigations respecting young destitute persons that are prowling about the city; and the result of his inquiries has been, that some ten or twelve young persons are at present in Edinburgh, without father, or mother, or any relative to care for them, who spend their days in begging, and their nights sleeping in common stairs, or otherwise, as chance may direct. Two of these were growing up in more than the ignorance of savage life; they did not know if they ever had a father or mother—of whose fostering care they had certainly had no experience. It may be supposed that their ignorance on other points was equally extreme. The most distressing case, however, occurred on Tuesday. A young girl, about eleven years of age, was found in a virulent stage of the fever, lying in a small room in a common stair, at the head of the Canongate, without a friend or attendant to look after her. She had previously subsisted by begging; but being attacked by the prevalent disease, she crept into this empty closet, where the inhabitants of the stair (with the filthy habits which have long been the reproach of Scotland) had been accustomed to empty their ashes, &c., instead of carrying them to the street. In this place she remained from the Friday to the Tuesday, without attendance of any kind, and without any supply either of food or water; some of the neighbours actually throwing their ashes upon her person. She was, however, noticed by some of the more humane neighbours, who gave information to the police; and Dr Tait being sent for, had her removed to the Infirmary, where she now remains. She is, we understand, an interesting child, but is altogether destitute of any relations.—*Scotsman (Edinburgh newspaper), November 25, (the day after the above date).*

#### SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY OF A LABOURER.

The following interesting case of successful industry is furnished by a correspondent to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England:—In passing through Norfolk lately, I met with such a remarkable and pleasing instance of successful industry, that I think the particulars may interest the members of the Royal Agricultural Society. Edmond Chaney, of Carlton Rode, 11 miles south-east of Norwich, aged 49 years, was brought home to his parish, about 20 years ago, with a family of six children. The overseers granted him an allowance of 2s. 6d. per week, and supplied him with a wheelbarrow, desiring him to try to find employment in wheeling out manure from the pit to the land. He obtained work of this sort from a farmer in a neighbouring parish, who, finding him a sensible and industrious man, kindly lent him money to buy a donkey, and afterwards a pony, which he repaid from the produce of his labour. Some time afterwards, by the advice and assistance of the same kind friend, he engaged to rent four acres of land belonging to the parish in which he was settled. His undertaking proving successful, he hired 24 acres more nine years ago last Michaelmas. Two years later he engaged 23 acres more—14 of arable and 9 of fen land—with a dwelling-house and buildings; the following year 22 acres more; and he has recently added another 24 acres to his occupation; making in all 93 acres, the 4 acres belonging to the parish having been taken from him when he hired the other land.

In order to stock these different parcels of land, he was

of course under the necessity of borrowing money; but by industry and good management he has been enabled to pay it off, and is now free of the world. To make his history still more remarkable, he has brought up a family of 14 children, and buried two others.

The circumstances of the case, as I heard them related, appeared to me so extraordinary, that I was induced to go over to Cerriton to see the land, and to inquire into the system pursued with such admirable results. I found that Chaney has two sons grown up and married, who work for him as day-labourers, and three unmarried, who also work for him. In addition, he sometimes employs two or three other hands. He has five working horses, besides a brood mare and foal; nine breeding sows and a boar, five milk cows, and nine young cattle of different ages. I did not see any sheep. I could not find that he adopts any regular system of cropping; but the appearance of his crops bore testimony to the high condition of the land, though originally, I was informed, of inferior quality. The great secret of his good management and extraordinary success seems to be in a very liberal application of manure and of labour to improving the soil. He told me that he never sells any barley, peas, or beans, but devotes his whole growth of these to the feeding of stock, chiefly hogs, of which he fattens a great number. The particulars of this case are so extraordinary, that I should scarcely have given credit to them, had I not verified them on the spot. They appear to me to furnish a proof as remarkable as it is delightful, of the benefit of high farming. Rent of the 24 acres originally taken, 20s. per acre. Rent afterwards raised to 22s. and 24s. Rent of land subsequently taken, 40s.

### Weekly Chat-Chat.

*The Reformed Crows.*—The following piece of drollery is found in a late Illinois newspaper:—Colonel B— has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it are now covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The blacklegs came and partook with their usual relish, and, as usual, they were pretty well *corned*; and such a cawing and cackling—such strutting and staggering! When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zig-zag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united, at the top of their voices, in haw-haw-hawing, and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol; it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accursed thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbours. They have too much respect for their character, black as they are, again to be found drunk.

*Railway Charges.*—Railway companies, from the general want of tact in their directors, are yet far from meeting the public wants. They do not seem to be aware that while a thousand persons desirous of travelling can spare ten shillings, a hundred thousand can spare five shillings, and so on in proportion—the lower the fare, the much greater increase in the number who would travel. This may be well exemplified in our own publication. At its present price of three-halfpence, it has sixty thousand purchasers: were the price raised to threepence, it would get only seven or eight thousand purchasers, if so many; if raised to fourpence, its circulation would probably sink to a thousand, and then it would not be worth anybody's while to issue it. How long it is before public bodies of traffickers can take lessons from facts so obvious to private comprehension! A universal lowering of railway fares is earnestly demanded by the public. A late writer on the subject observes:—What astonishes us most in the present management of railways, is the indisposition to meet the public in the adoption of low fares—a plan which, were more than ever convinced, would prove of incalculable ad-

vantage to those lines that would fearlessly adopt it. A penny-wise policy induced the directors of the Hull and Selby Railway to raise their fares, particularly the third class; and what has been the result?—a falling off of passengers, inconvenience to the public, diminished revenue, and then a return to former rates, when they find their exorbitant demands will not pay them for the capital expended.

*Southey's Epitaph.*—The following lines, for inscription on a monument to Mr Southey in the church of Crosthwaite, have been furnished by Mr Wordsworth, poet-laureate:—

'Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,  
Ye lakes wherein the spirit of water sleeps,  
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew  
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you  
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved books, no more  
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,  
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,  
Adding immortal labours of his own:  
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal  
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal;  
Or fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.  
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast  
Could private feelings find a holier nest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed  
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith  
In his pure soul the fear of change and death.'

*The Line of Literature.*—The reason why the periodicals have all arranged themselves along the line of Fleet Street and the Strand, is merely one of convenience. To establish an office for a newspaper in any other district of the metropolis, would argue very great ignorance on the part of the publisher or proprietor. This alone, without some irresistible attraction or extraordinary merit to overcome the obstruction, would be sufficient to nip the young flower in the bud. The newsmen, in collecting their daily supply of literary ware, run along the line of literature, and pick up dozens or half-dozens, or even single numbers of periodicals, within a line of about one mile in length. Even this is too long for many; and a literary square or market would reduce the trudgery of the trade considerably; but to be compelled to diverge from this line into any other as long as itself—to run from Fleet Street to Fildorn, and from thence to Oxford Street or Regent Street, to collect two or three copies of different periodicals—would scarcely repay a common incipient for the risk and the labour, even supposing he got his shoes for nothing, which, however, needs no supposition at all. Every periodical, therefore, either establishes its office in Fleet Street or the Strand, or in some street that branches off from them, as the two parent streets—the father and the mother of English periodical literature. I should say that Fleet Street, being the oldest of the two, and within the city of London, is the male parent. The Strand, being the youngest, and within the city of Westminster, may be entitled to the honoured name of mother, or *alma mater*. It is remarkable, too, that there is a city for each, and that these two cities unite where the two streets unite—at the venerable old gateway of Temple Bar. There are several streets, or rather lanes, which branch off from Fleet Street, but none of them are publishing lanes: they have not yet risen to that dignity; and such is the conservatism of the venders, as a class, that it would be almost dangerous to settle in one of them.—'Walk from St Paul's,' in *Family Herald*.

*Duty of Old Age.*—A material part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves, as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour, and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.—*Dr Blair*.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## 'SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.'

'SAVE ME from my friends, I can take care of my enemies,' was the exclamation of some one to whom it was suggested by circumstances which rendered it no paradox. It has since fixed itself in the popular mind, because occasions are perpetually occurring when men and causes appear in much more danger of being injured by their friends than by their enemies. It is indeed a most lamentable truth, that friends are more generally seen to be operative for evil than enemies, as if it were a law that that which is sweetest and best in this world should always carry in itself the greatest bitter. Respecting unfortunate princes, the remark has almost become an axiom. Laud and Strafford evidently did more to bring their master Charles I. to the block than Pym and Hampden. James II. lost his throne, not through the manly English opposition of his enemies the Whigs, but by those men who called themselves peculiarly his friends, the drivelling bigots who flattered him with their preachings of passive obedience, and changed their religion to please him. So was it also with Louis XVI. If he had had no friends within and without the country plotting for his restoration to a power which for the time was impossible, to all appearance he would have settled into a quiet limited monarch, and transmitted his crown to his children. He was not destroyed because there were enthusiastic republicans in his country, who were the enemies of his kingly function and person, but because there were extravagant ultra-monarchists who would not be corrected out of the ideas of a former age, and were so absorbed in their attachment to his single person, that they had no sympathy for the millions placed under him. Even French republicanism itself was allowed to be destroyed, not by its enemies, but by its friends, and not by the most lukewarm of these, but by the hottest. Robespierre, Marat, Barrere, the most enthusiastic of its lovers, the men who would have sacrificed anything for it, these were the men whom Providence appointed to make it odious for a series of ages in the eyes of mankind, by its frenzies, its heartlessness, and its immeasurable thirst for blood.

Take any great *cause* of modern times, and it will be found that its greatest difficulties and dangers are from those who esteem themselves as most peculiarly its friends. To contend against a great majority, to struggle with powerful prejudices and interests serried on the other side, to wait for the slow progress of truth in converting men's minds, these are easily submitted to: they are the common fate of all aspiring causes. And in all these contentions with what is declaredly inimical, there is elicited an active and cheerful spirit well calculated to carry the rational votary over all sense of hardship. But very different is it to see the noble

prospects in view dashed by a few hot-heads, who love the cause not wisely, but too well. Often will one rashly spoken word from these men undo all the good that has been done by the multitude of the judicious. Their inconsiderate proceedings in general form the very bane of the cause. Yet all the time, they usually consider themselves as the only honest, consistent, efficacious persons in the whole fraternity. Those who pause for combined movements, they regard as indifferent and obstructive. In the partial compromise of opinion which must attend all union, they see only dereliction of principle. They neither can wait for a good time, nor stoop to take advantage of ordinary maxims of policy. If the thing cannot be carried exactly in the way they wish, and in the form and to the extent of their wishes, all is to them naught. In fact, these heady co-sociates, who think themselves the only true friends of the cause, are simply the men of greatest self-esteem, obstinacy, and narrowness of judgment in the party—a class of unmovable and impracticable dolts, who attend all parties to their confusion and vexation, doing infinitely more daily damage, and occasioning infinitely more peril, than could be produced by enemies ten times more powerful.

It is very curious to find the same principle operating to a large extent in the scientific world. Mr N. A. Vigors, in a paper on the classification of birds, makes the following remarks on the great Swedish naturalist, his friends and enemies:—'It has been his [Linnaeus's] fate, in common with every exalted character who may be considered the founder of a school in science or philosophy, to have suffered more by the injudicious zeal and overweening partiality of his professed supporters, than from the undisguised attacks of those who would raise themselves upon his subversion. The former, regardless of the state of this department of nature [ornithology] at the period when he undertook to arrange it, and forgetting that the first efforts, even of his great mind, in reducing his subject into order, were necessarily but the rudiments of the science; mistaking, in fact, the foundation of his system for its perfect consummation, and thus making the grasp of the infant Hercules the measure of the powers of his manhood; these his injudicious supporters, I repeat, adhering solely to the letter of his works, but unmindful of their spirit, have palmed upon him a confined and restrictive code of arrangement, as foreign from the enlarged views of his own enlightened mind, as from the disposition of that Nature of which he was so faithful an interpreter. What was intended to have been applied to her works on a general and expanded scale, they would apply upon the minutest; they would make that system which they wish to uphold a universal and unalterable standard for the adjudication of every object that may be referred to it, however great or however contracted may be its dimensions. They would preserve this system, in short,

as it came from their master's hands, unenlarged and undiminished; admitting no increase to suit the increasing knowledge of the times, no modification to embrace the accumulating modifications of nature. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the adversaries of this great man should have rejected *in toto* a system which either their interest or inclination did not permit them to investigate, much less treat with justice, and which, thus modelled to their hands, they found unsuited to any practical purpose.\*

It was in the same way that the Aristotelian mode of reasoning, and Aristotle's philosophy in general, lost all repute amongst mankind. It passed through a period of intense worship; it had friends too enthusiastic, and who blinded themselves to all its obvious defects. They were able to keep it up for a time, for its sake rejecting what was better. But truth was victorious at last; and when it had fallen, men denied it the merits actually belonging to it, simply from disgust at the extravagant demands which had been made in its behalf. And this will ever be the case amongst mankind. The most that any great intellect can do, is to excogitate something considerably ahead of his own age. It is great for the time; but it cannot be ever great, seeing that the general ideas of men make progress, and that what was once an outpost in the backwoods, becomes at length a decayed city left in the rear of civilisation. But the friends of the idea—the school—cannot see this. It has been to them an authority and an idol for ages. Concentrating their attention upon it alone, they perceive not how the march of mind is passing it. They therefore worship on, after it has ceased to be a proper object of worship; their extravagant claims in its behalf continue—not a jot of its value will they abate—till at length they and it sink together in universal ridicule and contempt. In fact, the adherents of all great ideas are different men at different times. Such ideas are taken up at the first by the active and enterprising intellects, who care not for authority when their reason is satisfied. Latterly, they are clung to by the timid and the stupid, who cannot stand for a moment without the support of authority; while the class of minds, such as first adopted them, are gone on far in the van in pursuit of something newer and better. All these ideas, nevertheless, are entitled to a respectable place in the history of mental progress. They served an end in their day, and the origination of them was a meritorious act. And such a place would they generally have, with not a voice raised in detraction from their credit, were it not that they have previously been made a blessing, if not a curse, to mankind, by their injudicious friends.

We see this principle largely developed in private life; and it must ever be so, while it is so much more easy to be partial than to be wise, and while partiality is so apt to upset wisdom. The unfortunate property of a friend is, that his feeling is exclusive: he sees nothing which tells against the object of his attachment, and adheres so firmly to what may be compassed by his abilities. He is sanguine for him, when he would not be sanguine for himself; and excuses him, where he would condemn himself with the greatest severity. If a relationship of a tender kind exist between the parties, the danger is all the greater. How often is a really promising youth ruined because his friends have thought too well of him, and done too much for him! Compared with this evil, the utmost efforts of declared or even secret enemies would be as nothing; for, from the nature of things, such efforts can rarely be of much avail in any circumstances. But the dangers from a friend who would make us aspire to that for which we are unfit, who would send us every hour of our lives into false positions from an overweening zeal for our interest, and whose flattering counsels tend to sap away every inclination to those meritorious and self-denying tasks which alone any good can be expected, these are indeed dangerous. But the greater dangers, that they are usually

the first which we encounter in life, and that they occur when we have least fear and most self-confidence. Happy is he who, meeting such dangers, contrives to get over them without utter shipwreck.

Another of the penalties which we seem bound to pay for the happiness of having friends, is, that we must listen to all that their candour and anxiety for our welfare induce them to say to us. To commit occasional imprudences and absurdities, to make false moves in the business of life, to say things which we ought to have kept in eternal silence, are the lot of the wisest; for to err is human. Generally, we never hear a word upon the subject from the polite world. I must do the polite world the justice to say, that I never heard an allusion from it to any error I ever committed. The heart becomes conscious of these errors itself; it confers with itself upon them, confesses the wrong, and forms sincere resolutions of amendment for the future. If now left to ourselves, all would be right. But how often does it happen that, just at this crisis, comes in a friend—perhaps one with a very tender claim upon our bosom's best feelings—eager for our interest, deeply, cordially anxious to see us all that we ought to be—and opens a lecture upon our guilt, prefaced by ten thousand caveats as to good intentions and the duty of a friend; or perhaps, what is far worse, makes only a number of faint and delicate, yet significant general allusions to our criminality, which we cannot take up with any view to self-defence; and thus, by galling us about that for which our own conscience already sufficiently upbraids us, sends our feelings off in perhaps quite the opposite channel, and undoes all the good that penitence had effected, besides leaving a deep and abiding sense of mortification! Nor is this all; for, few natures being quite angelic, it is scarcely possible to help feeling some anger at the author of the humiliation—and

—'to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.'

It is thus that we often find our greatest vexations arise from what appear our greatest blessings, and have occasion to say, with bitterness of spirit, 'I care not for my enemies, but—save me from my friends!'

Who would be without friends? Who does not believe that friendship is one of the main cordials designed to support us through this varied scene? Yet who has not to recollect that many great errors of his life have been prompted by friends? Who has not to reflect with bitter regret that from the mouths of friends have proceeded nearly all the disagreeable, spirit-humiliating, unpalatable things that have ever been said to him? Well has it been observed, the shrub which bears the most beautiful of flowers is that which also bears the keenest of thorns.

#### WASTE LAND—WHY NOT IMPROVED?

WERE a mine of gold, of immense abundance, announced as discovered in Derbyshire, what a sensation it would create! Yet, speaking in simple earnest, and in the greatest soberness, the equivalent of such a mine may be said to exist in this country, ready to be dug, and to pour forth its treasures amongst us—presenting, too, such an employment for capital and labour together, as would fitly apply to our present universally acknowledged necessities. This mine lies in the unemployed soil of Great Britain and Ireland.

According to recent statistics, there are in these islands about twenty-six millions of acres under cultivation, a great proportion of which is far from having attained the maximum of modern culture; twenty-one millions in pastures either capable of being cultivated, or greatly improved as pasture; fifteen millions of waste declared 'capable of improvement' according to the general understanding upon this head, and for the moment, amounting to fifteen or seventeen millions



considered as 'incapable of improvement,' though, as will hereafter be shown, susceptible of profitable amelioration. Thus, of the seventy-eight millions of acres which constitute the surface of our empire, it may be safely asserted, that less than one-third is under proper cultivation; and that the remaining two-thirds form a mine of incalculable wealth, if the means suggested by modern science for its attainment were only adopted. Let us present a few illustrations of this obvious and important proposition.

In a little sketch in this Journal (No. 565), a *female farmer*, of remarkably economic habits, is represented as grubbing up all the unnecessary hedges, throwing down unnecessary walls, filling up and cropping over ponds and ditches, and turning over every foot of soil hitherto unused; and Lord Hatherton, at the recent Lichfield Agricultural Meeting (made memorable by the Premier's declaration in favour of leases), reports the practice of English farmers as beginning to be exactly coincident with that of our thrifty friend. A few years ago we might have gone further, and represented improvements as proceeding upon a much larger scale; for we happen to know an East Lothian tenant who is still running the remainder of his father's lease of a farm, the cultivated extent of which was raised from under five hundred to upwards of one thousand acres—the reclaimed acres being, at his father's entry, in stony knolls covered with whins and broom, or in swampy hollows unapproachable by the plough. Such opportunities as this are not now common in the Lowlands of Scotland, but they are still rife in England and Ireland, presenting most enviable fields for capital and enterprise, under a proper system of lease and security. We repeat under a *proper system of lease*, an opinion which the following extract from the Chester Chronicle most aptly corroborates:—'At an agricultural meeting the other day, the Duke of Cleveland said, that within three miles of the place where he had resided for the last nine years, was a waste, which had long been rented as a rabbit warren, and of course at a trivial rent. A spirited farmer acquainted with it applied to Sir William Welby, and said if he could have a lease for fourteen years, he would break it up, and bring the land into cultivation, his rent being allowed to remain the same as was paid by the warren. The offer was accepted, and the farmer, being satisfied that the undertaking would ultimately repay him, entered upon it with spirit. In the fourth or fifth year after the warren was broken up, he (the Duke of Cleveland) saw this farm; and he could testify that it was bearing the best crops in the county; and last year, in the month of July, he again saw it, and would not wish to behold finer crops of wheat, barley, and oats, than those which he witnessed growing upon this very farm.' It is unnecessary for our purpose to state, that, for a lease of twenty-one years, the farmer agreed to build himself a suitable steading; we only mention this to show that the agriculturists of England are awakening to the importance of this subject.

We shall now advert to that large extent of land at present classed as meadow and marsh, or pasture; a more striking illustration of the capabilities of which we cannot bring forward than that furnished by the speech of Lord Stanley at the Liverpool Agricultural Meeting in October last.—'It is quite true,' said his lordship, 'that agriculture is not capable of that indefinite extension by which the manufacturing interest has astonished the world and itself; but it is equally true that agriculture is capable of great extension and improvement. The surface of the soil is limited, and its capacity also, but both in a much less degree than is generally supposed; and I speak with the greatest confidence when I say, that of the waste lands of this country, a vast proportion is capable of producing a large profit on a moderate outlay of capital; and, considering the condition of the country, and the rapidly increasing population, it is not only an interest, but our bounden duty, to apply our best energies to ascertain how the

soil can be rendered more capable of supporting the people.

The importance of thorough draining is generally admitted, but perhaps I may be permitted to state two or three facts, as practical results, which have come under my own observation, showing that what I am preaching I am to a certain extent practising. In the course of the last two or three years, we (I speak for my father as well as myself), on behalf of ourselves and our tenants, have put under ground nearly three millions of tiles; and why have we done so? Every month that passes over my head convinces me, that so far from having done all that can be done, we have only made a beginning, and are only doing what it is our abundant interest to do. I shall state one instance of the practical returns from thorough scientific draining. In 1840, my father was about to enclose, in the park at Knowsley, a tract about eighty acres. Of these about twenty were strong clay, with a very retentive subsoil, and the remaining sixty I remember from my childhood as the favourite haunt of snipes and wild ducks, and never saw there anything else. In the course of the first year the sixty acres maintained, and that very poorly, during the summer, six horses; and on the twenty acres there was a very small crop of very poor hay. It was impossible for land to be in a poorer condition; and, on breaking it up, they had two or three times to dig the plough-horses out of the bog. In 1841, the whole of this was thoroughly subsoiled and drained; and in 1842, what was not worth 10s. an acre the year before, was in turnips; and on that land we fed off in five months, and fattened for the butcher, eighty beasts and three hundred sheep, and afterwards carted into the farm-yard three hundred and fifty tons of turnips! This year we have a very fair crop of barley and oats, and I do not hesitate to say that that land is at present worth 30s. an acre. The outlay upon it, for pulling up old fences, thorough draining, tiling, and breaking up, amounted to £7, 10s. per statute acre, giving just 20s. for every 30s. of outlay; and thus giving even to the landlord a permanent interest of nearly 14 per cent. on the money laid out on that most unpromising ground.

It happened that in the same year we took into our hands a large field of 22 acres of very poor sandy soil, abandoned by the tenant as perfectly worthless. It was drained at an expense of £2 per statute acre; and in the first year we fed off on that land a hundred and twenty sheep, the remaining part of the turnips being carted into the farm-yard; and I venture to say, that at an expense of £2 per acre, this land is increased in permanent annual value 10s. per acre to the landlord and 10s. to the tenant.

I might mention many instances of the same kind, but it is unnecessary. Over and over again I have heard tenants declare that their land has been doubled in value by thorough draining. I know instances where the result of the past year's draining has been on an increase of ten, twenty, or thirty bushels of wheat the large acre; and taking the increase at 7s. the bushel, I will leave you to calculate the profits, the expense in no case exceeding £15 or £16 the acre.

In addition to all this, Lord Stanley remarks, 'By thoroughly draining the land, we might accelerate the harvest by ten days or a fortnight every year; and in this variable climate, so subject to cold and blight, this is a matter of the utmost consequence. I also know of instances in which, last spring, farmers who had their lands well drained were able to begin ploughing ten days, a fortnight, and even three weeks before their neighbours could venture to put a horse upon the ground.' Another speaker stated that thorough draining raised the temperature of the land between four and five degrees; and this is very important not only as to the richness of the crop, but also in ripening it.—These results of actual experience so far exceed what we had assumed as theoretical possibilities, that we will not add one word of comment, as it would only weaken facts



which must bring conviction to the commonest understanding.

Again, as to waste land, the reports in the New Statistical Account of Scotland indicate a steady and progressive improvement of these in that country; and surely much more might be done with the more hopeful soil, and under the more genial climate of England and Ireland. In Scotland, the amount of waste is computed at fourteen millions of acres, eight millions of which are reckoned of doubtful improvement; while England has only four millions of acres of improvable wastes, with a like amount of a doubtful character; and Ireland five millions of acres of the former, and three of the latter description. But the terms 'susceptible of improvement,' and 'of doubtful improvement,' are merely comparative; and land which, forty years ago, was looked upon as hopeless and good-for-nothing, is now waving with the most luxuriant harvests. Numerous examples might be cited in Scotland, where the rental of parishes has increased fourfold since the beginning of the present century by the reclaiming of wastes, and where lands which did not yield one farthing to their owner, now return him a rental of from L.1 to L.2, 10s. an acre. But distinctive facts may be more convincing than general assertions. In the parish of Peterhead, one of the most exposed parts in the mainland of Scotland, there is an elevation called the Black Hill, of which Alexander Low, of Berwickshire, an experienced valuator of the last century, had pronounced as follows:—'This hill is very worthless, and bids defiance to the plough for improvement.' 'The hill,' says the present Statistical Account, 'is now nearly all under a regular system of cultivation, and yields crops nearly equal to the former cultivated land in the neighbourhood;' thus, in a single instance, adding four hundred and seven acres, which a land valuer had declared useless, to the cultivation of the kingdom, and at least L.2400 to its annual revenue. Draining, trenching, and shelter, have been the means employed in this instance.

Another case in point appears in the account of the parish of Fyvie, also in the north of Aberdeenshire:—'Vast, indeed, have been the improvements made within the last twenty years in the reclaiming of waste, and draining of wet lands. These improvements have been carried on by almost every farmer; but the principal have been the result of the exertions of a number of poor families, located on various peniciles of what was once a vast and unproductive surface of moor and moss. \*An extensive colony of these are in our immediate neighbourhood, and we have had many opportunities of witnessing their exertions. The parents of twenty-nine families, containing one hundred and fifty-six individuals, who would otherwise have been held down in the most abject poverty, or been eventually thrown as burdens upon their respective parishes, have been enabled to bring up their families in comparative comfort, and to look forward to comparative independence, under the approaching infirmities of age.' Here, again, must be added from two to three thousand pounds to the annual revenue from the land, in addition to the provision supplied for so many families, and the beauty and amenity conferred on the country and climate.

Our last statement respecting the cultivation of wastes relates to England. Many of our readers must have heard of the Chat Moss, lying between Liverpool and Manchester. It was, a very few years ago, a large tract of flat, wet, and very barren moor; so poor, indeed, as scarcely to yield subsistence to a moorowl. In 1833 the writer of this was driven through it on the railroad, and it was then still under the hands of the drainage contractor, a Scotchman, who had as yet made but very slight progress, no part of the moor being (as far as visible from the railroad) then under crop. A respectable journal of November 1843 contains the following announcement:—'Extraordinary produce.—On three and one quarter acres on Chat Moss, near Manchester, and only reclaimed some three or four years ago, there

have been dug up this season 595 loads of potatoes, of 252 pounds each, equal to 67½ tons, and worth fully L.2, 14s. per ton. The land is under the superintendence of the guardians of the Manchester Union.' And, it may be added, has been the means of giving employment to many paupers who would otherwise, as in similar cases, have been to be supported in idleness—the blessings of reclamation being thus ever twofold. As to the produce, the weight of the crop appears to have been within a few pounds of 68 tons; and at the price stated, would yield upwards of L.183, or more than L.56 per acre.

The landlords in Ireland, having proved themselves generally unequal to the cultivation of their waste lands, at the same time that they manage their other lands as badly as possible, a number of individuals have formed themselves into 'a Society for the Improvement of Waste Lands in Ireland.' They rent such an extent as they deem suitable, or as their means admit, for ninety-nine years, and by arranging and colonising it, and caring for the tenants as the landlords ought to do, become a sort of assistant landlords; and even in this slow and anomalous manner are doing considerable good for the soil of Ireland. It seems as if English landlords, and even the proprietors of several species of land in Scotland, would also require to be so assisted. We can hardly conceive a company that in these times would produce more certain and satisfactory returns. All the mountainous districts of Scotland, in particular, are nearly in a state of nature; and a writer upon these subjects has very recently asked the question, Why should this be? We cannot discover any justifiable answer. There must be portions of them; and those of great extent, which, if sheltered, and drained, and cultivated, would produce more food for animals at least, would be infinitely improved in value at once to their owners and the country, and give immediate and permanent employment to a great and valuable population.

Here we expect to be charged with the folly of presuming that prices will always remain as they are, and make it worth the while of landowners to reclaim their wastes. We are not disposed to consider any such presumption as folly. Our belief is, that under any system of things there always will be a demand for rural produce to warrant the improvement of even the worst species of land that exists. At all events, we must take things as we find them. The produce of but a few years would more than repay all reasonable outlays on improvements. To the good work, then, of thorough and extensive reclamation. Drain, delve, fence, and shelter the waste and poorly-cultured lands in every possible way. Send away as many emigrants as you please to Canada, or any other country: the more who go, the greater will our number of customers be by and by; but do not let this, or any other crotchet about the competition of produce from beyond the Atlantic, divert the proprietor of peat-mosses and marshes from the great and assuredly profitable and patriotic task of land improvement, while he has the agreeable prospect of speedily doubling, if not quadrupling, his rental.

We have thus pointed out a mine of the greatest wealth, in which the population of these kingdoms is interested, and particularly the poor and industrious, and of which the produce can never decline in real value; for it is food—the foundation of society. Whoever could add but a tithe to the extent and profit of our trade in cotton or in woollen, or even to any of our minor manufactures, would be deemed a public benefactor. But the improvement that might be made in our agriculture would far exceed the gross produce of the most extensive manufacture, and support the people employed in it both more steadily and healthfully than manufactures have ever done. It is scarcely too much to say that, by shelter and draining, and the more careful cultivation which these would indicate, our country might be turned into a sort of 'Happy Valley,' its climate improved, its people increased to a large extent, yet fully clothed and fed; and the empire, of which they

form the heart, exceedingly enriched and strengthened. Let us think of these things steadily and systematically. The system need only be adopted to be profitable; and it has only to be proved profitable to become universal.

## WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

### PART III.

Poor Madeline! she had overrated her strength and powers of endurance; the nearer she drew to Paris the more nervous she became—the more unfitted for the task she had set herself. At one time, she would order the postilions to double their speed, and the next direct them to go slower, for that she was distracted by the rapidity of movement. More than once she felt she had done foolishly in bringing her child with her. She entertained no idea of using him, as in a drama, to draw her husband back. She knew this to be equally mean as useless, and that nothing but time would restore him to himself and her.

As the carriage whirled through the streets of Paris, Madeline's heart beat so quickly, that she could hardly breathe: even the servants seemed too absorbed to note the strangeness of the motley city. Arthur had been some time asleep, and when the postilions drew up at the hotel, Mrs Mansfield felt completely paralysed; she could not move. Her blood, stagnant for a moment, rushed suddenly to her head, which swam and reeled; and although her maid assured the servants that her mistress was only suffering from fatigue, she feared she was dying.

But Madeline did not die; and when her bodily exhaustion had somewhat abated, she sought out her unhappy husband in the hotel to which he had gone with the worthless associate of his flight, and who now took her departure—fled, as vice must always do, at the approach of virtue.

What a change had a brief period of time made on the abased and wretched Mansfield! How worn, how broken-down he looked!—not as one from whom health fades gradually, not as one whom over-labour or over-anxiety works down from the healthful bright-eyed man to the bent and hollowed shadow of humanity, struggling with the toils and troubles of life, but struggling with an honest purpose and a clear conscience. Such a ope may be bent and bowed to the earth, but he never can have the torn, and soiled, and haggard look that effaces God's image in the debauchee. They looked at each other until the silence was broken by Madeline, who endeavoured to draw his attention to the mere business portion of her mission; but this was impossible. He could not attend; he sank into a paroxysm of the deepest despair—reproached himself, reproached her—said he could have endured anything rather than the love she bore him—that it was a curse, a very poison. She heard all this; she heard it all, crushing her love closer and closer into her heart—assuming a coolness of counsel, so as to assure his mind, in its present mood, that it was business—the advantage both would derive in the end, the advantage their child would derive—which brought her there—not denying her affection, but never for a moment dwelling on it. She had not, as I have said, brought her little boy with her under the idea of his aiding in her project; she could not, in the state of her feelings, be without him; but now Mr Mansfield caught at the mention of the child, and inquired if he were in Paris. He became at once anxious to see him; he would go to him. Mere feelings or affections, however pure and kind they might be, could never have guided Madeline through the perils of this momentous day. Her husband's shivering despair, which made him firm in the belief that nothing could save him, the unmanly dread of investigating the debtor and creditor columns of his accounts, either morally or mercantile—all these called for her strength

—made her, while she trembled for his reason, exert her own. The vacillations of the man of fashion, from whom the gilding is all worn off—the wit, whose arrows are no longer tipped with brilliants—the man, in fact, once so rich in all but moral strength, now poor in all things, was as tenderly beloved by his devoted wife as on the day, not when he led her to the altar (for the love of that day is more in poetry than in truth), but as when she placed their first-born in his arms; the same rich natural, unsullied love hovered with angel wings, above the wreck which, like the life-boat, she was just in time to save. The sight of his child subdued him altogether; and as the little fellow clung round his neck, the father burst into tears so rapid and violent, that his strong frame seemed hardly able to endure the shock. Anxiously did Madeline look for the lawyer's arrival with the necessary papers. She knew that if he came then, Mansfield would do everything she required; but she could not trust him from hour to hour. She judged of the present by the past. It was nearly night, and no lawyer had arrived. Subdued as her husband was by the emotions of the day, he became alarmingly excited, talked wildly and incoherently of his past experiences, and of what his future should be; then complained suddenly of the most racking pain in his head and temples; every sound distracted him, and he could endure no ray of light; then, in the midst of a fevered description of a favourite song, he paused, and in a voice of child-like confidence whispered, 'Let me lay my head upon your bosom, Madeline; there was its first peaceful repose, and there will be its last; but there was no repose for a head tortured with distracting fever of the brain. About an hour afterwards, the lawyer arrived, to find the unhappy man in the wildest ravings. Before morning dawned, her husband had ceased to recognise her; and in his wanderings, the name of another was frequently mingled with her own. The physicians said weeks must pass before the patient had a chance of being able to attend to business of any kind, if—and they shook their heads—said his frame was debilitated, his constitution anything but strong; they hoped, but they also feared; they had never seen the disease under a worse form. It was useless for the man of business to wait; when needed, he would return. One thing it is necessary for the honour of human nature to record. When he arrived in London, and stated to the various persons whom it concerned the circumstances under which he had left Mr and Mrs Mansfield, they, with one single exception, expressed their determination to wait until Mrs Mansfield should be able to act for them, so convinced were they of her noble mind and high integrity. This compliment, when conveyed to her in the business-like letter of the solicitor, certainly made her heart beat more fervently, though she read it by the dim lamplight of a chamber, sick well nigh to death. The struggle between life and death, between reason and insanity, was such, that her very devotion to the sufferer would have tempted her to pray that he might be released, had it not been for the blessed faith which, the greater the peril, the wilder the storm, will of a surety go on increasing in the true believer—what causeth the feeble to cry to the grave for refuge, maketh the brave in faith to defy the grave. Thus it was with Madeline. The strength of the spirit withstood the tremor of the flesh. Shaken for a moment, as all Christians are at times—however oppressed, or worn, or weary, in the twilight, in the noon-day, in the dim midnight watches, even when she deemed him she loved in the valley of the shadow of death—she never doubted! Her worthy Uncle Oliver, much as he blamed, could not avoid following her to Paris, where he materially increased her discomfort, by his dislike to her husband; but nothing moved her from her duty.

At last the patient, whom Madeline had so watched and so prayed for, began to recover; his consciousness returned, and then he hung upon Madeline's words and Madeline's looks. His mind was even more feeble than his body. When he was able to endure an increase of

light in his room, he begged that the curtain might be withdrawn; while Madeline sat writing with noiseless pen by his side. Suddenly she looked up, and saw his eyes fixed upon her.

'Speak,' he said, 'speak, for I can hardly believe you are there.'

Madeline smiled—a smile which expressed more than mere mortal beauty ever could—and said a few fond words.

He passed his hand over her face, and then felt the arm, so thin and worn, that not a trace of its roundness remained. 'How changed,' he sighed—'how sadly changed; and it is all my work!' and he sobbed and cried, covering his face with his hands. But time passed, and was passing, and their affairs must be speedily arranged. The agitation might cause a relapse, a return of inflammation of the brain, and either destroy life or deprive her husband of reason. Still, he was much better, and she prepared him for his lawyer's presence. He came. But before his being in the hotel was known to Mansfield, he visited Uncle Oliver, who was laid up with a fit of the gout. While Madeline's husband slumbered in the easy chair, to which he had been removed, she went to her uncle's room, and found the old gentleman in a state of great excitement. As she entered, she heard such epithets as, 'the fool,' 'the idiot,' 'the senseless brainless fool.' 'It's of no use, Mr Bramwell,' quoth the old gentleman when Madeline stood by his side—'It's of no use; there is no such thing as a sensible woman—no such thing. One rushes into one extreme, like Mrs Smith; and the other, like Madeline—and yet, I tell you what it is, sir,' he continued, moving his gout stool with his stick—'I'll tell you what it is, it does not at all signify to such a woman as Madeline who she marries; it is sufficient that he is her husband—that is all, sir.'

'My dear uncle,' said Madeline.

'Here, again, she gets over me, sir, with her softness, and drives me mad with her resolution. Look at her; the shadow of herself—faded—fading; nearer death at this moment than him she has been watching over and praying for, as if he were a saint instead of a sinner.'

'A saint would not need my prayers,' replied Mrs Mansfield, parrying the old gentleman's bitterness.

'Fahaw,' persisted Uncle Oliver.

'Uncle!' interrupted Madeline.

'But, sir,' observed Mr Bramwell, 'do you not see that Mrs Mansfield's happiness consists in the sacrifices you deplore. She is like the angels—rejoicing over the one that repenteth; like the martyrs—glorying in her duty, as they did in their faith. Mr Mansfield will strengthen in her strength, and become a new creature; he will see the world as it is—he will.'

'He will do no such thing,' exclaimed bitter Uncle Oliver. 'When he does, I'll eat my watch!'

'Remember your promise,' said Mr Bramwell, laughing. Uncle Oliver remained silent, and the lawyer resumed. 'As I was saying, such scenes as have passed between Smith and his wife make me bless my bachelor estate. A woman who cannot indulge her husband, ought not to live beyond five-and-thirty. We stiffen mightily in all things after we pass thirty. Don't you think so, sir?'

'No, sir; I do not,' said the testy Oliver. 'But I heard that Elizabeth had been spoken lightly of, and that Joseph, through her ill humours, had absolutely got a habit of drinking.'

'They say so,' observed the cautious lawyer.

Those who have not watched the fearful ravages of a disease such as Mr Mansfield encountered, are invincibly shocked at the appearance of the convalescent; and while his friends, who have been with him day and night, think how much better he is, strangers believe him to be on the brink of the grave. The witty, high-spirited, handsome Mansfield—the man whose word was the reputation of a horse, the character of a soldier, the excellence of a new opera or a new novel, and whose name, so slight, yet, when necessary, so im-

pressive, was reported as 'the most elegant thing in the Park'—was now a worn, attenuated, panting skeleton, unable to think, but not to feel, tears rushing on the smallest occasion to his aching eyes; while his mind, reeling from over-wrought excitement and disease, could not rely upon itself. It was piteous, while he signed, and assigned, and did as Madeline requested, to hear his childlike intreaties that she would not wrong herself, that she would leave him to perish rather, that she would let things take their course; while she soothed and calmed him, fixed in her high-mindedness to pass most likely all the remainder of her days in comparative poverty, glorying in the feeling, that her practice and precept would, by God's blessing, give her such power over her son, that he would feel hereafter that the glory of an honest name was better than the glitter of dishonoured gold.

'Did you see her when her folly was completed?' whispered Uncle Oliver to Mr Bramwell. 'Did you ever see such a change in a human being? You would have thought she had just received, instead of just resigned, a fortune; while her husband was y-a-ing and h-a-ing, and wiping his eyes;' and then Uncle Oliver wiped his. 'To-morrow, as he is able to be moved, they leave the hotel and go to Versailles,' continued the old man. 'Ah, sir, she has sold every jewel she had in the world, and offered Lewis six months' wages to leave them; but the old fellow intreated to remain. Don't talk to me about the wickedness of human nature. Sir, I glory in human nature. There are specimens of it in all ranks of life, that should have temples built to them. Those who undervalue it do not deserve well of it; you may carry that as a conviction to your grave.'

'I believe you are right,' said Mr Bramwell.

'I am, sir; I am always right; and I am right in leaving Madeline for a time. It breaks my heart that I have not thousands to give her. I try her too much, and she has enough without me. I want to see after that fool Smith and his wife, and shall be in London a day or two after you.'

Madeline was now alone with her husband, suiting her expenditure to their narrow means, and rejoicing that she had been able to defray the expenses of his illness from a fund raised by the sale of her jewels. At first Mansfield's returning health brought back many of his old habits, and though he tried to restrain them, the very necessity for doing so produced an irritability of temper which would have worn out any human being less sweet than Madeline. It is certain that we are less grateful for large than for small sacrifices. If Mrs Mansfield had been content to think, 'I have given up a fortune to save and to reclaim him, and will do no more,' she would never have succeeded in reforming her husband. A great sacrifice is very frequently felt as a reproach, when a small one is considered a mark of affection. Once, and only once, he questioned her as to the events of the day when she visited his hotel. Certainly it would be easier for any woman to praise the exquisite delicacy and truth of her statement, than to follow her example; it is the passage in her life which has always been to me the most exalted.

Mansfield, abashed more by her heroism of the heart than by all her more business-like exertions or patient endurance, implored her forgiveness, and spoke of his being so degraded in such sister eyes as hers with the simplicity of a child that makes confession at its mother's knee. And now, poor as they were, Madeline began to feel the reward of her forbearance. Never, in the days of his Amy Love and Mansfield evinced the same continuous vigilance, guarded by a watchfulness over himself, that he did now: he seemed to look upon her as a protecting angel. All unhealthy excitements being far from him, his mind, refined and polished, strengthened also. He was like those of his peculiar temperament, much the creature of habit, and what he did to-day he wished to do to-morrow. His affairs had been at last regularly managed, and he could not now even when he was

have been ashamed to look in the face. Still, the idea of being called 'poor Mansfield' haunted his imagination so much, that Madeline had never hinted at their return to England, which she still fondly thought of as their home. Mansfield would have been much happier, had it not occurred to him so frequently as to retard his recovery, that his wife was hastening before him to another world; and certainly those who had known her a few months before, would hardly have recognised the outline of her former self. They had been inhaling the soft evening breeze, which does not bring, as with us, those heavy dews fraught with danger, now sauntering along a shaded alley, and then sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, when, just as they were seated, they heard a laugh from the path they had quitted, and immediately after the sound of English voices.

Mansfield grew at once red and then pale. 'It is really too bad,' he exclaimed; 'we must plunge farther into the depths of France to escape these perpetual intrusions.'

Madeline's colour was also heightened, but from a different cause—she thought she knew the female voice. 'How shall we retreat?' she said; 'we must pass them to get home.'

Mr Mansfield rose, and took hold of Arthur's hand. 'If we walk quickly,' he replied, 'we can pass the wood before they leave it.' But his calculation was wrong; a group of persons emerged from the shade as they reached the spot Mr Mansfield had spoken of.

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed the lady in a loud strange tone, 'these are the poor Mansfields!' and the same moment Mrs Mansfield's hand was grasped, and her cheek kissed, by Mrs Smith.

As well as Mr Mansfield's confusion and annoyance permitted him to observe, there were two ladies and two gentlemen of the party, one of whom was Mr Orepoint, who advanced and held out his hand to Mr Mansfield.

'Well,' continued Mrs Smith with more than her usual volubility, 'who could have fancied meeting you here, after all that we heard; but, Madeline, you were always an angel.' Then turning to Mansfield, she said, holding up her finger, 'Ah, you naughty boy! Indeed, you are such a naughty man, that I don't think I shall speak to you! You know I am not at all like my cousin.'

'I am quite aware of it,' said Mr Mansfield, bowing proudly.

'Not a bit. My goodness, how ill you both look! But no wonder, you have gone through so much. We drove down here to see the water-works, or fire-works, or whatever they are; but it's the wrong day, so we must come again.'

'And where is your husband?' inquired Madeline; while Mr Mansfield, having regained his self-possession, addressed a few words to Mr Orepoint.

Mrs Smith was disconcerted, and hurriedly replying that she had left her husband with a friend at the place where they dined, hastened away as the objects of her remark made their appearance.

'I beg your pardon,' said poor Smith, lifting his hat, for he did not recognise them immediately, and he looked stupidly wise while he spoke—'I beg your pardon; but have you seen my wife?'

Few words ever caused Mrs Mansfield a more acute pang than these. The kind, simple, absent, and thoughtless man, so completely, so entirely changed. There was a timidity about his dress and gestures—in the way his foot moved when he meant to stand still, as if it clawed the earth for support—in the careless rest of his head, and the slothful sit of the stock and half-buttoned coat. Absent and strange he had always been, but it used to be the absence of mind, not the absence of heart-intoxication.

'Do you not know me?' said Mr Mansfield.

'And me?' asked Madeline.

He was, indeed, carefully rejoiced to see them. 'I know you,' he repeated, 'to be sure I do, and have

heard so much about you. Why, you were town-talk for a month; first abused, and then praised, and then forgotten.'

Mansfield turned away, and Smith continued.

'I would rather see you, Mrs Mansfield, than any living creature. You are the only one who can do anything with her. She is worse than ever. We separated—yes, that was it—and then it was made up by Uncle Oliver, and I agreed to bring her here for a treat; but we quarrelled all the way. And here we met Orepoint—and now she is as troublesome as ever. I cannot comprehend how our little disagreements grow into such feuds. Perhaps you could talk to her. But how very odd I am. I must go and console Mansfield, and tell him all the people said.'

'No,' interrupted the anxious wife, 'do not speak to him at all of the past; he cannot bear it.'

'Oh, very well—as you please,' answered Smith with an air of stupid astonishment; 'as you please. Not hear of the past; oh, very well, I'll take care to remember that. I remember, too, what you told me about clubs, and I told her of it; but she drove me there to get rid of me. That's a charming thing: a man marries to make his home comfortable, and then his wife drives him to the club!'

Mrs Mansfield could endure a great deal, but she could endure this no longer.

'Madeline,' said her husband, after they entered her apartment, 'I do not think I ever felt the fullness of what you have done for me until within the last hour. If you had been such a woman as your cousin, what should I have been now? How you have borne with me, and why, I cannot tell. I have been your bane, while you have been my blessing. The more evil I have done, the more watchful, and protecting, and fervent has been your love. He who sees and hears me, knows that I only think there is hope for my future, because of the glory with which your affection has encompassed me. I say, surely I must be reserved for some good purpose, or I could never have retained her love. May He, who gave me an angel as my guardian, make me in some degree worthy of her. Oh, if I could but obliterate from your memory my past neglect, my unfaithfulness, I should care for nothing else; for, in all the business transactions which you investigated, there was no dishonour!'

'Thank God,' replied Madeline, 'there was not, and I know there would be none; and He also knows, that my love is as deep for you as ever.'

'I know that,' he replied; 'but your trust is gone.' She raised her eyes to his—eyes whose lustre had never been dimmed by the least wavering of untruth.

'It is gone!' he repeated passionately.

'It was gone, dear Mansfield,' she answered. 'It has returned; it has been returning. Are not your feelings and sentiments changed? Have I not reason for confidence? Yes, my confidence is established.' And Mansfield believed her.

Mrs Mansfield never saw her unfortunate cousin after that night, though, in three weeks, she heard she was deserted by a man who lamed her husband for life in a duel in the Bois-de-Boulogne.

It is time this story were concluded; and yet how limited its space to describe the events of a life. I have, after all, made but a feeble sketch of Madeline; and though Uncle Oliver has not ate his crutch, he confesses he ought to have done so; for he has ceased to wish her to call her husband 'a rascal.'

Mr Mansfield had not been a year abroad, when an excellent appointment was offered him in one of the public offices. He shrunk from a London residence, fearing to meet cold eyes and distant bows from those who had revelled with and in his wealth. And Madeline—what said she? Why, she laughed, and said surely her husband jested; if such looked cold, they would look colder, and if a distant bow were given, not only seem, but wish to cut the giver. And she walked down the streets where once her carriage rolled—with the dignity

of a most honoured and honourable woman; and those who saw it were ashamed to call them 'the poor Mansfields' any longer—for self-dignity commands even a fool's deference. And by degrees, to the delight of the faithful Lewis, carriages drove up to their door, and she received the visitors as if they had parted 'but yesterday, yet declined their invitations as cheerfully as Mansfield had declined 'the club;' and then her son—if she had no other reward for her past endurance, his honour and his love might have been envied by the mother of the Gracchii; and his father loved him as dearly, and was as proud of him as she was, nay, *is*; and it is delightful to see how the young whom she knows honour her; how husbands point her to their wives, and mothers to their daughters; and even while all lament they cannot be like her, yet all believe in her, and still she is unconscious that she deserves either praise or admiration. For all that people talk about the impossibility of happiness with her husband after his past errors, she is happy; and she has made him—no, not as good—for, truth to say, that would be impossible—but her forbearance and uprightness in the time of need have made him what now deserves to be respected. Men's moral offences are written on sand, while women's are graven on steel; and 'the world,' particularly when it became known that Mr. Mansfield had got 'a good situation,' seemed to think that, as Mrs. Mansfield had been merciful, they ought to follow her example. They say also that she made him what he is, not by what the world calls 'talent' either—which, as a means of happiness, is so greatly overrated—but by a womanly tenderness of nature—by strong affection, a clear intellect, a Christian reading of her duty, and a determination, if it cost her her life, to perform that duty, the motto of which is—BEAR AND FORBEAR.

## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

### TOURS—METTRAY.

At length at Tours—the beautiful Tours—the capital of ancient Touraine, and whose royal residence of Plessis every one has heard and formed an idea of, from the account given by Scott in his *Quentin Durward*. Tours may be called the great centre town on the Loire, as well as the mid station for travellers from England to the south of France. At present it is reached chiefly by the railway from Paris to Orleans, and the steamers down the river; but when a railway now forming from Orleans to Tours, by way of Blois, is completed, the conveyances on the Loire will be almost entirely abandoned, as they, indeed, deserve to be. With hopes raised of spending a few days in this interesting provincial capital, it was with no small pleasure that on one of the finest afternoons of the season we came in sight of the lofty towers of St Gatien, rising from the rich and level plain on the left or south bank of the river. Sweeping past a woody islet, and darting beneath a long and handsome stone-bridge of fifteen arches, our little steamer hauled up alongside the extended line of sloping quay in front of the town, and in a few minutes we were in the heart of Tours, at a hotel—the *Faisan*—in the Rue Royale, and, as it luckily proved, one of the best inns in this part of France.

We remained a week in Tours, looking about the town and its neighbourhood; for it is a place one cannot despatch in a day. The situation, to begin with, is not in the least picturesque, in which respect it is the reverse of that of Blois; yet it is all one could wish for a large town. It lies conveniently on a stretch of level country, with one side bearing on the river, and the other extending southwards in the direction of the Cher, only a mile or two distant, no inland town could be more favoured. Connected with the northern bank of the

Loire by the bridge already noticed, a suburb of considerable size has extended in this direction, over the very beautiful vine-clad hill which lies facing both river and town. Tours is of great antiquity, having been a station of the Romans, who increased its size and means of defence; and, judging from an ancient semi-circular arch still existing, in connexion with an island in the river, I should suppose they bridged the Loire at this point. The history of Tours is a type of history generally—a succession of conquests and oppressions. The Gauls were conquered by the Romans, who were conquered by the Visigoths, who were conquered by Clovis (506), whose conquest was wrested by the usurper Thibault de Blois (940), whose heirs were conquered by the counts of Anjou (1204). These, it will be recollected, were English princes, and they in their turn were expelled by the French monarch, since which time the town has not changed masters. Henry II. of England built a species of castle within the town, which still exists as a barrack for soldiers, and is one of the objects of antiquarian curiosity in the place. Under its successive superiors, including an archiepiscopate of no mean power, Tours spread and luxuriated in various styles of middle-age architecture; and, till the present day, few towns in France can exhibit so many curious edifices of an antique taste, though it will require both time and patience to look for them. Externally, and if we keep only to the main avenues, the town has to all appearance little ancient about it. The aspect is that of a modern and substantial town, built of good sandstone, well paved, respectable, and the seat of a busy and thriving population, amounting to thirty thousand in number. Another feature strikes the tourist at a glance—the variety of signboards in English: our old friends, 'spirits, porter, and ales; hair-dressing; wines, soap, and candles; blacking; umbrellas;' and fifty other phrases equally significant, here start into existence. Of course we accept their appearance as an undoubted token of the residence of English in the town and its environs, and who, as I understand, number about five or six hundred. For the further accommodation of this numerous body there are at present two English chapels, in one of which we had the satisfaction of forming part of a congregation of nearly two hundred individuals, on the Sunday during our stay.

Tours, from the general amenity of its climate, and the respectable tone of its society, is evidently well suited as a resort for the class of migratory English who occasionally reside abroad. Yet, with the extravagances and gaieties in which it is almost a fashion to indulge, I should doubt if a residence here were advisable to those who incline to study economy in their style of living. That the town, however, possesses many pleasing traits of character, is undeniable. With the principal streets laid out at right angles, and a grand rue—the Rue Royale—running for a mile southwards from the bridge, and with these streets liberally accommodated with trottoirs for foot-passengers, the traveller may well hold up his hands in admiration when he visits Tours. There is room for praise as well as admiration. The improvements of Tours are all owing to the zeal and good taste of its mayor, M. Walwein; and we have here another striking proof of what can be done, even in untoward circumstances, by the perseverance of a single individual. Under his direction, as I am informed by a local guide, the public walks have been extended and improved, footpaths have been made and paved, gutters removed from the middle to the sides of the streets, new thoroughfares opened, and public edifices constructed. A handsome place, or square, at the north end of the Rue Royale, facing the bridge, has been lately balanced by an elegant open place at the southern



extremity; and here is just finished a large edifice of Grecian architecture designed for the courts of justice, gendarmerie, and prison of the department. I went to visit this structure while the workmen were still employed upon it, and found that the cell part of the prison was constructed precisely on the plan of Pentonville, and therefore for the solitary confinement of criminals. Thus, the evil done by a bad arrangement in England is not confined to that country, but is copied as something meritorious by a foreign nation.

We spent, as I have said, a Sunday in the town, and had therefore an opportunity of seeing it in its holiday dress. The day was a fête of some kind, and hence there was a more than usual degree of recreation. After the morning service in the churches, the streets became crowded with hundreds of country men and women, the latter in their fanciful Touraine costume, and all neat, clean, simple-looking, and orderly. The public walks, environed with trees, near the bridge were lined with booths of goods of many sorts for sale, and the spacious place adjoining was well garnished with shows, in front of which mountebanks tumbled and gamboled about, to the vast admiration of the dense crowds who came to witness their buffooneries. In our walk through the fair, as I must call it, I was struck with the appearance of a lonely little show at one corner of the square, which was very much overcrowded and snubbed out of countenance by the superior attractions of some great shows beside it. Nor was it a show of the ordinary *spectacle* class, but one purporting to be an exhibition of snakes which could be twisted into knots, and tied round men's necks like a boa. It seemed no easy matter for this little show to bear up against the clang of music from the tumbling show on its right, and, in desperation, its solitary outside performer kept up an incessant beating on a drum. Yet this beating was not altogether voluntary. The drummer was a slender and swarthy girl, in a fantastic and tawdry dress, and the poor creature was evidently under the immediate and terrific control of a species of ogress, who acted as money-taker, and was probably the wife of the exhibitor within. Frequently did we turn our steps towards this little show, to see how it was getting on in the struggle, and on every occasion did we observe that *la tambourinière* was at her post, fighting away as in a paroxysm between death and life on her small brass drum. At length, at one of our rounds, when it was pretty far on in the afternoon, to our surprise the drummer all at once stopped in her mad career. She threw down the drumsticks; not another beat would she give on the noisy engine before her. The passion of the ogress was instantly roused by this flagrant instance of insubordination; but it was all of no use; the poor girl folded her arms—the drum, the show, snakes, and all, might go to the bottom of the Loire for anything she cared; not another rattle would she give; the ogress might do as she liked. Amidst the storm of French uttered by the savage mistress of the establishment, one could only hear the word *pourquoi?* and to this the ill-used slave of the drum at last replied; her 'opening speech' being one of the finest pieces of natural eloquence, both in language and gesture, to which it has been my fortune to be a spectator. Her indignant answer to her superior disclosed the touching appeal—that she was dying from hunger. 'Here,' said she, 'have I been exerting myself in your service all day long, and food have I not tasted for many hours. I am tired. I can drum no more; and I defy you to compel me. Unless you give me something to eat, I shall resist your tyranny.' The appeal, I am glad for the poor girl's sake, had its proper effect. The ogress put into her hands a sous—a single halfpenny—but it was enough. The starved *tambourinière* dashed off through the crowd, threading her way amid the stalls, till she came to one, a kind of vagrant restaurant, where she had the happiness of purchasing a handful of fried potatoes, with which she regaled herself in returning to her duties. Nor was she long in ascending to her platform. Inspired with her humble

meal, she recommenced her occupation, and we left her performing on her drum with renewed vigour and animation.

Besides a public museum, which was crowded with visitors in the latter part of Sunday, Tours possesses some other objects of attraction, including several interesting ecclesiastical structures of old date. The cathedral of St Gatien, in the eastern part of the town, a fine specimen of the florid Gothic, finished in 1510, is grand and imposing, with some fine old painted glass windows, and lofty turrets, whence a prospect of great loveliness, towards the union of the Loire and Cher, is to be obtained. But there are relics of a cathedral in Tours considerably more ancient. These are two tall and bulky towers standing awkwardly apart on opposite sides of a street called the Rue St Martin, and are all that remain of the once celebrated and richly-endowed cathedral of St Martin of Tours—long the fountain of learning and civilisation amid ages of barbarism—long the resort of pilgrims from the most distant parts of Europe. Its costly embellishments and relics were first plundered and scattered abroad by the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century; and at the revolution the whole fabric was razed to the ground, two of its five towers being alone suffered to remain standing. A mean street now passes over the spot where Louis XI. once knelt before the splendid shrine of St Martin. Tours exhibits other tokens of ecclesiastical desolation, though, in this respect, it is no way remarkable. In a back court of the Rue Royale we found the fine old Gothic church of St Julian transformed into a stable and diligence dépôt, the horses being stalled in one of the aisles, with a hay-loft above. In a different part of the town, we observed the church of St Clement occupied as a corn and meal market. These spectacles of desecration were affecting; but, coming from a country where much finer buildings had been literally pulled in pieces, I was inclined to acknowledge that it is, on the whole, less distressing to see churches employed as stables or coach offices—for in that manner they are of some use to mankind—than to observe them lying in utter ruin, and of not the slightest use to anybody. The Scotch, it is clear, have not a word to say against the French reformers, well as they deserve castigation.

A high and antique fronted house in the Rue des Trois Pucelles is pointed out by tradition as that once occupied by Tristan l'Ermite; of which, however, reasonable doubts are entertained. The northern extremity of the Pucelles issues upon the boulevard-like walk along the Loire, below the bridge; and by pursuing this, first for half a mile on the high bank of the river, and then another half mile or so to the left, in an inland direction, we come upon the hamlet of Plessis, a scatter of cottages and farm-eries, hedges, old walls, and gateways, with many sunny garden-plots and fields; the whole, to all appearance, the wreck of something great in days of yore; and in the midst of the scene of fallen and forgotten splendour, do we find all that can now be shown of Plessis le Tours. Approached by a lane between two hedges, we have no long time to pause, for, standing sentinel at an old wooden gate in the aged wall, is seen the sole guardian of the enclosure, a sun-burnt and poverty-struck paysanne, in a pair of wooden shoes, ready to pounce upon us, and exhibit every stone, cranny, and crevice in Louis's stronghold—for a very small gratuity.

There is something excessively disappointing in a visit to Plessis le Tours. Instead of finding anything like a castle or palace, we have before us, within an enclosed and ill-kept garden, a brick house of two storeys, remarkable for nothing but white sandstone quoins to the windows. At the south-west corner, a spiral stair admits us to the upper floors, empty and tenantless, but habitable. Two or three niches in the staircase, and certain old mantel-pieces of large size, are the only remains of an antique appearance. A mean wooden turret outside the staircase has been erected as a shot tower. It is evident that this com-



monplace mansion is only a part of a much larger structure now cleared away, and that which remains has been altered considerably since the era of Louis XI. The lower storey, sunk beneath the ground on the western or garden side, is entered from a lower bank on the east, and on this side we visited several gloomy and comfortless dungeons, one of which is used as the dwelling of our humble conductress. The entrances to these vaults from the floor above have been built up. At a little distance, other vaults are pointed out beneath a patch of waste ground; and at the western extremity of the garden is shown a dungeon to which a flight of steps has lately been given, along with some other repairs. This, by a modern inscription on the wall, is styled the prison of Cardinal de la Balue. Towards the south and west, we have a pleasant prospect of the rich flat vale of the Cher and Loire—at the time of our visit jocund with the array of yellow harvest. Within the enclosure in which we stand, everything, from the dilapidated sundial to the untrimmed bushes and weed-covered parterres, wears the air of desolation and neglect. With exterior defences thrown down, fosses filled up, and the châteline transformed into a bare-legged paysanne, the whole scene seems a vulgar burlesque of a poetic dream. Departing, robbed of a sentiment, we feel that in some cases it would be better not to disturb the visions of the imagination.

One day during our stay at Tours was devoted to an excursion to Mettray, a village about four miles distant in a northerly direction, and situated in the midst of a piece of country so prettily embellished with hedgerows and trees, as to remind us of English rural scenery. Mettray can be reached at certain hours daily from Tours by omnibusses; but we preferred a private voiture; for we wished to spend some time in our inquiries in this interesting locality. And Mettray is worthy of a visit from every Englishman passing down the Loire. Here, some years ago, was begun a benevolent experiment to reclaim juvenile offenders and outcasts, of whom in France there is a fully greater abundance than in our own country. A volume might be written on Mettray: I can find space for only a few brief explanations.

The founder of the *Colonie Agricole de Mettray*, as it is properly styled, is an enthusiastic philanthropist, who, animated by what he had seen of a rural penitentiary for youth at Horn, near Hamburg, returned to France, and commenced operations along with his friend, the Viscount Breteignères de Courteilles, on the estate of the latter gentleman. The project, after receiving the countenance and pecuniary assistance of a society formed on purpose to encourage it, was begun in 1839, since which time the establishment at Mettray has been gradually increasing in importance, and may now be said to be in as prosperous a condition as could reasonably be expected. I do not know any institution in England with which to compare Mettray. It is not a place of voluntary retreat, like a House of Refuge, because young criminals are sent to it by courts of justice; neither is it a prison, for it has no bolts, bars, or environing walls, and is, to all appearance, a singularly neat and orderly cluster of rustic cottages and mansions, in the midst of gardens, play-grounds, and fields. Arriving at the gateway where strangers are set down, we were shortly waited upon by one of the resident directors, a venerable gentleman in an ample blue surtout, and a long white beard. By this courteous old person we were obligingly conducted over the establishment, beginning with the dormitories, the workshops, the school-room, and the chapel, and ending with the infirmary, the kitchen, and the general sale dépôt of manufactured articles. Explanations of the discipline and mechanic were given as we went from point to point, and various pamphlets were put into my hands, which are now lying before me, and at the service of any one who would wish to imitate the good deeds of the founders of Mettray.

In describing the institution, it has been a leading and

judicious principle to imitate, as nearly as possible, the plan of parental supervision. All the inmates are divided into families of forty boys, each family under the general charge of a chief. Under this functionary are two *contre-maitres*, each having the special direction of a section of twenty boys. These *contre-maitres* are assisted by two lads, chosen by the prisoners from among themselves under certain regulations, and whose duties last for a month. The title given to these assistants is *frère aîné*, or elder brother, and it is an object of ambition to be considered worthy of such an appointment. The houses, ranged along two sides of a spacious garden, are individually adapted for the accommodation of a family. On the ground-floor is the workshop, with a shed outside for receiving implements of field labour. The upper part of the house consists of two floors, each containing twenty hammocks, and also bed-closets for the superintendents. The lower of these sleeping-rooms being cleared during the day, by slinging aside the hammocks, is used as a refectory for the whole forty boys. At night, the dormitories being kept lighted, are under the surveillance of the *contre-maitres* and chiefs, who, by apertures in their respective closets, can watch the movements of their charges, without being themselves seen. I see, by one of the printed reports, that the cost of each house, including furniture, amounts to 8300 francs, or £332, and that the annual rent per boy is under ten francs. In some instances the houses have been free gifts of wealthy donors, from motives of piety or benevolence. In one case a father has built a house in memory of a beloved daughter—a fine trait, I think, of paternal feeling. One of the royal princesses has also contributed a house to the establishment, which is patronised by the first families in France. Having viewed the houses and workshops of shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, harness-makers, and blacksmiths, we were taken into the large school-room, where at certain hours instruction is given of an elementary kind, including the inculcation of religious and moral precepts. The chapel adjoining is a neat, though plain structure, and suited for the Roman Catholic form of worship; all other sects being excluded from the establishment, in order, as it is alleged, to prevent discussion and the growth of antipathies among the inmates—a poor apology, it will be considered, for limiting the charity to the members of one form of faith. In the infirmary, an airy suite of apartments, we found only a single patient. This department is under the management of three females; and, need I say, they are Sisters of Charity? The cleanliness, order, and fastidiousness of this and other parts of the establishment charmed us, and, to mark our general approval, we purchased a variety of articles at the dépôt.

During our perambulations over the grounds, we had occasion to see parties of the inmates at work in the fields. With a dress mostly of coarse linen, straw hats, bare legs, and clumsy wooden shoes, they cut a miserable figure, and a more ill-looking set of swarthy boys and lads could scarcely be pictured. The dress of the *contre-maitres* at the heads of their divisions was a little better, but also of linen; they appeared to exert a firm control over their gangs or families, and are, as I was informed, a respectable class of young men, who, by their training here, are well fitted for taking the command of similar establishments elsewhere. The number of inmates or prisoners in the colony at the time of my visit was 190.

To understate the principle of seclusion at Mettray, it must be recollected that there is a law in France which sweeps the country of juvenile offenders. Every boy or girl under sixteen years of age, convicted of a crime, is considered guilty without discernment, and if not claimed by parents, is retained in prison till twenty years of age. This partly accounts for the vast number of juvenile detenus which I saw in various quarters; but there is another cause. Many children are abandoned and thrown upon the public in a very heartless way, and being seized by *gens-d'armes* wherever they may

wander, they help materially to fill asylums and prisons. I was informed that such abandonment of children is frequently a result of second marriages—the man who marries a widow with children turning the whole into the streets. I do not remember having ever heard of any such barbarity in England, ill as step-children are sometimes treated. Mettray has received inmates, or colonists, as they are termed, from many of the principal prisons, where they have been selected from the mass for general good conduct, or other favourable circumstances, and also increased its numbers by taking boys abandoned by nurses or parents, or who are houseless and vagrant orphans.

The great object entertained by the founders and conductors of Mettray is thoroughly to discipline and purify minds tainted with crime, or affected by unsettled habits; and, by instruction in different kinds of labour, strictly suitable for rural districts, put the unfortunate inmates in the way of earning an honest livelihood on dismissal. The question arises, Will the projectors succeed in their benevolent intentions? According to their own account, everything promises well for the institution. The boys are no doubt exposed to the most beneficial influences, and if anything can reclaim from incipient wickedness, this must do it. Still, the formidable difficulty remains, of establishing the reclaimed youths in respectable situations throughout the country after leaving the colony. As the number is not great, this may be accomplished by dint of friendly interposition; but that an annual dispersion of some thousands could be effected—supposing, France to be provided with such a colony in every department—is, I fear, not among things possible, unless the army were employed as a regular means of consumption. On the score of relieving the prisons, government pays, I believe, 160 francs for each convict annually; and as the produce of the labour greatly aids the voluntary contributions, the financial part of the scheme is encouraging. How far a colony of such a mixed character could be made to answer in England, is doubtful. The boys of Mettray do not run away, which, to an Englishman, seems very incomprehensible. But there are powerful reasons for this apparent self-denial. Independently of French, and, indeed, continental boys generally, being a poor-spirited set of urchins, without that love of adventure which is a mainspring of juvenile delinquency in this country, and is, in fact, a mainspring of all our greatness as a nation, it would be almost impossible for a colonist to abscond undetected. Were he to attempt such a freak, a gendarme would pick him up at the first town in which he set his foot, and he would be sent to prison in disgrace. Besides, no money is given to the colonists; the overplus of certain gains being carried to their account in the savings' bank of the establishment.

On the whole, the impressions made on our minds from a visit to Mettray were of an agreeable kind, and I felt assured it was, morally speaking, prodigiously in advance of prisons of all sorts, and would not unlikely form a model for further and perhaps still more favourable experiments in juvenile reclamation.

#### NATIONAL PREJUDICES CONCERNING ANIMAL FOOD.

WARLE nearly every year adds to the list of vegetables and fruits that appear at our tables, it is wonderful how slow we are, through sheer prejudice, to venture upon eating any animal food except that which we have been accustomed to from infancy. Yet great portions of the globe have testified to the excellence and wholesomeness of many of the meats which the people of Britain, 'too nice by half,' cannot be persuaded to eat, except when in the greatest extremity. Surely, out of the thousands of animals known, it is unreasonable for us to think that none are adapted to the British palate and stomach but oxen, sheep, deer, pigs, venison, hares, and rabbits? To look at a 'dead dog,' and fancy the eating of its

flesh, is certainly a contemplation full of disgust. But supposing dogs and cats were kept and fed purposely for killing, in the same methodical way that cattle and pigs are, what valid objection can there be to eating their flesh when nicely dressed? The answer is simply—prejudice. That they are good eating, we are assured by millions of our fellow-creatures in other parts of the earth. Mutton is despised in various countries where sheep abound to excess, and are regarded as vermin of the land. Dr Richardson tells us that the natives of the arctic regions eat the flesh of the North American lynx, a feline animal, and adds, that the meat is white and tender, much resembling that of the American hare. The Guachos of South America are in the frequent habit of eating the flesh of another feline animal, the puma. Darwin, in his interesting *Journal* (p. 135), relates, 'At supper I eat puma meat, which is very white, and remarkably like veal in taste. Dr Shaw was laughed at for stating that the flesh of the lion is in great esteem, having no small affinity with veal in colour, taste, and flavour. Such, certainly, is the case with the puma. The Guachos differ in their opinion whether the jaguar is good eating, but are unanimous in saying that the cat is excellent.' The flesh of cats and dogs is well known to be generally eaten in China and some other parts of the east; that of the dog, indeed, over much of the southern hemisphere, where, however, it is, in some places, reared exclusively on vegetable diet. The reader, perhaps, may remember that the life of the celebrated voyager, Captain Cook, was saved by timely recourse to some unsalted meat, a dog having been slaughtered to supply it; and we think it is Hearne (or some more recent explorer of arctic America), who, when compelled by famine to overcome his aversion to feed on dogs' flesh, found it to be unexceptionable food. Townshend, in his *Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains*, states that he has often eaten and relished it, and has no other objection to this diet than the sentimental one of repulsiveness at having a faithful companion of man killed to appease his appetite: the same fœtantic squeamishness had induced De Capel Broke, and other tourists, to censure the Norwegians for rearing a breed of dogs solely for the sake of their fur. Captain Lyon, in his *Private Journal* (p. 90), says, that during his voyage, the flesh of the arctic fox was frequently eaten, having an inviting appearance, though very fat. At first all the crew were horrified at the idea of eating foxes, but very many soon got the better of their delicacy. The captain himself frequently supped off it, and assured us that it much resembles the flesh of the kid. Captain Cartwright, in his *Journal of a Residence in Labrador* (vol. i. p. 3), relates that he was offered 'part of the fore-quarter of a wolf, but it proved so hard, dry, tough, and ~~raw~~, that I could not swallow but one mouthful.' Two pages further on, he mentions that he finished it, and expresses his belief that his stomach will not refuse such food again during his residence there. Perhaps the wolf he tried was not in the tenderest condition.

The traveller Bell observed whole rows of badgers hung up for sale in China, just as rabbits are displayed in the British markets; and those who have partaken of the meat, especially of the hams of the European badger, report that it is excellent. Major Lloyd, in his *Field Sports of the North of Europe* (vol. ii. p. 46), remarks, 'Its flesh is very eatable when parboiled in bay-seed water, or still better in salt water, and afterwards roasted and left to cool, and used for luncheons; it has then been regarded by epicures as a real delicacy; but it must be the flesh of very young badgers.' Of an allied species, the carcajou of North America, the Hon. C. A. Murray relates in his *Travels* (vol. ii. p. 59), that 'We made our soup, and I broiled my badger; his own fat was all the basting he required; and when he was served up, we all agreed that we had never eaten better meat: it had but one fault, being so exceedingly fat, that it surpassed, in that respect, any pig or other

animal that I ever saw. Fortunately it was young, or it might not have been so tender as it actually proved.' Even of the fetid skunk of the same continent, we are informed, in Carver's *Travels* (p. 452), that 'Europeans who have fed on them, after the receptacles of the odorous fluid had been carefully extracted, have found them very sweet and good.' The African ratel also is described as excellent; and perhaps all the weasel tribe only require to have the nauseous glands carefully extracted, though Bell the traveller mentions, from report, that the flesh of the ermine is extremely bad. It was formerly customary to eat the otter on lenten days for a fish!

Bear's flesh, and especially its hams, is very highly esteemed; while the racoon also is considered excellent, more particularly in the months of September and October, when fruits and nuts are abundant. The flesh of the Polar bear, although it has sometimes proved unwholesome, is stated, in Captain Parry's appendix to his Fourth Voyage, to be 'free from any disagreeable taste: it became a valuable and timely addition to our stock of provisions, and served materially to restore the strength of the party.' Hence it may be suspected, that the ill effects resulting from the use of this diet are attributable to some particular food the animal had been eating. Mr Jerdan gives his personal testimony that the flesh of the hedgehog is excellent; and a mole-catcher relates that he was in the habit of eating the moles he caught, and said that if folks generally knew how good they were, but few would fall to his share. The armadillos are exceedingly foul feeders; yet all who have partaken of their flesh agree, that one 'roasted in its own shell' is most delicate eating.

Audubon declares that he has never tasted the flesh of the cormorant, nor, as long as he can help it, will he ever do so; but M. Schomburgk says that he has frequently eaten of the cormorant of Guiana, which is really very good, after having been, like other water-fowl, skinned previously to dressing. It is said that a buzzard, and particularly a pern, or honey buzzard, is esteemed an excellent dish in some parts of France. The goodness of the eggs of the cormorant another person has testified to; and we are tempted to suspect that any eggs of the bird described as otherwise, were none of the freshest when tasted. We have heard of cormorants being sold for wild ducks to the Londoners, who often purchase the eggs of rooks and crows as plovers' eggs.

To follow out their notion, that the flesh of all carnivorous animals is unfit for the table, people should be more particular than they are in eating fish, lobsters, &c. Many English gourmands would sicken at the idea of a dish of snails, which in Hungary, more especially, is esteemed a delicate, and is a very frequent viand; so much so, that not a few of the peasantry even pay their rents with them, according to *Paget's Travels in Hungary and Transylvania*; but a Hungarian lady would be fully as much horrified at the thought of swallowing an oyster, and would, at least, have this advantage over the British epicure, that snails are vegetable feeders. We can fancy a civic *bon vivant* commiserating the 'barbarism' of the Persian princes who not long ago visited this country, and testified their abhorrence at the custom of eating turtle! But that we, civilised and enlightened flesh-eaters, are altogether free from irrational and totally unfounded misapprehension on the subject of eating the flesh of creatures of prey, is, the reader will perhaps begin to think, a little questionable; if he do not go so far as to imagine that a hint might be profitably taken on this subject, as on some others, from the considerably under-estimated Chinese. At all events, those who are disposed to rail at others for their fiddlingness about eating pork, may ponder a while upon the reasonableness of their own aversion to partake of various other kinds of flesh, and hesitate before condemning as 'unclean' and improper food what they only presume to be so as a mere matter of course; stig-

matism, by the appellation 'carrion,' what, in truth, they might have eaten with great relish, had the tide of conventional prejudice happened to flow in the opposite direction.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR MAGINN.

ALTHOUGH not the author of any single or important literary work, yet few persons contributed more brilliantly or more extensively to the periodical literature of the last twenty years than the late William Maginn. His writings, however, having appeared, in most instances, anonymously, his name is but little known beyond those persons who are actually connected, either by profession or taste, with the literary world. The career of the most celebrated men does not always furnish the most instructive biographies; and although the present memoir is not that of a widely-famed person, and affords, moreover, an example better to be avoided than imitated, yet it presents much to interest and to instruct.

William Maginn was the son of a schoolmaster at the head of a flourishing establishment in Cork, where he was born in July 1794. At an early age he showed remarkable aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and by the time he had reached his tenth year, had become sufficiently proficient in the classics to enter as a student at Trinity college, Dublin, where he gained a distinguished reputation, and carried off several prizes. Having finished his career as a scholar, he returned to his father's roof, to take upon him the duties of a teacher. He had not long shared in the labours of tuition, before the entire management of the school devolved on him; for, when he was little more than twenty, he had the misfortune to lose his father. Although so young, Maginn continued to superintend the establishment—now his own—with great success. Happy, perhaps, would it have proved for him had he finished his days as a schoolmaster.

At that period Cork was making itself celebrated above other large towns in Ireland for literature and scientific inquiry. Besides a society of young men formed for the diffusion of knowledge, of which Maginn was a member, it could boast of a Quarterly Journal started by a native bookseller, and of which (if we have been correctly informed) Maginn was appointed editor. His articles, mostly of a critical, but gay and amusing character, attracted some attention; and these, together with the reputation he left behind him at college, obtained for him his degree of LL.D. at the early age of twenty-four. He continued to employ his leisure hours in throwing off articles, epigrams, satires, and jests, for the local prints, till, wishing for a wider field for his peculiar talents, he sent a volunteer contribution to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, which had been in existence about two years. This was the curious Latin translation of the ballad 'Chevy Chase,' which appeared in the number for November 1819. From that period, and for two subsequent years, Maginn was a regular, though anonymous and unpaid contributor to 'Blackwood.' In his private correspondence with the proprietor, he adopted the signature of R. T. S.; and when Mr Blackwood, highly appreciating his services, delicately offered him remuneration for his valuable contributions, he directed the check to be drawn in favour of Ralph Tuckett Scott, in which name the money was paid by the bankers. In 1821, Maginn, still keeping up his incognito, declared by letter his intention of paying Mr Blackwood a visit in Edinburgh. True to his leading propensity, Maginn determined to turn the interview into a jest. There occurred in his contributions certain personalities which had already got Mr Blackwood into trouble with the persons satirised, and the facetious doctor, being perfectly unknown to the publisher, determined to personify one of the injured par-

ties. Accordingly he presented himself at Blackwood's shop, and formally asked for a private interview with that gentleman in as broad an Irish accent as he could assume. The rencontre is thus described in a letter from Dr Moir of Musselburgh (the 'Delta' of Blackwood's Magazine) to the author of a memoir to which we are indebted on the present occasion.\*

"On being closeted together, Mr Blackwood thought to himself, as Mr Blackwood afterwards informed me, 'Here at last is one of those wild Irishmen—and come for no good purpose, doubtless.'"

"You are Mr Blackwood, I presume?" said the stranger.

"I am," answered that gentleman.

"I have rather an unpleasant business, then, with you," he added, "regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are so and so; would you be so kind as give me the name of the author?"

"That requires consideration," said Mr Blackwood; "and I must first be satisfied that—"

"Your correspondent resides in Cork; doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."

"I decline at present," said Mr Blackwood, "giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business, of your purpose, and who you are."

"You are very shy, sir," said the stranger; "I thought you corresponded with Mr Scott of Cork?" mentioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine.

"I beg to decline giving any information on that subject," was the response of Mr Blackwood.

"If you don't know him, then," sputtered out the stranger, "perhaps—perhaps you could know your own handwriting;" at the same moment producing a packet of letters from his side pocket. "You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman."

Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr Maginn to Mr Blackwood; and after a cordial shake of the hand, and a hearty laugh, the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship. The doctor remained in Edinburgh, at Mr Blackwood's house, for several weeks; and was introduced to Professor Wilson, Mr Lockhart, R. P. Gillies, Mr Hamilton, Mr Howison, and other prominent literary characters, as well as several leading and influential members of the Scottish bar.

As it has unfortunately happened with many other persons in similar circumstances, Dr Maginn's literary successes had no beneficial effect upon his worldly prosperity. The applauses which his writings were continually calling forth flushed him with hopes which were, alas! never realised, and induced him, two years after his Edinburgh visit, to take three important steps—he married, gave up his school, and went to London.

It must be owned, in palliation of the apparent rashness of the last step, that his hopes of distinguishing himself in London were better founded than those of nine-tenths of the authors who make a similar venture. His fame in the departments of poetry, romance, criticism, classical lore, parody, and burlesque, had preceded him, and given him a status in the opinions of the booksellers which promised to insure constant employment. His first commission was from Mr Murray, and shows, from its importance, the exalted notion which that shrewd bookseller entertained of his abilities. Lord Byron had recently died, and the letters and papers of the gifted poet were put into Dr Maginn's hands, for the purpose of working them up into an elaborate biography. From a difference of opinion with the publisher, the doctor subsequently gave up the commission, which was intrusted to Mr Moore. During Maginn's second year in London, Mr Murray started a new daily newspaper, called 'The Representative,' one of his arrangements for which was the appointment of Dr Maginn as correspondent at Paris.

Thither therefore, the latter repaired; but the newspaper, after a short existence, proved a failure, and on its cessation, the doctor returned to London.

The biographer whose account we follow, states, in continuation, that from this period till the year 1829 Dr Maginn earned a 'scanty' subsistence by writing for magazines, annuals, and newspapers. How a gentleman of such high attainments, and whose talents were known and appreciated by persons capable of giving him constant employment, was able only to gain a scanty livelihood, must appear strange to those unacquainted with the doctor's convivial habits; but when these are taken into the account, the mystery vanishes. Maginn possessed powers of conversation, and a brilliancy of wit, which caused his company to be universally coveted, and he was never sparing of it where good fellowship existed. By Mr J. W. Croker he is thus described in a letter, which we have had an opportunity of seeing:—"On the few occasions of my having the pleasure of being in his society, his conversation was very lively and original—a singular mixture of classical erudition and Irish fun. There was a good deal of wit, and still more of drollery, and certainly no deficiency of what is called conviviality and animal spirits. I remember, on one occasion, having heard from some common friend that he seemed to be throwing away a great deal of talent on ephemeral productions. I took the liberty of advising him to direct his great powers to some more permanent objects, and he told me that he contemplated some serious work, I think on the Greek drama, but of this I am not quite sure. It might have been the Greek orators. I had a high opinion of his power to illustrate either. For this, or any great work, however, Maginn's temperament was an effectual disqualification. His inclinations drew him more frequently to scenes of conviviality than to the solitude of his study; and as he could not always work and amuse his hosts of acquaintance at the same time, he frequently disappointed the expectations of publishers who relied on the matter which he agreed, but too often failed, to furnish. From some such cause he broke, in 1828, with Blackwood, and ceased to contribute to his periodical for some years afterwards. Still, his convivial peculiarities did not affect him so much as they would have done less gifted individuals. It would seem that, no matter where or in what company, so great was his facility of composition, that he was able to write. 'Occasionally,' says our authority, 'he would sit back in his chair in the middle of a sentence, and tell a humorous story to whoever was near him (for he seldom wrote except in company, and generally with all kinds of noises about him)—or commence a criticism on whatever book lay within his reach, or discuss some topic of the day; but his mind was evidently at work on the subject of his paper, and he would break off suddenly from his talk, resuming his pen, and writing away with the greatest haste.'

On the establishment of the Standard evening newspaper, Maginn was appointed joint editor with Dr Gifford, and in 1830, he, in conjunction with Mr Hugh Fraser (not the late James Fraser, publisher, as is generally supposed), founded Fraser's Magazine. To this publication he contributed with a zeal and industry which showed that his capability of writing at all times and seasons must have increased upon him; for his labours did not appear to his friends to deprive him of one of his many convivial hours. Besides his contributions to the Standard and Fraser's Magazine, he also wrote for the John Bull and other periodicals. He did not, however, retain his appointment long in connection with the Standard.

One of Dr Maginn's papers in the new magazine was productive of serious consequences. It was a critique on a recently published novel, called 'Berkeley Castle,' which was written in the back parlour of the publisher's shop, in company, as usual, with some intimate friends, and when 'the whole party were heated with wine.' The review was extremely severe upon the book, and on being published, the offended novelist took a sun-

\* In the Dublin University Magazine for January 1844.

many mode of revenging himself, by inflicting a severe personal chastisement on the publisher. On this reaching the ears of Maginn, he instantly forwarded a note to the enraged author, stating that he was the writer of the article. A duel between Maginn and the author of 'Berkeley Castle' was the consequence. Three shots were exchanged; at the third, Maginn's bullet touched the collar of his opponent's coat, while the heel of his own boot was grazed in return—a narrow escape for both parties—and they both left the ground without making any arrangement for reconciliation.

This happened in 1837, by which time the doctor, from causes which it is not necessary to specify, was surrounded with pecuniary difficulties; and the rest of his career was one of wretchedness and poverty. He was arrested, and thrown into prison several times. Yet through all his misfortunes he retained his gaiety, and, that his family might not share in his troubles more than necessary, he sent them to France. In 1841 his friend Fraser died, and an incident occurred at the funeral which is recorded as an instance of exception to Maginn's general character, to which sentiment and romance were quite foreign. The obsequies took place at Bunhill Fields, in the same graveyard which holds the remains of John Bunyan. As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the grave-digger—"Grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan." The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who appeared particularly thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor turned to the person who accompanied him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said quietly—"Tread lightly." Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence. The bright sunshine poured around him. At length he seemed moved, and turning away, exclaimed in deep and solemn tones, "Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers."

The early part of the year 1842 Dr Maginn spent in the Fleet prison, where he was for the last time placed for debt. His health had been long declining, and on being liberated about May, he retired to live at Walton-on-Thames, waiting a government appointment which had been promised him. Even if this hope had been realised, it was doubtful if health equal to the duty now remained to him. His condition at this period, as described by a friend, presents a melancholy picture. 'When I was ushered up stairs, the first glance I gave towards him did indeed surprise me. He was in bed, with a blue striped worsted shirt drawn tightly around him, and was supported by pillows. An old Greek Homer, on which he appeared to have been meditating, was on the bed by his side. He was quite emaciated and worn away; his hands thin, and very little flesh on his face; his eyes appeared brighter and larger than usual, and his hair was wild and disordered. He stretched out his hand and saluted me.' On a second visit, the narrator continues, 'He told me that there was no money in the house; that he was extremely anxious to get to town to have medical advice, as he could not bring a physician down from London; that he was quite lonesome in Walton, having no one to come and speak with him. He requested me to look out for a lodging in Kensington; expressed a strong desire to go to Cove, saying he was sure a sea voyage would serve him considerably; "but," said he, "what can I do—I have not a farthing to bless myself with." He did not seem any way apprehensive of death.' The same friend wrote on his behalf to the prime-minister, who some days after sent Maginn a handsome present; but though it came two days before his demise, he died in ignorance of it. He breathed his last on Thursday, 15th August, 1842.

Dr Maginn's person was tall, more so than it appeared to be, for he had a slight stoop. His hair had been gray from an early period of life, and at his death was nearly white. His manners were always lively and good-humoured, and his conversation was peculiarly entertaining, from the fund of anecdote from which he constantly drew to enliven it. He had a slight stutter, and

a 'brogue,' which heightened rather than diminished the effect of his stories. Gifted with high mental endowments, he employed them in early life in acquiring an amount of classical learning which is seldom equalled; and, unlike men who are merely learned, his playful fancy enabled him to turn his knowledge to the utmost account in literature; for if ever a man possessed the pen of a ready-writer, it was Dr Maginn. Yet what have been the results of all these great natural gifts to his fellow-creatures? Only a scrambling subsistence to himself, and some transient amusement to the public. It is lamentable to think of such a career; but it is a powerful illustration of the uselessness of mere talents where there is not a directing aim above the mere frivolities of the minute, and a governing self-respect and prudence.

### PROPOSED CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

REFERRING our readers to an article at page 413 of our eleventh volume, entitled 'Overland Routes to India,' it will be perceived that the only land which it is actually necessary to cross between Great Britain and India, is the seventy-two miles which divide the Mediterranean from the Red Sea. This tract, being generally flattish in character, has been the subject of numerous plans for intersection by a navigable canal; so numerous, indeed, and so invariably abandoned after a due amount of discussion among European journalists, that the very mention of such a thing is now apt to excite ridicule. Again the subject has been brought prominently into notice; whether once more to be set aside as a nine days' wonder, remains to be seen. There can be no doubt of the vast value to England of such an undertaking; for it would open up a ready sea-communication not only with India, but our Australasian possessions. The difficulties to be encountered in carrying the project into execution are twofold: first, the circumstance of the country being in a wilderness condition, under the sway of Mehemet Ali, in whom and his successors capitalists may not have the most perfect faith; and, second, the peculiar engineering impediments in the line. We are inclined to believe that, in the event of a company being formed to prosecute the undertaking, the British government could easily secure, by purchase, a perpetual sovereignty, or at least vested and guaranteed right, over the tract between the Mediterranean and Suez, by which the danger of political aggression would be for ever averted. The engineering difficulties are more formidable.

According to M. Girard, one of the scientific men who accompanied Napoleon's army to Egypt, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean were, at an early period of the world's history, united; the isthmus having been formed by the joint depositions of the mud of the Nile (which runs parallel to it on the west), joined to the detritus left behind by the current of the Mediterranean. Lyall adds, that the sands blown from the deserts on each side of the isthmus also afford continual supplies of material to this new land. Certain it is, that great encroachments upon both seas are to be traced in history. In the time of Herodotus, the isthmus was only half its present breadth; and down to that of Arrian, the town of Heroopolis, which now stands half-way between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, was on the coast. Even so late as 1541, the harbour of Suez was sufficiently deep to admit the fleet of Solymán II.; but at present it is a sand-bank, and so shallow are the waters near it, that the steamboats employed between that town and Bombay are obliged to anchor some distance from the shore, and passengers can only disembark in small boats, which take several hours getting to land. Lastly, all geologists agree that the isthmus is daily gaining in width, by the accession of fresh deposits on the shores of the Mediterranean. Another corroboration of the conjecture of the original



junction of the two seas, is the existence of a chain of salt lakes which occur at intervals across the whole isthmus.

The land thus formed consists of loose stones, shells, and sand, with a basis probably of rock; for the drift carried eastwards by the great current of the Mediterranean—consisting at first of loose materials—has been gradually consolidated, by the abundance of carbonate of lime contained in the overflowings of the Nile. The isthmus, then, is formed by constant contributions from the surrounding country, which consists of the banks of the Nile on the west, the Arabian desert of El Tyh on the east, the Red Sea and the eastern desert of Egypt on the south, with the Mediterranean on the north. Such is the country through which it is proposed to cut a canal.

On the advantages of such a work, it would be idle to expatiate. The chief object is to set about inventing means to get it accomplished, and these are laudably pointed out and advocated, first by Captain Vetch,\* and next by M. Linant, a French engineer, who has surveyed the ground with a view to the formation of the desired canal, and the result of whose labours are communicated to the world in a pamphlet by Mr Anderson, managing director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Captain Vetch proposes three lines: the first runs directly from the head of the Red Sea to the Mediterranean at Tineh, near which a former embouchure, now filled up, helped, with its other mouths, to empty the Nile into the ocean. The second line passes from the same place into the Bitter Lake, the southernmost of the chain before-mentioned, continuing from the head of the lake to Tineh. The third line runs also through the Bitter Lake, but makes its egress through the remains of the ancient canal, which unites it to the Lake Sababiyar, and thence crosses the isthmus to Tineh. The third and longest route we believe to be the most practicable; for Captain Vetch's first line rejects the advantage afforded by the lakes, while his second only makes them partially available. He proposes that the canal should be sufficiently wide and deep to admit large ships; the dimensions being—depth, 21 feet; width, 96 feet at bottom, and 180 feet at the water-line at top. Happily for such an undertaking, it has been ascertained that the bed of the Red Sea is thirty-two feet higher than that of the Mediterranean, and thus affords a sufficient fall of water (about five inches to the mile) to keep up an effective scour, so as to preserve the bed of the canal from deposits. He estimates the expense of the work at two millions sterling.

M. Linant's views are far more moderate. His canal—which is identical with Captain Vetch's third line—would, he states, only cost £175,000, but it would be scarcely ten feet deep, and only 130 feet wide at the top. This would of course only admit small vessels, and involve the inconvenience of transshipment from the European vessels at Tineh, instead of admitting those vessels through the canal in the way direct to India. This kind of economy cannot be regarded as wise; indeed so great an undertaking scarcely involves a question of economy. A few hundred thousands of pounds, compared with the incalculable advantages which such a work would confer on the commerce of this country, should never be an object. We question whether Captain Vetch's estimate, again, is not far below what the real cost of the undertaking would prove.

In spite of Linant's authority—always respected in reference to Egypt—it is difficult to agree either with him or Captain Vetch when they say that 'the nature of the soil' is one of the things which presents great facilities for excavating a canal. Such a statement but little coincides with the opinion of former writers, and, indeed, with facts. The soil, especially that of the tract

lying between Lake Sababiyar and Tineh, is loose and shifting, and constantly receiving accessions from the Arabian desert; while the Etesian, or north-west winds, which blow regularly in July and August, distribute them over the country. All this would prove a serious matter to any but a walled canal. It is partly by these sands that the Pelusiac branch of the Nile is so completely filled up, that not a trace of it is now to be seen. We mention this, not with the view of throwing a damp on an enterprise which is, nevertheless, quite practicable, but to show, in opposition to the above authorities, that the nature of the soil presents difficulties they are inclined to undervalue, and that, in all probability, both blasting and masonry will be necessary. Both estimates of the expense, therefore, are lower by a great deal than we can hope the work will cost.

#### CHEERING SENTIMENTS.

[From a work of which we have already spoken favourably—'Letters from New York,' by Maria Child.]

LET science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect or humanise the heart, be open to 'Tom, Dick, and Harry;' and thus, in process of time, they will become Mr Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things the refined should think of what they can impart, not of what they can receive. As for the vicious, they excite in me more of compassion than of dislike. The great searcher of hearts alone knows whether I should not have been as they are, with the same neglected childhood, the same vicious examples, the same overpowering temptation of misery and want. If they will but pay to virtue the outward homage of decorum, God forbid that I should wish to exclude them from the healthful breeze and the shaded promenade. Wretched enough are they in their utter degradation; nor is society so guiltless of their ruin as to justify any of its members in un pitying scorn.

And this reminds me that, in this vast emporium of poverty and crime there are, morally speaking, some flowery nooks and 'sunny spots of greenery.' I used to say I knew not where were the ten righteous men to save the city; but I have found them now. Since then, the Washington Temperance Society has been organised, and active in good works. Apart from the physical purity, the triumph of soul over sense implied in abstinence from stimulating liquors, these societies have peculiarly interested me, because they are based on the law of love. The pure is inlaid in the holy, like a pearl set in fine gold. Here is no 'fifteen-gallon-law,' no attendance upon the lobbies of legislatures, none of the bustle or manoeuvres of political party; measures as useless in the moral world as machines to force water above its level are in the physical world. Serenely above all these stands this new genius of temperance—her trust in Heaven, her hold on the human heart. To the fallen and the perishing she throws a silken cord, and gently draws him within the golden circle of human brotherhood. She has learned that persuasion is mightier than coercion; that the voice of encouragement finds an echo in the heart, deeper, far deeper, than the thunder of reproof.

The blessing of the perishing, and of the merciful God who cares for them, will rest upon the Washington Temperance Society. A short time since, one of its members found an old acquaintance lying asleep in a dirty alley, scarcely covered with filthy rags pinned and tied together. Being waked, the poor fellow exclaimed in piteous tones, 'Oh, don't take me to the police office—please don't take me there.' 'Oh no,' replied the missionary of mercy, 'you shall have shoes to your feet, and a decent coat on your back, and be a man again. We have better work for you to do than to lie in prison. You will be a temperance preacher yet.'

He was comfortably clothed, kindly encouraged, and employment procured for him at the printing-office of the Washington Society. He now works steadily all day, and preaches temperance in the evening. Every week I hear of similar instances. Are not these men enough to save a city? This society is one among several powerful agencies now at work to teach society that it makes its own criminals, and then, at prodigious loss of time, money, and morals, punishes its own work.

The other day I stood by the wayside while a Washingtonian procession, two miles long, passed by. All classes

\* Inquiry into the Means of Establishing a Ship Navigation between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, &c. By James Vetch, Captain R.N., F.R.S. London: 1843.



and trades were represented with appropriate music and banners. Troops of boys carried little wells and pumps; and on many of the banners were flowing fountains and running brooks. One represented a wife kneeling in gratitude for a husband restored to her and himself; on another, a group of children were joyfully embracing the knees of a reformed father. Fire companies were there with badges and engines; and military companies with gaudy colours and tinsel trappings. Towards the close came two barouches, containing the men who first started a temperance society on the Washingtonian plan. These six individuals were a carpenter, a coach-maker, a tailor, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a silver-painter. They held their meetings in a carpenter's shop in Baltimore, before any other person took an active part in the reform. My heart paid them reverence as they passed. It was a beautiful pageant, and but one thing was wanting to make it complete; there should have been carts drawn by garlanded oxen, filled with women and little children bearing a banner, on which was inscribed, WE ARE HAPPY NOW! I missed the women and the children; for, without something to represent the genial influence of domestic life, the circle of joy and hope is ever incomplete.

But the absent ones were present to my mind; and the pressure of many thoughts brought tears to my eyes. I seemed to see John the Baptist preparing a pathway through the wilderness for the coming of the holiest; for like unto his is this mission of temperance. Clean senses are fitting vessels for pure affections and lofty thoughts.

#### SMALL-TALK.

SMALL-TALK is like small change; it flows  
A thousand different ways, and throws  
Thoughts into circulation,  
Of trivial value each, but which,  
Combined, make social converse rich  
In cheerful animation.

As bows unbent recruit their force,  
Our minds by frivolous discourse  
We strengthen and embellish;  
'Let us be wise,' said Plato once,  
When talking nonsense—'yonder dunce  
For folly has no relish.'

The solemn bore who holds that speech,  
Was given us to pose and preach,  
And not for lighter usage;  
Straight should be sent to Coventry  
Or omnium concensu, be  
Indicted as a nuisance.

Though dull the joke, 'tis wise to laugh;  
Parched be the tongue that cannot quaff,  
Save from a golden chalice;  
Let jesters seek no other plea,  
Than that their merriment be free  
From bitterness and malice.

Silence at once the ribald clown,  
And check with an indignant frown  
The scurrilous backbiter;  
But speed good humour as it runs;  
Be even tolerant of puns,  
And every mirth-exciter.

The wag who even falls, may claim  
Indulgence for his cheerful aim;  
We should applaud, not hiss him;  
This is a pardon which we grant  
(The Latin gives the rhyme I want),  
'Et petimus vicissim.'

—New Monthly Magazine.

*Captain Cook's Cabin Kettle.*—This relic of Captain Cook is said to have been given to his heirs, among other property, after the arrival of the 'Resolution'—the ship in which he performed his last unfortunate voyage. According to a local paper, it is now the property of James Gibb, Esq. of Gaskleton, near Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, who obtained possession of it in the following manner:—'The last heir of Captain Cook,' says our authority, 'who possessed this cabin utensil was Dr Cook of Hamilton, who had it for a length of time; but it so happened that his lady did not place so great a value upon it as he did, and therefore sent it to the late Mr Reid, copper-smith, Hamilton, to be disposed of as old brass, when, fortunately, Mr Gibb happened to be in the copper-smith's at the same moment, and seeing that the kettle was likely to be of some use, and rather a neat article, agreed to purchase it for a trifle. Some years after this, some other of Captain Cook's descendants ascer-

tained that it had been sold as old metal, and then made application to Mr Gibb to give it up; but as he had bought it in ignorance at the time that it had belonged to Captain Cook, the more the applicant desired to have it, the more Mr Gibb desired to keep it; and as its previous possessor had placed so little value on it, there was virtually no loss in its changing hands, as it would be cared for and preserved the longer by one who had the good sense to see its worth. Mr Gibb has since been offered thirty guineas for the kettle, but, of course, will not part with it. The kettle appears to be of French manufacture, is placed on a brass stand, and has a spirit-lamp to keep it boiling when on the table. It is believed to be about seventy-six years since it was made, and, like Napoleon Bonaparte's portable beef-steak pan, must have been a singular curiosity in its day, although there are plenty manufactured now in Birmingham nearly similar in construction.'

*The so-called last of the Stuarts.*—In a late number of the Perthshire Advertiser newspaper, the following is given respecting, as is said, a member of the house of Stuart:—'This most wonderful character still lives at Tweedmouth. He will complete his 115th year at Christmas, 1844. His father, General John Stuart, was a cousin of "Prince Charlie" the Pretender. His grandmother was the Lady of Airly, well known in old Scotch song. James Stuart saw those memorable battles during the rebellion in 1745, Prestonpans and Culloden, and has spoken to, and had wine with, the Pretender. He served on the side of the royalists in the American war, and was at the battle of Quebec, where General Wolfe lost his life at the moment of victory. He served on board a man-of-war for many years, under those naval heroes Admiral Rodney and Rear-Admiral Hood. He has been five times married, and now lives with his fifth wife, 75 years younger than himself. He has had, by his several wives, 27 children; 10 of them have been killed in battle—5 of them in India, 2 at Trafalgar under Nelson, 1 at Waterloo, and 2 at Algiers. For nearly 60 years he has travelled in the Border districts as a wandering minstrel, playing on a fiddle; but he never asked alms from any one. Hundreds of persons can bear testimony to his amazing strength, from which circumstance he got the by-name of "Jemmy Strength." Among other feats, he could carry a 24-pounder cannon; and he has been known to lift a cart-load of hay, weighing a ton and a-half, upon his back. Many a time he has taken up a jackass, and walked through the toll-bar, carrying it on his shoulders. It will be long before we can look upon his like again; to hear his stories of 1745, and his glowing descriptions of the Young Chevalier.' [There is an evident mixture of fable in the story of this old man, although it was first given to the world by Mr William Howitt. Prince Charles certainly never had any such cousin, and indeed no first cousin whatever. The Lady Airly of Scottish song, born in 1596, was a grandmother in 1640: how could any daughter of hers have borne this child in 1728, the apparent date of the old man's birth? Seeing there is here downright fiction, we must take leave to avow our scepticism regarding other parts of the story, the circulation of which in so many channels, without any expression of doubt, certainly gives us no exalted idea of the historical knowledge of our age.—Ed. C. E. J.]

*New Mode of Planting Apple-Trees.*—A horticulturist in Bohemia has a beautiful plantation of the best apple-trees, which have neither sprung from seeds nor grafting. His plan is, to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground, having put an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up, and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit, without requiring to be grafted.—Canada Newspaper.

Again it is respectfully announced that no communications in prose or verse are required, and that the editors will not hold themselves responsible for the safety or return of any article which may be sent in opposition to this frequently-explained rule. It is likewise a principle in the conducting of the Journal not to answer correspondents in its pages; the editors considering that it would be unjust to occupy space with matter addressed and interesting to only one out of many thousands of purchasers of the work.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## GROANS OF THE INTERNAL GENII.

If it were allowable to revive a practice of the ancients, and suppose things material to be attended each by its own particular genius or spirit, I think it might be allowable in the case of the human stomach, which seems to me in itself to make such a near approach to intelligence and reason, that I scarcely can divest myself of the idea, that it really is a distinct living thing, or entity. I always feel disposed to regard this respectable viscus as a decent, steady sort of servant, that keeps constantly at home, quiet and inoffensive, disposed to go through his work to the best of his ability; nay, anxious to strain a point in his master's service as far as possible, and only unfortunate in being frequently put to tasks so far exceeding his strength, that he entirely breaks down under them, and becomes old and infirm before his time. It is surely a great pity that such a worthy sort of people should be thus hardly dealt with—sufferers, as it were, for the faults of others, not their own. I sympathise with stomachs very much. This has led me to ponder somewhat upon their situation in life, and to reflect if, at a time when oppressed slaves, oppressed aborigines, oppressed everybody, are taken by the hand, something may not be done in behalf of an equally oppressed people much nearer to us, not to speak of much dearer. Thus musing, I have at length thought of allowing an orator of the race to speak for himself and his brethren through these pages; and the following is the substance of his address:—

Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us, or otherwise are thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bemoaning the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and indeed we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. Strange, however, to say, none of them are willing to own that they ever give us any trouble on this score, and it is amazing what ingenious excuses they will plead for themselves when they begin to feel the sad effects of their excesses. I have known a gentleman, when suffering under a tremendous overload of dinner at a corporation feast, lay the whole blame of his woes upon a glass of water he had chanced to drink after his soup. Another, feeling himself dreadfully ill the day after a

long sitting with a set of convivial friends, was quite at a loss to account for it, till he suddenly remembered that, in the course of the evening, he had been induced to eat a roasted potato. This satisfied his mind at once, and so, as he crawled that afternoon along the street, and was asked by his companions in succession what was the matter with him, "Oh," he would say, "that potato I took last night! Feel dreadfully unwell to-day—all owing, sir, to the potato." In fact, there is nothing respecting which mankind labour under a greater delusion, than the amount of their indulgences at table. I have known some who were in the way of destroying themselves by excess, and yet their constant impression was, that they suffered from being too abstemious; and thus they would go on, endeavouring to remedy the evil by that which only tended to increase it, until all went to wreck.

What a pity that nature, when she was about it, did not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs, for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be to this day completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in regarding our masters! "What's this now?" will a stomach-genius say; "abominable stuff! What an everlasting fool that man is! Will he never learn? Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it!" and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavoured to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down his throat. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the golden rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret. I am never off the

drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up higglety-pigglety together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bother Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact, this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor geni into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyse us in this manner for hours, not always indeed with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which, the lemon, is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbours, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from Coffee or Tea, two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hands, and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

I am a lover of early hours—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having perhaps at that time got all our labours past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his nightcap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, oh mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of "a little supper!" I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. Oh that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own! Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the necessity for something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water loaded with sugar, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does he always rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer in long succession, during all which time I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work. While such is my real predicament, my infatuated master is fully persuaded that he is doing something vastly in favour of my business, and calculated to promote his own com-

fort. He feels the reverse when he at length tumbles into bed, to fester and toss till morning, when, my labours being still unaccomplished, he will awake with a burning headache, a parched tongue, and uneasy sensations all over—call for a glass of soda-water *electrified* (this is his wretched slang for the infusion of a glass of brandy in it); and thus vainly think to get rid of his pains by that which is only calculated to prolong them.

These may be said to be a sample of my present distresses; but there has never been a time when I was better used, nor do I hope ever to be treated more considerably till the end of the chapter. I have but an obscure recollection of my infancy; yet I remember sufficiently well that at that time they were perpetually giving me things in the highest degree unsuitable, and generally far too much at a time, or else a proper quantity too often, which I have generally found to come to much the same thing. It was particularly hard, in those days, that, if my young master's nurse took anything that disagreed with her, I immediately became a sufferer by it, who was not only innocent of all imprudence myself, but whose very master was equally innocent—the purest case of paying the penalty of another's offences that could well be imagined. Then came the sad stuffings with cake and pudding, to which my boy-master subjected me whenever he could obtain the means—which I remarked to be particularly likely to happen when he visited aunts and grandmamas; a class of relations who, unfortunately for me, feel themselves under none of those salutary restraints, as to the young, which Solomon has wisely imposed on parents—wisely in all respects, I may say, but that of his not extending his injunctions to a wider circle of relationship. Well do I remember the dreadful poses I used to get into when the foolish young rogue chanced to gorge about thrice the quantity of an indigestible pabulum which he ought to have taken even of a digestible one. Laden so much beyond my strength, I became rigid in every muscle, and could only grasp my burden in mute and nervous despair. His anguish on those occasions was truly dreadful; but the truth is, it was all my anguish in the first place, and he only felt it reflectively. Then came the doctor with his doses of things black and dismal as Erebus, but all vouched for as necessary in the case; and of these nauseating processes the whole misery fell, of course, upon me. It was like cutting a man to pieces while relieving him of a burden which had been tied upon him. Many a time have I prayed my neighbour Pylorus—a jealous door-keeping fellow he is—to allow a little of the mess to pass out of my charge unchymified, that I might get elbow-room to proceed with the remainder; but never one particle would he take off my hands in this way, having a trust, he said, to that effect, which he could not neglect or betray without ruining the whole concern. I used to execrate him in my heart for a stingy ultra-virtuous dog; but I have since come to acknowledge that he was in the right of it, and, indeed, my petition was only an effort of despair, like that of drowning men catching at straws. These bouts, after all, were only severe at the time, and I used to rebound from them wonderfully fast. Alas! my experiences since have sometimes inclined me to look back upon them with a sigh. I was young and stout then. The statutory four meals a-day were scarcely a trouble to me. There was hardly any stuff I could not get the better of, if it only were not given in a quantity absolutely overwhelming. I participated in that bounding vitality which makes difficulties rather pleasant than otherwise to youth, provided they only do not go very much too far. I cannot now pretend to undertake the jobs that then were light to me, and which I would have laughed at as trifles. The saddest consideration of all is, that, so far from those days ever returning, I must now look forward to much worse than even the present. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-

disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master, and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumblings, which will, of course, not last over long, and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master, the cause of all my woes, must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs—for they may depend upon it, that whatever injustice they do to us in their days of health and pride, will be repaid to themselves in the long-run; our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes, but acts towards all, like Sarah Battle, according to the rigour of the game.

### LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

ONE thing strikes an observer of nature above all others, that whatever animals require for the economy of their situation upon earth, that they, by the bounty of Providence, possess. And there seems to be no other limit to the faculties bestowed upon the various tribes: whatever any particular species imperatively needed in order that it might fulfil its destiny here, is enjoyed by that species. It is very obvious, considering the way in which many animals live, and particularly their social habits, that a means of communicating ideas from one individual to others was amongst the requisites of their situation: accordingly, all such animals have a means of communicating ideas; have, in short, what we comprehensively call language. Perhaps there is no species altogether deficient in this power; but of this we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; we only can say that there is a considerable number of the families of the inferior animals which can be proved to possess and use a means of communicating their ideas. Some of these means we can distinguish and understand; others are as yet beyond our observation, and are of so mysterious a character, that even conjecture as to what they consist of is set at defiance.

The insects are the lowest tribes in which a communication of ideas has as yet been detected. Rather unexpectedly, this does not seem to be connected with any of the numerous kinds of sound stately emitted by insects, but to consist chiefly, at least, of silent signs made through the medium of the sense of touch. In ants and bees, it has been observed to consist simply in a mutual rubbing of the antennæ, or feelers, an organ of wonderful delicacy of organisation, and which may comprehend a far greater variety of sensation than we have any idea of from what we feel in our own frames. These remarks, however, are not exclusive of the fact, that, on some particular occasions, a special sound is employed by insects to convey a certain kind of intelligence. One striking instance of a communication of intelligence by ants was observed by Franklin. He had a pot of treacle in a cupboard, to which the ants found access, and on which they regaled themselves very heartily, till he discovered them and drove them away. He then, to insure the preservation of his treacle, hung the pot by a string from the ceiling. It chanced that one ant had been left in the pot, and this animal he soon after observed leave it by the string, and pass along the ceiling towards its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants sallied out of their hole, climbed along the ceiling, and descending by the string, resumed their

banquet at the treacle. As one set was satisfied, it left the rich repast to give place to another, and there was a constant passing up and down the string till the whole was eaten up. In this case there could not be the least doubt that the single ant had given information of a means having been left by which they could again approach the pot, and this information led to the new attack which the colony made upon it.

The possession of language by ants is pretty fully illustrated by Messrs Kirby and Spence in their elegant *Introduction to Entomology*. 'If you scatter,' say they, 'the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little crack in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these in their turn become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.'

It has been observed of ants, while working, that the superintendent will occasionally make a particular noise by striking his antennæ against the wall of the nest, when the workers emit a sort of hiss, and immediately begin to exert themselves more strenuously. This seems to be a sort of call to make the labourers work harder, and an answer on their part expressing obedience. The same thing has been observed in what is called a march of ants: the soldiers standing by make the particular sound with the antennæ, when the ordinary ants answer with a hiss, and immediately increase their pace. When a military expedition is contemplated, spies are previously sent out, as if to reconnoitre, and bring intelligence. After their return, the army assembles, and begins its march towards the place where the spies had been reconnoitring. Upon the march, communications are perpetually making between the van and rear; and, when arrived at the camp of the enemy, and the battle begins, if necessary, couriers are despatched to the fornicary for reinforcements. It has been also observed, that ants can communicate an alarm of approaching danger, by which the community is put upon its guard; and this signal at once excites the defensive courage of the neutrals, and awakens a sense of fear in the males and females, who are seen, consequently, retreating to the nest as to an asylum.

Messrs Kirby and Spence thus describe the language of ants:—'In communicating their fear, or expressing their anger, they run from one to another in a semi-circle, and strike with their head or jaws the trunk or abdomen of the ant to which they mean to give information of any subject of alarm. But those remarkable organs, their antennæ, are the principal instruments of their speech, if it may be so called, supplying the place both of voice and words. When the military ants go upon their expeditions, and are out of the fornicary, previously to setting off, they touch each other on the trunk with their antennæ and forehead; this is the signal for marching; for, as soon as any one has received it, he is immediately in motion. When they have any discovery to communicate, they strike with the antennæ and forehead those they meet in a particularly impressive manner. If a hungry ant wants to be fed, it touches with its two antennæ, moving them very rapidly, those of the individual from which it expects its meal; and not only ants understand this language, but even aphides and cocci, which are the milk-kine of our little pismires, do the same, and will yield them their saccharine fluid at the touch of these imperative organs. The helpless larvæ, also, of the ants are informed by the same means when they may open their mouths to receive their food.'

The communications amongst bees are much of the same character as those amongst ants, and the means

seem to be nearly the same, namely, a particular use of the feelers. When a swarm is about to go off, scouts are sent out to choose a situation; these are observed to hover about a particular place for a little while, as if considering its eligibility, then return, as to communicate the intelligence; after which the swarm goes off, and settles on the place fixed upon. A wasp has, in like manner, been observed to go and give information in his nest of any deposit of honey or food which he had met with, when the whole fraternity would sally forth, go direct to the place, and partake of the treat.

It must be remarked, that ants and bees are so far peculiar creatures, that they live in societies forming a species of commonwealth. This mutual relation, and the various duties which they have by reason of it to perform in concert, make language necessary to them; and language, accordingly, as we see, they have. It is probable that all other animals of their humble kind, which form more or less perfect societies, also possess some power of imparting their ideas to each other by means of regular signs instinctively suggested and instinctively understood, and which, like other matters of instinct, know no variation from one generation to another. This is probable, because there seems to be no other rule on the subject than that, where such a power of communicating ideas is required in the economy of the species, it is given; but we are not aware that there are any ascertained facts which entitle us to speak of this as more than merely probable. We must ascend out of the articulated sub-kingdom, before we find any other ascertained instances of the possession of language by the inferior animals.

And the first examples that we encounter cannot, it must be acknowledged, be reckoned as a language nearly so perfect as that of the above insects. The frogs croak at certain periods as a call to the female; but this only expresses a certain feeling: the modulations do not represent a variety of ideas. We may say nearly the same thing of the hiss of the serpent, the singing of birds, the lowing of kine, the roar of the fiercer animals, and so forth. These sounds express a particular feeling, but in no other respect can they be considered as language. One is the note of anger. Another of hunger, another of destructiveness. There is one, however, which naturalists have remarked as universally understood, and this is the signal of danger. 'The instant that it is uttered, we hear the whole flock [of birds], though composed of various species, repeat a separate moan, and away they all scuttle into the bushes for safety. The reiterated "twink twink" of the chaffinch is known by every little bird as information of some prowling cat or weasel. Some give the maternal hush to their young, and mount to inquire into the jeopardy announced. The wren, that tells of perils from the hedge, soon collects about her all the various inquisitive species within hearing, to survey and ascertain the object, and add their separate fears. The swallow, that shrieking darts in devious flight through the air when a hawk appears, not only calls up all the hirundines of the village, but is instantly understood by every finch and sparrow, and its warning attended to.\* The notice of food, which we so often hear from the domestic hen addressed to her straggling young, and the invitation to gather when dispersed, are other parts of speech amongst birds, but which appear to be different in different species. Buffon thought the singing of birds an act of gallant attention on the part of the male to his mate, to cheer her during the business of hatching; but this is a mere poetical fancy. It certainly, however, is connected with certain seasonal changes in the animal, appropriate to the season; and the melodies of the grove and the meadow of the field—two of the most beautiful things in nature, everywhere enjoyed in reality and in literary allusion—may be considered as bound in an exquisite analogy, not less interesting to the philosopher than the poet, being alike glorifications of the

passion of love. There is, it is well known, great variety of song amongst the feathered tribes, but this seems to be simply owing to the variety of organisation, and not designed to express any particular ideas or feelings in particular birds. Each gives voice to the feelings of the season in its own way, as its organs for the time enable it; and the rich notes of the blackbird, and delicious trills of the nightingale, convey but one meaning with the twitter of the sparrow, and the monotonous falling third of the cuckoo.

There is, however, even so low as this class of animals, a means of communicating ideas altogether independent of the stated and familiar cries and notes. Such a conclusion we must needs come to, when we know that many anecdotes like the following could be produced:—An old goose, that had been for a fortnight hatching in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived on a sudden to be taken violently ill. She soon after left the nest, and repaired to an out-house, where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her into the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood. The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and soon after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, I know of no way of accounting for this fact, than by supposing that the old one had some way of communicating her thoughts and anxieties, which the other was perfectly able to understand. This is reported to Mr Loudon's Magazine by a gentleman named Brew, residing at Ennis, who adds, 'A sister of mine, who witnessed the transaction, gave me the information in the evening of the very day it happened.'

In the mammalia, the existence of such a language is borne out by almost daily observation. A bull, seeing a cow straying behind the rest of the herd, will go towards it, and call something, which causes the cow to rejoin her companions. We have been assured of the truth of the following incident by a gentleman who witnessed it, and who says that it agrees with many other anecdotes of cattle which he has heard:—A number of cattle were placed together in a field, for the purpose of feeding on turnips. Two of the number became extremely troublesome to the rest, butting at and leaping upon them, and seeming to take a malicious pleasure in disturbing them in eating—in short, playing the tyrant over their more peaceable companions. This was patiently endured for some time; but at length a sort of conference was held by the peaceable cattle; they literally laid their heads together, and seemed to converse on the subject of the annoyance to which they were exposed, and, we may be allowed to add, on the proper means to be adopted for putting a stop to it. These cattle were then observed to make a simultaneous rush at the two offensive ones, whom they attacked in such spirited style as to drive them out of the field.

Unquestionably there was here some species of language employed; otherwise, how could the common sentiment have been ascertained, or the uniform movement concerted? A curious question now arises—Has each species or genus its own language, or is there a language common to several species or genera? It would appear from the following anecdote, that the latter supposition is the true one:—'Last spring,' says Mr Barker of Bedale, Yorkshire, writing in 1834, 'an old mare (she has, I believe, completed her twentieth year, and has lost an eye) being relieved, in consideration of age and infirmity, from heavy labour, was turned out in company with a cow and four or five heifers into a small field at a distance from their former companions. The grass in this enclosure was not very plentiful, and the adjoining pasture being adorned with luxuriant vegetation, and divided by an indifferent fence, they frequently took the liberty of trespassing upon the neighbouring property.\* This, indeed, occurred so often, that a watch was obliged to be set upon their actions; and one day a singular instance of animal instinct [intelligence?]'



was observed. The mare, doubtless tired of staying so long at home, made the circuit of the field, with a view to escape from her confinement, and having discovered a place suited for her exit, she returned to her horned companions, who were ruminating at a little distance, and having approached the cow, she gently struck her on the shoulder, first with her hoof, and then with her head. The cow being roused from her reverie, the loving friends advanced together to the gap, and having jointly reconnoitred it, returned to the rest, and then, the old mare leading the way, the whole company leaped over in succession after her.\*

The Ettrick Shepherd's anecdote of the small dog which, being ill used by a large one at an inn, went home and brought a friend of superior strength to avenge its wrongs, completes our list of illustrations for the meantime. To multiply such anecdotes might become tedious, as a few are sufficient to establish the fact, that a means of communicating ideas and sentiments does exist among the animals inferior to man. That this language among the insect tribes chiefly consists of signs by touch, we have seen. Of what nature is the language of the mammalia? These can convey expressions of hunger, impatience, and some other feelings, by their looks and attitudes; but this is only such natural language as we ourselves possess, and often employ. They have evidently another mode of communicating their ideas, in which, as far as can be observed, neither sounds nor signs are used. Of what nature is this silent speech? Who can give an answer?

## THE MAD ENGLISHMEN.

A STORY OF OSTEND.

JOURNEYING lately in the diligence from Ostend to Ghent, I fell in with a Belgian travelling companion, with whom I had some agreeable chat relative to the country through which we passed, and its inhabitants. He was a native of Ostend, a town which has endured many vicissitudes of fortune, and of which he seemed to know many amusing stories. One of these I shall try to recall to remembrance, in the words in which it was told:—

In the year 1817, two Englishmen arrived in Ostend; and, from their movements, appeared to be two singular originals. One was short, stout, and red-haired; the other tall and thin. The short one was named Richard Mowbray, and his tall companion was William Featherington. Both were in the prime of life, between forty-five and fifty-five. From head to foot both were gentlemen, and their passports were in the best order and regularity. Upon stepping ashore, they were conducted, at their desire, to the Scheldt inn, in the Gudule Street. The host was by name Rysvoort, and his inn had by no means the best reputation in Ostend. The innkeeper was of course enchanted by the arrival of such unlooked-for guests. They occupied the best apartments in his house, and ordered the choicest fare. The cook busied herself in setting before them a most miserable dinner, and our host did the same by two bottles of execrable wine. The islanders ate and drank with the most perfect satisfaction. But the reckoning? Upon this head the host was quite at ease. The next morning his enormous charges were paid with the utmost indifference. Thus far all was excellent: but Van Rysvoort, unused to such birds of Paradise, feared every moment they might depart, and continue their journey to Brussels. He very sagely concluded that the Englishmen did not cross the sea to see Ostend merely, and to pay roundly for his bad cheer.

The pair, however, showed no signs of departure: a diligence offered them every opportunity. The Englishmen remained quietly; all intercourse with the townspeople they avoided—the sights they troubled themselves not at all about. Every day they walked

into the country, and ate and drank, smoked, slept, and read the papers, and lived as quietly and peaceably as angels. No letters came to them—they sent none off; the world was dead to them, and they were dead to the world.

Every third morning they regularly paid their bill; took nothing off, although the landlord daily charged a threefold price for everything. Van Rysvoort spoke usually but little too, and troubled himself about his guests still less, since they paid so well; but these self-same Englishmen took up all his attention. He puzzled his brain over and over again, and at last took his wife into his counsels; but as they could not even conjointly solve the mystery, they consulted with friends and neighbours upon what these Englishmen could possibly be doing at Ostend.

‘They are spies,’ said one. ‘Birds of flight, who are escaping punishment,’ said others.

At last the town-clerk, who had been some years in England, settled the matter.

‘Do not trouble your heads; I’ll tell you what these two Englishmen are—they are nothing more nor less than mad Englishmen. Do you know what that means? Listen, and I’ll tell you. I knew in London a man who, in his old age, took to leading such a beggarly life, that for fifteen years he lived as the most wretched of paupers. From his fellow-beggars he received every sort of annoyance; his mode of life brought on him cudgellings and imprisonments; but he still persisted. At last one morning he was found in a lane frozen dead! And listen, he left a will—valid, and drawn up by a notary—in which he disposed of more than L.50,000 to a village he had never seen nor known. Confess that that was a mad Englishman. Such are those now lodging in the Scheldt.’ So spoke this clever man. But Van Rysvoort answered, ‘Mad or not, they are good customers; they live and pay well; never complain; and if I only for five years could keep such guests, I should become a made man.’

A week after this consultation, and three after their arrival, the Englishmen called their host, and thus addressed him:—‘Herr Van Rysvoort, your hotel pleases us very much, and if our proposition pleases you, we may continue our acquaintance with each other.’

‘My lord,’ answered the delighted host, with a low obeisance, ‘I am quite at your disposal; say your wishes, and they shall become mine; for I know what I owe to such distinguished guests.’

‘My good friend,’ said the little fat man, ‘your hotel is by no means so large as it ought to be; you know you have but three apartments in which a gentleman can be accommodated, and these look upon the street. The rattle of carts and carriages makes noise without end. We love quiet. We are here every instant disturbed. Our health must sink under it. In short, the noise is unbearable.’

‘I am very sorry to hear it, my lord: what can I do? You are quite right. It is true the traffic is without end, but I cannot shut up the street.’

‘Certainly not; but the thing is not so difficult after all.’ ‘What does my lord mean?’

‘The cost cannot be important, and we willingly bear the half.’

‘Pray, continue, my lord,’ cried out the landlord with a frankness and warmth most unusual to him.

‘You have, behind your house, a small garden, in which nothing grows; the old wall is also in ruins. Could you not build there a small house, with three comfortable rooms, and there we shall find a quiet lodging? If you freely give into our plan, as we have said, we will pay the half. When we leave, the house will belong to you; but should this not please you, we must go, although we would willingly remain.’

Van Rysvoort seized eagerly upon the proposal, finding his own advantage in every view; he kept his customers, and enlarged his house at their expense.

The same evening the guest Van Rysvoort consulted with a builder, who, at one and the same time, was his



gossip and godfather. The builder set briskly to work next morning; for the Englishmen would admit of no delay, and as they marked out the ground, all was quickly in progress.

From morning till night Mr Richard Mowbray and Mr William Featherington never left the workmen. Van Rysvoort took great interest in what was going on, but said nothing. It is true he was not quite contented that the haste with which the Englishmen hurried on the building gave no great guarantee for its durability. He would have been better pleased, perhaps, had the building not been raised quite so much in the corner by the old wall, and that it had been carried up a storey or so higher; but his guests were inexorable, and would only allow of one floor. In fourteen days the garden-house was completed, as if by magic. The Englishmen were so delighted, that they took immediate possession.

Van Rysvoort and his wife were now convinced that none but mad Englishmen would leave a good dry house for a new and wet one. However, that was the business of his guests, and being to all appearance a freak, they resolved that it should be well paid for. The entire building, according to the accounts of the artificers employed upon it, cost 2374 florins—a sum which the innkeeper considered so unreasonably low, that he increased it to 4748 florins—for his own benefit. Monstrous as was the bill presented to them, the Englishmen paid it, the avaricious host consoling his conscience with the reflection, that it was all little enough for accommodating such crazy lunatics within his premises.

This matter being settled, the Englishmen, now installed in their garden-house, seldom made their appearance out of it. They ate, drank, smoked, and read the papers as usual; but the most curious part of our story is, that they allowed no one to enter, and even made the beds themselves.

All this time their accommodation was not of the best order. Perhaps the Frau Van Rysvoort wished to try how little they could be pleased with. Nothing could be worse than their eating and wine; for *honest* Herr Rysvoort's reasoning was, that before mad Englishmen should drink of a good vintage, they must learn to value it. The facility with which they paid his double charges was only equalled by the uncomplainingness with which they swallowed his ill-prepared viands.

The more shamelessness he exhibited, the greater became the forbearance of his guests. The brain of mine host was always at work to solve so much mystery; he even ventured to display a certain dogged anger; still, he moved not the equanimity of his customers. The most puzzling and annoying circumstance was the making of their own beds. Why did they always keep themselves fast locked in? Why did they burn a light all night? They moved into the garden for quiet sleep; and yet, since they had possession, they appeared to sleep not at all! Van Rysvoort lost himself in wild conjecture. He stood at his window for whole nights watching the light in the Englishmen's rooms; and at last so puzzled his senses with his guests, that he could no longer enjoy life. The bewildered and tormented landlord now took a good friend or two more into his counsels, and the result of a long deliberation was, that the two Englishmen were neither more nor less than false coigners. Van Rysvoort, not a little alarmed at this verdict, passed in review the whole of the gold pieces he had received from the Englishmen, but found amongst them not a suspicious piece. Urged by his thrifty better half, he took a guinea to a neighbouring Jew money-changer to ascertain its weight and purity. The Jew made every usual test, but declared it good. Now was the *honest* innkeeper quite at his wit's end; so was his wife; *honest* was his gossip and godfather, the builder.

and in literary allusion in this manner until the middle of an exquisite analogy, Englishmen suddenly changed their sopher than the poet, bought a gun and a shooting-

but never together—as they said,  
\* Journals and canals. At last, one evening

him that they were both going upon a three-days' shooting excursion.

And sure enough, the following morning, long before sunrise, a carriage was waiting at the door, and the Englishmen, in full sporting trim, jumped into it, and drove off.

So precipitate were they, that the innkeeper had no time to make them his lowest bow, nor to wish them a pleasurable excursion. During the next three days, Van Rysvoort was in a state of considerable perplexity. The Englishmen had taken with them the key of the garden-house; and a hard struggle ensued in his breast between curiosity and discretion. Curiosity said, break open the garden-house; discretion said, such an intrusion would lose him his guests.

Wednesday, the fourth day from the departure of the Englishmen, arrived, and still they did not appear. In the evening a council was held in the inn; the sitting was long and stormy; all sorts of surmises and strange hypotheses were indulged in.

On the Thursday, Van Rysvoort put on his greatcoat most wofully, and went to give information to the police. He, however, took this step very unwillingly, as he wisely calculated that, in the event of his guests having met with an untimely end, he could not quietly possess himself of their valuables. The commissary and three gens-d'armes attended at the inn, to clear up the mystery.

As a matter of form, three knocks at the door summoned to a surrender. Of no use—no reply. Then, as a matter of course, followed the forcing the entrance. The happy long-wished-for moment was now arrived. Lo! what came to sight? Nothing, literally nothing!

The police functionaries and the innkeeper started back in amazement. Then followed a long-drawn breath from the head-over-head peeping band of curious friends and relatives pressing on the background. A gen-darme drew his sword, and valiantly rushed into the apartments. But there was nothing to encounter but two empty trunks and an open letter. With these trophies he hurried back. A new movement then took place. The commissary read as follows:—

'My dear Van Rysvoort—Convinced that you are as well versed in the chronicles of your town as you are in your ledger, of whose exactitude you have left us nothing to doubt, it may be useless to tell you that Ostend, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was mixed up in the war then raging between Spain and Holland. Your town was, from the year 1601 to 1604, exposed to those vicissitudes that all so situated are liable to, until the Dutch garrison was forced to yield to the Spanish general Spinola. Amongst the defenders who fought like heroes under the colours of the United Provinces, were many Englishmen, sons of the first families of our country. In this band was one of our ancestors, who was treasurer of the expedition. Before the town capitulated, he with great caution hid from the capture of the Spaniards the treasure-box.

Soon after, he returned to England and died, but not before he had given to his family some intelligence of the concealed treasures. This good fortune has devolved upon us: your house and garden were pointed out as the spot. Once upon our track, we lost no time in installing ourselves in your inn, and soon found reason to be satisfied with our operations. We have succeeded, without giving rise to any suspicions, in obtaining the possession of the treasures so long and deeply buried in oblivion, and in appropriating them to ourselves, their right destination. How we operated, need now no longer be a secret; but, Herr Van Rysvoort, we must premise our disclosure by declaring, upon our honour as gentlemen, that we have fairly let you into one half of the treasures. So long as Ostend exists, no innkeeper will have again such profitable guests. You have robbed us through thick and thin, as though we had fallen into the hands of a banditti. You have not only doubly, but hundredfold chicaned us. We were determined to shut our eyes to your proceedings. As we promised,

you have profited. In the furthest room you will find a portion of the floor broken up; you will also find a hole ten feet deep, at the bottom of which lies an iron chest. We took our time in removing the old ducats of Charles V. The chest we bequeath to you, with the recommendation that you fill up the chasm again at your convenience.

Perhaps you will wish to know how the "mad Englishmen" are really named. We are very sorry in this respect to be unwilling to oblige you. The discovery would be of no use, as we firmly intend never to set foot again in your memorable town, or in your inn. Do not trouble yourself with any reflections upon our conduct. The finance minister of Queen Elizabeth can alone call us to account; and he, good man, has already given up his claims full two hundred years ago; so, upon his score, we lightly trouble ourselves.

For the future, in laughing over the very questionable conduct you have shown us, we shall always bear witness to the high esteem with which we are impressed as to your character as a man and an innkeeper. In the hope of never seeing you again, with our hearty farewell, we give you leave to call us, and to speak of us, as the

"MAD ENGLISHMEN."

Van Rysvoort rolled his eyes and bit his lips; but to what purpose? The first transport of rage having passed away, the innkeeper ended the matter by an observation which did honour to his perception, 'That these Englishmen, after all, were not so mad as they seemed to be.'

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### WAGES.

It is marvellous to observe the extensive ignorance which still prevails respecting the true cause of a rise and fall in wages. In a Van Diemen's Land newspaper, just received, we perceive that loud complaints are made by agriculturists on account of the high wages demanded by the persons whom they employ, including artificers of various classes. At a public meeting of landowners and farmers, called to consider the subject, it is stated, as a grievance, that while they cannot get more than 3s. per bushel for wheat, or more than 2d. to 2½d. per lb. for their butcher-meat throughout the year, the 'non-productive classes,' as they term them, will not correspondingly lower their rates of wages. They then go on to resolve, 'That as under these disadvantages the farmer cannot clear his expenses, much less make any profit, an effort should be made throughout the colony to awaken all classes to a sense of this unequal state of things; and, as one means of relief at hand, every discouragement should be offered to high wages, as in the end equally injurious to master and servants; and that, except in particular circumstances, the following standard should be adopted:—A good shepherd to receive L.15 a year, with rations; good ploughman from L.10 to L.12 a year, with rations; a labourer L.9 a year, with rations; sheep-shearers 7s. 6d. per 100 fleeces, or 8s. 6d. per day; and reapers in the same proportion. And as in no case is there so much unfairness practised from the adoption of different measurements, this meeting is of opinion that sawyers are sufficiently remunerated at 2s. per 100 feet, government measurement.'

In this resolution of the wise agriculturists of Van Diemen's Land we have a repetition of one of the most extraordinary fallacies that ever bamboozled the brains of mankind. The editor of the paper, in a single sentence tacked to the account of the meeting, sets the whole to rights. He says, 'It will be impossible to enforce the above resolutions, because there are few free labourers and mechanics in the colony.' Precisely so. All the legislative enactments, all the resolutions which could be framed, cannot raise or depress the wages of labour by a single farthing. Unions among employers, and unions among employed, to fix rates of payment, are equally futile. The amount of wages in

every instance, and in all countries, depends on the number of persons seeking to be employed, and the quantity of employment for them. In short, demand and supply in the market is the true and only standard in this as in any other branch of affairs. The loaf might sink to 1d., or rise to 1s., and so might the prices of other articles fluctuate, without affecting the wages of labour in the least. Some people seem to entertain a notion that if food were to become very low in price, the mass of labourers, by being able to live more cheaply, would accept of lower wages. This is a complete delusion. Labourers, among whom we include all sorts of workmen and servants, do not strive the less to get *more* wages because they can buy better bargains with *less* money. This, indeed, is proved from the fact of labourers, in Van Diemen's Land and North America, seeking higher wages than their brethren are paid in England, although they can buy food at a fourth of the price. Neither do employers study prices when about to hire assistants. No mistress of a family sends out to inquire the price of bread, beef, ribbons, or calico, before agreeing to pay a certain wage to her servant; she is guided exclusively by the consideration, whether she could not get as good a servant for *less* money; while the servant, on the other hand, is in the same manner influenced by the consideration, whether she could not elsewhere get *more* money. So is it with all others who have employment to give or to take. The Van Diemen's Land agriculturists must either import more servants, or have less work to execute, if they wish to *lower* wages.

### NEW TRICKS IN LONDON.

There are few who are acquainted with the streets of the metropolis, but must have occasionally noticed some poor and wretched object gathering together the contents of a parcel of lucifer matches, which have fallen from her hands on to the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare. In nine cases out of ten this is purposely done to excite the sympathies of the passer-by. It would seem, however, that, encouraged by the success which has attended this system, a desire has been raised to improve upon the original idea. The vagrant, having selected for her object a well-dressed, charitable-looking person (a country gentleman with drab gaiters is sure game), places herself suddenly in his way, and down go the matches. The innocent victim of premeditated collision is immediately surrounded by a host of ragged confederates, who loudly cry shame. The public take up the part of the 'suffering,' and a compromise is entered into by the payment of an amount in silver. This trick is often performed by a woman in High Holborn, who, during the hours of the labourers' dinner, would represent the wife of one of that class with some pieces of crockery ware and a bottle of greasy water suspended in a pocket handkerchief. Yesterday the match-trick was performed with great success upon the pavement of the National Gallery, and although at one time there were more than three parties at work upon this small space, the results appeared to be highly encouraging.—*Municipal and Poor-Law Gazette.*

The prevalence of such tricks in London must have very peculiar effects upon both the distressed and the comfortable classes. They have a partial success with the few who are simple and inconsiderate (probably for the most part with strangers from the country); but the only effect upon the great bulk of the London population, is to create a suspicious and a sceptical tone of mind with regard to the appearances of human misery generally, under which, of course, the really distressed must suffer as well as the impostors. This is not taken sufficiently into account when we hear of extreme cases of destitution, the non-relief of which, in the midst of a large and wealthy capital, naturally excites surprise. We do not reflect that the great bulk of the people are so accustomed to see trick and roguery going on every day under the guise of

misery, that they come almost to doubt the existence of genuine wretchedness. All unfortunate persons have, then, a strong interest in repressing deceit like that above-described; which is, in fact, a killing of their gold-egged goose, and the cause of an enormous amount of money being kept in pockets which otherwise might open and flow freely to their relief. The bad effects of imposture do not stop here. It is impossible that such tricks can abound amidst any people, however benevolent and frank by nature (and this is a general characteristic of the English), without producing habits of feeling of quite an opposite kind. Their tendency is to associate all misery with the idea of imposture, to make all impulsive compassion appear as mere simplicity and weakness, and to justify a complete shutting up of the heart as only a proper precaution against being cheated. Philanthropic or benevolent objects may, in such a place, be attended to—and in London they are so to a remarkable extent—but, this being done only in a public and formal way, by the payment of rates and subscriptions, rather than the direct giving of relief to a distress which meets the view, it cannot give the same exercise to the sentiment of benevolence which is to be derived from actual contact with a fully-credited misery. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that that place in the mind which, amongst simple provincials, is occupied by a ready-flowing pity for all kinds of distress, is, in many equally well-meaning metropolitans, filled by something quite different—a disposition to doubt, suspect, and scoff at all individual appearances of misery. At the same time, the abundance of quackery and unfounded pretensions in business and the professions peculiar to a large city, adds to this unfortunate effect, and renders it almost impossible for any one who is wide awake to take anything whatever upon its own simple showing. It is unnecessary to point out how often the true and good must thus be rejected, and all the benefit derivable from it lost, from the impossibility of establishing its credit—how much labour and pains must thus, in many instances, be thrown away—above all, how demoralising must be this tone of mind generally, seeing that it makes all humane feeling a laughing-stock, and every pretension to virtue and good intention a mockery. This must be reckoned, we suppose, among the disadvantages of very large cities, to be balanced off against the mental activity which they keep up, the pleasure of being unknown and solitary if you choose, and the opportunity of attending shows and entertainments which there is no getting anywhere else.

#### SEPARATE EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS.

The newspapers have lately informed us of a meeting of the Congregational body, when upwards of seventeen thousand pounds were subscribed for educational purposes, and a determination was expressed to raise the sum to one hundred thousand, within five years, for the same objects. It appears that this liberality is designed mainly for the establishment of day-schools in connexion with this religious body. At the same time, similar efforts are in the course of being made by the Wesleyan Methodists, but with views equally confined to that particular denomination. There is also a design entertained of establishing a college in the midland district of England—Leicester has been named as the site—for the secular education of youths against whom the universities are closed. While these movements are making in England, it is understood that the now largely increased body of seceders from the establishment in Scotland, are much inclined to establish common schools and a university of their own, in order that the youth of their various denominations may be educated independently of the seminaries of the established church. The tendency, indeed, of the present time is manifestly in favour of sectionalising education in conformity with religious sections, and setting up many sets of schools and colleges as there are religious denominations in the land. Ten years ago, it did not appear as if educational efforts were to take this turn; there was then some

prospect of a national system of education, such as exists in Holland, Belgium, America, and many other countries, by which all our youth might have associated together in their school-days, without regard to differences on one special point. Now, the prospect seems to be abandoned as hopeless. So be it, since better may not be. But let this great country be aware of the evils of which it is laying the foundations. The unavoidable effect of this dissociation of the people in their youth, according to religious denominations, will be to make them in their mature years aliens from each other. Religious sects will become equivalent to castes in India. The common feelings, in which the union and strength of a people reside, will be attenuated, while all the divided feelings will wax in strength. Class will feel coldly, or spitefully, or hatefully, towards class, and this mainly because they know not each other; whereas, if they had all been thrown together in their tender years, they would have formed special friendships, perhaps to last through life, or at least had a sufficient personal intimacy to produce a kindly feeling, and make distinctions in faith appear as the proper cause for mutual distrust or hatred. Even in the great distinctions which wealth and rank are creating, playing and being employed, produce in this people, there was sufficient cause of disunion; and the effects of these distinctions are even now painfully, and perhaps threateningly, apparent. But these distinctions are as nothing to what must henceforth take place if the separate system of education be persisted in. Division must then take the presiding place in Britain, and the days of her greatness, if anything of our own doing can bring them to a close, will terminate through this cause.

#### SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SAUMUR—FONTEVRAULT.

AGAIN on our travels down the green valley of the Loire, and, for the sake of variety, pursuing our journey from Tours by land, on the north bank of the river, instead of threading our way by steam among the many islands and sandbanks which here, more than ever, encumber the navigation of the stream. In our route, we have, for the most part, on our right a high bank here and there perforated with cavernous cottages and wine vaults, and on our left the broad current of the Loire, increased by the waters of the Cher a few miles below Tours. Yet one cannot say, with any certainty, where the Cher throws in its tribute to the flood, for on the left bank of the Loire the land is so flat as to permit all sorts of deltas and breaks in the united waters; and indeed, for nearly as far down as the confluence of the Vienne, there may be said to be two rivers running parallel to each other, and they are occasionally touching and parting, with many an island between, flat, green, and covered with aquatic plants and willows. The Cher, after receiving the Indre, considerably increases the Loire; but the Vienne adds at least a third to its volume; and but for the many islands which still break it into various channels, it would be a truly noble river. On approaching Saumur, we entirely lost sight of the Loire, in consequence of our route making a detour to avoid an extensive marsh, and it did not again make its appearance till we were crossing a series of bridges stretching from island to island, and finally reaching the southern or left bank of the river.

In crossing the bridge at Saumur, the view of the town, with its stretch of high coloured steep mountains facing the Loire, and its old castle on a ridge of ground behind, has an effect more pleasing than a closer inspection of the place is apt to convey. Although a

town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the centre of a populous district, Saumur is exceedingly dull, a character it is said to have possessed since the flight of a large body of its most industrious and wealthy inhabitants on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. With little or nothing to interest the tourist, and inns whose performances are very inferior to their pretensions, my only reason for staying a day or two in the town was to visit certain remarkable Druidic remains in the immediate neighbourhood, also the prison of Fontevault, the largest *maison de détention* in France, which is situated at a few miles' distance.

The Druidic monuments, which I presume to be of an age coeval with those of Stonehenge, I was desirous of not passing unnoticed, for they are among the most perfect in existence, having survived the storms, social and otherwise, of the last two thousand years, with scarcely any change in their appearance; and, if undisturbed, they may remain in their present entire condition for thousands of years longer. These very interesting relics are situated at about the distance of a mile and a-half from Saumur, in a southerly direction, and are reached by a public road which crosses the river Thouet, a small and sluggish tributary of the Loire immediately behind the town. Conducted aside from the highway along a by-path on the left, we speedily attain the object of our search, among vineyards and gardens, and placed within a walled enclosure, to which a humble keeper admits us by a wicket. The situation may have been more conspicuous when the country was unenclosed and uncultured; at present, by being on a level plain, and environed with hedge-row, trees, and scattered cottages, it is particularly obscure.

I was surprised by the large dimensions of this work of a remote and rude antiquity. We had before us a species of house or hut, formed of a few enormously large slabs of stone, closed on the top, sides, and further extremity, and open at the east end, which was towards us. Entering this curious mansion—got up, as one could fancy, by the frolic of a boy giant, from the unshapely blocks of a quarry—we found that, as nearly as could be judged, it measured about fifty feet in length by twelve to fifteen in breadth; each of the sides consisted of only four stones; one blocked up the end, and four composed the horizontal roof. The stones being unheven, did not join very exactly, but admitted of gaps, through which the light and air penetrated. Nor were all of uniform size, some being larger than the others, and one was probably twenty feet across. The interior was empty, with an earth-trodden floor. All was antique in aspect, except the portal, which has in modern times been partially built up to a reasonable compass, and most likely with a view to protect the place from intrusion. There was, however, no door either to shut or open. In England, a Druidic remain of this kind has been ordinarily called a *cromlech*; in France, it is popularly known as a *pierre couverte*, and it was by this name I sought out that which was now before me. The garçon who had piloted us to the spot, and sat very much at his ease on the top of the low wall of the enclosure, while I took a sketch of the structure in my note-book, now ventured to hint that the sun was sinking, and that if monsieur and madame wished to see the other *pierre couverte*, no time was to be lost. I had not calculated on a second. 'Allons, my good little fellow, by all means let us see the other,' and the other we happily reached while the sun had still a trifle to descend on the western horizon. This second cromlech is situated at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the other, and occupies a most conspicuous position on the summit of a knoll or low hill, at present laid out as arable lands. This hill, consisting of an upheaved mass of pure sand, has, in the course of time, been divided by a rivulet, which has created a broad sandy ravine, now employed as so convenient a road by the peasantry to their small fields; and on the top of the shelving bank, the *pierre couverte* is seen relieved against the evening sky.

On reaching this cromlech, we found that it is much smaller than the one in the low grounds, but built on the same plan of upright stones supporting a horizontal slab as a roof. The stones are neither so large nor so numerous; yet the thing altogether, insignificant as it is in comparison, is imposing in effect, and would doubtless make the fortune of a London tea-garden, though here treated with as little consideration as if placed by the side of a Scottish highway. In extent it may measure about fifteen feet in length by eight in breadth, a single broad stone, as in the former instance, closing the western extremity of the structure. How the stones of either structure, some of which must weigh fully twenty tons in weight, were brought to the spot, and raised in their present position, is a question I gladly leave to be solved by those who kindly undertake to puzzle themselves about the building of the pyramids, and other mysteries of that sort, for the benefit of mankind. What were even the uses of these gigantic cromlechs, it is difficult to imagine; all the more obvious suppositions of their having been designed as tombs, or altars of a barbarous sacrifice, being open to objections which would be out of place for me to discuss. The smart Flibbertigibbet, my conducteur to the *pierres couvertes*, intimated that there was a single standing stone, of a similar kind, in a field at some distance; but the lengthening shadows of evening admonished us that it was time to depart from a scene which would appear to have been a metropolis of Druidism; and so, without seeing this less remarkable relic, we returned to Saumur for the night.

The brilliant sunshine of a new day brought with it the wish to pay our intended visit to Fontevault, for which I had procured an order for admission from the minister of the interior before quitting Paris. Fontevault lies quite in a different direction from the curiosities already noticed, and at the distance of eight or nine miles from Saumur. Hiring a carriage for the occasion, we pursued a route up the left bank of the Loire for a few miles, after which, striking into a cross-road on our right, we found ourselves following the siquettes of a small but beautiful valley, till, having passed several ancient hamlets, and attained a rising ground in the midst of a woody and sequestered region, we found ourselves in the old-fashioned village or town of Fontevault. Having deposited our voiture at a small inn in the place, I proceeded across the way to a large barrack-like building, whose gateway was well guarded by a party of soldiers, and announced myself to the concierge of this mighty hive of human beings, the great prison of Fontevault. While I am waiting in the porter's lodge till my errand is announced to the governor, let me tell the reader something of the history of the place we are about to visit.

About the year 1098, France became agitated by the extraordinary preaching of a priest called Robert d'Arbrissel. Haranguing multitudes of all classes of people, and dwelling on the value of a religious life, he attracted a vast number of followers. Husbands abandoned their wives, wives their husbands, parents their children, and young females their families, to obey the fanatic impulse. More than three thousand persons left their houses and their connexions to follow this remarkable man from town to town, and from city to city; persons of all ranks and conditions, of every age and profession, men and women, some of respectable character, others of notoriously bad repute, followed in the great train of the agitator. The number of his disciples continuing to increase, it became so difficult to conduct their migrations, that he resolved to select some spot where he might locate them as a religious society. After seeking a resting-place for himself and his flock in many spots along the banks of the Loire, he preached at length selected one at a few miles' distance from that river, on the borders of Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou, through the woods and wilds of Fontevault, possessing, as a chief recommendation, a beautiful spring, which in all seasons furnished an abundant supply of pure and excellent water. Here, amidst

the forest shades, the pious multitude at first constructed cabins of wood and turf; a small chapel was next built; and deep and wide ditches were dug throughout the encampment, to separate the dwellings of the men from those of the women. The neighbouring towns and villages vied with each other in furnishing food and clothing for this holy host; the nobles of the country endowed them liberally with lands, including the spot where they had pitched their settlement; contributions flowed in from kings and princes; whole families came to join the new settlers, and threw all their wealth into the common treasure, which was speedily swelled to a considerable amount. In 1102, the foundations of the great church were laid, and the building erected, under the superintendence of a lady of the princely house of Champagne. Robert d'Arbrissel, whose energy had carried him over every difficulty, now saw his flock well lodged and pastured. Three hundred of the best instructed and most respectable of the female converts were placed in buildings near the newly erected church, and charged with the duty of chanting the sacred offices; the others were divided into companies of a hundred and sixty each; whilst those of doubtful character were placed by themselves in a building called La Madeleine. The lepers and the infirm were lodged in another edifice called St Lazarus; and the able-bodied male portion of the colonists was accommodated in a distinct residence named St Jean de l'Habit. Thus, the great and miscellaneous conventual establishment, composed both of nuns and monks, was fairly set on foot. As eminent for his humility as for his other virtues, the founder assumed to himself no authority over his followers, but placed the pastoral staff in the hands of a female ruler, Petronilla de Chemille, and gave an example to the whole body of dutiful obedience to her as superior. In 1117, Robert d'Arbrissel died in the odour of sanctity, leaving the monastery of Fontevault as a monument of his genius. The singular constitution which he had imposed, of making the nuns the superiors, and the monks subject to them, remained in force; and the abbess of Fontevault, who was generally a lady of rank, was for ages one of the most important religious functionaries in France, her power being vastly increased by the spread of monasteries of the same order, of which, ultimately, there were as many as fifty-seven throughout France. It is needless to pursue the history of Fontevault through the seven hundred years which followed its foundation, further than to say, that it was one of the most imposing religious establishments in France, and was selected as the burial place of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, and other members of the royal house of Anjou. At the revolution of 1793, like similar institutions throughout France, the monastery was dissolved, and the whole establishment, with its splendid endowments, sequestered; the lady superior, with her numerous train of nuns, monks, and servants, was turned adrift to the world; many of the tombs and monuments were desecrated and destroyed, and the various buildings devoted to the purposes of a national prison for criminals.

And so this was the end of the pious dream which led the almost sainted Robert d'Arbrissel to imagine he had founded an establishment which should last throughout all generations. Of the extent of the overthrow, no one can have any adequate idea without visiting the place. I had anticipated seeing two or three houses and courtyards, whereas, to my surprise, the establishment appeared to cover some forty or fifty acres, occupying the gentle slope of a hill towards the south-east with part of the valley below, and embracing a collection of houses, churches, cloisters, courtyards, workshops, and inferior structures, all in such excellent order, and so admirably adapted for their present purpose, that the nation may be supposed to have congratulated itself on having got the whole so good a bargain—that is to say, for nothing. But enter Monsieur the governor, a tall hearty-looking gentleman in a brown beard, who assures us that it will give him great pleasure to show us

over the establishment, though he regrets to tell me it is a jour de fête—*l'assomption de la vierge*—and that, therefore, it is a holiday in the prison. I now recollected having passed numerous parties of peasants in holiday attire wending their way to Saumur, and should have earlier bethought myself of the unsuitableness of a visit to Fontevault on such a sacred occasion. However, it was of no use now entertaining any regrets on the subject; perhaps it would be more interesting to see the hive in repose; and I accordingly assured Monsieur that a sight of the place to-day would do as well as any other, particularly along with his obliging explanations. *'Eh bien—à plaisir.'*

As we crossed an open square towards the department shown first to strangers, I learned, what I was not clear upon before, that Fontevault accommodates three classes of offenders—boys, men, and women; that the discipline is according to the silent system, in which masses herd and work together, but without liberty to converse; and that at present there were two thousand of one kind and another in the different divisions. As to these divisions, and their subdivisions, each is very suitably confined to a distinct suite of buildings, with its court and cloisters, so that the establishment is more properly a collection of prisons than a single prison; and all connexion, as well as chance of escape, is cut off by high walls, on which at intervals are walks and turrets, whence the armed sentinels have a complete command of the courts beneath.

The department to which we were first introduced was that of the boys, of whom there were about three hundred, all dressed in the same kind of coarse attire and wooden shoes which I had seen at Mettray. Under the immediate control of officers, they were caused to exhibit various military manoeuvres, and finally marched off in order to a farm in the neighbourhood without any guard. There was a liveliness of manner about these boys which was pleasing; and, evidently on the best terms with the governor, they crowded round him, before setting out, to petition for a *tambour*—if they only could be allowed a drum, they would be so happy. This request, however, was not granted. Having seen the interior accommodations of this department, we went on to the next, which was the infirmary of the male part of the establishment, consisting of a cuisine, several floors with beds, a pleasant courtyard and cloistered walk, all neat, clean, and airy. In one of the dormitories a priest was engaged in administering ghostly consolation to one of the unhappy inmates. Proceeding from this portion of the establishment, we next were admitted into the department appropriated to the female prisoners, for whom one of the most extensive monasteries in the cluster must have been selected. At the time of my visit there were five hundred women within its walls, independently of attendants, all of whom were Sisters of Charity. Admitted at a postern by one of these meek ministers of mercy, we went through different buildings, containing bed and work-rooms, also a school for instruction, and finally issued upon a large open court, where nearly the whole five hundred were before us at a single glance. It was a very curious scene. Under the eye of Sisters of Charity, planted like sentinels at different points, and striking in appearance from their dark habiliments and ample white coifs, the whole body of women walked in single file at the distance of several paces from each other, and in an endless serpentine evolution across and round the courtyard. In plain attire, with downcast looks, and heads crossed in front—if not occupied in holding a book of devotion—did this singular regiment of women perambulate, in slow-measured steps, and in perfect silence, before their superiors; and thus are they exercised in the open air for hours, particularly when prevented from labouring at their appointed tasks on the occasion of holidays. On ordinary work days they are employed in classes, making lace, sewing, washing, and performing other services profitable or useful to the general establishment.

Leaving this remarkable assemblage of females, con-



demned, for their crimes, to pass years of confinement here, we arrived at the great dépôt of adult male prisoners, of whom there were twelve hundred altogether, but separated into divisions, each closely superintended by officials in uniform, provided with cutlasses. All were here, likewise, undergoing exercise in open courtyards; walking, like the females, in endless and regulated convolutions. Their looks were dull and timid; not a whisper was uttered among the entire mass; and the only sound heard was the low measured tramp of the convicts half-echoed from the recesses of the surrounding colonnades. Adjoining these places of out-of-door resort we found various workshops, and ascending from a vast kitchen, we arrived at the principal dormitories, each on a floor constructed within the nave of the ancient church, and furnished with beds for five hundred persons. There is thus no separation into cells at Fontevault during either night or day; close surveillance, as is believed, compensating for the want of solitary seclusion.

Last of all, in our perambulations, we entered the church, of which a portion has been taken to form the above-mentioned sleeping-rooms. The part used for public worship consists chiefly of the transepts, which are seated with mean benches, and contrast wofully with the splendours of a bygone era. In a dingy closet-like recess, we were shown the only objects of curiosity which have survived the violence of the revolutionary mob. These are the mutilated statues of Henry II., his queen Eleanor, Richard, and Isabelle widow of King John. Propped up in a recumbent position, and with much of the sculpture broken and defaced, they form a sad memorial of fallen greatness. The tombs over which the effigies had been originally placed were, with that of Robert d'Arbrissel, violated at the Revolution, and their contents scattered to the winds. From this melancholy spectacle the governor conducted us to the base of the *Tour d'Evrauld*, a tall and handsome turret of peculiar architecture, dating from the foundation of the abbey. Its lower storey is now used as a granary and storeroom. The other parts of this extensive establishment, including a mill moved by a steam-engine, need no particular notice. When we had made the complete tour of the place, however, more, it seems, remained to be seen. The governor, who was never weary of explaining the mecanique of his establishment, which he considers a model of excellence, now hoped that we would visit the farm belonging to the prison. Of course this was gladly assented to, and we all drove off down the valley by the road towards Saumur, till we arrived at the spot in question.

Spreading up the face of one of the pretty green hills, and with an agreeable south-eastern exposure, we found a farm of several hundred acres in extent divided into fields with different crops; also several in grass for cows, and some land laid out with vines. Here we encountered the whole troop of boys marching back to their prison quarters, the visit having been only for the sake of exercise. All smiled as they passed us, touching their caps in military fashion; and on inquiry, I learned that so well-disposed are they towards the system of discipline, that they do not think of absconding; but, as I said on a former occasion, it would be unavailing to run away in a country where the police are too sharp to leave vagrant criminals undetected. The farm-offices were examined, from the *maison des élèves* (calf-house) to the *calle à manger*, in which we had the happiness to partake of a bowl of excellent milk fresh from the cool and well-managed *laiterie*—the governor the while plying us with observations on the great superiority of giving convict-boys out-door labour on a farm such as this, on which those under his charge worked daily, to immuring them in cells like so many wild beasts. He was an enemy altogether to the solitary system of imprisonment, and argued strongly for allowing prisoners to live and work in the society of their fellows, under proper moral government. I did not consider it necessary to argue this somewhat perplexing question,

on which much may be said on both sides; and therefore, with a thousand thanks for his kindness, we bade this very obliging gentleman adieu, and were soon on our way to our temporary home at Saumur.

### THOUGHTS OF AN INVALID.

SICKNESS is generally thought to 'pull down' the mind. Perhaps the real effect thus described is often nothing more than a reduction of the worldliness of men's ordinary thoughts, and an awakening into comparative power of the gentler affections. The world of the heart opens to us, under the dependency of invalid life, its troubles and its fears, as the world of the sterner intellect passes out of sight, and our confidence in the resources of self becomes shaken. Thus, it may be that, while the mind suffers in one respect, it gains in another. Certainly, at least, the result is to throw it into a new phase of being: the invalid tone of mind is something quite by itself. It will be different, of course, in different persons; yet its own general character must ever remain tolerably distinct. \*Our literature does not possess many representations of the invalid's current of reflection and sentiment; but the limited list receives an important addition from a volume which has just appeared—anonymous, but well known to be from the pen of Harriet Martineau.\* This distinguished lady has, we lament to learn, been confined with severe illness for several years. She occupies a cheerful cottage, placed in a situation which commands an extensive sea and land prospect, near the port of Sunderland. Her condition is one attended with frequent painful paroxysms, and, to judge from what she says in this volume, she does not hope to recover; but she has many intervals of agreeable sensation, during which her mind can exert itself with nearly all its wonted power and activity. The present volume is partly descriptive of her condition and its various resources for a modified happiness; partly a record of thoughts which have occurred to her in this peculiar state of existence. It is a book which all her friends must receive with a deep, though it may be a melancholy, interest; and they will find in it even more reason than they have ever had before, to admire the heroic good intentions and aspirations of the gifted author.

The reigning mood of our invalid is to make the best of everything—to profit from affliction, and to rejoice in every remission and alleviation of her distresses. In her first essay, she sets herself to prove that pain in its nature is transient, but that all good is lasting. 'During the year looked back upon,' she says, 'all the days, and most of the hours of the day, have had their portion of pain—usually mild—now and then, for a few marked hours of a few marked weeks, severe and engrossing; while, perhaps, some dozen evenings and half-dozen mornings are remembered as being times of almost entire ease. So much for the body. The mind, meantime, though clear and active, has been so far affected by the bodily state as to lose all its gaiety, and, by disuse, almost to forget its sense of enjoyment. During the year, perhaps, there may have been two surprises of light-heartedness, for four hours in June, and two hours and a-half in October, with a few single flashes of joy in the intermediate seasons, on the occurrence of some rousing idea, or the revival of some ancient association. Over all the rest has brooded a thick heavy cloud of care, apparently causeless, but not for that the less real. This is the sum of the pains of the year in relation to illness. Where are these pains now? Not only gone, but annihilated. They are destroyed so utterly, that even memory can lay no hold upon them. \* \* \* What remains?'

All the good remains.

And how is this? whence this wide difference between the good and the evil?

\* *Life in the Sick-Room, Essays. By an Invalid. Pp. 221. London: Moxon. 1844.*



Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas—with the unseen realities which are indestructible. This is true even of those pleasures of sense which of themselves would be as evanescent as bodily pains. The flowers sent to me by kind neighbours have not perished—that is, the idea and pleasure of them remain, though every blossom was withered months ago. The game and fruit, eaten in their season, remain as comforts and luxuries, preserved in the love that sent them. Every letter and conversation abide—every new idea is mine for ever; all the knowledge, all the experience of the year, is so much gain. Even the courses of the planets, and the changes of the moon, and the haymaking and harvest, are so much immortal wealth; as real a possession, as all the pain of the year was a passing apparition. Yes, even the quick bursts of sunshine are still mine. For one instance, which will well illustrate what I mean, let us look back so far as the spring, and take one particular night of severe pain, which made all rest impossible. A short intermission, which enabled me to send my servant to rest, having ended in pain, I was unwilling to give further disturbance, and wandered, from mere misery, from my bed and my dim room, which seemed full of pain, to the front parlour, where some glimmer through the thick window-curtain showed that there was light abroad. Light indeed! as I found on looking forth. The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old priory; but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbour, while the market-garden below was glittering with dew, and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring except the earliest riser of the neighbourhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed her pigs, and let out her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment; but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated, as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore. This is an illustration of the universal fact. That brief instant of good has swallowed up long weary hours of pain.

To us, with much deference, it occurs that the distinction here made by Miss Martineau might be more philosophically stated. The pains are transient because they are bodily; the agreeable circumstances are lasting because they are mental—proper subject-matter for the memory. If our author's distresses were mental, she would find that they are as lasting as any agreeable recollections ever are. It is not, therefore, in our apprehension, correct to argue, as a general fact, from these premises, that evil is transient, and good permanent—although there may be other arguments for this conclusion.

Miss Martineau pleads strongly for placing permanent invalids in a rural situation, where they may be able from their window to behold natural objects, and the various elemental changes in which a subdued spirit is so well fitted to take an interest. In her own retreat, she, by means of a telescope, commands an immense stretch of landscape, and observes whatever is going on within scope of her vision with undecaying pleasure. The passage in which she describes her observations from her window is one of the finest in her book. 'Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one

opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites, lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays, the sportsman with his gun and dog, and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them now talking in a cluster, as they walk, each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad, and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a wind-mill now in motion, and now at rest; a lime-kiln in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running thither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies, I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head (for it is now chill evening); and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I? there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing.'

'How different,' she adds, 'are "the seasons and their change" to us, and to the busy inhabitants of towns! How common is it for townspeople to observe, that the shortest day is past, without their remembering it was so near; or the equinox, or even the longest day! Whereas we sick-watchers have, as it were, a property in the changes of the seasons, and even of the moon. It is a good we would not sell for any profit, to say to ourselves, at the end of March, that the six months of longest days are now before us; that we are entering upon a region of light evenings, with their soft lulling beauties; and of short nights, when, late as we go to rest, we can almost bid defiance to horrors and the depressions of darkness. There is a monthly spring of the spirits, too, when the young moon appears again,

and we have the prospect of three weeks' pleasure in her course, if the sky be propitious. I have often smiled in detecting in myself this sense of property in such shows; in becoming aware of a sort of resentment, of feeling of personal grievance, when the sky is not propitious; when I have no benefit of the moon for several nights together, through the malice of the clouds, or the sea-haze in spring. But now I have learned by observation where and when to look for the rising moon; what a superb pleasure it is to lie watching the sea-line, night after night, unwilling to shut the window, to leave the window couch, to let the lamp be lighted, till the punctual and radiant blessing comes, answering to my hope, surpassing my expectation, and appearing to greet me with express and consolatory intent! Should I actually have quitted life without this set of affections, if I had not been ill? I believe it.

This, we think, is not only in the finest possible feeling—it is the purest possible poetry.

Our author indulges, in the course of her volume, in some speculations on the advance, for which our age is remarkable (with some strange exceptions), in the means of promoting the public comfort and happiness. She is loud, and justly so, in praise of the new postage, whose only fault is its not having been carried to completion, which, however, is not the fault of its originator. The following are curious reflections:—“As for the discoveries or quackeries of the time (and who will undertake to say in what instances they are not, sooner or later, compounded?), how clear is the collateral good, whatever may be the express failure? Those who receive all the sayings of the Coryphæus of the phrenologists, and those who laugh at his maps of the mind and his so-called ethics, must both admit that much knowledge of the structure of the brain, much wise care of human health and faculties, has issued from the pursuit for the benefit of man. This mesmerism again: who believes that it could be revived, again and again, at intervals of centuries, if there were not something in it? Who looks back upon the mass of strange but authenticated historical narratives, which might be explained by this agent, and looks, at the same time, into our dense ignorance of the structure and functions of the nervous system, and will dare to say that there is nothing in it? Whatever quackery and imposture may be connected with it, however its pretensions may be falsified, it seems impossible but that some new insight must be obtained, by its means, into the powers of our mysterious frame—some fixing down under actual cognizance, of flying and floating notions, full of awe, which have exercised the belief and courage of many wise for many centuries.

After smiling over old books all our lives, on meeting with quaint assumptions of the humoral pathology as true, while we supposed it exploded, behold it arising again! One cannot open a newspaper, scarcely a letter, without seeing something about the water cure; and grave doctors, who will listen to nothing the laity can say of anything new (any more than they would tolerate the mention of the circulation of the blood in Harvey's day), now intimate that the profession are disposed to believe that there is more in the humoral pathology than was thought thirty years ago, though not so much as the water curers presume. Is it not pretty certain, then, that something will come of this rage for the water cure (something more than ablation, temperance, and exercise), though its professors must be embalmed as quacks in the literature of the time? Is there not still another operation of the same principle involved in the case? Are we not growing sensibly more merciful, more wisely humane towards empirics themselves, when they cease to be our oracles? Are we not learning, from their jumbled discoveries and failures, that empiricism itself is a social function, indispensable, made so by God, however ready we may be to bestow our cheap laughter upon it?

There is much truth here. All regular medical men allow that the best medicines have been discovered and

brought into use by men called quacks. The regular men are, very laudably, cautious; but perpetual caution makes no advance. The empiric ventures on new courses—some of which are the suggestion of a happy ingenuity—and often succeeds. There can, then, be no sort of doubt that empirics fulfil a good design in providence. So is it in a great degree with science. Discoveries which have anything startling or prejudice-exciting about them, are generally seen to attract and obtain reception from not the highest class of intellects; these are often more tender on the score of reputation than they are conscientious (conscientious to give a patient inquiry) or manly (manly to encounter the empty scoff of ignorance in the cause of truth). The irregular adventurous wits, with fewer sober qualities to admire, but probably as good, or even better intentions, rush on to embrace what convinces them without scruple. They thus become the nurses of truths which otherwise would perish. We fear, however, we cannot acquit Miss Martineau of prejudice in at least one of the subjects of the above remarks. Phrenology has done more than she admits; its advocates are to a man philanthropists, as if in virtue of their philosophical profession; and their ideas in education, in criminal jurisprudence, and with regard to the regulations of labour, are far in advance of the age. Our author is a lover of truth and a professor of candour; she ought, as such, to examine every system professed by honest men, before even using a light word regarding it: *queritur*, has she done so?

Miss Martineau, in a manner worthy of her, deprecates the absurd attempts made, by complaisance and fear of giving pain, to console and cheer the invalid, and strongly advocates the more conscientious as well as rational course of acknowledging the real nature and prospects of the case. ‘One and another,’ she says, ‘and another of our friends comes to us with an earnest pressing upon us of the “hope of relief”—that talisman which looks so well till its virtues are tried! They tell us of renewed health and activity; of what it will be to enjoy ease again; to be useful again; to shake off our troubles, and be as we once were. We sigh, and say it may be so; but they see that we are neither roused nor soothed by it.

Then one speaks differently; tells us we shall never be better; that we shall continue for long years as we are, or shall sink into deeper disease and death; adding, that pain and disturbance and death are indissolubly linked with the indestructible life of the soul; and supposing that we are willing to be conducted on in this eternal course by Him whose thoughts and ways are not as ours, but whose tenderness— Then how we burst in, and take up the word! What have we not to say, from the abundance of our hearts, of that benignity, that transcendent wisdom, our willingness, our eagerness, our sweet security—till we are silenced by our unutterable joy!’

#### ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

THE inordinate space of time which is demanded during every six days in the week from men engaged in business, has, from the magnitude of the evil, begun to attract public attention, and may therefore, as we think, form the subject of a few additional observations.

The invariable traditions of old people assure us, that since the middle of the last century the hours of work have been gradually extended, and the old-fashioned holidays rapidly abridged. In former days the substantial tradesman never thought of keeping open his shop after sunset in summer, and after six o'clock in winter. Then, at dinner-time, business was stopped to give him and his assistants proper leisure for the enjoyment of the mid-day meal; as is the case now in Germany, where it is as impossible to rouse the shopkeeper into activity between the hours of one and two, as it would be at midnight. But in London at the present moment the case is widely different; the hours of busi-

ness have encroached upon those proper for meals and rest to an extravagant degree—the consequence of the augmentation of human wants accompanying a vast increase of population. It would seem that either so immense an aggregate of business has to be done to supply those wants that a reasonable section of the day is insufficient to get through it; or, that the business is generally conducted on essentially bad arrangements, which occasion so great a waste of time, as to oblige people to do that at one part of the day which ought to be transacted at another. In a few cases the first, while in a great majority the second, reason applies.

With a view to remedy the mischiefs which the present system is occasioning, an association has been formed in London of the individuals who suffer most by it, namely, linen-draper and their assistants; and the better to forward its views, the society offered a prize of twenty guineas for 'the best practical essay on the evils of the present protracted hours of trade.' The prize was gained by Mr Thomas Davies, a young man who, till lately, had to endure all the disadvantages arising from the system against which his pen has been successfully directed. His treatise exhibits a degree of research and literary skill not to be expected from an individual whose general avocations have been of a nature hitherto far from literary.\*

'Of all the various objects which strike the attention,' commences the prize-essayist, 'and excite the wonder of a stranger upon his first arrival in the "Great Metropolis," there are few more prominent than the many glittering shops which meet his gaze in every direction. While passing along the principal streets, you meet with a succession of plate-glass fronts constructed in a costly manner, and often displaying a high degree of architectural skill. Within the windows, and separated from the gazer by enormous squares of glass, the transparency of which seems to mock the foggy atmosphere without, are displayed, in the most skilful manner, all the rich variety of woman's dress. It is as if at the bidding of some magic power the silks of the east, the cottons of the west, and the furs of the north, after having been wrought into a thousand various forms and patterns, had been collected into one gorgeous exhibition, to illustrate the triumphs of art in ministering to the adornment of the human form. The interior of these shops is not less worthy of attention than the exterior. Some of them, from the profusion of glass-reflectors which they exhibit, might be called "halls of mirrors;" while others, with their stately columns and luxurious carpets, seem to rival the palaces of princes. Perhaps few of the fair purchasers who admire these shops and their contents, ever bestow a thought upon the condition of the young men who so blandly and politely serve in them. Yet it is a mournful fact, that there exists, in connection with all this bright display, much of positive evil, not to say of misery.

The best shops in the best neighbourhoods are generally opened at seven o'clock in the morning, at which hour a certain number of the young men come down to make preparations for business in their several departments. At eight o'clock (or in some cases at half-past seven) the others, who may be called the seniors, come down, when the former party are allowed to retire for half an hour for the purpose of dressing. After their re-appearance, there is no further release from the engagements of the shop (excepting for those wonderfully short periods of time in which assistant-draper manage to consume the necessary quantity of food at meals) until the whole business of the day is over, and every article, from a piece of silk to a roll of ribbon or a paper of pins, has been carefully put into its appointed place. Sometimes, when, owing to the weather or some other cause, there have

been but few customers during the day, this re-arrangement is completed by the time of shutting the shop, which in the present case is from eight to nine o'clock in the winter, and from nine to ten in the summer. But on busy days, and during nearly the whole of the spring and former part of the summer, it is often found to be impossible to leave the shop within one, two, or three hours after it has been closed; so that, during a large part of the year, it is a common thing for these young men to be pent up in the shop from six or seven o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven at night.'

This is a description of the present mode of carrying on business, as it appears in the most favourable aspect. In many shops, the young men are often unable to retire to rest until one or two o'clock on the Sunday morning.

The effect of these long hours upon the health is next demonstrated. To understand the kind of air which drapers'-assistants breathe, it is necessary to explain that, however elegantly ornamented the shops of London may be, they are but indifferently ventilated; that in populous neighbourhoods they are frequently filled with customers during the greater part of the day, whose united respirations exhaust the air of its vital principle, or oxygen; and that for a considerable period of the winter, the same effect is produced in a much greater degree by the gas which is burned; each burner vitiating, upon an average, as much air as four persons. Excessive fatigue is also a consequence of the occupation. Shop-assistants are never allowed to sit during business-hours; even at their meals, the time occupied by such a mode of rest seldom exceeds an hour during the whole day, but in most houses only half an hour. Neither is the constant exertion of the assistant physical merely; it involves much mental anxiety 'about matters which, indeed, to a mere spectator may seem very trivial, but which are to the person whom they concern really important. The nature of this anxiety may be best understood by an example:—A lady enters a shop, and desires to look at some dresses or shawls. Now, it would be supposed that the assistant-draper has merely to exhibit these articles in the most advantageous manner, and that it makes little difference to him whether she happen to like one of them or not. Far otherwise: in some cases it is at the peril of losing his situation that he fails to persuade the lady to buy; in nearly all cases, the frequent repetition of such failures is sure to produce such a catastrophe. It will be obvious, that from this cause alone the mind of the young man must be alternately moved and agitated by fear and hope; by fear of losing his situation, and by the hope that, by means of success as a salesman, he may render his services more valuable, and thus obtain a larger salary.'

In a moral point of view, the effects of such unceasing attention to business is highly prejudicial. The young men have no time to improve their minds by reading, or other means; and it is sincerely to be hoped that, should the association for which this pamphlet was written succeed in their object, the persons benefited will make such use of the leisure as will tend to improve them in information and moral conduct. The essayist confidently anticipates that such will be the result, and instances the few houses in which short hours have been already adopted, where he states the best educated and best conducted assistants are invariably to be found.

A remedy for the specific evils of which shopkeepers'-assistants so justly complain, may be easily discovered. It lies partly in the power of masters, partly in that of purchasers. Were the former to close their shops at a seasonable hour, the public would become either more considerate, and buy what they want during daylight—or persons with whom night-shopping is a matter of convenience would make their own arrangements, so as to square with those of the tradesman. Unfortunately, however, so great is the competition in the retail trade of the metropolis, that were the shopkeepers of a particular neighbourhood to come to such a resolution, one

\* Prize Essay on the Evils which are produced by Late Hours of business, &c. By Thomas Davies. With a preface by the Hon. Rev. Baptist Noel, M. A. Nisbet: London.

keen trader would in all probability break through the rule, and get his shop crowded, about bed-time, with customers who had been too thoughtless to buy what they required at a seasonable hour. The neighbouring retailers would take alarm at this, and the old system be gradually returned to. That the melioration may be effectually carried out, the masters must view the evil in a large and benevolent spirit, as becomes good citizens, and not with the huxtering and selfish views of immediate profit.

But the *high-pressure* is not felt alone by shopmen. Voices crying for relaxation may be heard from other quarters besides the counter. In short, is not almost everybody—that is, every one who has any settled occupation—overtasked? Who, we should like to know, are in the habit of taking things *very easily*? Spurred on by the real or imaginary necessities of their condition, driven by eager rivalry, avarice, and even the incapability of thinking of anything else but professional labour, the bulk of people are, as it were, madly running a race, in which bodily and mental health are among the least of their considerations. Unwearied application to business is clearly a characteristic of the age, for it is seen in every station of life, from the highest to the lowest. It is a fact, that the most exalted officers of the state, in point of long hours and the actual business they get through, work as hard as the linen-draper's assistants. Let us, as an example, take a glance at a lord chancellor's daily routine of duties. In term time, he enters the court of chancery about nine o'clock in the morning; there he sits to hear the arguments of counsel, and out of their specious sophistries to pick, if he can, the actual facts and truth of the case—to which end his mind and attention is kept constantly on the stretch. Besides this, he has a hundred routine duties to go through, connected with chancery affairs, at his chambers. This occupies him most likely till half-past three or four o'clock. At a quarter to five he is seated on the wool-sack of the House of Lords. There it is his business not only to hear, but to make speeches; which not only contain argument, but facts upon which he is not unfrequently questioned, and for which he must have been at some previous pains to acquire. This detains him till seven or eight, and sometimes till after midnight. But should he get home early, piles of affidavits, relative to the cases he has to adjudicate, await his perusal. If, aside from these constant duties, he should have an hour to spare, it is occupied at a cabinet-council in hearing appeals before the privy-council, or from the bar of the House of Lords. Even during the vacations he is liable to constant interruptions; for wherever he may be, he is accessible in urgent cases requiring his interference, concerning the affairs of minors—to some thousands of whom he is guardian—and lunatics, of all of whom he is the legal keeper. An equally laborious career is daily run by the prime-minister, by the secretaries of state, the judges, leading counsel, by physicians in large practice, and others.

We do not allude to such instances of overtasking in high places with any hope of modifying the general current of affairs, but only to show to our friends behind the counter that they are not alone under compression. Let us nevertheless hope that, wherever possible, the hours of business may be shortened; and to effect this desirable object, let customers as well as employers be reminded of what they can accomplish.

#### ALLSTON'S APHORISMS.

In presenting an account of the late Washington Allston, an American painter of eminence, the *Athenæum* places before its readers the following aphorisms of which he was the author. We are told that Mr Allston wrote them on fragments of paper, which he stuck up around his room, as aids to reflection before he began his day's work. Copied into our pages, they may be of use in lowering self-esteem in others besides painters:—

1. The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist, but an artisan; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, and not for his art.

2. He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius; as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.

3. Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity, dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather of a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history, that we do not, as in a churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated; nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light which projects the shadow which is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and revered, even while so little comprehended, as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights; like rising and setting stars, they follow each other through successive ages; and thus the monumental form of genius stands for ever relieved against its own imperishable shadow.

4. All excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the true, we wish for that which is false. According to this test, how little truth is there in art! Little indeed! but how much is that little to him who feels it!

5. Fame does not depend on the will of any man, but reputation may be given or taken away. Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of will; while reputation, having its source in the popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation, being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the envious and the ignorant. But fame, whose very birth is *posthumous*, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of will.

6. What light is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual; both requiring an atmosphere in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible in vacuo.

7. Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word; it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it; feel it, and hate it in silence.

8. I cannot believe that any man who deserved fame ever laboured for it—that is, directly. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied. "I write, I paint for fame," has often been repeated; it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame should be placed to the account of reputation.

9. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained excellence, when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it. This is not the less true for being good Irish.

10. An original mind is rarely understood until it has been reflected from some half-dozen congenial with it; so averse are men to admitting the true in an unusual form; whilst any novelty, however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to think, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original, if every man had the power of projecting his own into the mind of others.

11. All effort at originality must end either in the quaint or the monstrous. For no man knows himself as an original; he can only believe it on the report of others to whom he is made known, as he is by the projecting power before spoken of.

12. There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy a wise man is with himself.

13. Reverence is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be

degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness by elevating itself into the antagonism to what is above it.

14. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down. Of such minds are the mannerists in art; in the world, tyrants of all sorts.

15. A witch's skill cannot more easily sail in the teeth of the wind, than the human eye can lie against fact; but the truth will often quiver through lips with a lie upon them.

16. It is a hard matter for a man to lie *all over*, nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger when all above is calm.

17. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as morals.

18. The devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase, "devilish good" has sometimes a literal meaning.

19. There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can *give*, but which every one, however poor, is bound to *pay*. This is praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own; since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another, can never become to him a possession; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a consequence. As praise, then, cannot be made a gift, so neither, when not his due, can any man receive it: he may think he does, but he receives only words; for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other. This is no fanciful statement; for though praise may be withheld by the ignorant or envious, it cannot be but that, in the course of time, an existing merit will, on some one, produce its effects; inasmuch as the existence of any cause without its effect is an impossibility. A fearful truth lies at the bottom of this, an irreversible justice for the weal or wo of him who confirms or violates it.

#### IMPROVED MORALS.

An anecdote which places the low taste of the polite society of Queen Anne's reign in a striking light, is thus related by Sir Walter Scott:—"A grand-aunt of my own, Mrs Keith of Ravelston, who was a person of some condition, being a daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton, lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age. She was very fond of reading, and enjoyed it to the last of her long life. One day she asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs Behn's novels? I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them? I said with some hesitation I believed I could, but that I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the good old lady, "I remember their being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So I sent Mrs Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards, she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: Take back your bonny Mrs Behn, and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. "But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?"—"Lockhart's Life of Scott.

#### INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is to be measured not by the quantity of wine, but by its effect on the constitution; not by cups, but consequences. Let no man fancy because he does not drink much, that he is not a sot. Pype said, that to him more than one glass was a debauch; and every man who habitually takes more than his stomach can bear, sooner or later arrives at those miseries which are the effects of hard drinking. Every healthy toper is a decoy-drunk, and no man proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an

unwounded soldier that life is secure in battle. 'Strength of nature in youth,' says Lord Bacon, 'passes over many excesses which are owing a man till his age.' Drunkenness, amongst persons of character and education, is considered, as it ought to be, at once sinful and degrading. The consequence has been increased longevity, and the disappearance among the upper grades of society of a host of distempers that follow in the train of inebriety.—*Brande*.

#### HINTS TO FARMERS.

In a treatise on Productive Farming, just issued from the press, the following observations occur:—"It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root—it becomes fat, it is true, but, alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks, that her offspring cannot make bone—or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg-shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to civil or judicious treatment, as their own horses."

#### NAEBODY KENS YE.

[We extract this piece of drollery from 'Whistle Binkle, Fifth Series,' a collection of original songs published at Glasgow, to which it had been contributed by Mr R. L. Malone.]

AN ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?

Be thankfu' to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;

Ye'll ha' plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;

A' body kens ye,

A' body kens ye,

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye!

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn!

An' awa wi' the ebb drifts the favours she sen's ye,

Could friendship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;

When ye need a' their friendship, then naebody kens ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,

An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest blind to befrin' ye,

A five-guinea note, man, will part ye as wide

As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye!

Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't, man! the siller! the siller!

It's the siller that breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye!

When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab' i' the loom,

Then tak' ye my word for't, there's naebody kens ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are aye—

It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear aye—

There are those worth the name—gude sen' there were maq!

Wha, the cauldier the blast, aye the closer draw near ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

The frien's wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,

But aye fra our foes in our absence defen's us,

Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace

Wha scorn to disown us when naebody kens us.

#### CHORUS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,

Poorth's a fry-nurse frae folly whilk spans us—

She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,

Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

January 18.—Received the second half of a five-pound note for the benefit of Mrs Roeton, which has been handed to her.

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## SPECTACLES.

ACCORDING to the encyclopædias and dictionaries, spectacles consist of two lenses so arranged in frames as to aid defective vision. To this end, and to suit every sort of visual deficiency, great varieties of the article have been invented. There are magnifying glasses and diminishing glasses, and glasses through which objects appear of their actual size. There are spectacles for daylight, spectacles for candle-light, and spectacles tinted with all sorts of hues, from pleasing pink to a sombre slate-colour. Some are constructed to enable the wearer to perceive things which are at a distance; others to increase the distinctness of things which are near: Dr Wollaston's periscopic spectacles allow of looking sideways; and De La Court's reflecting glasses make up for the want of eyes in the back of the head, for they reveal what is going on behind backs! Again, viewing spectacles in reference to quality, and as articles of manufacture and trade, there are good, indifferent, and decidedly bad spectacles, the last being made not so much to be seen through, as—like the razors described by Peter Pindar—to sell. These generally give distorted appearances to objects, for the clearer viewing of which they were brought to assist.

It is our purpose in this paper to abandon the literal signification of the word spectacles, and to treat the term abstractedly from the actual article which is seen in the shops, in pedlars' packs, and on the noses of our elderly friends. We seek to give greater currency to the more enlarged, though metaphorical sense in which the word is used by many authors of high repute, both ancient and modern. Thus, Chaucer saith, that

*'Poverty a spectacle is, as thinketh me,  
Through which he may his very friends see.'*

And Dryden, in commenting on the genius of Shakespeare, truly observes, that the great dramatist 'was naturally learned—he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature.' Thus, as a man is sometimes said to 'see' that which is invisible, such as a fine thought, the point of a joke, or the force of an argument, so would we draw attention not to mechanical, but to psychological spectacles—not to those which aid or derange the actual organs of sight, but to those which assist or falsify the mental vision.

These metaphorical spectacles being worn by a large majority of mankind, are in quite as great variety as the spectacles we have already described, and suit themselves to every age and condition. Ardent and imaginative youth, for example, on first entering active life, wears spectacles which exhibit everything in the brightest colours. Its keen sense of enjoyment, which makes it feel the mere act of existence to be a pleasure, extracts gratification out of whatever is presented to the senses. Painful feelings, when excited

in the young, are transient, and serve rather to heighten the effect of general enjoyment than to lessen it. Worldly experience has yet to darken the glowing picture—to give more truthful and, alas! less favourable views of mankind, but, on the other hand, to exchange for restless and fevered, more permanent and assured sources of happiness. Hence, to the glowing imagination of such natures it is always summer; and they do not, as in after-life, enjoy the coming of the spring, because they know no winter. To them all men appear good, all nature seems beautiful. Such temperaments see everything *colour de rose*—they wear *pink spectacles*.

These spectacles are by far the most dangerous to the real as well as to the mental perception. 'The habitual use of tinted spectacles,' remarks an experienced optician, 'gives rise to a succession of violent changes of colour, which are painful to the unpractised, and must be injurious to those who have become inured to them.' This is exactly the case with the false medium through which the world is often seen by youthful enthusiasm. Many a young man, viewing mankind in too glowing a light, has had some act of human frailty (by which, perhaps, he is made to suffer) unexpectedly revealed to him—has had the pink spectacles suddenly dashed from his vision! Then, in proportion as all was before unduly brilliant and beautiful, all appears now as falsely dark. He is what is called a 'disappointed man.' His imagination, which at first exaggerated the goodness of mankind, now exaggerates its wickedness. The darkened spectacles which are substituted as much incapacitate him from enjoying the brightness of the sun, as those he previously wore increased it; and he who before saw universal goodness, ceases to believe in benevolence; and the character of every human being appears to be shaded with self-interest or other faultiness. By constantly regarding the shadows of the picture, and those only, he grows old in his fatal uncharitableness, and is reduced to the unamiable condition of a cynic—a Diogenes; but a Diogenes who looks for honest men—not with a lamp, but with a dark lantern—for his vision is obscured with 'clouded' spectacles. Of a similar stamp are those desponding spirits who have a taste for the dismal of this life; who take delight in sighs and sadness, pathetic emotions, and heart-rending woe, and view human nature 'through the lens of a tear.'

Other varieties of spectacles are very generally worn which are neither pink nor clouded, but work in matters of lesser importance the effects of both. The wearers of them are never contented with truth and nature simply as they see her. If they have to describe Primrose Hill, for example, they will tell you the ascent is almost perpendicular, and make reference to the Alps. A slight drizzle they exaggerate to a perfect torrent; for with them it never rains but it pours. In pictur-



ing a female acquaintance, with however moderate pretensions to beauty, they constantly apply the well-worn similitude concerning angels. Their particular friends are patterns of virtue, their enemies monsters of wickedness. They see everything in extremes, and are themselves subject by turns to the most delightful happiness, and to the direst misery. When a little pleased, they declare they are enchanted; when a little pained, 'the agony is excruciating.' Nothing that passes before, around, and within them, seems to present itself as it does to other eyes; for the fact is, they wear *magnifying glasses*.

Other persons want comprehensiveness of mental vision. Propound to them any grand scheme of benevolence or utility, and they try to scare you away from it by summing up the petty difficulties which lie in the way. Praise the character of a friend, and they peck away the value of your commendations by hinting certain minor faults and immaterial peccadilloes. The spectacles they wear contract their range of vision to a small circle; they cannot see beyond a certain distance, and have not an idea beyond to-day. Things or thoughts of large dimensions are out of their ken, but they have a wonderful discrimination for small ones. They make excellent anatomists and entomologists, while they appear unable to understand the general principles of natural history. Show them the boundless ocean, and they will discourse of pebbles—a landscape, and they talk of plants. Speak of the evils of war, and they will try to remember whether any of their acquaintance has swelled the list of killed and wounded—if they can recollect none, then they cannot see why war should be so much condemned, more particularly since they happen to have a friend who made a fortune as an army contractor, and gives capital dinners. Such men, it will be observed, never see things through the same medium which the rest of the world does; there is always a diminishing power which contracts their vision, and though aiming at principles, they fasten on a mean set of details. Many of this class are to be found in the critical world. A swarm of them fastened on the old English dramatists at the end of the last century, wrote voluminous commentaries on the meaning of single words, and edited portly pamphlets to discuss whether we should write *Shakspear* or *Shakespeare*. In modern times, these minute observers discover, in a new book, where the commas have been left out, or misplaced; or, like Sergeant Circuit in Foote's farce, non-suit an aspiring author in the courts of criticism for leaving out an *s*. These geniuses wear *diminishing glasses*.

Then come your shy people, who cannot look you straight in the face, and only see out of *side-spectacles*; next, those who never see what is before them in its true phasis, and who, do what you will for them, torture the motive of your acts to some impulse quite different to that which dictated it. This is the consequence of wearing *distorting spectacles*.

Above all, we must not forget those psychological curiosities who pride themselves on being extremely sharp observers. They are generally gifted with piercing eyes and busy tongues, and are constantly trying to look round corners—to penetrate into places where there is nothing to see, and to make discoveries where there is nothing to find out. These are amongst the 'clever' of the human race, who boast of never being deceived, for their eyes are everywhere; though, unfortunately, it mostly happens they are everywhere but where they ought to be; and in performing their indefatigable periscope, are so often looking behind, that a stumble is now and then the consequence. These would appear to apply to their mental perception the *periscopic reflecting spectacles*.

There is, besides, a vast variety of spectacles mounted by certain individuals before their mental perceptions, which have no analogy to those to be found in the optician's catalogue. The most generally worn are professional spectacles. Physicians, for instance, often see through medical spectacles. An esteemed vale-

tudinarian of our acquaintance, who has retired from medical practice, invariably answers our ordinary inquiry of 'How do you do to-day?' with a diagnosis of his complaints; and when you succeed in drawing him out concerning the floating news of the day, he makes especial inquiries after the 'public health in your neighbourhood.' He distinguishes his friends not by their outward appearance or general dispositions, but by the state of their health; and instead of calling people by their names, he talks of the lady with the liver-complaint, the gentleman afflicted with bronchitis, or that niece of his who is troubled with syncope. He will point out Mr So-and-so as an excellent person in some respects, but blames him severely for not wearing clogs in wet weather, and talks of the poor man's catarrh as if the complaint were a moral crime. When he travels, he observes nothing but the climate and the diseases of the population: when he makes a call, he takes away the compliment of the visit by declaring he came out for a little exercise—in short, all his actions are regulated by medical principles, and all he sees is presented through a medicated medium. In a similar manner one class of men wear statistical, another geological, and a third gastronomical spectacles, the last judging of every object in nature by its eatableness or drinkableness. Lastly, the man of fashion—like Monsieur Gaultier, whose travels in Spain we noticed in a former number—sees the world through an opera-glass.

It is on account of the number and variety of mental spectacles which different people wear, and the pertinacity with which they keep them on, that truth is so difficult to be met with. Thus, a dozen men shall look at the same object, yet their account of it will differ in some material particulars; for the impressions it makes upon their minds depend entirely upon the kind of spectacles they happen to wear, which, fixing their attention upon especial characteristics, and on them only, blind them to other important features. As an illustration of this, let us suppose a number of individuals looking at some ordinary object—something plain, palpable, and about which it would appear to be impossible to differ either in description or opinion; say, for example, a flock of sheep in a field. The young observer, with his pink spectacles, paints to you their picturesque grouping, the innocent playfulness of their gambols, and the pleasing animation they give to the surrounding scenery: his account of them would be, that they are 'beautiful sheep.' He with the clouded spectacles, on the contrary, instinctively fastens his observation on the black sheep; he picks out the lean ones, and builds a theory thereon, by which he would endeavour to prove the deterioration of stock in this country; describing this particular flock as a 'wretched one.' The man with the magnifying glasses insists that there must be at least twenty score; but his friend with the diminishers pins him down to units; while the statistician with cruel pertinacity counts the whole flock, triumphantly certifying that there are exactly one hundred and thirty-eight sheep and nineteen lambs. He also reckons, that, supposing there be so many pounds of wool upon each sheep, the whole produce of the flock would be so much at the then market price of wool; that this wool would be capable of making so many yards of cloth, which cloth would, if cut to advantage, furnish so many hundred garments. Let us now suppose the gastronomer to make a characteristic remark on the fineness of the mutton, and the rich order it is in for the spit, the statish would launch into another branch of numeration, by setting down the number of joints the whole flock would cut up into: so many haunches, or, if separated, so many legs and so many loins; or, if the loins should be destined for broiling, so many mutton chops. Take the statements of either of these observers separately, and a false, or at most a limited idea of the actual objects would be derived; but put them together, and we are in possession of every fact concerning sheep which it is useful or necessary to know. Thus, the

specific views afforded by the various sorts of spectacles which mankind put on, are of the utmost value, when assembled and properly weighed by persons who do not habitually wear any spectacles.

Few are, however, entirely without mental spectacles at some time of their lives—and how constantly are circumstances changing them! How apt are we to allow health or sickness, prosperity or misfortune, to place spectacles before our vision, which tinge everything around us with the prevailing feeling! In ill health, how 'weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable' are the same objects from which, when in the full enjoyment of health, we derived pleasure and happiness. On the other hand, how many by no means romantic or picturesque scenes are hallowed in the recollection, when viewed through the spectacles created during some moment of delight enjoyed there—the society of a friend we have esteemed, or the smile of one we have loved!

Finally, the optician will tell you that the use of spectacles by persons who do not actually require them, is decidedly injurious; and when once used, it is difficult to do without them. To a clear and comprehensive vision they are not only useless, but detrimental. It is so with the spectacles of the mind, which are either manufactured out of prejudices, or from allowing the perceptions to flow too constantly in one channel, till they draw all objects into it; washing away every fact and every thought into a gulf of false conclusions. 'There are,' says Bacon, 'helps to sight above spectacles,' and these help it is our duty to invoke by a constant and healthful exercise of our perceptive faculties and reasoning powers.

## SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

### SERPENTS.

Of the lower animals, none have been the objects of such wide-spread and long-continued prejudice as serpents. In every country, ancient and modern, they have been viewed with aversion; and yet no class of animals has furnished man with so many mythological symbols and allusions. So many, indeed, are the legends respecting serpents, that it would require a large volume to contain them; the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient nations having each some peculiar attribute which they ascribed to these reptiles. As the impersonification of the evil principle the serpent is associated with the first transgression and fall of man; snakes armed the hand of Discord no less than the whip of the Furies: as an emblem of prudence and circumspection, they were the attribute of Æsculapius; and, twisted round the caduceus of Mercury, they were the type of insinuating eloquence. Among the Egyptians the serpent was the symbol of fertility; while the circle formed by a snake biting its own tail, without beginning or end, was the chosen emblem of eternity. The origin of some of these allusions is obvious, of others it is obscure; but from whatever cause they may have arisen, it is no doubt to the noxious properties of some of these reptiles, to their peculiar habits and appearance, and to their greater prevalence at an earlier period of history, that we are to ascribe the fear, mingled with hatred and veneration, with which they have inspired the human race.

To rescue this long abused and little-known race of animals from the errors which have disfigured their history, and to view them without prejudice as a branch of natural science, has been the object of Dr Schlegel, conservator of the museum of the Netherlands, who has recently issued a work on the subject, now introduced to the British public through the translation of Dr T. S. Traill, professor of medical jurisprudence in the university of Edinburgh.\* From his treatise—the only

satisfactory one on the subject—we propose to give the reader some idea of the actual character and habits of the serpent tribes.

In systems of zoology, it is usual to divide Reptiles into four great orders, of which the tortoise, crocodile, lizard, and common adder, are the respective representatives. Although all these are comprehended under the term reptiles, or creepers, the three former orders are furnished with feet more or less developed; it being only the *ophidia*, or true serpents, which are totally destitute of these organs of locomotion. The characteristics of a serpent may be said to consist in a very elongated body, furnished with a tail, and covered by a defensive armour of scales; moving along the ground without feet, it advances by undulations, or by the successive expansions and contractions of its own parts. Of the animals so characterised, some are adapted to live on land, others in water; some spend most of their time on trees, others in crevices and burrows. Taken as an entire order, Dr Schlegel arranges them into two divisions—the innocuous, or *non-venomous*, and the *venomous*; and each of these is again subdivides into families, genera, and species. We have not space to follow him in this arrangement, and it will be sufficient for our present purpose to state that, altogether, he describes two hundred and seven species of innocuous serpents, and fifty species of the venomous kind; from which enumeration it will be perceived that by far the greater number of snakes are devoid of those noxious attributes which popular prejudice has so uniformly assigned to them.

The structure of serpents, like every other portion of nature's handiworks, is finely adapted to their respective modes of existence. Serpents are true vertebrated (back-boned) animals; but the usual distinction of vertebrae of the neck, back, and loins, does not hold in their case, all the vertebrae being similar, and only diminishing in size towards the tail, or caudal extremity. The total want of feet necessarily implies the absence of a breast-bone, pelvis, &c. which unite these appendages to the trunk; hence the ribs are free, and the body is capable of a greater amount of mobility than that of other animals. The vertebrae are extremely small and numerous, those of the trunk sometimes amounting to 300, and those of the tail from 150 to 200. They play freely on each other, by means of articulations well-defined; hence that litheness and agility of body peculiar to the serpent tribes. Each set has its own pair of ribs; and the scaly articulations of the abdomen, by which locomotion is performed, always correspond to the ribs which are their levers. The ribs, acted on by the muscles, put in motion the abdominal plates, and these maintain the impulses which are successively communicated to them by the undulations of the body. The speed of these animals depends in a great degree on the nature of the body over which they move; they proceed with difficulty over a polished surface, but escape with celerity on sandy ground, or on a surface covered with dry vegetation. Their celerity, however, has been exaggerated, as it is never so rapid that a man cannot easily escape from them.

The other movements which this peculiar structure of body enables these reptiles to perform are also perfect in their kind. In complete repose, they love to roll their bodies in a spiral form, so that the head alone is slightly elevated in the centre; but having the facility of bending in a thousand different positions, they are often found simply extended on the ground in easy undulation. 'Very often,' says Dr Schlegel, 'in order to observe what passes around them, serpents raise themselves perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the tail, or on a part of the abdomen; their trunk is then rigid, and perfectly straight; and most frequently the head is then bent and directed forwards: at other times they bend their bodies as an S, inflating their necks in this position. Suspended perpendicularly from the branch of a tree, the boa resembles a stiff body without life. In descending from a tree, or

\* Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: Maclellan and Stewart. 1843.

other tall object, serpents let themselves simply fall to the ground—their form, and the elasticity of their parts, preventing any dangerous consequences from this fall. On reaching the ground, the shock they sustain, instead of proving hurtful, impels them forward, and serves as a stimulus to their subsequent movements. In water, serpents, the tail, which is slightly flattened in a vertical direction, acts as an oar in propelling the body; in tree serpents, the same organ is capable of coiling itself around branches; in burrowing snakes, it is short and conical, so as to secure and direct the movements of the trunk, and perhaps to dig into the earth; while in the greater number of terrestrial snakes, it is so formed as to offer a solid fulcrum for the body, of which it sustains the whole weight when the animal rears itself erect. Several species throw themselves on their prey with huge bounds, and seize it generally with their mouth; others secure it by twisting the tail around it; and the boas also embrace it with the convolutions of their trunk.

To obey these various movements, the general integuments are divided into numerous compartments, which form so many jointings, parallel to the parts they cover. The whole body is thus lithe and flexible, the naked space of skin between the scales being capable of extraordinary expansion and contraction. This is well illustrated in the act of feeding, when serpents are known to swallow animals of much greater volume than their own natural size. For this purpose, not only is the muscular integument of the trunk capable of distention, but the head, unlike that of other creatures, is so constructed, that its component parts (those enclosing the brain excepted) are susceptible of greater or less movement, and generally in different directions. This accounts for the enormous enlargement of the mouths of serpents when in the act of swallowing; the jaws, as well as the other parts of the head, being merely banded together by elastic ligaments. The scales, which are always symmetrically arranged, are of various shapes in the different genera, and are laid over each other, or imbricated, like the tiles of a roof; those covering the head, and medial line of the abdomen, being larger than those of the other parts. The epidermis, or outer coating of the skin, is cast or sloughed off at fixed and determinate periods. In order to reject the old epidermis, which begins to detach itself at the head, and especially along the borders of the lips, the serpent passes itself through herbage, and contrives, by means of slow and continued frictions, to disengage gradually the exterior layer of the skin, which is already replaced below by a new epidermis.

The appendages of serpents are few, but by no means uncommon. In some varieties the tail terminates in a simple conical scale, more or less pointed or hooked; in others it is furnished with a *rattle*, often very large, although it is but a simple production of the epidermis. Some of the boas have a pair of hooks situated at the extremity of the abdomen, which seem to aid in progression, taking the place, as it were, of hinder extremities; and in other species the snout or frontal plate is turned up like a hook or spur. Beyond these simple appendages, serpents are entirely naked; the forked wings, tails, and barbs, with which the ancients equipped them, being the unforgotten invention of fable or imposture. Serpents have no external ear, and the internal organ is one of the simplest construction, which accounts for the fact, that they have the sense of hearing in a lower degree than any other class of reptilia. The same may be said of their sense of smell, which is by no means delicate. The eye of the serpent presents nothing remarkable, unless that it is covered by the exterior integument which envelopes the whole body. The portion which protects the eye is of course transparent, and is sloughed like the rest of the skin. Dr Schlegel disregards the stories which have been propagated with regard to the *fascination* of this organ in serpents, and finds nothing peculiar either in its appearance or structure to warrant such a belief. Again,

the tongue has none of those barbed and spear-like appendages with which fable has armed it. It is certainly divided into two slender filaments at its point, and is capable of being protruded with more or less velocity, but beyond this it is a mere organ of touch, and does not assist either in taste or in deglutition.

With regard to the colours of serpents, there is generally an analogy between these and that of the surrounding objects in the places they inhabit; a circumstance wisely ordered by nature for their protection from their numerous enemies. Among the climbing species many are green, so as to resemble the leaves of the trees they inhabit; some can scarcely be distinguished from naked branches; while others present an appearance like that of an old trunk covered with lichens and mosses. Fresh water snakes are generally of a sombre and uniform colour; the green and blue tints of those inhabiting the sea confound them with the waves of that element. The vipers of the desert are of a dull sandy colour; those of marshes of a dusky brown; while others have their integuments adorned with the most brilliant hues, in rivalry of the tropical flowers amid which they luxuriate. With reference to the markings of the respective races, it is extremely diversified. Some have their bodies striped longitudinally; others have it barred transversely; many are irregularly speckled; while as many are zig-zagged and marbled. The faculty of spontaneous change of tint, which is possessed by some reptiles, such as the chameleon, is only observed in an inferior degree among ophidians, and that principally among the tree species.

The teeth of serpents form the most peculiar of their interesting characteristics. All serpents swallow the animals on which they live entire; hence their teeth are not formed for chewing, but are mere organs destined to inflict wounds, to detain their prey, or to assist in swallowing. These organs are of two kinds: *solid teeth*, which are common to all ophidians; and *fangs*, which are peculiar to such as are poisonous. The solid teeth are generally of equal size, though some species are provided with one or two larger than the rest; they are grooved or channelled, this channel being connected with the glands which secrete the ordinary saliva. The fangs, on the other hand, are always hollow and pointed—the perforation passing from the point to the poison glands situated at the base of these deadly organs. So soon, therefore, as the fangs strike, they press upon the venom gland, and force the liquid through the perforation into the wound inflicted. Situated at the front of the jaw, the fangs are much more liable to injury than the other teeth; hence nature has curiously provided for their protection. At rest, they are folded back in the gums, which form a sort of sheath, and are only elevated when the animal is about to strike with them. Besides, being liable to be broken, there is placed behind them several germs of new fangs, sometimes amounting to six in number, and at all stages of development, so that the animal can never be long without these fatal means of defence. Innocuous serpents are totally destitute of fangs and their accompanying poison glands; but have the ordinary salivary glands much more largely developed than the venomous tribes. The saliva, as is well known, assists in the processes of swallowing and digestion; and to serpents which swallow animals of considerable size, this fluid is of prime importance. In swallowing, a copious discharge of saliva takes place on the prey, which renders it more slippery; and while the teeth fasten themselves on one side of the victim, the other jaw advances and draws it inwards. 'By this alternate play of the jaws, during which the principal part is performed by the lower jaw, the deglutition (swallowing) is effected, after efforts more or less great, according to the volume of the prey. When the animal they attempt to swallow is too large, they are unable to introduce it into their maw until a considerable time has elapsed. Serpents found in this state offer a hideous spectacle.' It must not be supposed from this, that,

during swallowing and digestion, serpents are torpid and defenceless animals; for, when pursued, they have the power of disgorging their food, like the gull and sea-swallow among birds; and so, in an instant, can put themselves in a state of defensive activity.

The deleterious effects of the poison are already too well known to require much description. When fresh, the poison is a transparent fluid of a yellowish-green tint, slightly glutinous; and when dried, becomes viscid, and adhesive. Chemical tests show it neither to be acid nor alkali; it has no peculiar smell; and applied to the tongue, it produces the same sensation as grease. It is only deleterious when mingled with the blood; hence its effects are more terribly and speedily developed when the quantity is great, and when it is directly infused into a vein or other blood-vessel. The effects of the bite depend upon many concurrent circumstances. A part which can be fairly struck, is more dangerous than one struck in a slanting direction; and the last bites are less hurtful, owing to the poison being expended. A large animal suffers less in comparison than a small one: cold-blooded animals feel the effects less than warm-blooded; and in tropical climates, the poison is more virulent and fatal than in temperate regions. Its fatal effect on the human frame is thus described by Dr Schlegel:—"Man speedily perceives an acute pain in the limb wounded by the fangs, which only make two minute punctures hardly visible, from which a few drops of blood flow: the wounded part afterwards swells, and inflammation declares itself with more or less rapidity: the absorption of the poison is announced by general debility; walking becomes painful; the respiration impeded and laborious; the patient experiences a burning thirst; nausea and vomiting quickly succeed, often followed by great distress and faintings, which, joined to the most violent pain, deprive the sufferer of his intellectual faculties. Livid spots surrounding the wound are the precursors of gangrene, which spreads to other parts of the body, and causes death after a longer or shorter interval."

The antidotes against the bites of snakes are as numerous and futile as the prejudices we have alluded to are unfounded and fabulous. Dr Schlegel dismisses the entire race of charmers and bite-curers as "most frequently impostors, whose whole knowledge is founded on empiricism;" and details the precautions adopted by men of competent medical skill. These it would be inconsistent with our present purpose to notice, further than to state, that immediately cleaning the parts bitten, scarification, cupping, and the cautery, are the most effectual. Ligatures above and beneath the wound, to prevent the spread of the poison, should also be resorted to, and sudorifics copiously administered. Chlorine has been administered internally with success; and external frictions with olive oil have occasionally proved of advantage.

Serpents are oviparous animals; the eggs of some being hatched almost immediately after they are dropped, and those of others requiring several weeks of incubation. They are of slow growth, and, like other reptiles, are said to be long-lived. Many travellers, and especially those of a more remote age, speak of serpents of a monstrous size, which they say they have encountered in their travels in intertropical countries; some they describe as forty feet in length. This Dr Schlegel rejects, affirming that the most gigantic do not exceed *twenty-five feet*; while in Europe, the largest known species attains, when full grown, to a length of not more than six or eight feet. Monstrosities do occur among serpents through disease, and through congenital malformations (such as double heads); but forms capable of motion both ways, furnished with barbed wings and other appendages, as depicted by the ancients, rest on no securer basis than popular imagination.

In their habits, the ophidians are partly nocturnal and partly diurnal, though by far the greater number come abroad during the heat of the day. They are all carnivorous, the aquatic species living more or less on fishes, the tree serpents on birds, and the smaller

species of terrestrial snakes pursuing insects, mollusca, worms, or other animals of the lower orders. Many, such as the sea species, live in society; but, generally speaking, land serpents are found independent and solitary. Although almost all have a disposition stupid, timid, and wild, yet many, such as the boas, are capable of being domesticated, and of contracting very mild manners. The true venomous snakes, however, never change their ferocious character, and, when captured, refuse to take any food, and so become victims of their obstinacy. Land ophidians hibernate or become torpid during winter, retreating in our climate towards October, and reappearing by the beginning of April. During this period the layers of fat which line their intestines are absorbed; and it is not till after some days in spring that they recover their usual strength and activity. Like all slow breathers, serpents can subsist a long time without food; the boa constrictor has been known to live six months without the least nourishment; and Dr Traill mentions two rattlesnakes which endured for a year and a half in a similar condition.

Serpents are widely distributed over the globe, being more numerous towards the torrid zone, and becoming rare and diminutive in cold regions. Jungles, marshes, savannahs, and other desert places in the tropics, form their head quarters; but the numerous enemies they have among the mammifera and birds, keep their increase in check. The badger, hedgehog, weasel, civet, ichneumon, and other carnivora, pursue them with avidity; the stork, the serpent-eater of the Cape, the kite, laughing falcon, and buzzard, are their implacable enemies, while man wages perpetual war against them wherever he and they come in contact. The desert and unreclaimed wild is the proper field of their increase; the progress of cultivation is always equivalent to their extirpation.

## SUSAN OLIPHANT.

### A TRUE TALE.

AT one end of a village near the celebrated Falls of the Clyde, and close on the river's brink, was situated, some years ago, a neat cottage. It could not, from its size, be the villa of a gentleman, yet it wore a superior look to the dwellings in its neighbourhood. Surrounded by a garden and orchard, the exterior of this cottage-dwelling spoke of modest plenty and humble contentment; nor did its interior disappoint the opinion formed of it. Its inmates were a man, now descending into the vale of years, yet still hale and vigorous; his wife, past middle age; and a lovely girl, their only child. James Oliphant was by profession a gardener; but though his fruit trees yielded abundantly, and his flowers and vegetables were the finest in the neighbourhood; though his wife's dairy was the neatest, and her cream and butter the sweetest, yet could not their apparent means of livelihood account for many of the comforts, and even luxuries, which were to be found in their cottage; and, indeed, there is no reason for concealing the fact, so much to Oliphant's credit, that, having been gardener for many years to an English nobleman, the latter, at his death, left him an annuity which, though small, being husbanded with frugality, and seconded by industry, went a great way. James's wife was an Englishwoman, and this will account for the air of order, cleanliness, and comfort in and around their little abode; for, though we would not be harsh on our countrywomen, who does not know that the things intended by these expressions are only known in perfection in the dwelling of the English peasant? Mrs Oliphant was somewhat arbitrary, and very reserved. She liked to rule, without giving reasons for her conduct; yet she ruled so well, and was so active and attentive to all her duties, that she merited neither unkindness nor reproof, and the voice of discord was never heard in

their habitation, where each knew and performed their own part, for the benefit of the whole. It is true the girl Susan, with her fine forehead and sunny smile, and the depth of feeling in her dark blue eyes, sometimes longed for more cheerful society than that of her parents, or a more unreserved and congenial mind than her father's, to which to pour forth all its longings, all its aspirations. It would appear they wished her to receive an education and breeding somewhat superior to what a cottage girl might require, for she was exempted by her mother from any part in the menial offices of the little household; and, from a desire to exclude her from the contamination of low companionship, her father was her only instructor: but he was a well-educated intelligent man, as many of his class are known to be in Scotland, so that he was quite competent to direct his child's early education. She was always dressed, too, with a lady-like simplicity, equally remote from coarse plainness and flaunting vulgarity, and her own little room was adorned with care, and furnished with books of elegant literature. Allowed to choose, in a great measure, her own employment, she loved to tend the rich flowers her father's care procured for her, to listen to the happy notes of the birds among the fruit trees; but, above all, to wander on the banks of the Clyde, with some improving books, from whose silent but eloquent companionship the tone of her mind and feelings was insensibly raised to high communing and graceful thoughts, which again diffused a charm over her daily deportment, hardly to be expected from her rank in life. Treated thus with lavish indulgence, without a care or sorrow to cloud her days, what could our young heroine desire more for happiness? But yet, somehow, she envied the fond caresses and unrestrained interchange of feeling and affection which she had witnessed in poorer dwellings than theirs. She wished her mother were not so distant, and that she were invited to twine her arms around her father's neck, when she had repeated to him her daily task; but such were not their winning ways. So she looked the loving emotions of her heart the closer in that pure sanctuary, and contented herself with returning her dear parents' kindness by devoted uprightness, and dutiful obedience to all their wishes.

Thus passed Susan's childhood and early youth. When verging, however, on womanhood, she earnestly sought to be allowed to go to the school of the adjoining parish, not so much to seek society, as to acquire some branches of useful knowledge which her father was not competent to impart. After short demurring, and a private consultation, father and mother consented. Eager to improve, the ardent girl pursued diligently and successfully the studies pointed out to her; but ere many months had elapsed, a sudden stroke compelled the aged teacher to call to his assistance a clever young man, the son of an early friend, who was studying for the church, and who wished to fill up his leisure by instructing the young. From this new instructor Susan obtained stores of knowledge of a higher kind than she had received at the hands of the old schoolmaster; and it will readily be anticipated that these were rendered all the more delightful to her, by their coming from a being possessed of the natural qualities which were calculated to awaken a class of sympathies appropriate to her age. With her, the mastering of a task, and the receiving for it the meed of approbation, were now matters of a deeper interest than before; in short, without being conscious of it, she had given her heart to the young teacher. It was not long after this that, a second stroke carrying off the old master, the new one sought and obtained the appointment to his situation; a humble one, but presenting a reasonable security against want. William Macdonald thought he might now, without impropriety, seek the hand of his young pupil, and it required, but a few words to make him aware that he already possessed some advantages for the accomplishment of this object. After that revelation—abrupt, and almost unpremeditated on either

side—Susan returned no more to school. She shrunk with instinctive maiden delicacy from throwing herself in her lover's way; but we cannot doubt her heart beat rapturously as, after a few days of her unwonted absence, she saw her teacher on a lovely spring evening come to her home to learn the reason. Again and again he came, and she suffered herself to be led by him along the flowery bank of the Clyde. She had found what long she had yearned for, a congenial heart and cultivated mind with which to commune, and she readily promised, provided that her parents' views were in harmony with her own, to be his wife. Need it be said they gave glad consent. Though of humble birth, William's education had been liberal. His bearing was that, we might almost say, of a gentleman; his situation was comfortable; his prospects encouraging. So Susan, only in her seventeenth year, was wedded to William Macdonald.

Mrs Oliphant, exulting, gave her only child a liberal wardrobe, and substantially furnished her bed-room; her father gave her some articles, with his fervent blessing; and Susan took possession of a small but neat dwelling adjoining her husband's school.

Two or three days after the wedding, the young wife was unpacking her trunks, and arranging tidily her clothes, when Macdonald entered. 'What! is school over so soon? I did not think it was so late.'

'Why, you know this is Saturday,' replied the husband, 'leave off fatiguing yourself, and come and take a walk; but what is all this you have spread around you?'

'Dear William, my mother has been very generous and very kind,' replied Susan; 'she has stocked me with clothes and with good house linens; and see, here is a piece of Holland for shirts for you. I mean to begin them immediately.'

It is marvellous how small a circumstance will serve to reveal a propensity hitherto prevented from showing itself. Macdonald possessed many good qualities, but he was envious and avaricious; and the sight of the few articles of value now spread out before him stimulated these hideous feelings into a state of unhappy activity.

'It is very strange how your mother should have so many fine things,' he observed; 'where had she the money to buy them?'

'I know not—how should I? She tells not me her secrets, if any she has; but you forget, dear William, she was for a long time ladies'-maid, and then house-keeper, to a rich and noble family. Doubtless she saved something; but it is so kind to bestow it thus on me, that I think we had better take it gratefully, and never trouble ourselves about how she got it.'

This was said gaily and innocently; yet the next instant, as if stung by an after-thought, a crimson blush spread over the fair face and brow, and she exclaimed energetically, 'Honestly, William, I'll swear it was made. Often, often I've heard my father say how her master's family valued her incorruptible fidelity and honesty.'

'Oh, I doubt not that; I am quite sure of that, my dear girl,' promptly replied the husband; 'but—the demon spirit of avarice was knocking at his breast—but do you think your mother has anything considerable?'

'I have not even an idea. We have had every comfort, and lived well. All she has will be mine at her death (I pray God it may be long till then). She told me so the night before we were married: and, by the way, William, what do you think of this? I had almost forgot I was just going to show it to you. My mother gave me this at the same time,' putting into his hands a very small and elegant lady's gold watch; 'it was her young lady's gift on her death-bed—for my mother sat up with her many nights—mother told me to keep it safely; it was the most valuable thing she had, and I had never seen it before. But it is only to look at, William, for me; it is not fit for me to wear, you know; but is it not beautiful?'

'It is a valuable thing, Susan, dear; lay it up care-

fully.' The demon of avarice was gnawing at his heart. He sat buried in meditation while his young wife wound up the watch, put it to her ear, and after looking at it a few moments with girlish delight, replaced it in its case, and locked it in her drawer.

A few weeks after this unhappy event, Macdonald found it necessary to permit his wife to attend the bedside of her father, who was seized with a fatal illness. Susan was most sedulous in her attentions, and sometimes fancied the invalid looked anxiously, as if wishing to speak to her alone. At length, one day, having hastened to the cottage, she found her mother absent in the village on some necessary errand. The child of a neighbour was in the kitchen, who told her her father slept. Stealing to his bedside, however, in a few moments he awoke. 'Is it you, Susan?' asked he feebly; 'where is your mother?'

'Gone out for a few minutes, but I shall get you anything you require.'

'It is to say a few words to you I want, my child. Your mother has a will of her own; but I fear I am dying, and I will not leave the world in peace with a *lie in my right hand*. Susan, dear, though I have striven to be a father to you, you are *no child of mine*. Forgive me, Susan, for ever deceiving you thus. I say, Susan, you are not my daughter,' repeated he anxiously, as she answered not at first. 'Oh, do not talk so, father—father. He is raving!' hurriedly exclaimed the terrified girl.

'Nay, hear me; I *am* in my senses, and speak the truth. When I am gone, tell your mother what I have told you, and that I conjure her to confide in you, and make provision for you out of what is justly yours, not hers.' But at this instant the sound of Mrs Oliphant's return met his ear, and he stopped suddenly, apparently leaving his well-intentioned but injudicious communication incomplete. Shrinkling from the idea of his wife's reproach, and trembling under her ascendancy, he left *one* exposed to the storm which he avoided, the person whom he ought rather to have sheltered if he could; so thoughtlessly selfish are many even whom the world calls worthy characters. Darting a penetrating glance at the uncertain troubled looks of her husband and daughter, Mrs Oliphant bustled to his side. He had fainted, and his end approached rapidly. Susan whispered her mother that he believed himself dying, which explained, or appeared to do so, the agitation she had witnessed on her entrance, though Susan said it not with that intention; indeed she knew not what to think, nor how to act, so strangely had her father's words bewildered her. Remaining with the dying man till her husband came to fetch her, they together watched the close of the scene, then leaving a neighbour with the new-made widow, they returned to their home, thus early visited with sorrow. William tenderly soothed his weeping wife; but when she reached her dwelling, she shut herself in her room, to ask her sorely agitated heart what she ought to do. 'Can it be so? Am I, indeed, not his child?' A thousand corroborative circumstances flashed on her recollection. 'Whose, then, am I? The concealment tells me.' Having made the communication to her husband without suppressing a word, the poor girl clung to his breast with passionate fervour, as if fearful he would drive her thence; but, pressing her affectionately closer, he said, 'Well, my dear; compose yourself. What is that to us, that it should disturb our happiness for a moment? Are you not my wife—my own Susan still?'

These few words lightened the load of poor Susan's sorrow of more than half its weight; but she knew not that her William cherished in his bosom an adder which was to poison his peace and wreck her happiness. What did it signify to him *who* was her father, provided he could get possession of the ample provision Oliphant's last words pointed at?

The poor gardener laid in the grave, his widow's grief was decent, yet composed. Susan put off her bridal attire for appropriate mourning; and her husband sup-

pressed, with effort, the impatience of the demon-disturber of his repose. After questioning and cross-questioning his poor wife, who now began to be aware of the passion which possessed him, Macdonald at length insisted that Susan should deliver James Oliphant's last instructions to the widow. It had been Mrs Oliphant's habit, as was natural, never to pass her daughter's door without calling; and each evening, when they had not so met during the day, and now, especially, in the retirement of her new-made widowhood, Susan's walk with William was to her cottage. But again and again the sensitive daughter shrunk from her hateful task, till Macdonald threatened to undertake it himself; therefore, knowing he was irritable, and her mother resolute, for fear of an outbreak of temper between the only two beings in the world she had to love, the devoted young wife set out alone to perform her mission. Her mother's cottage was trim and snug as usual; the widow's grief had not hindered her accustomed cares. Susan trembled violently, but at last faltered out the substance of her last conversation with him she had ever called her father. The widow heard her out with marvelously little change of countenance and manner. At the conclusion she wept. 'Yes, my poor girl, there is a mystery about your birth that had better be left as it is, for it has already cost much sorrow. I beg you will, at least, ask no more on the subject at present. A time may come when you will know all.'

Macdonald was not at all satisfied with his wife's report of this interview. Bent on bettering his condition, the good-will of a school in the next town was to be sold, and he coveted the possession; but his wife's mother approved not of the plan, and refused the means. Several violent altercations consequently took place between him and the widow Oliphant on the subject of what he insisted was Susan's portion; and no asseverations of the widow, that she possessed only her own—and that, except by her choice, his wife was entitled to no part of it—nor yet the sorrowful pleadings of the distressed Susan, could stop the unseemly and unwonted strife. At length Macdonald, hoping to force his mother-in-law to meet his views, positively forbade any intercourse between her and his wife, and became harsh and unkind to the young and lovely being who had so lately surrendered her happiness to his keeping. The struggle between avarice and his better nature now became deadly in his breast; and one bitter autumn day he took his way to the cottage of Mrs Oliphant. Outrageous was the war of words in the scene that ensued; and the schoolmaster returned to his young wife in a state of horrible excitement. The fiend had triumphed, and was raging uncontrolled within. He vociferated words of reproach to the unoffending Susan; yea, with coward hand drove her from him, and then fled from the house. The cold chill of despair struck to the heart of the hapless Susan; but when, after a period of time, she found that her husband returned not, she flew rather than walked to the home of her contented happy childhood. Here she immediately perceived that an angry interview had taken place between her husband and her mother.

'My dear mother, tell me all, I beseech you—'

'Mother! I am—for I must now reveal what I hoped to remain secret—I am not your mother.'

'Tell me, tell me in pity,' said Susan, 'have I indeed no mother to fly to in this dismal hour? Oh! I will bless you for ever, if you will only let me call you my mother!' More moved than she had ever been by the piteous looks and words, and yet more piteous situation of the gentle, forlorn, and so lately happy girl, the widow raised her kindly, and besought her to be calm, and hear the tale which the selfish passions of her husband had, by his frenzied provocations, wrung from the long unmoved and imperious woman. Susan fixed a glazed yet anxious eye on the speaker as she proceeded. 'I shall be as brief as possible. The time, however, is come when you must know the truth; and, remember,



the disclosure has not been of my seeking. I was, as you know, housekeeper in the noble family of—. My lovely youngest lady was your mother! Susan, in an agony of distress, shuddered, but remained calm. 'There had been, as I learnt from indistinct expressions of my dying mistress, a species of marriage between her and your father, a gentleman of high degree, but it had been secret and irregular. There was not at any rate a vestige of evidence of the deed, and therefore there hung over your birth all the disgrace of illegitimacy. Your father was absent with his regiment. To shield your mother and her family's proud name, I conveyed you secretly to James, my late husband, who was head gardener, and then my suitor. He succeeded in placing you in safety with a nurse, while I remained, for the few days life was granted, with the poor mother. I never left her or her remains till I saw them laid, in unsuspected purity, in a lamented grave. The night of her death she gave me the watch you have, faintly whispering, "Give it to my child, if she survives."' "

'Oh! dear and precious legacy of her who gave me being!' wept the desolate orphan, as if over a mother's grave.

'Hear me out, my poor girl. After a short time I joined him who then became my husband; and communicating with your father, who was abroad, was commanded by him to keep the birth of his child secret as the grave that had sheltered its mother, bestowing on me a sum of money, vested in my own name; but (such was the confidence reposed in me) trusting to me to provide for the offspring of error and sorrow. Not unworthy was I of the trust thus confided in me; proceeded she proudly. 'You know, Susan, I have cared for you; I have educated and provided for you far beyond our seeming station. It was my pride and joy to surround you even with elegancies. Notwithstanding what I told you, after the unfortunate disclosure my husband made to you, your father yet lives; and of the books and articles you have were sent to me by him for your use.'

'Which—which are they?' again interrupted the anxious Susan.

'You shall know that by and by,' soothingly replied the woman. 'I always intended you should have abundantly sufficient for your moderate and reasonable wants; but in such a form, and at such times, as I saw best. But the violence, pertinacity, and avarice of your husband has provoked this disclosure, and to his own complete discomfiture; since I have at length convinced him,' she bitterly added, 'that neither the law he threatened me with, nor any power he could appeal to, can procure him what he seeks. The name of your father I am bound to conceal, and neither coaxing nor violence shall force it from me. The only other being who knew it, sleeps now in the silence of death. Even you, poor innocent sufferer for the faults of others, must not ask me this.' But she spoke to nearly insensible ears. Susan's brain had hardly comprehended the latter part of her communications. Seeing the condition of the unfortunate girl, she immediately accompanied her home. The wretched Macdonald, already half-repenting, yet writhing under resentment and disappointment, saw them pass his school window, but forbore to intrude upon them.

Hardly conscious as she was, when placed in her own bed, the heart-stricken mourner pointed to her drawer, and eagerly persisted that her now pitying and anxious attendant should bring her somewhat from thence. The widow at length comprehended her, and placed in the trembling hands of her protégé the watch, the legacy of her dying mother. Claspings and kissing it, she hung its chain around her neck, and hid the bauble in her bosom. When Mrs Oliphant had done what she could for the comfort of the nearly unconscious invalid, she left her to seek medical aid, first calling Macdonald, who, conscience-stricken at what had been his cruel work, hung with tender grief and self-reproach over the uncomplaining sufferer. A dry and

burning kiss, a few murmured words of fondness, were all her reply to his flood of tears and passionate intreaties for forgiveness. The same night Susan's senses wholly forsook her; and, notwithstanding all that human skill could do, ere five days more her spirit had fled, the victim of parental error, and of the selfish passions of her protectress and her husband.

When the solemn scene was finally closed, what must have been the sensations of the survivors? We would not seek to veil errors every one must condemn—selfishness and avarice persisted in, and terminating in the untimely death of a youthful wife, the only being blameless in this domestic tragedy. Macdonald obtained employment in a distant town, and returned no more to the banks of the Clyde. We trust he has spent his days in penitence and humble contentment. Mrs Oliphant remained in her cottage, and hired a person to cultivate her garden. It must have appeared, if we have faithfully sketched her character, that she was not a woman of much sentiment or sensibility; yet she mourned for the being she had brought up as her own with a quiet, yet more settled grief, than was to have been expected. Not many weeks after Susan's death, a plain travelling chariot stopped at the village inn, and a noble-looking man, its only occupant, inquired for Mrs Oliphant. Alighting, he was shown to her dwelling, and dismissed his little guide thither, with a liberal recompense. Great was the widow's surprise—much greater than usual the trial of her habitual self-possession—when he stood before her; for, though eighteen years had passed over them, she at once recognised him. After ascertaining that no one was within hearing, 'I come to see you, my good friend,' the stranger said, 'to thank you for your care of my child. Your last letter told me of her comfortable marriage. I may not indulge all I feel; but I would fain for once see her—see the living resemblance, as you have often told me, of my poor unhappy—' Agitation choked his utterance; but his faithful servant wept bitterly. 'Ah! what is this I see?' glancing at her weeds; 'you are lately become a widow; I had not at first observed it. Well, but, Mrs Oliphant'—and he was proceeding with some commonplace words of consolation. 'Tis not my widowhood I mourn, my lord, though that now seems more sorrowful than before. You have come to see your lovely child; and oh! how would her poor heart now have been satisfied! but she sleeps in the cold grave. Alas! do I live to tell it?'—wringing her hands in a paroxysm of distress. The shock was great; but the father listened with deep interest to the particulars Mrs Oliphant chose to give him of the last illness and death of his hapless child, the circumstances leading to which, it may be believed, were smoothed over, perhaps in kindness. The stranger looked around him—he saw the books he had sent her—the flowers she had reared—her favourite canary, in its spacious cage, croalling the cheerful notes she had so often listened to. He asked to have something that had belonged to her, and the watch, which the widow had taken from the inanimate remains, together with its history, was given to him: finally, he shed tears in bitter anguish over the humble grave of the being who had been wronged so deeply.

Such were the emotions wrung by remorse from a heart not wholly lost to the better feelings of our nature. A humbled, childless, unhonoured man, he returned to those scenes of high life, where there are many bosoms besides his cooing under a gay outside a sin and sorrow-stricken heart. Oh that the rich and great would reflect in time on the consequences that may flow from selfishness and error, not only to themselves, but to others, and, above all, to the one party who ever is the most innocent though the most wronged. Here, indeed, we have seen that an effort was made to provide a moderate happiness for the unfortunate victim; but, even if her married lot had been happier, was it altogether appropriate? Alas! no. Inheriting by nature the high-toned mind and delicate tastes of her parents,

she was cast in a field where these never could have received their proper gratifications, and where unhappiness consequently must have sooner or later befallen her; where, as it was, the shock which they received from one set of adverse circumstances proved the cause of her lamentable fate—a broken heart and an early grave.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### SMALL COUNTRY PAPERS.

About two years ago (No. 484, former series), we directed attention to the establishment of small monthly sheets in provincial towns, where the population of the district was inadequate to the support of an ordinary newspaper. At that time only four or five of these publications had come under our notice; now their number is trebled, and we believe with considerable advantage to their respective localities. As media for advertisements, they are employed by drapers, grocers, and others, to communicate with the working-classes, among whom their circulation chiefly lies; and as popular intelligencers, they afford information on many subjects which would otherwise remain unknown to their humble readers. For example, in one now before us, consisting of eight quarto pages, we find nearly two pages of advertisements, a chapter on natural history, a biographic sketch, a tale, some fugitive poetry, and other miscellaneous matter—all more or less instructive and entertaining. The stamp authorities having determined that such monthly sheets must not contain news unless they be stamped, everything of this nature is of course omitted; but this forms no serious drawback, as, under the management of an acute editor, the sheets may always be rendered sufficiently attractive to command a remunerative sale.

We have now to notice the commencement of another class of provincial publications, exclusively devoted to agriculture and allied subjects of rural economy. These are also issued monthly; but are of a superior character, extending from eight to sixteen quarto pages, and of course selling at a higher price, though still considerably under that of a stamped newspaper. There are now three of these in Scotland—the Dumfries *Gleaner*, the Ayrshire *Agriculturist*, the Berwick and Kelso *Agriculturist*; and we believe a fourth is about to be started in Fifeshire. We trust that other counties will speedily follow the example; and that in England, especially, such publications will be adopted as a means of disseminating among the tenantry and rural population that information on agriculture and husbandry which, according to all accounts, they so greatly stand in need of. Of those already commenced, we can speak in the highest terms of commendation. They are not only creditably got up, as regards their exterior, but their matter—original and selected—is carefully prepared, entirely free from party bias; and what adds considerably to their influence is, that all their contributions are authenticated by the names of the authors. Besides their more valuable information, they contain rural sketches, accounts of agricultural exhibitions, ploughing matches, and other local memoranda of a miscellaneous description. A few years hence, and such publications will be productive of immense benefit, not only in disseminating sound practical views within their respective districts, but in 'drawing out' our farming population to detail the results of their own practice and experience. A thousand valuable facts are yearly lost to the country from the backwardness of farmers to put their experience in print; and local sheets, of the kind we notice, if properly conducted, will collect such information, when the city newspaper could never have done so by any possibility. They will thus become vehicles of substantial information, as well as of amusement and interest, not only to the farmer, but to the labourer, who, hitherto heedless of every species of information, may be led to a better state, by having his attention first awakened by the records and descriptions of scenes and operations with which he is personally familiar.

### ARTISAN ALLOTMENTS.

We learn from an article in the Penny Magazine, that a piece of ground which was formerly used by the Messrs Gott of Leeds as a tenter-field, has been converted into a common garden for the workmen employed in their establishment. This field, where the woollen cloth, at various stages of its manufacture, was hung on rails to dry, has, by the improved mode of drying in heated galleries, been rendered unnecessary for the purposes of the factory, and has thus been set aside for the exemplary object above-mentioned. The total extent is about eight acres, divided into 142 allotments of nearly equal size. Such of the workmen as take an interest in gardening are allowed to cultivate these little plots, paying a trifling sum in the form of rent, not as a source of profit to the proprietors, but to give the men an undisputed right to the produce which they may have reared. Nearly all the allotments are in a flourishing and healthy condition, each denoting by its produce the taste of its cultivator. Some contain flowers chiefly; while others (and these more general) contain such culinary vegetables as potatoes, cabbages, lettuces, onions, &c. The family of one of the workmen resides in a lodge near the entrance, and to this family the care of the garden is intrusted. Opposite the lodge is a tool-house, where, on hooks and nails properly numbered, hang all the gardening tools, such as spades, hoes, rakes, and so forth, each renter having his own tools. In this tool-house is a board inscribed with the 'rules and regulations' which the proprietors have established for the good management of the garden; such as the hours during which the workmen and their families may have access to the garden, the admission of the friends of the workmen, and other arrangements of a similar character. In a busy town like Leeds, where houses and factories are necessarily congregated very thickly, the existence of a plot of garden-ground is important in respect to the health of those who live near, independent of the good effects likely to result from the maintenance of these kindly relations between masters and workmen.

### SILK MANUFACTORY OF M. STOFFELLA.

This establishment—at Roveredo, the seat of the silk trade in Austrian Lombardy—has gained a high reputation, not only for the quality of the goods manufactured, but for the philanthropic system upon which it is conducted. We glean the following account of its management from a sketch in the January number of the London Polytechnic Magazine:—Four hundred females are constantly employed, who are not only provided with their living, but every care is taken of their education. A young girl from eleven to fourteen years of age, in poverty, who can produce a certificate of good conduct and health, is apprenticed from four years and a half to six years and a half under an indenture, stipulating that she shall, during her apprenticeship, be provided with board, lodging, clothing, and instruction in religion, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, and all the branches of the manufacture of silk. After the first six months each apprentice receives an annual salary of 15 florins (about £1, 11s.), which sum is placed in the savings' bank of Roveredo. Those parents who are in very needy circumstances, are permitted, after their daughter has been two years apprenticed, to draw an annual allowance. The proprietor himself deposits five hundred florins in the bank every year, for the purpose of being distributed in different awards to those whose industry and skill are found the most deserving at a public examination. In case of death, the parents have a right to claim whatever funds the child may have in the bank. Upon the termination of the apprenticeship the girl is at liberty to return home, or stipulate for employment by the year (that being the shortest period for which any of them can be engaged), and receives an increase of payment according to her abilities. Those who during their apprentice-

ship have behaved well, and distinguished themselves, are provided at the end of their term with tools and furniture to commence business. Their occupation consists in the manufacture of all sorts of silks, and every week twenty-five of the number are alternately instructed in domestic affairs. Certain leisure hours are allowed for meals, lessons, and recreation; and when they walk out, some of the teachers are appointed to accompany them. The whole establishment is conducted by Mr Stofella, and consists of twenty superintendents—namely, one director, one vice-director, six teachers, and twelve overseers.

### THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.

THE recent visit of nine Ojibbeway Indians to England has been generally felt as an interesting event, occurring as it does so soon after Mr Catlin, by his book and lectures, has attracted so much attention to that remarkable race.

The party consists of two old chiefs, respectively of the ages of seventy-five and fifty-one; four young warriors (including a half cast, their interpreter), two women, and a girl of about ten years old. We do not pretend to give their unpronounceable seven-syllable names, translated into 'the Moonlight Night, the Driving Cloud,' &c. Mr Catlin, on introducing them at a public exhibition in London, explained that they had been brought to England from the north-east shore of Lake Huron at their own desire, on business, we believe, connected with territory, and not solely to be made a show of; and that they did not feel themselves hiring puppets was evident, through the natural and universal language of their gesticulation and expression. Their manner was far more like that of receiving strangers, whom they endeavoured, with much good nature, to amuse. In person they are tall and well made, the men, we believe, all exceeding six feet in height; straight and upright, though not especially muscular; and their step is peculiarly firm and majestic. Most of their dances appeared to us little else than a noisy and inexplicable shuffling, though an Irish lady at our elbow compared some of their movements to an Irish jig. At another time they danced round one of the chiefs, much—it is the only simile we can find—as the May-day sweeps dance round Jack in the Green; and really the chief, in his buffalo blanket, was almost as bulky a personage as Jack imprisoned by the fresh boughs. They keep time to these dances by a monotonous sort of chant, accompanied by the shaking of little bells (looking, for all the world, like a collection of brass thimbles) fastened to a stick eight or ten inches long; their orchestra being completed by a small one-sided drum, formed very evidently of a butter keg or flour tub—such as may be seen in many a London kitchen. Of course the chief or warrior who beats the drum remains seated on the platform; and he who shook the bells was the one round whom they danced. But the note, if we may call it a note, of each instrument was unvaried; in phrenological language, they seemed to possess the organ of Time, but not of Tune; for, monotone as it was, the intervals of time were accurately marked. So much for the peace dances, after which the warriors retired to equip themselves for the war dance; and on our last visit, a trifling incident occurred, which gave rise to a more picturesque situation than can easily be imagined.

During the interval of their absence, some of the visitors had taken the opportunity of presenting articles of different sorts, and of different value, to the two squaws and the child. Among other things a toy was given to the little girl—a bird we think it was, which, by a common movement of the stand (which forms a sort of rude bellows), produced the very unmelodious 'squeak, squeak' so familiar to many a denizen of the nursery. Now, kind reader, imagine our warriors returning with their firm majestic tread, accoutred for the war dance, their bodies glaring chiefly of a bright

vermilion (we noticed, among less simple devices, a huge red hand delineated upon the shoulder of one), the jingling of the little bells with which some of their garments seemed fringed, and, above all, the ponderous tomahawk in each right hand; imagine this band, limited in number, it is true, but sufficiently formidable to remind the stranger very forcibly of the 'howling, desolating band' of the poet of Wyoming, without waiting for the

'Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,  
To freeze the blood in one discordant jar,  
Rung to the peeling thunderbolts of war.'

The child holds up the toy—'squeak, squeak' it goes—the warriors stop in their stately march; tomahawks are slung at the back of their girdles, and they eagerly gather round to examine the toy. 'Squeak, squeak;' for an instant they look grave and earnest, and this was the moment they would have made a fine picture; the next, the toy was given back to the child with contempt. Have these wild Indians discovered the great truth, that only 'the useful is the beautiful?' a phrase, perhaps, prosaic to some ears, yet to our mind enshrining the very essence of poetry.

The war dance is accompanied by, if possible, louder noises of each description; and as for the war whoop which they introduce so frequently, surely the simultaneous yell of a thousand dogs would be the nearest resemblance. There is this peculiarity, however, that, while performing it, they beat the hand rapidly upon the open mouth, thus producing a sort of shake. With these hints, it is just possible that accomplished imitators of sawing, and grinding, and other unmusical sounds, might achieve something like the Indian war whoop. The war dance is performed by them in their natural state, for the purpose of exciting their feelings to the necessary pitch preceding action; and even executed here, as a scene acted, it is easy to perceive how energetic they become; indeed to a degree that makes the looker-on almost tremble, and doubt if it be only the similitude of passion. There is a kind of rude grace in many of their movements, especially when holding the pipe of peace, ornamented with feathers, in the left hand, and the tomahawk in the right; the warriors raise and present them alternately, thus offering peace or war. The flag of peace, which they also sometimes brandish, is a long strip of red cloth fastened lengthways on a stick, about a man's height, the cloth being stuck all over with white feathers. This, we are told, is held as sacred as is the flag of truce by civilised nations; and if presented in the warmest of the fight, will insure safety and protection.

Although, in the excitement of the war dance especially, they are fierce-looking creatures, there is nothing malignant in the expression of their countenances; on the contrary, in the faces of the women more particularly, one reads a character of placidity, almost of benevolence; a character perfectly agreeing with Mr Catlin's account of his long residence among them, during which time he declares he never had occasion to raise his hand in self-defence; never to his knowledge was robbed of one farthing's value; and never even had occasion to suspect he was wronged. It is much to be lamented that this interesting race of men, through the effect of constant intestine warfare, and vices and diseases introduced by the whites, should be daily diminishing in numbers. One entire tribe, that of the Mandans, which, within these eight years, consisted of two thousand, has been already destroyed by small-pox, save a remnant of some thirty or forty souls, who, in their misery and helplessness, fell victims to their enemies.

Daily, in fact, are their ranks thinning; and, in their sad future, it may be that many a 'Logan' of the wilderness shall deeply feel his desolation, even if he do not exclaim, in the same pathetic words, 'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature!' This truth it is which makes the visit—the bodily presence of these Ojibbeways—so peculiarly interesting; for even if they do not die away—as if they

had only lived to enrich with their bodies the soil for the conquerors—quite as fast as Mr Catlin predicts, the advance of civilisation must rob the Indians of many of their natural characteristics. To return, however, to the party who, at the moment of our writing, are still to be seen at the Egyptian Hall in London: the squaws, like the men, have swarthy complexions, black eyes, rather small and sunken, and fine jet black hair, which they cultivate with the greatest care, anointing it, as we hear, with the pure fat of the bear, and never allowing it to be cut. The hair, which streamed over their shoulders, seemed fine and glossy, though, we should say, not comparable in point of quantity to the average length and thickness of an Englishwoman's. Yet this must not be held altogether as an argument in favour of the frequent use of the shears, since we know that the Spanish ladies, so famed for the beauty of their hair, have an equal prejudice against the practice of clipping; and we ourselves have recently met a fair young Spaniard, whose luxuriant and much admired tresses had never been profaned by the touch of the scissors.

The manner in which the squaws carry their children is curious and ingenious. Alas! in all rude conditions of humanity, the harder share of labour falls on the poor women; for warriors and hunters are too proud to work. Thus, preparing the skins for their garments, cooking, water carrying, all sorts of drudgery fall upon the squaw, who contrives to carry her infant about with her, though her hands and arms are otherwise occupied. For this purpose a sort of cradle is constructed of bear's skin, in which the child is swathed, the mother suspending it at her back by a strong band which crosses her forehead. The child, of course, is bolt upright, its little shoulders resting against those of the woman; but partly, we should suppose, to defend it from accident, and partly, perhaps, for the convenience of suspending some jingling toys, there is a slight frame-work, ornamented with porcupine's quills, constructed before the upper part of its body. Thus burdened—for the cradle itself is a heavy cumbersome machine—the Indian wife toils on; the movement and laborious action of her own body rocking and lulling, as she believes, the infant to rest.

To particularise their games (in that of ball they especially excel) might be tedious; and the manner in which, after the war dance, they sat, Turkish fashion, to smoke the calumet, or pipe of peace, may be easily imagined. In conclusion, we must congratulate Mr Catlin on the opportunity of presenting so interesting an illustration of his valuable museum; a collection gathered at the price of an amount of physical endurance, and mental energy, seldom, if ever before, voluntarily encountered. We believe, too, that he is sparing neither expense nor trouble in showing and explaining to the Ojibbeway Indians the celebrated buildings and notable curiosities of the metropolis; and, darkened as their minds must be, let us hope they will carry back to the Far West different notions of the white man from those the savage must perforce receive, if the first specimens of civilisation presented to his view be the vile outcasts of society to whom we have before alluded.

#### SINDE AND ITS AMEERS.

THE gradual absorption of Hindustan into the British empire, is one of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of our country. The latest acquisition—in this, as in other cases, by military conquest, and not without the plausible plea of necessity—has been Sindé, a considerable tract of country on the banks of the Indus. This river, in its way from its sources among the Himalaya mountains, runs for a long distance westward, and takes a sudden bend to the south, to be afterwards swelled by the 'five rivers,' which give a name to the Punjab country, and to make its way into the Arabian sea by several mouths. For the last two hundred and fifty miles of its course, it flows through Sindé, which it makes the key of the great water-transit to and from the British possessions of Mid-Asia.

Sindé is a narrow district, situated between Beloochistan on the west, and Hindustan on the east, and only averaging eighty miles in breadth. Except a range of hills which divides it from Beloochistan, the country consists of a plain, so flat, as to present from the sea a similar appearance to that of many parts of the coast of Holland: the waves on which the spectator rides seem to be so much higher than the land, as to cause apprehension that the whole district will be overwhelmed by the ocean. On entering and ascending the Indus, the country is seen to be interlaced with water-courses, consisting either of the minor channels by which the great river finds its way to the sea, or, higher up, of tributaries and canals. During the summer months, that portion of lower Sindé which is occupied by the Delta of the Indus, is laid under water by inundations caused by the melted snows of the distant Himalayas. The mighty stream then rushes furiously through its channels, breaking down banks, engulfing cattle, men, and their habitations; and, before it joins the sea, uniting in one vast lake its various beds and tributaries. The turbid waters, on receding, leave behind an alluvium so rich, that it requires no cultivation to produce to the husbandman a succession of heavy crops; exactly as it happens with the Delta of the Nile. The upper portion of Sindé, which is chiefly out of the reach of the inundations, is diversified by rocky eminences of slight elevation, and sandy sterile tracts, showing the original character of the lower country before it was fertilised by successive deposits. In these districts artificial irrigation is resorted to, as in Upper Egypt, by means of sluices and canals. These characteristics of the scenery are of course modified by the natural productions of Sindé. The date-palm is found nearly all over the country, but its fruit seldom comes to perfection. Towards the sea, salt marshes abound, separated by jungle, stunted or luxuriant, according to the accidents of the soil, which here, except during the inundations, presents great diversities. In many places the eye wanders over large sombre tracts covered thickly by the camel-thorn and other shrubs; the most peculiar of which is the euphorbia, that drops, after a season, upon the surface of the ground, where it lies decaying, and having all the appearance of bundles of dry sticks collected by invisible hands. The fertility of the alluvial deposits rendering the labours of agriculture light, every description of grain is grown with little more trouble than sowing and reaping. The general climate is said to be as hot as that of any part of India.

The towns of Sindé have a uniform aspect, which is thus described by a recent traveller:—'Nearly all are surrounded with walls, which are intended to be fortifications, but are of a very rude kind, and in complete disrepair, being built of mud, about twenty feet high, and pierced for matchlocks; in the centre of the place is a bastion or citadel overlooking the surrounding country. The Jâts and pastoral classes fold their flocks or herds under the walls, against which they build their reed huts. Every place in Sindé swarms with village curs, the Pariahs of India; and these, in the absence of any police, are valuable, as keeping a constant and independent watch. The wands, or movable villages of the pastoral population, are generally composed of reed mats thatched across rough boughs of the tamarisk. Such are also the materials generally employed by the fishermen and others living on the banks of the river: the houses are generally of one storey, and flat-roofed; in the cities, the dwellings have upper-rooms, but the apartments are small and ill-ventilated. It is impossible to conceive anything so filthy as the interior of a Sindian town. Every inhabitant makes a common sewer of the front of his dwelling; the narrow passage, scarcely admitting a laden camel, is nearly blocked up with dung-heaps, in which recline, in lazy ease, packs of fat Pariah dogs, from whom the stranger, particularly a Christian (they are true Moslems these dogs), need expect little mercy. Flies are so plentiful, that the children's faces are nearly hidden by them,

and it is utterly impracticable in a butcher's or grocer's shop to discern a particle of what is exposed for sale. Add to these mere outlines, crowded streets of filthy people, an intolerable stench, and a sun which would roast an egg, some faint idea may be formed of a Sindian town or city. The inhabitants generally sleep on the roofs of their houses for coolness.

One main street, constituting the bazaar, is always a principal feature in a place of any size. These bazaars have mats, and other coverings, stretching from house to house, as a protection against the fierce rays of the sun. Except the bazaar of Grand Cairo, few places of a similar kind present such vivid, strange, and yet interesting groups, as the great street of Shikarpur, frequented as it is by the merchants of both Central Asia and those of Eastern and Western India. The full pressure of business generally takes place about four o'clock; and then, amidst clouds of dust, in an atmosphere of the most stifling closeness, and amid the loud din of perfect chapmanship, may be seen some of the most characteristic features of the society of the East.

The haughty Moslem, mounted on his fine Khorasani steed, decorated with rich trappings, himself wearing the tall Sindian cap of rich brocade, and a scarf of gold and silk, jostles through the crowd, between whom a way is opened by the Sindian soldiers, who precede and follow him; then follows the Afghan, with a dark blue scarf cast over his breast, his long black hair falling in masses on his shoulders, his olive cheek painted by the mountain breeze, and his eye full of fire and resolve. We have also the Seyund of Pishin, in his goat's-hair cloak; the fair Herati, the merchant of Candahar, with flowing garments and many-coloured turban; the tall Patan, with heavy sword, and mica calculated to court offence; while among the rest is the filthy Sindian, and a small miserable-looking, cringing Hindoo, owning perhaps lacs in the neighbouring street, but fearing the exactions of the Ameers. These present a fair sample of the groups who crowd the principal street of Shikarpur; but we miss the wild Belooch, with his plaited hair and ponderous turban, his sword, match-lock, and high-bred mare; but the freebooter of the desert loves not cities, and is rarely seen in them. The capital, Hyderabad, situated on a high and rocky island, formed by the Indus and the Fullalee, is not the largest, but the best fortified place in Sindh. In point of size it yields to Shikarpur, which stands on an elbow of the Indus, on the extreme limits of Sindh, towards the north-west. This city is three miles in circumference, and its bazaar, which contains 884 shops, is half a mile in length. Except Tattah (now called Victoria), the southernmost city of any size, and Omarkote, on the south-eastern frontier (famous as the birthplace of Akbar Khan, our destructive enemy of Cabul), there is not another town in Sindh which need be enumerated.—Such are the most marked characteristics, natural and artificial, of the 100,000 square miles of new territory recently added to our gigantic empire in the East. We now turn to the people.

Sindh is but thinly populated; a fact easily accounted for, from the depressing system of despotism to which it has been hitherto subjected. Over this country, 250 miles long and 80 miles broad, are spread no more than one million of inhabitants; just half the number of the population of the city of London. They comprise three distinct classes; consisting of, first, people from the neighbouring territory of Beloochistan, who form the military and governing part of the population; second, Hindoos, dwelling chiefly in towns, and are the sole managers of the trade and commerce of Sindh; third, the natives and cultivators of the soil, or Jâts. To the first class belonged the Ameers, or rulers of Sindh, who, though nominally under the authority of Cabul kings, exercised a perfectly despotic sway over the Sindians. <sup>a</sup> ~~square~~ word Ameer is identical with emir (governor), of nursery according to M. Reinaud the eminent etymologist turning to the plural; though we pluralise it again, and the war of

speak of the Ameers of Sindh. They were originally three in number; for, after a long era of civil commotion, Futtch Ali was called to exercise the supreme power, but generously divided it with three of his brothers. He died in 1801, and one of his coadjutors in 1811; consequently the supreme power was vested in the two younger brothers, by name Meers Kurm, and Mourad Ali. The two deceased brothers left two sons, to whom they bequeathed their shares of the administration, but which was denied them by the uncles; hence the country has been harassed of late by a constant succession of civil commotions, till at length the two young chiefs obtained possession of respective portions of the revenues of Sindh, with but a subordinate share of the government. Such was the state of things up to the British conquest last year.

The oppressive rule of the Ameers was scarcely equalled in India—generally famous for the despotism of its native princes. The people of Sindh were the victims of a wholesale game law, which had the effect of rendering the finest parts of the country a vast arena for the sports of the Ameers. They have converted the most fruitful districts into gloomy and impervious forests for the preservation of game; gratifying their passionate fondness for hunting at every possible expense of misery to their subjects. So blind were they in indulging their favourite pastime, that Meer Futtch depopulated, it is said, a district near Hyderabad—so fertile, that it yielded two or three lacs of rupees annually—because it was frequented by a peculiar species of antelope, which he found great pleasure in hunting. It is also recorded of Mourad, that he banished the inhabitants of an ancient village, and razed it to the ground, because the crowing of cocks and the grazing of cattle disturbed the game in the neighbouring lands. Their hunting excursions are conducted with true Eastern magnificence: on setting out, they embark, with their retainers, in state pleasure-barges, called *jumpies*, and every luxury that an Eastern imagination can supply. In the hapless village nearest to the scene of their pastime, are quartered some five or six hundred followers, who, receiving merely nominal wages, are billeted; and, with their horses, devour the goats, fowls, and corn of the inhabitants without mercy.

In these hunting excursions the Belooches resident in Sindh are chiefly employed, for they are nearly all the retainers of the Ameers. A few are scattered in tandas or fortified villages, quite apart from the rest of the population. The second class, or Hindoos, on the contrary, follow more useful occupations. From the rich bankers of Shikarpur, and the influential merchants of Karachi, down to the humblest keeper of a tobacco-shop, they monopolise every species of trade. Persecuted and plundered, despised, and treated most contemptuously, they, like the Jews in Europe, find a recompense for all their sufferings in the money which they contrive to amass. Not that under the government of the Ameers they would put forth the external tokens of wealth, and enjoy the respect usually paid to these insignia; on the contrary, they were compelled, for many reasons, to affect a degree of humility, which, had it been voluntary, might have entitled them to some praise. Their dress was mean, their habits were dirty, and they in most instances found it necessary to lay aside the prejudices of caste, and to neglect the external observances of their religion.\* The Hindoos are looked upon and despised by the Sindians exactly as Jews are among other Eastern nations. The Jâts, or cultivators of the soil, like their rulers, are Mohammedans; hence their enmity to the Hindoos may be traced to the peculiar religious tenets of the latter people. They are generally admitted to be a peaceable, harmless, and industrious people, devoted almost exclusively to agriculture and the breeding of cattle. Those re-

\* See a comprehensive and well written article in the Foreign Quarterly Review for January, entitled, Sindh, its Ameers and its People.

sident in the tract lying between the southern extremity of Sindh and westward to Hyderabad, rear great numbers of camels, which useful beasts of burden are distributed over the whole country. Indeed the Jât is as inseparable from his camel as the Arab from his steed. Both the traders and agriculturists of Sindh were ground down by a system of taxation, which has always been found to be the most effectively depressing and despotic it is possible to invent; namely, being placed at the mercy of revenue farmers, who were perfectly irresponsible in everything except providing punctual payment of the sums they contracted to supply to the Ameers periodically. To scrape these together, every species of extortion and violation of the rights of property was practised on the devoted people, who, but for the extreme fertility of the soil, would long ago have been exterminated.

Whatever may be said of the military and diplomatic principles on which Sindh has come under the dominion of Great Britain, we believe it to be generally allowed, that, as far as the people are concerned, they will be greatly benefited by the change.

### CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THE French Revolution presents an almost endless gallery of scenes calculated to move the heart to pity and wonder; but it scarcely affords one more affecting than the self-sacrifice of Charlotte Corday. The act of this young woman was, indeed, of a kind which ought never to be regarded in any other light than as a great crime; yet the generous part of mankind seem to have agreed that, all the circumstances being considered, some allowance may be made in her case, without danger to the interests of society.

It was the summer of 1793. The king had been six months dead; France had half Europe hanging on its frontiers, and several rebellious provinces within itself. The extreme danger in which the new republic stood had caused power to pass entirely into the hands of the meanest and most frantic party, led by Marat and Robespierre, while the heads of a more moderate party (Girondins) were not only dispossessed of influence, but banished to the provinces, where they were wandering in danger of their lives. The government represented only the lowest populace of Paris; but it alone possessed the energy capable of carrying the republic through such a crisis, and its supremacy was of a species of facts which, deplore them as we will, occur as resistlessly as the laws of nature.

At this time there lived at Caen, in Normandy, a young woman who, like many others of her sex, had taken a deep interest in the Revolution from its commencement. Descended from Peter Cornille, the poet, Charlotte Corday had much of the poetical temperament. She had been educated in a convent, and had constantly laboured to improve the powers of her mind. Restless under the restraints of her father's house at Armau, she had gone, for the sake of freedom, to live with a female friend at Caen. There she had formed an attachment to a young officer named Belzunce, and what first gave her an antipathy to Marat, was his denouncing her lover as a counter-revolutionist. She continued to watch the progress of events with the greatest zeal till the expulsion of her favourite politicians, the Girondins, from the national convention (June 2, 1793), when she became dreadfully incensed at the party which remained in power, and particularly at the former enemy of her lover. Her feelings were still more highly wrought when some of the proscribed Girondins, Barbaroux, Petion, and others, came to Caen, and discoursed of their wrongs in circles to which she was admitted. Immediately thereafter an insurrection of her party took place in the district of the Galvados, and the idea occurred to her, that nothing could be wanting to its success if the chief of the anarchists in Paris were put to death. Strained up to the height of

political fanaticism, she formed the resolution to go to Paris and destroy Marat, aware that her own life must fall as a matter of course, but believing it to be a small price to pay for the salvation of her country.

Behold, then, this woman, young, lovely, intelligent, pure in character, on her way to Paris, bent on a deed from which it is the nature of her sex, age, and education, to shrink with horror. To Barbaroux she represented herself as anxious to obtain the restoration of some papers belonging to a friend of hers, from the minister of the interior, and he therefore gave her a letter of introduction to M. Duperret, a member of his party still left in the convention. He and his companions had been struck by her interesting appearance, and the favour with which she declaimed in favour of the free and enlightened republic which they had endeavoured to secure; but they had not the faintest notion of the real purpose of her journey. To deceive her own friends, she sent her father a letter announcing that the increasing troubles of France had induced her to seek refuge and quiet in England. At noon on the third day she arrived in Paris, where her first step was to see Duperret, and despatch the business she had with the minister of the interior. Then, eager to lose no time, she drove in a hackney coach to the house of Marat.

This celebrated man was of mean origin, and latterly had supported himself by conducting a paper full of inflammatory appeals to the Paris mob, while he also acted as a deputy, or representative of the nation, in the convention. Of scarecrow figure, and maniacal expression of countenance, he seemed fitted by nature to appear as a supreme demon of discord amidst the storms of such a revolution. The exigencies of the crisis had raised him to vast influence in the convention, where it was not his own voice which spoke, but that of the whole mass of the canaille of Paris, ready at any time to rush into the assembly, and compel a resolution accordant with their own. Marat had, however, been for a short time confined at home with illness, though he was not so ill as to be prevented from writing his paper, and assailing the convention with incessant advices, orders, and remonstrances, all tending to the slaughter of persons whom he suspected of a lukewarmness to the great cause. Charlotte, at her first visit, had been refused admittance; but she immediately returned to her lodging, and wrote the following letter to Marat: 'Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France.' In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired, she wrote another, still more pressing, which she took herself at eight in the evening, to Marat's housekeeper, a young woman who lived with him as his wife, demurred to admit her; but Marat, having meanwhile read the letter which she had sent, and hearing her name pronounced, gave orders for her being instantly brought into his room, although he was sitting at the moment in his bath. Being left alone with him, she related what she had seen at Caen; then paused, looking earnestly at him. He eagerly demanded the names of the deputies whom she had conversed with, and, snatching up a pencil, began to write them down, adding, 'Very well, they shall all go to the guillotine.' 'To the guillotine!' she exclaimed; at the same time drawing a knife from her bosom, she plunged it into his heart. The wretched man could only utter one cry to his housekeeper, 'Help, my dear!' (*A moi, ma chère!*) when he fell lifeless. The housekeeper, and a messenger who was folding newspapers in an adjoining room, rushed in, and found him covered with blood, while Charlotte Corday stood serene and motionless by his side. The messenger knocked her down with a chair, and the housekeeper spurned her with her feet. The



noise attracted the neighbours, and the whole quarter was speedily in commotion. Charlotte arose from the floor, and encountered with placidity the threats and abuse of those who surrounded her. Certain members of the section, drawn to the scene by the spreading tumult, struck by her beauty, her courage, and the calmness with which she avowed her action, interfered to save her from brutal immolation, and conducted her to prison, where she continued to confess all with the same tranquil assurance.

The news of the assassination of Marat spread rapidly through Paris, and excited universal consternation, as well as grief and rage, so great was the importance at this time attached to his public services. The act was instantly attributed by the popular voice to the proscribed party of the Gironde, and made the pretext for excessive severity against such members of that party as were in prison, so that what Charlotte designed for a blow at the anarchists, only did harm to her own friends. 'Such,' says M. Thiers, 'will ever be the case in similar circumstances: a party is proscribed—all are indignant; one, of particular ardour of nature, bursts out with a signal act of revenge, which is laid to the account of the whole, though nothing could obviously be less for their interest, as it invariably is employed to justify further severities.' The utmost honour was paid to the remains of the so-called martyr. The Jacobin club was inclined to demand for him a situation in the Pantheon, notwithstanding a law which decreed that great men should have stood the test of twenty years before obtaining such a distinction. They joined to buy up the presses with which he had printed his paper, *the Friend of the People*, that they might never fall into less worthy hands, but be employed, if possible, by some one who should write as zealously and as ably for the popular cause. His body lay in state for several days; it was uncovered to show his wound; at the same time, from a motive truly French, his visage was white-washed, in order to conceal the darkness produced by a rapid corruption. To pursue the account given by M. Thiers in his *History of the Revolution*—'The popular societies and the sections defiled in procession past his bier, strewing it with flowers. Each president pronounced an oration. The section of La Republique was the first to approach. "He is dead!" exclaimed its president lugubriously—"the friend of the people is dead, and by assassination! Let us waive all eulogy over his inanimate remains. His eulogium is in his career, his writings, his gory wound, his death! Scatter flowers over the pallid corpse of Marat, my countrywomen! Marat was our friend; he was the friend of the people: it was for the people he lived, it is for the people he died." At these words, young maidens made the circuit of the bier, and threw fragrant flowers on the body of Marat. The orator resumed: "But sufficient are the lamentations; hear the mighty soul of Marat, shaking off its bands, and saying, Republicans, abstain from further weeping. To republicans is permitted but one tear, after which their country claims all their sympathies. It was not I who was marked for assassination, but the republic; it is not I who call for vengeance, but the republic, the people, yourselves!"

All the societies and all the sections came one after the other around the coffin in which the body of Marat lay extended; and if history record such scenes with some minuteness, it may teach men to reflect on the influence of prepossessions, and lead them to ponder seriously when they mourn the mighty of this earth, or revile the unfortunate of their era.

Meanwhile, the trial of the young murderess was expedited with that rapidity for which republican forms of process were remarkable. Two deputies were implicated in the arraignment; the one, Duperret, with whom she had had intercourse; and who had accompanied her to the minister of the interior; the other Fanchet, late a bishop, previously suspected on account of his connexion with the right side, and whom a woman, insane

or malignant, falsely asserted to have seen in the galleries of the convention with the prisoner.

Charlotte Corday, when conducted before the tribunal, preserved her wonted calmness. The indictment was read over to her, after which the court proceeded to call the witnesses. The first who appeared was stopped by the prisoner, without allowing him time to commence his deposition. "It was I," she said, "who killed Marat." "Who incited you to commit this murder?" demanded the president. "His crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The calamities he has caused since the Revolution." "Who are they who have instigated you to this action?" "Myself alone," she proudly answered; "I had long revolved it in my mind; nor would I ever have taken counsel of others for such a deed. I wished to restore peace to my country." "But do you imagine you have sacrificed all the Marats?" "No," responded the prisoner, with a sigh; "alas! no."

She then permitted the witnesses to conclude, and after each testimony, repeated, "That is true; the deponent is right." She defended herself from one charge alone, namely, her pretended concert with the Girondists; and she confronted only one witness, the woman who implicated Duperret and Fanchet in the case; after which she seated herself, and listened to the remainder of the process with perfect serenity. "You perceive," said her advocate, Chauveau-Lagarde, briefly compressing her defence, "that the accused confesses all with imperturbable firmness. Such composure and self-oblivion, sublime in one respect, can only be explained by the most exalted political fanaticism. It is for you to judge what weight is due to this moral consideration in the scales of justice."

Charlotte Corday was condemned to undergo the penalty of death. Her beautiful countenance evinced no emotion as the sentence was delivered, and she returned to prison with a smile on her lips. She wrote to Barbaroux, to whom she related her journey and achievement in a letter full of feminine grace, spirit, and dignity; she told him her friends ought not to regret her, for a lively imagination and a susceptible heart threaten stormy lives to those who may possess them. She added, that she was now fully avenged on Pétion, who had, when at Caen, suspected for a moment her political sentiments. In another letter to her father, she intreated pardon for having disposed of her life without his permission. "I have," said she, "avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the service I have rendered my country. For your sake I wished to remain incognito, but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart. Never forget the words of Corneille,

C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.

[It is the crime which makes the shame, and not the scaffold.]

On the second day after the death of Marat (July 15), Charlotte was conducted to the place of execution in front of the Tuilleries. As she passed along, she met the insults of the meaner class of people with the modest firmness which never left her. The better class, affected by her self-devotion and fortitude, as well as by her beauty, beheld her in silence, some of them with tears. She mounted the scaffold with a cheerful and even triumphant air, when, contrary to the custom of the time, not a voice was raised against her. The executioner having removed the kerchief which covered her bosom, she blushed deeply; and when, half a minute afterwards, he held up her head to the gaze of the multitude, this mark of offended modesty had not yet passed away. Many of the men around the scaffold, from a natural emotion of respect, had uncovered themselves; some of her own sex, who had come to revile her, stood mute

and abashed; and when the crowd separated, it was observed to be with a melancholy feeling very unusual at such scenes during the Revolution.

What we know of the extravagant sentiments which reigned at that time, could alone prepare us for an anecdote of a singular nature connected with the death of Corday. A young man, named Adam Lux, a commissary from Mayence, happened to see Charlotte as she was passing to the scaffold. Her appearance produced in him that passion which is usually called love at first sight. Entirely possessed by this feeling, he became incapable of calm reflection, and lost all sense of personal fear. His feelings towards Charlotte were at the same time extended to everything in any way connected with her—even to the guillotine by which she had suffered; which he now regarded as a sacred altar, on which the blood of royalty, beauty, and virtue, were offered up. He published a pamphlet on the death of Charlotte, proposing to erect a monument to her memory, with the inscription, 'GREATER THAN BRUTUS,' and ending with an invocation of her shade from the Elysian fields, where he conceived it to be dwelling with the other illustrious victims of the Revolution. There can be no doubt that the reason of this young man had been overturned by the excitements of the period. But such considerations were not then admissible. He was quickly imprisoned, tried, and executed.

Justice has since been done to both Marat and his murderers. He is universally regarded as an execrable wretch, who stopped at no cruelty in the way of accomplishing his objects, and whom nothing but an extraordinary crisis in public affairs could have ever invested with any public respect. To Charlotte Corday has been awarded unmixed pity and admiration, a meed the more to be prized, that it is given in despite of the natural horror felt at the crime of assassination, and the reluctance of mankind to admit anything which, by palliating it in one case, may tend to encourage it in another. Her portrait is introduced into the popular histories of the period, and in none of these works do we find one harsh word applied to her.

#### A WORD FROM A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

In an article entitled 'A Glimpse of the Far West in 1843,' contributed to a late number of the Newcastle Courant by one who subscribes himself 'A Returned Emigrant,' we find the following account of the social condition of the settlers in Wisconsin and Iowa. The description, we take leave to hint, is possibly over-coloured, and should perhaps be taken with some degree of allowance for the disappointed feelings of the writer.

'Independently of the absolute and increasing wretchedness [among the settlers affected with sickness], there are evil circumstances and influences inherent in frontier settlements, like those of Wisconsin and Iowa. The greater part of those who are at present occupiers of land in those territories are "squatters," who have selected a fine piece of land, and taken possession by the erection of a house. They have no title beyond that of choice, backed by brute force; and on the strength of this they proceed to break the land, fence it, raise crops; in short, to treat it precisely as though they had purchased it of the general government. The statute law does not recognise this usurpation of public property; and to protect themselves from its operation, the squatters form associations, every member of which is pledged to help his neighbour in retaining possession of the land he has claimed, but for which he is unable to pay. Thus matters go on for years, until the president, worried by demands, or an empty exchequer, orders that the land be put up for sale. Such of the squatters as hold money, pay; nine-tenths, who could not raise a dollar to save their lives, give themselves no concern about the matter, relying for support on the general association.

An illustration of the working of this system occurred a short time ago at Milwaukee, the principal town in Wisconsin. The land on and around Prairie du Lac was brought forward for sale, after due notice, and the squatters attended in a body to watch proceedings. All were without the means of purchasing the ground they occupied,

even at a dollar and a quarter an acre, and consequently took no notice of the officer by whom the business was to be transacted. At length, on the naming of one of the most fertile sections, a person bid, and had the lot knocked down to him. At night, a formidable body of the squatters proceeded to the hotel which the stranger had been seen to enter. A few of the more resolute went at once to his bedroom, and demanded that he should render his purchase null and void by not paying, as usual, on the following morning. He refused. They then presented pistols, and threatened him with death, did he refuse to sign a document which they presented, and which purported that he should pay for the whole of the property without delay, receiving payment again from the squatters, without interest, in trifling yearly instalments. No way of escape remained open, and he signed! A lawyer will say that this document would not be binding. Doubtless not in the Queen's Bench. But in Wisconsin, the purchaser knew too well his men to neglect its fulfilment. His property would otherwise have been forfeited; for though he might have had the satisfaction of seeing his name enrolled in the land-office books, and even turned out the squatters, no man would have dared to enter upon it either as tenant or purchaser. Ham-strung cattle, pulled-down houses, burning corn-ricks, were promised with a moral certainty of fulfilment. Again, in Illinois, the judge of the supreme court pronounced the recent bankrupt law to be unconstitutional. This was a serious decision for the thousands who had taken advantage of the act to cheat and ruin their creditors; and in one county a bankrupts' association was formed to protect themselves by violence from the consequences to which they were exposed. This step has been effectual. I might cite other instances in which the law was set at defiance within my own knowledge. It may be sufficient to mention, that at a meeting of settlers which I attended—where all the farmers of the district were present—a lawyer recommended flogging and feathering as a fit punishment for any one who should act against the will of that meeting, though that will set at nought congress law; and the general laugh that followed showed how ready they were to act upon the suggestion. The chairman, on the occasion, was the chief resident magistrate, and a leading democratic member of the territorial legislature.

The law is powerless for good—for evil it is too efficient. A hard-working Scotchman, who settled within a few hundred yards of where I lived, was charged with burning a shed which one of the squatters had erected. The case was carried before a justice—whose ostensible mode of life was bee-hunting!—and although there was no evidence which an impartial person would entertain for a moment, he was held to bail to answer at a higher court. An offer was subsequently made to him, that if he would pay a certain sum to the aggrieved party, and to the justice, he should not be further troubled. Eventually, on the recommendation of some of his more experienced neighbours, the poor fellow paid the required sum.

Because there is no justice, it does not follow that there is no law. Unluckily, there is too much. More litigation is constantly occurring in a village of a hundred houses, than in an English town of twenty times its size. In Sauk village, with sixty families, there were three lawyers—one of them a tailor, who poked with his needle when clients were scarce. So fond of quarrels are the squatters, as a body—so given to annoy their neighbours on the most trivial occasions—that it is a common practice with them to engage a lawyer by the year, giving him so many bushels of wheat, for which he is ready to do all their business, be it much or little, dirty or clean. Thus rid of law's most formidable feature—its expense—these men resort to it without compunction, and about things of which a conscientious man would be ashamed to speak.

The writer, of course, concludes by warning intending emigrants against going to these districts; and our feelings point to the same conclusion. The almost universal powerlessness of the law for any good purpose, or, to state it in the mildest terms, the extreme rudeness of manners, in the western parts of the United States, renders emigration thither by no means advisable. All things considered, therefore, Upper Canada still seems to us to be the most advantageous place of settlement on the American continent. In that colony, whatever be the drawbacks in the physical condition of the country, it is at least certain the laws are generally respected, and civil rights enforced with all the usual efficiency of British administration.

## A MUSICAL GENIUS.

M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew, a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was constantly fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound, and the forests stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favourite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must adjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice, for music to him was life. His old familiarity with the tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation of one end, and some at the other, in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole were lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such a rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it, describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg. The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in colour from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance, and ringlets *a la Guzikow* were the order of the day. Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear, warbling, like a nightingale: the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a sky-lark piercing the heavens! Those who heard it listened in delighted wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.—*Mrs Child's Letters from New York.*

## PIGMY TRIBES IN AETHIOPIA.

Major Harris, who has recently returned from Abyssinia, whither he had been despatched on a diplomatic mission by the British government, mentions the existence of a pigmy race, which he considers identical with that described by Herodotus as found only in tropical Africa. The Doko, as these pigmies are called, are a perfectly wild race, not exceeding four feet in height, of a dark olive complexion, and, in habits, more uncivilised than the Bushmen of Southern Africa. The country they inhabit is clothed with a dense forest of bamboo, in the depths of which they construct their rude wigwams of bent cane and grass. They have neither idols, nor temples, nor sacred trees, but pray resting on their heads, with their feet against a tree. They have no king, no arts, no fire-arms; possess neither flocks nor herds; are not hunters; do not cultivate the soil; but subsist entirely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, and honey. The serpents they beguile by whistling; and although the forest abounds in elephants, buffaloes, and lions, they have no means of destroying or capturing them. They wear no clothing; and in their persons are said to be very unprepossessing, having thick lips, flat noses, and diminutive eyes.

## THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY.

Ask they not lowly cottages,  
With moss and flowers o'ergrown,  
And little gardens 'circling them,  
Like an enchanted zone?  
Do not sweet blossoms incense breathe  
Into the very door,  
And early roses gaily wreath  
The tiny casements o'er?  
Do they not lie in fertile vales,  
Far from the world of care,  
With silver streamlets wandering by,  
And health upon the air?  
Does not the little wild bird love  
To build beneath their eaves,  
And her young brood first learn to move  
Amidst their sheltering leaves?  
And o'er the sloping hills of green,  
That wall each valley round,  
Do not the Sabbath bells ring out  
With glad, though solemn sound?  
And where, beneath a quiet sky,  
The drooping willows wave,  
Does not the church tower's shadow lie  
Upon the poor man's grave?  
And have not these fair dwellings store  
Of fitting 'habitants,  
A simple people, free from care,  
With few and simple wants;  
And happy children born to die  
Upon the same dear soil,  
And crowned with flowers, even while they ply  
Their light and cheerful toil?  
Oh, did not visions such as these  
Fill many a kindly heart,  
How in the poor man's lot could we  
Take such a careless part?  
Rich man! put by these thoughts that rise  
Like the fond dreams of youth,  
And nerve thine heart, and clear thine eyes,  
To look upon the truth.  
Go to the crowded city—search  
Through narrow lane and street;  
And say how many scenes like these  
It is thy lot to meet.  
Here are no flowers, no merry birds,  
The poor man's heart to cheer,  
No gardens gay, few pleasant words  
To greet thine eager ear.  
Come to this chamber, close and dim  
Its stifling atmosphere,  
And see those pale slight girls who ply  
The busy needle here.  
All day, and oh how oft all night,  
With hot and trembling hands,  
These poor ones labour for the mite  
Their weary toil commands!  
Yes, scenes like these will meet thee still,  
And sadder things than these;  
Vice in its naked hideousness,  
Pale famine, fell disease.  
Shalt thou, with virtue's lofty brow,  
The poor man's errors blame?  
No—thank the Almighty's grace that thou  
Art not the very same.  
There may be dwellings of the poor  
Decked like a fairy scene;  
But these, assure thy inmost heart,  
Are 'few and far between.'  
Then put away the selfishness,  
The sloth that thou hast known,  
And make the poor man's deep distress  
A something of thine own.  
Seek, then, the dwellings of the poor;  
Thy kind and soothing words  
May reach some heart, and wake a tone  
Of gladness 'midst its chords.  
And strive with an unwearied strife,  
Whose efforts ne'er may cease,  
To open in the poor man's life  
Some spring of hope and peace.

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## WHAT DOES IT ALL COME TO?

respected public will please to understand that I, *Isaac Balderstone, Esquire*, of —, in the county of —, do not happen to have bourgeoned out into an enormity of ramifications as my nephew John, the fact being, that I have but one child—a son, now in the seventeenth year of his age—and yet I believe I have lately had as much anxiety about this sole scion of my house as ever honest John endured about his whole nation. My wife and I are naturally much attached to this youth, and feeling that we are declining into the vale of years, we are anxious to retain him near us during the remainder of our lives; but this wish on our part, meets in him with a powerful inclination to the contrary. Tom is of an adventurous disposition, and would like to see the world. It is in vain that I express my willingness to establish him in any quiet respectable profession at home, and show that, at my demise, he must be in possession of what, with a very little exertion on his part, would form a respectable livelihood. Nothing will satisfy him but that he must go to India, and make a fortune. This distresses my wife and me extremely; for it is clear that, if he goes there, we cannot, at our time of life, expect ever to see him again, and his parting with us would therefore be not very different from his death. We have reasoned with him—we have appealed to his affections—but it is all to no purpose. Not that the boy is deficient in filial attachment; but a lively and rambling disposition has, I think, been inflamed by what he has heard of former adventurers in foreign parts, insomuch that he is quite unable to control an inclination which he may be sensible is neither kind to us, nor very rational with regard to his own interests.

As a last effort, I lately bethought me of an expedient founded upon a custom in the periodical literature of my younger days. It happens that at a town a few miles from our house, where my son received the greater part of his education, there is an extensive cluster of retired veterans, who, after buffeting about the world for the better part of their lives, have returned to spend the remainder in their own country, in that ease which was all along the ulterior object of their perils and exertions. Tom has a general acquaintance with the exteriors of these old gentlemen, and has been in the houses of one or two of them as the playmate of their children, but he has never seen anything in their condition but what is highly enviable to the young; namely, their comfortable and semi-luxurious style of living, the hats taken off to them by tradesmen in the street, and their occasional indulgence in a day's shooting with a dog and boy in attendance. I therefore thought it might be well to make him aware of the real habits of these worthy veterans, that his judgment (of which the poor boy has,

I think, a fair share) might be enabled to decide if there was anything in their lives that could form a sound motive for his leaving his parents and country, and entering upon a career full of danger to life and health. One evening, therefore, just as my son had concluded the reading of a glowing letter which he had had from a school companion, giving an account of his appointment as an ensign in the Indian army, I drew a paper from my pocket, and mentioned to him that I had had a singular kind of dream, which I had put down on paper, and which I proposed reading before tea for his and his mother's amusement.

'I thought that I had been spending the day in — [the town above alluded to], and went to dine in the evening at the house of my old friend Brodie. We had a party consisting altogether of elderly gentlemen, who had either, like Brodie himself, returned in affluent circumstances from India, or were officers of high rank in the army, living retired on large pay. After dinner, the unique character of the company having struck me, I alluded to the circumstance, and thus the conversation took a particular turn, which led to Brodie at length saying—"Well, my friends, since we are all here met, birds of a feather, suppose that each of us gives a brief sketch, for the general benefit, of the chief events of his life, his toils and sufferings, and the present enjoyments by which all these are crowned. I will begin, if you please, by way of encouraging the rest." The idea was generally applauded, and Brodie therefore addressed them as follows:

"I was a young creature of sixteen when my father, who had several more sons to spare, sent me out with a cadetship to Bombay. I had not been ten days landed (having, however, dined eight times abroad in that space), when, as a natural consequence, my health gave way, and I thought I was fairly booked for the other world. I was sent home to recover; spent a year under my mother's care; and, getting quite well again, went out once more. I passed through the usual grades, and saw a good deal of service; but never was in any great danger, except from swampy stations and tiger-hunts. I had long given up all idea of getting rich, when at length I obtained a good civil appointment, by the interest of a gentleman who had had a dancing-school attachment for my mother. I soon realised by this as much as seemed likely to keep me at ease for life, and so came home, and set up house in my native place. I have now lived here (unmarried, as you all know) for twenty years, and my way of spending the day is generally this. I rise at nine, and breakfast, after which I read and answer my letters. I then walk to the reading-room to see the papers, and when they are worth reading at all, I generally contrive to spend a couple of hours upon them. I must confess, gentlemen, I like a long debate; it is amazing how one enjoys it.

when he once gets into the spirit of it. A four days' series of adjournments is delicious. Well, the newspapers being done out and out, I generally find a friend to take a walk with me, if the weather be good. We go rather slow, and make three miles consume at least two hours. If, however, the day be bad, we adjourn to billiards, and should there be many more than a couple of us, why, we set to pool, and make the day out that way. Between five and six, go home to dinner, at which I drink exactly a pint of port. The evening sometimes a little heavy, but it always gets done somehow. At eleven I go to bed, and so concludes the day. Upon the whole, I think I am a happy sort of fellow. I do my best to defy blue devils. I have no pleasant wife or children, it is true; but, to make up for this, I am exempt from a great many cares. I daresay I shall get along decently enough to the last—and so that's all, gentlemen. Pray, Nixon, send round the bottles."

A murmur of satisfaction, approaching to applause, followed our host's autobiography, and there was a general inclination to drink his health, though nobody seemed to like to propose it. At last a gentleman, having taken heart of grace, mentioned the subject, and instantly all who were not gouty, or too far gone, got to their feet, and toasted him with the honours. At the end of his reply, he asked his right-hand man to favour the company with the particulars of his life, past and present.

This was a bluff rubicund gentleman, of whose profession there could be no sort of doubt even before he spoke. "I entered the navy," said he, "at ten years of age, and was in one of old Howe's battles before I was eleven. My education was mainly acquired at the school on board ship. After passing through the lower grades, I was fortunate enough, before I was thirty, to get the command of a frigate. It was in the heat of the French war. I had a particular station to cruise upon, and so lucky was I in my doings with the French, that I soon made rich by prize-money. I have seen a great deal of hot work, and been many times on the very brink of destruction. Nor must I forget that I spent five years most miserably in a detestable French prison. However, I thought little of these things after they were all over. I always had a fondness for the place where I was born, and there was a little girl there that I liked amazingly; so I came home and married, and settled to enjoy my hard-won prize-money. Unluckily, Jessy has brought me no children; but we live very happily for all that. I get up every morning at four o'clock, and look out to see which way the wind blows—take a cigar down stairs at the kitchen fire, and turn in again at five. I start at eight, and walk out for ten minutes; at nine we have breakfast. A little after, I saunter a while about my place, see to the regulation of my weathercock in the garden, and take care that the hens are properly attended to in their coops. I then clear out for a longer walk, which, if possible, I manage so as to have the wind on the beam, both going and returning. If I can make the harbour, I do so, to see the arrivals and departures, and hear any news that may be stirring. I then go to the Master Intendant's office for an hour, after which I probably land in the club. Jessy, meanwhile, goes and calls on her mother, or any other acquaintance; and so, when we meet at five at dinner, we generally have some little news to communicate to each other. We have not much taste for company, and generally spend the evening by ourselves over a quiet game at chess. Sometimes I think this rather stupid; but Jessy has kept it up so long, that I have at last got used to it. At eleven we have a little supper, followed up by me with a glass of cold without, after which I turn in for the night, but not before I have carefully set the barometer, and marked the thermometer for my morning's observations."

All were very much pleased with the frank account of himself which our gay friend had given, and when a few had expressed their approbation, Brodie called up the man on his left hand. This gentleman was evidently

one of those persons who have not much of the gift of the tongue, and tell everything in a sentence or two, if possible. He had been, he said, a merchant in South America, and realised a considerable fortune, upon which he thought he might retire. He had since regretted the step; for time hung heavily on his hands for want of the excitement he had formerly derived from mercantile affairs. "Bless you, sir, I have seen us lose twenty thousand pounds by one morning's post. Those were the days, sir." In this town things went on very dully. He at one time kept a set of books—cash-book, day-book, and ledger—for his personal expenses; but finding the whole matter never exceeded £550 a-year, he had latterly given it up. He still read the price-currents from all parts of the world, which served to give life a little savour. He had also some little enjoyment in seeking to evade being cheated by his tradesmen; but this, too, was poor work, for he never had been able to find ten pounds any year between being cheated and being not cheated. Upon the whole, he regretted having left off business, as he could not say he had ever been happy since.

The next called upon by our host was a brassy and boisterous-looking man, whom I thought a little misplaced in such a company. He said—"You all know, gentlemen, that I rose from the ranks—I don't care who knows it—nay, I am proud of it. I owe no man anything, and never did. Why, then, should I be afraid of anybody? All people see after themselves—why, then, should I care for anybody? I rose because they found me useful, and could not do without me. I had responsible situations under government, and was intrusted with some diplomatic affairs in India, for which I got promotion. But, mark me, I was always independent. No man could ever say I sneaked for any of their offices. I helped Tippoo Saib to his long home. I had a bullet at Holkar, which no one could extract. I also put a few shot into the Sindian's bread-basket. I have killed as many tigers as there are subalterns in the Company's service. I speared thirteen wild hogs in front of Bhurtpore, within range of the enemy's matchlocks. I came back with £30,000 in my pocket, and a good pension. I am now enjoying myself, as I have a right to do. I never got up before twelve. I smoke twelve Manilla cheroots a-day, and drink six glasses of brandy and water. I never walk further than the club and back again. I read nothing beyond the Naval and Military Gazette, and the India Register. I live much at home, have a good cook, and take care to keep only the highest-priced wine. From principle, I never subscribe to any charitable institution, and thus secure a character for impartiality. I have a great lot of poor cousins and nephews, but I never allow any of them to come near me, as I know they only would come for my dibs. No, I made my money myself, and I intend to use it myself. Everybody is for himself, and so am I. That's all I have to say."

The company received this recital with a silence which I thought highly significant. My friend Brodie then called up another, who spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, I was brought up in the midst of a large family, at a town on the other side of the island, and was reared to the medical profession. In due time I was introduced into the army as assistant surgeon; but my father having some electioneering interest, I advanced pretty rapidly in the service; and while still a young man, got an inspectorship at one of our principal foreign stations, where, with private practice, money flowed rapidly upon me. Thirty years had elapsed, during all which time I had kept up a constant correspondence with my relations, besides sending them many little presents to keep them the better in mind of me; for I am one of those persons who are extremely fond of those related to them by blood. Imagine my delight when at length I was enabled to retire on such pay as, with my little savings, promised to give me a very respectable status in my native place. I had been home once or twice in the interval for a brief term, and thus had been enabled

to keep in my mind a sort of register of the growings of the young, the advances of the middle-aged, and the witherings of the old. All of them, too, knew me well, and I therefore expected to have been very happily situated amongst them. Alas for human hopes! I had not been at home a month, when I found all my pleasant expectations reversed. Near at hand, I saw things which had made no appearance at a distance, and I now discovered alterations made by time which I had not previously taken into account. Instead of being a united band, as I had thought them, they were broken up into little sets and parties, who entertained drynesses towards each other, for which no rational ground could be discovered. Fortune had been at her usual tricks among them, making some high and some low; and wherever a disparity of this kind existed, I found the alienation to be much increased. They were all very friendly towards me at first; but this did not last long. Whenever I appeared on any occasion particularly intimate at one house, all the rest seemed to behold it with a kind of jealousy. If I listened to an account of quarrels from one family, the rest thought I was taking a part against them, and a coolness was the consequence. The less fortunate of my friends were the most diligent to keep on terms with, for their inferior circumstances made them suspicious of the slightest appearance of inattention, and they would often take deep offence at occurrences which to any other eyes would have appeared in the ordinary course of things. I do believe the conducting of an embassy at any one of the less civilised Indian courts could not have been more difficult than it was to steer my way clearly amongst all these perplexities. When I had fully satisfied myself that peace and happiness were not to be my portion there, I determined to quit; but it was with a sad heart, for the disappointment of hopes cherished through thirty years was no light evil. I came here to settle, and, compared with many others, I have much cause to think myself a fortunate man. But still the thought often recurs to me—Is it only for this that I have toiled, and exposed myself to all kinds of dangers, during the better part of my life? Where are the associates of my childhood, that I thought to spend my fortune with in my old days? Where are the dreams of home that have visited me in my hammock at many a lonely hour half-way across the globe? Alas! could only answers, *Where?*

The conclusion of this worthy gentleman's address made such impression on my spirits, that the dinner-table scene became troubled, the faces waxed dim, and I soon after awoke.

I found, on folding up my paper, that my wife had turned away her head with her handkerchief at her eyes. Thomas was gazing in my face with a half-doubtful expression, as if only beginning to surmise the intention I had had in reading my dream. His affectionate nature was evidently touched; he sat still in silence; and soon after, we all dispersed without a word having been spoken. Were I writing only for effect, and not to express the truth of nature, I would here go on to say, that my boy next day threw himself into my arms, and vowed never to leave us while we lived. I have no such story to relate. I only can whisper my faint hope that some good will come of this little stratagem. But while I hope for this, I do not expect it, for when was the experience of others of service to youth? Unfortunately, with regard to an adventurous course of life, the end proposed is not the only moving cause. If it were, the truths revealed in my dream might close the argument at once. But men act much more from internal impulses, than from calculations of ultimate results. They enter upon a hazardous career because their nature delights in it—they are sustained and carried through by the same spirit—and whether good or evil befalls them, is much the same thing, since they could in no other way have spent their lives more agreeably to themselves. I must consider all this when debating how my son is to be disposed of; and if it

shall prove that he is totally unable to calm his mind to a quiet life at home, why, then, his mother and I must submit ourselves to what seems to have come to us in the course of providence, and endeavour to make up our minds to see him leave us without a repining which would be equally ungraceful and in vain.

#### A WORD ON WATER.

In a late article on the aqueducts of the ancients, it was clearly shown that, in times and among nations which are now looked back upon as little better than barbarous, means not more judicious than expensive were adopted to provide large groups of population with the most abundant supply of pure water. In nothing have the moderns fallen so far short of the ancients as in this important particular. Nor with the Romans, the most powerful nation of antiquity, did the practice of introducing artificial rivers into cities terminate; for, as we have seen, a stupendous aqueduct was erected so late as the eighth century by a Gothic king in Italy. Since this period, the European world may be said to have retrograded in that most obvious and useful of all sanitary arrangements. We boast of our knowledge in science and the arts; of our acquaintance with hydraulics, iron-founding, lead-smelting, and tube-making: we can take levels with theodolites, contrive syphons, build clippic and suspension-bridges, fabricate cisterns, and lead service-pipes into houses: nay, we are acquainted with the great doctrine of water rising to its fountain-level, which it is alleged the ancients did not know, and therefore think ourselves a vast deal cleverer than they were; yet the truth remains stark and palpable, that we are practically behind them in the providing of towns with a proper supply of water. Theodoric, the barbarian, in the year of darkness 741, did that which we, in the year of illumination 1844, cannot speak of without amazement.

We are sorry to have anything disparaging to say of modern inventions, but the sense of a pressing evil impels us to declare that the modern pipe-system is no improvement on that of the ancient aqueduct. Not that there is anything objectionable in pipes as pipes; the evil consists in their generally diminutive size. A city with two or three hundred thousand inhabitants is considered well off if allowed a pipe through which a child may creep; whereas one in which a grenadier might walk would be nearer what such a population, always increasing, would in justice require. Why water is sent into modern cities after this dribbling fashion, is no doubt well understood. In ancient times, to which we have alluded, the state, in its paternal capacity, did not consider that it did its duty unless an abundant supply of water were afforded to the dense and dependent population of cities. The aqueducts, the cloacæ, and other sanitary provisions of old Rome, were got up on what we should now call a purely philanthropic principle. The idea of selling water never entered the brain of Appius Claudius, Curius Dentatus, or any other long dead-and-gone aqueduct builder. The thing they looked to was the health of the people. Now, this is all changed. The introduction of water into cities, like most other arrangements conducive to public health or private luxury, is become a matter of merchandise—sale—money. Water dealt out by measure! The struggling classes permitted to wash their faces at a per centage on their rental!

'And why not paid for?' say the dealers in the commodity. 'Unless for us, you would have had no water at all; we have perilled our capital for your convenience; the apparatus we have organised to bring the water to your houses, entitles us to charge for it as a manufactured article.' Quite true: as matters stand, you are entitled to seek a reasonable compensation for your risk and outlay; but that is nothing to the point. We consider that the principle of supplying water to towns by means of private enterprise is highly inexpedient, set-



ting aside any plea of injustice. It ought to be the duty of the state, or at least of the municipality of each town, to furnish this indispensable element of health to a pent-up population on a large scale of gratuitous distribution to the less opulent classes, and at a small charge to those whose domestic convenience is more particularly consulted. With respect to the pecuniary means necessary for carrying forward plans of this kind, we can only refer to the general desire for some portion of the public revenue being devoted to so beneficial a purpose.\* Nor, considering the physical capabilities of the country, does any method of supply on a large scale appear of difficult accomplishment. Almost all our populous cities, being built by the sea-coast or by rivers, are situated on a level so low, that the streams of the surrounding country could be directed towards them with the greatest ease; and no island in the world is more plentifully provided with permanent springs and streams. Thus, in the first place, there is no great natural obstacle to be overcome. If the surface of our island be irregular, these very irregularities furnish an inexhaustible supply of building material for aqueducts, whereby to span the ravines and valleys. Again, no country can cope with us in the casting of iron pipes, should the syphon principle be adopted in preference to the aqueduct. It is true the source of supply may be often seated at a considerable distance; but with the example of ancient Rome before us, bringing her supplies, by tunnel and aqueduct, over sixty miles of country, and New York conveying the waters of the Croton from a distance of forty, why should ten or twenty miles be a stumbling-block to Britain, with all her wealth and ingenuity? Independently of the many instances before us of forming navigable canals of fresh water, we have, in the New River at London, and the remarkable water-works of Mr Thom near Greenock, examples of what may be done to form open channels for the supply of water on a large scale. The metropolis, one of the largest cities in the world, now supplied only to a limited extent by the New River, might, by an aqueduct from the Thames, be rendered one of the best watered cities in the world, vastly to the relief of the inhabitants from the burdens generally imposed upon them.

Throwing the powers of the syphon and aqueduct out of sight, why should our gigantic steam-power, which has done so much for us as a nation, not be brought to bear upon this urgent necessity? Cornish engines are mentioned as pumping 10,000 gallons ten feet high, with a consumption of only one pound of coal; why not more frequently adopt this irresistible power? The aqueduct, the syphon pipe, and the steam pump,

are each at our command, and the materials for their construction exist in the soil beneath us. We have inexhaustible supplies of the finest water in our rivers, lakes, and mountain streams; and yet, whatever advantage be derived from them by the higher and middle classes, the lower, and certainly the poorest orders, suffer in health, comfort, and habits of cleanliness and taste, from the utter insignificance of the supplies. It cannot also escape notice, that a deficiency of water of a perfectly pure kind must be seriously opposed to temperate habits and principles. Those having the good fortune to live in situations where pure water is abundant, are conscious of a truth which remains unknown for life to most of the inhabitants of large cities, that there is in this liquid a *positive agreeableness*, which seems as if designed by nature to point out pure water as the proper beverage for man. Accordingly, he who can at all times obtain this element in its perfection is much more apt to prefer it to fermented and other liquors, than the unfortunate inhabitant of a large city, who never sees it but in a more or less corrupted state. In London, although good and cool water is obtained from pumps, strangers seldom have the good fortune to see it of that pure, cool, and sparkling quality which would render it attractive as a habitual beverage. In some large towns, the only water fit for drinking in a natural state must be purchased in halfpennyworths from carts. In Edinburgh, where the water is considered to be of a fair average quality, its gratuitous dispersion is so meagre, that the poor are seen crawling from dingy and closely-packed alleys to procure it in tin kettles and pithers from a few distant wells, and consequently so precious does it become on reaching their humble homes, that it can be spared for only the most urgent purposes.

If water can scarcely be had for the commonest domestic uses, it is still less to be obtained for the supply of public baths or fountains. The ancients had these useful auxiliaries of health in perfection; with us, such erections are only beginning to be talked of. The bath, at once a luxury and necessity, is now rendered all the more needful, since so large a portion of our population is engaged in occupations of a warm, smoky, and dusty character. What could be more refreshing and invigorating than the regular use of the hot or cold bath to our miners, engine-builders, and mechanics, to our factory people and other in-door artisans? what could tend more to promote their health and comfort, and render them externally decent in the eyes of themselves and neighbours? We say *externally* decent, for much more depends on this than is generally imagined. Let the head of a family take a pride in keeping himself and household clean and orderly, and we shall answer for him in other respects; let him once lose this pride, and a host of disreputable associations inevitably follow. The bath is, on all hands, admitted to be one of the most important auxiliaries to health; and yet such has been our neglect of it, that there is nothing of the kind in Britain within easy reach of the public; and this, too, with all our facilities of heating and mechanical construction. As with baths, so with public fountains, which would at once adorn and refresh our streets, purging them of their mud in winter, and allaying their suffocating dust in summer. Nor do we advocate any mere display of fountains and *jets d'eau*; though the same supply which would enable the authorities to adorn a city, would also enable the citizens to enjoy abundance within their own dwellings. Abundance would beget cheapness; and the cheaper the rate, the more extensive would be the demand.

It need scarcely be argued how much injury is done to public morals by the constant exhibition of impurities, which a proper system of deterring and general cleansing might remove. Improvements in taste among the lower classes of people generally, may almost be pronounced hopeless, while such a state of things is suffered to exist. Surrounded by grossness and impurity—denied pure air to breathe, and pure water to drink—every

\* Speaking of the evil effects of bad ventilation, and over-crowding of dwellings and streets in Paris, Mr Chadwick, in his late report on the Practice of Interment in Towns, draws a striking contrast between what the French government habitually expends, or, more properly, throws away, on certain warlike arrangements, and what it lays out on structural improvement. 'The expenditure of money on Algiers appears to have been upwards of four millions sterling per annum during the twelve years of its occupation. The capital sunk on the permanent structural arrangements for supplying London with water being about three millions and a-half, it may be safely alleged, that one year's expenditure on Algiers would have sufficed for the structural arrangements for a supply of water for the cleansing of every room, and house, and street in Paris; or on the scale of the expense of the works completed for supplying Toulouse with water, one year's expenditure on Algiers would have sufficed to supply one hundred and fifty towns of the same size as Toulouse with the like means of healthful, and thence of moral improvement. One year's cost of any one regiment maintained in the war on the Arabs would suffice to build and endow a school, or to have constructed between one and two miles of permanent railway. The total amount of capital so applied exceeds nearly by one-fourth the amount expended on the existing railroads in Great Britain. It may be confidently averred, that the cost of the forts, detachments, or *enceintes continues*, [the walls round Paris] said to be on a reduced scale upwards of ten millions sterling, would, if properly directed, with the accessories of moral appliances, in addition to such physical means as those indicated by the officers of public health, suffice, within the period of the living generation, to renovate the physical and moral condition of the great mass of the population in the interior of that capital.'

principle of demoralisation is cherished and strengthened, and all the ordinary efforts at improvement habitually checked.

Here we leave the subject, trusting that the proper watering of towns is among the means which will soon be under general consideration for sanitary improvement.

## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SAUMUR TO NANTES.

BRILLIANT was the morning on which, at an early hour, we stood on the projecting balcony of the Belvedere, with faces directed to the glittering Loire, watching for the approach of the steamer from Tours, as it emerged from behind the green tufted islands amidst which the river finds its way to Saumur. There was a sensation on the ordinarily dull quay in front of the hotel: the loitering gendarme, ever watchful attendant of arrivals and departures, was bending his steps towards the embarcadere, a barge commodiously anchored close in-shore, and reached by a railed gangway; blue-bloused garçons were issuing from alleys, laden with baggage for the same destination; and already a group of *flâneurs*—persons who obligingly look on, and criticise any movement going forward—were met in solemn conclave to watch over the eventful proceedings of the morning. A wreath of blue smoke ascends amidst the trees—*la voûte*—the *bateau à vapeur* is approaching, and the rapid tinkle of its bell is heard along the water. The *flâneurs*, in great excitement, speak, smoke, and spit, with frantic energy. Our hotel, heaving into life, yields up its crowd of wayfarers; and we among the number have in a few minutes planted our feet on the quivering deck of the steamer, which, shooting beneath the antique bridge, is instantly off on its journey down the broad bosom of the Loire.

Below Saumur, the banks of the Loire continue flat, and interesting only from an occasional village on the banks, or a bushy island lying in the midst of the stream. Though the volume of water is now considerably increased, the navigation continues perplexing, in consequence of the shifting sandbanks, to mark which willow twigs are stuck in the river by men employed for the purpose. Steering by these beacons, the steamer diverges in different directions from the fair way of the river, drawing up for a few minutes at a number of the principal villages in its passage. In descending, we had pleasure in observing sundry tokens of improvement. New houses were here and there building—the material employed being the whitish stone, or tufa, found in the district; a large new church was also in course of erection in one of the towns; and we had occasion to pass beneath four handsome suspension bridges in a space of a few hours—that at St Maturin consisting of five lofty spans. In the vicinity of this structure, on the left bank, we pass the famed St Maur, a large mansion, conspicuous among other edifices, which once formed the retreat of those Benedictine monks whose learning and industry have been a theme of universal admiration.

About mid-day our vessel, bending round a promontory on the right, came to a pause within the embouchure of the Maine, and here it remained for nearly an hour, waiting the arrival of a steamboat from Angers, to which those who were going further down the Loire were to be transferred. This new vessel was larger than the one we had left, the steamers, as I formerly mentioned, being in sets which increase in bulk as we descend the river. Provided with an elegant salon and

a respectable restaurant, we were now, for the first time, really at ease in the water part of our excursion, and the remainder of the day was spent agreeably in seeing what is unquestionably the most picturesque part of the Loire. The river, increased by its accession from the Maine, is now broad and impressive, and the banks rising into green woody hills or rocky knolls, with the striking feature of an old ruin or well-built chateau, remind one of the Rhine in some parts of its course, though much inferior in point of romantic beauty. The face of the sloping hills admitting of the vine culture, extensive fields of that plant again attract our attention, and attest the amenity of the climate. Towards evening, the more picturesque appearance of the banks ceased, and we entered a new and level tract of country, with rich green meadows on the margin of the river, and from beyond one of these on our right are seen rising the lofty turrets of Nantes.

As our vessel drew up alongside the quay of this ancient and populous city, it was tolerably evident that a more than usual bustle prevailed. Flags were flying on all sides, bands of men were parading the streets shouting patriotic songs, and on making our way to the interior of the town, we were almost brought to a stand by the multitudes which crowded every thoroughfare. On inquiring the cause of the uproar, we learned that the Duke de Nemours had just arrived in the course of his progress through the provinces, and that the place was in the enjoyment of a complete holiday. I need hardly say that we were thankful, after half a dozen rebuffs from the principal hotels, to take up our quarters at a house of extremely moderate pretensions, where, however, we spent several days with more comfort than we had usually experienced on our travels.

Occupying a gentle slope on the right, or northern bank of the Loire, where that river is parted into several branches by intervening islands, and at the distance of forty miles from the ocean, Nantes appears to the stranger one of the finest and busiest towns in France. With less maritime traffic than Havre, it is much superior in architectural elegance, in which respect it bears a resemblance to some parts of Paris. The style, at least, is Parisian—handsome quays, lined with tall stone houses, and many large mansions provided with inner courts and port cochères. A few of the streets and *places*, lined with elegant shops, and provided in some parts with trottoirs, serve likewise to remind one of the Rue St Honoré, and other business streets of the capital; while the intersection with navigable channels of water, across which are drawbridges, gives, at the same time, the air of a Dutch city to some quarters of the town. No one, however, can exactly say what Nantes is, because it is at present in the course of a most extensive renovation. Ancient and narrow alleys, more picturesque than salubrious, are gradually being cleared away, to make room for open thoroughfares; houses with old wooden gables, which have lasted since the days of the regal dukes of Brittany, are sinking into masses of rubbish, and yielding to solid structures of stone. On the site of what was formerly an odious pile of buildings, an arcade with shops has been constructed, in a style of elegance superior to anything of the kind I have seen in England. Notwithstanding its numerous architectural elegances, the town, like many others equally populous, is still deficient in various sanitary arrangements; and for a supply of pure water for culinary purposes, is entirely dependent on carts, from which the article is sold in the different streets and alleys. Underground sewerage seems to be unknown; but this deficiency is so universal in France, that one could almost imagine that Frenchmen are totally deficient in one of the less important of the senses.

Nantes is rich in public establishments calculated to attract strangers—among others, a library consisting of 32,000 volumes, with many interesting manuscripts;

a museum of natural history; a garden of plants; a picture gallery, considered to be second in France to that of the Louvre, and containing some fine sculptures; a large and well-conducted theatre; several hospitals; a bourse, or exchange; and so on. During our stay, there was an exposition in the halls of the bourse of articles manufactured in Nantes, which, as evincing the progress of the useful arts in France, we viewed with much satisfaction. Amidst the large array of objects, we noticed remarkably fine specimens of carriages, harness, leather, paper, cordage, and cutlery; articles of an ornamental kind were very numerous. The preparation of preserved meats in canisters is carried on to a great extent in Nantes for exportation, and large piles of the neatly done-up packages were conspicuous on the tables of the exhibition.

The antiquities of Nantes are, however, more deeply interesting than the modern erections. Near the quay, on the west, and surrounded by a dry ditch, now laid out as a garden, stands the dilapidated chateau of Nantes, half castle half palace, its principal buildings now employed as barracks and a dépôt for military stores. Here, during a visit to the town in 1598, 'Le Bon Henri Quatre' issued his famous edict of Nantes, assuring protection to his Protestant subjects, and the revocation of which by Louis XIV. in 1685 produced such disastrous consequences to the nation. From behind the castle a handsome and broad promenade, lined with trees, and ornamented with various tasteful objects of art, conducts us to the old cathedral, a huge pile, which may be seen, at a great distance, overtopping the buildings of the town. The edifice being of different eras, with portions unfinished, is far from elegant, yet is imposing from its height; and its interior decorations cannot be viewed with indifference. The principal object of attraction to sight-seers is a superb monument in the middle of the south transept, commemorative of Francis II., last duke of Brittany, and his two wives Marguerite de Foix and Marguerite de Bretagne. Erected originally in the church of the Carmelites, it was opened and desecrated in 1793, when the ashes it contained, including the heart of the Duchess Ann, which had been enclosed in a gold case, were scattered abroad by the revolutionary mob. Fortunately, the monument was uninjured, and, being secreted till quieter times, was transferred in 1817 to its present situation. This work of art, executed by Michael Colomb in 1507, consists of a massive square sarcophagus five feet in height, composed, with all the figures which decorate it, entirely of marble of different colours, white, however, predominating. Upon the top of the tomb lie two figures, the size of life, of pure white marble, dressed in royal robes, and with hands pressed together on their bosom in an attitude of devotion. That on the right represents Francis II., and that on the left Marguerite de Foix. Three angels of the same exquisite sculpture, and also in white marble, sustain the cushions on which repose the heads of the duke and duchess, at whose feet are crouched a lion and greyhound, emblems of force and fidelity, and holding in their paws the arms of Bretagne and Foix. At each of the four corners of the tomb stands a female figure also in white marble, alike beautiful and expressive. The figures represent the cardinal virtues with their attributes—Justice holding a sword and book of the law; Prudence with a compass and mirror in her hands, and a serpent at her feet, the head of the figure having the singular conceit of two faces—that behind being the countenance of an aged woman, to indicate wisdom founded on experience; Temperance carrying a timepiece and a bridle; and Power strangling with the right hand a dragon, signifying heresy, which she draws from a tower in her left. The sides and ends of the tomb are likewise sculptured in the most elaborate style of art—the more prominent objects being the twelve apostles, six on each side; and on one end figures of Charlemagne and St Louis, and on the other figures of St Francis and St Margaret, patrons of the duke and

duchess. Altogether, the monument is perhaps the finest thing of the kind in France, and if now to be executed, would cost many thousands of pounds.

The cathedral of Nantes seems scarcely to have recovered the indignities it suffered at the Revolution; having first become a temple dedicated to Reason, and afterwards an artillery magazine. Its altars are again decorated, but, like too many churches in France, it is discredibly dirty; and one can understand the little respect paid to its character, when he sees inscribed within a few feet of its grand altar—'Il est défendu de cracher dans le sanctuaire' (spitting is forbidden within the sanctuary). As a restored place of public worship, it has, nevertheless, been more fortunate than other edifices of its class. Throughout the town may be observed several old Gothic churches occupied as carpenters' shops, dépôts of merchandise, and other establishments of a secular kind.

It is impossible for a stranger to visit Nantes without recalling to mind the horrors which were transacted here in the year 1794, when the fury of the revolutionary leaders was directed to the extermination of the last vestige of loyalty in Brittany and La Vendée. Nantes, as a centre of recusancy in Brittany, and sympathising with the adjoining Vendéans, became peculiarly obnoxious to vengeance, which was left to be executed by Carrier, one of those mediocre and violent beings who, in the excitement of civil broils, become monsters of cruelty and extravagance. To adopt the account given of him by Thiers:—'He commenced his career, on arriving at Nantes, by declaring his opinion that an indiscriminate slaughter must be made; and that, notwithstanding the promise of pardon held out to such Vendéans as laid down their arms, mercy should be extended to none. The constituted authorities having ventured to speak of holding faith with the rebels, Carrier said to them, "You don't know your trade: I will have you all guillotined;" and he proceeded to fulfil his mission, by causing the unfortunate men who had surrendered to be mowed down by ball and grape-shot, in bands of one and two hundred. He appeared before the popular society with a drawn sword in his hand, scattering abusive epithets, and threatening all with the guillotine. The society speedily dissolved him, and he forthwith dissolved it. He intimidated the authorities to such an extent, that they dared no longer assemble in his presence. One day some of the members presumed to mention the subject of provisions to him: he replied to the municipal officers "that the affair was none of his; that the first who spoke to him about provisions should have his head struck off; and that he had no time to attend to their nonsense." The madman thought his only mission was to slay.

He resolved to punish not only the rebellious Vendéans, but also the federalist Nantese, who had attempted a movement in favour of the Girondists after the siege of their city. Fugitives, who had escaped the massacres of Mans and Savenay, daily arrived in crowds, chased by the armies which encompassed them on all sides. Carrier caused them to be immured in the prisons of Nantes, and thus accumulated of those unhappy creatures nearly ten thousand. He afterwards formed a company of assassins, who spread themselves over the adjoining country, arrested the Nantese families, and plundered at will, in addition to their other enormities. Carrier had originally instituted a revolutionary commission, to pass the Vendéans and Nantese through a form of trial. Under his direction the Vendéans were shot, and the Nantese accused of federalism or royalism were guillotined. In a little while, however, he found the formality too tedious, and the mode of execution by grape-shot attended with inconveniences. The destruction was somewhat lingering, and it was troublesome to inter the bodies. They frequently remained on the field of slaughter, and so infected the air, that an epidemic prevailed in the town. The Loire, which traverses Nantes, suggested a horrible idea to Carrier—namely, to get rid of his prisoners by throwing them

into the river. He made a preliminary experiment, by loading a barge with ninety priests, under pretence of transporting them elsewhere, and causing it to be scuttled at a distance from the city. The expedient being found to answer, he decided upon adopting it more extensively. He no longer employed the empty formality of arraigning the victims before a commission; he had them taken from the prisons during the night, in bands of one and two hundred, and conducted into lighters. From these lighters they were transferred into small vessels prepared for the execrable purpose. The doomed were stowed into the hold of the craft, the port-holes nailed up, and the apertures of the deck covered with planks; then the executioners retired into the barges, whilst carpenters stationed in boats stove in the sides of the vessel with hatchets, and sent it to the bottom. Such was the process whereby four or five thousand individuals perished. Carrier congratulated himself on having discovered this more expeditious and salubrious method of delivering the republic from its enemies. Not only men, but a great number of women and children likewise, were drowned in this fashion. Upon the dispersion of the Vendéan families, several inhabitants of Nantes had received children into their houses with the view of rearing them. "They are wolves' whelps," said Carrier; and he ordered them to be surrendered to the republic. These orphan children were nearly all drowned.

The Loire was choked with corpses; ships, in casting anchor, sometimes raised vessels filled with dead. Birds of prey hovered on the shores of the river, and devoured the human relics. The fish were tainted with a diet which rendered their use dangerous, and the municipality issued a prohibition against taking them. These horrors were aggravated by a contagious malady and a famine. Amidst all the calamity, Carrier, always frantic and wrathful, denounced the slightest expression of pity; seized by the collar and threatened with his sword any who ventured to address him; and caused a notice to be affixed, that whoever should pester him with solicitations for a prisoner, would be himself thrown into prison. Fortunately, the committee of public welfare superseded him; for however much it approved of extermination, it was called upon to discourage extravagance. It is some consolation to think that this wretch, like most other revolutionary leaders, at length perished amidst the storm which he had contributed to raise.

The Loire, in which the inhuman *noyades* of Carrier took place, is of less imposing breadth than has probably been anticipated by the tourist. As already noticed, the river is here divided into several branches, with intervening islands, the whole intersected by a series of bridges opposite the eastern extremity of the town. These islands are well covered with houses, and extend considerably down the Loire. The western extremity of the island nearest the town remains in its primitive condition, with green trees and herbage; and it was in the Loire, at this point, where the quay opposite is at no great distance, that the principal drownings were perpetrated, the unhappy victims being brought from their place of confinement in a large building called the Salorges, still existing on the quay, and used as a depot for colonial merchandise. The long line of quay down to this spot exhibits in the present day a busy spectacle of commerce—groups of merchants, vessels loading and unloading, functionaries of the douane at their posts, and a line of handsome shops, business offices, and warehouses, with tall houses overhead—the whole enlivened by a row of trees between the street and quay, as at the Boomtjes of Rotterdam. To and from the more distant parts of the quay, and other quarters of the town, omnibuses are continually rolling along with passengers. The first idea of these convenient vehicles, it is due to Nantes to mention, originated here in the ingenuity and enterprise of a single individual, and afterwards spread to Paris, whence it was transferred to England. The Nantes omnibuses

continue a model of good management, and with fares no more than they were originally—any length of journey in them being charged only fifteen centimes, or something like three-halfpence.

#### GUANO.

THIS manure, which was introduced into Britain about three years ago, is the deposit from the guano, a sea-bird which frequents the rocks and islets along the western coast of South America. To those who are aware of the countless myriads of sea-fowl which hover on these shores, and of the favourable nature of the climate for the preservation of their deposits, it will not seem surprising that masses of guano should be found from twenty to sixty feet in depth, more or less covered, and mixed up with earthy impurities. Accordingly, in the sheltered hollows and sinuosities of the rocks and islands, it is found in accumulations, yielding from a few bushels to a thousand tons. It is collected in various degrees of purity, from the recent grayish-white droppings, to the ancient brown or reddish-coloured deposit; but, for common purposes, it is generally classed as gray or brown guano—the latter being by far the most plentiful, and forming the main article of import for British agriculture. As shipped, it is a damp pulverulent mass, of a reddish-brown colour, emits a pungent odour, and bears evidence of its origin in containing occasional fragments of eggs, bones, and feathers of the guano.

Though but recently known to us, guano has been long in use by the inhabitants of Peru; being so highly prized as a fertiliser in the time of the Incas, that it was declared a capital offence to kill the fowl by which it was deposited. 'On the sea-coast (says Garcilasso de la Vega, in his *Mémoires Réales*, 1609), from below Arequipa, as far as Tarapaca, which is more than two hundred leagues of coast, they use no other manure than that of marine birds, which exist, both great and small, on all the coasts of Peru, and go in flocks perfectly incredible, if not seen. They are reared on some uninhabited islands which exist on that coast, and the manure which they leave is of inconceivable amount. At a distance, the hills of it resemble the mounds on some snowy plain. In the time of the Incas, there was so much vigilance in guarding these birds, that, during the rearing season, no person was allowed to visit the islands under pain of death, in order that they might not be frightened and driven from their nests. Neither was it allowed to kill them at any time, either on or off the islands, under the same penalty.' Each district also had a portion of these islands allotted to it, the penalties for infringement of which were very severe; and from these circumstances, it is probable the Incas did not permit any remarkable consumption of this valuable manure beyond what was yearly deposited. As with the ancient, so with the modern inhabitants, even in their degraded and semi-barbarous state. They still set an especial value upon the fertilising properties of this substance; and are known to come several hundred miles, each with his donkey or llama, for a quintal of guano, with which he marches homeward, trudging a rough road on foot, yet rejoicing over his odorous cargo.

But while the Peruvians and other sea-coast inhabitants protected the islands and rocks frequented by these birds, it was chiefly to the recent deposits that they directed their care, and thus the accumulations of unknown antiquity, covered up by sand, or removed beyond their reach, have been left to be ransacked by modern enterprise. Nor was it without reason that the natives sought the fresh deposits with so much avidity. The dung of all animals, by being exposed to atmospheric influences, gives off its fertilising properties; and thus it was that the recent deposits of guano were so carefully preserved and collected. However, as the decay of native intelligence under a foreign yoke, the abundance of modern shipping, and other causes, began to operate, the sea-fowl were less

protected, they sought other habitats, fresh guano became scarce, and the ancient deposits began to be more keenly sought after, and transported to the seaports for sale. A manure so important could not be expected long to escape the attention of British traders; and as the requirements of home agriculture became better understood, guano was introduced into England. The trials made upon grass, turnips, and other crops, succeeded to a wish; and thus, since 1840, the demand for the article has so increased, that cargoes have been landed at every first-rate seaport both in England and Scotland. When introduced, the price of guano was £25 a ton; and even at this rate its application was found to remunerate the farmer; but artificial substitutes were soon proposed by the chemist, and these compositions had the effect of reducing the market price to £15, £12, or even £10 a ton, according to quality. At the latter rates it still remains, and proves a source of profit alike to the importer and farmer, and through them to the community.

It must be seen, however, that the supply of this manure is limited. In a few years the ancient accumulations will be exhausted; and though fresh deposits must be forming in some locality or other, still, it can only be in comparatively small quantities. On this point our best authority is Dr M. Hamilton, late of Peru, who remarks as follows:—'The guaneros were still to be seen in vast numbers on the Moro of Arica during my first residence there in 1826, but not in such abundance as they were a few years prior to that period; for, during the war for independence, Arica was several times attacked both by sea and land, when the cannonading had the effect of scaring them from their haunts on the Moro. Since 1826, Arica has been much frequented by foreigners, some of whom often fired at, and otherwise annoyed the birds, which now have all but totally abandoned that part of the Peruvian coast. The guaneros have hitherto existed on the coast of Peru in numbers which would appear incredible, except to those persons who have seen them. The greatest mass of guaneros I ever saw was in 1836, at the Chincha Isles, which are only barren rocks in the Pacific Ocean, off Pisco, and about a hundred miles south from Callao. I saw the birds through a glass from on board a vessel under easy sail, when the rock appeared to be a living mass; for the guaneros seemed to be contending among themselves for a resting-place. They live on fish, and are expert fishers, for which they are beautifully formed by nature. The bill is three or four inches long, according to the age or size of the bird, and it is about one inch broad at the extremity, much curved, and altogether well adapted for hooking up the food, which rarely escapes. The quantity of guano manure accumulated on the Peruvian coast must be very great, and may be estimated thus:—Allowing the average number of these birds to be one million, which I consider is much within bounds, and that each bird has one ounce of droppings per day, we shall have not less than above thirty tons; and deducting one-half of the above supposed quantity for evaporation and other casualties, there will still be above fifteen tons of this valuable substance produced every day. From what has been observed as to the habits and numbers of the guano, their frequenting promontories, declivities, and insulated rocks, it follows that their soil in certain localities must have accumulated to such an extent, as might induce those persons who may not have considered the subject, to expect that the guano is to be had in unlimited quantity; but for obvious reasons that must be a fallacious expectation.'

There can be no gainsaying these remarks, nor can there be any remedy for the exhaustion of guano, unless in the application of other natural manures, or in the adoption of such artificial mixture as the science of chemistry may indicate. But while the chemist has already accomplished this task (Professor Johnston's composition, Potter's guano, &c.), speculators have been in search of other deposits; and it is stated in the newspapers that nearly a dozen sail have

left Glasgow and Liverpool for some islands situated within those rainless latitudes which permit of the speedy accumulation of guano. We have seen specimens from islands in the Indian seas, from the coasts of Africa, and from other tropical regions; but granting that the deposits from which these were taken should be equal in quality, and as abundant as those on the coast of Peru, still, a very few years of British importation must suffice to exhaust them, and throw our farmers upon the more permanent resources of chemical admixture and their own farm-yards.

The question has also been started—To what extent may guano be collected along our own coast and islands? It is true that the western and northern islands of Scotland, as, indeed, the whole sea-coast where it is sufficiently rocky and precipitous, are frequented by countless flocks of sea-fowl, more or less throughout the whole year, always periodically, or during the breeding season. The same natural agency is at work which deposited the guano of the Pacific; and we should have similar results, were it not that our islands are subjected to counteracting agencies unknown along the guano-yielding regions of South America. We have a wet and stormy climate, and the half-liquid substance is no sooner voided, than it is generally washed away; or if deposited to a small extent during summer, the rains and frosts of the succeeding winter utterly destroy it, leaving only a few insignificant and worthless patches, or a thin pellicle on the face of the rocks where the birds have nestled. There can be no counteracting of these natural agencies on a great scale, all that seems possible being the adoption of some artificial process of collection during summer; and even that must be of such a nature as not to scare the birds from their familiar haunts. So long as the Peruvian supply sells at £12 or £15 a ton, fresh Scotch guano might be profitably collected in some localities; but this only for a few months in summer, and with considerable risk, as the sea-fowl select bluffs and precipices for their habitations. After all, the quantity collected could be of little moment, and could not be considered as in any way affecting the general results of British agriculture. The truth is, that both the foreign and home supply of guano must ever be of limited extent; and, regarding it in this light, it would be wiser in the practical farmer to direct his care to the never-failing sources around him—to the thousands of tons of manure which run to waste from our farm-yards, our common sewers, our gas-works, our breweries, our bleachfields, &c. and to collect and apply this as its value demands.

#### MRS GRANT'S LETTERS.

Mrs GRANT of Laggan was better known thirty years ago than now as the author of two works descriptive of the Highlands of Scotland,\* and one in which she had given, from personal observation, a delightful picture of American colonial society in the interval between the French Canadian war and the commencement of that of Independence.† A lively easy style, and a certain simplicity mingled with considerable powers of reflection, had given these works a large circulation, and, besides obtaining a literary name for the author, had endeared her to a large circle of acquaintance amongst the most virtuous of the higher classes in all parts of the empire. The impression which she made by her writings was deepened, in the minds of all who knew her personally, by a singularly amiable and upright character, as well as by the events of her history and her existing circumstances. Mrs Grant was the daughter of a Scottish officer, who took her mother and herself to America during the French Canadian war (1758),

\* Letters from the Mountains. 3 vols. 1806.—Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands. 3 vols. 1811.

† Memoirs of an American Lady. 3 vols. 1808.



when she was only three years of age. She spent her early years in that country, obtaining a sort of education chiefly by her own aptitude at learning whatever came in her way; and, when brought back to her native country, she had scarcely seen anything of the world, before she was settled in a Highland solitude, as the wife of the minister of Laggan, in Badenoch. How such a person could write the clever, sensible, descriptive letters which afterwards formed her first prose publication, would astonish any one who was not prepared to believe that there is something in native powers of mind which is independent of all extraneous circumstances.

The conclusion of a happy married life of upwards of twenty years saw her a widow, with eight surviving children, nearly altogether unprovided for. From immediate difficulties she was relieved by her friends promoting a subscription for a volume of her poetry; the rest were surmounted by her own energies, in conducting the education of a few young ladies at a retirement near Stirling. She seems to have had at all times a special power of acquiring and retaining friends, and of a kind who were not merely able, but eagerly willing to be of service to her. She had now passed the prime of life, without thinking of authorship; and her first prose publication was entirely the result of a necessity she was under of fitting out a son as an ensign in the Indian army. This made her at once favourably known to the public, and brought her many additional friends; amongst the rest Dr Porteus, bishop of London. To account further for the warm interest which we see taken in her by so many persons of the highest worth, as well as rank and affluence, it is only necessary to make slight allusion to a series of sorrows which she was destined to encounter during the next twenty years, in the death, one after another, of all her children, excepting one only. She bore these griefs with the firmness of a truly pious mind; but it was impossible for any one who knew her, not to be deeply concerned for an aged lady of the finest intellectual and moral character who had to part with so many whom she might have expected to see around her own deathbed. With these friends Mrs Grant kept up a constant correspondence as long as they and herself lived. She died in 1838, aged eighty-four years, the last thirty of which she spent in comparatively easy and independent circumstances in Edinburgh, where, during that time, her house was one of the recognised centres of the literary society which adorns our city.

Mrs Grant's son has now published a selection of her letters,\* extending over the period which has elapsed since the close of the series written in the Highlands. They will not be felt to have the same interest as that series, for neither are they the production of the prime of the author's mind, nor do they refer to scenery, circumstances, or persons of so peculiar a character; but they will, nevertheless, be welcomed by all who can be content with so quiet a pleasure as that of contemplating the inner thoughts, mingled with the observations on external things, of a mind singularly pure, kindly, and well-disposed, both for this world and a better. Perhaps a more rigidly-judging editor than Mr Grant would have omitted much that scarcely rises above friendly prattle, and yet we can imagine that a majority of the readers of the book would not wish one line to have been spared.

In our perusal of the volumes we have been struck by several circumstances which either denote an unusual fascination in Mrs Grant's history and writings over cer-

tain minds, or a larger infusion of the spirit of beneficence and liberality in human nature than is generally allowed. For instance, at the very commencement of Mrs Grant's distresses, an English lady, with the greatest delicacy, takes one of her daughters to live with her. Next we find three London merchants clubbing to make her a present of £300. Many other handsome presents were sent to her, not a few of them by unknown admirers. For example—'My son met with one of Constable's partners three weeks ago, who told him, that if he would call at their shop, he would show him a curious letter about his (my son's) mother. He was shown a letter, such as a plain shopkeeping person might be supposed to write, the purport of which was to inquire if Mrs Anne Grant of Laggan was alive, and where she lived, for the writer wished to send her a box containing a present. They answered the letter, of course; and conjectured, was not a little puzzled to guess whether the present would really come, and what it would be. Last week the box arrived, which contained—first, black silk, (very good) for a dress to Mrs G.; three shawls, one a very handsome large silk one, and two very comely ones of a new kind of nondescripts, all calculated for a widow's garb; item, a pair of excellent black silk stockings; item, six beautiful French cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, all marked with my cipher impressed on symbolical figures—an urn on one, a garland on another, and all the rest differing from each other, but all fanciful, and what we considered appropriate; likewise two pairs of gloves; and finally, neatly wrapped up in paper, a gold sovereign to pay the carriage, and a very neat and business-like invoice of the whole.

But then the letter along with them, in native beauty, simplicity, and originality, was worth the whole. You would be shocked were I, my very self, to tell you how long my letters (the printed ones) had been the delight and consolation of this excellent person—for excellent she must be, supposing me to be very different from what she thought me. The ardent love of merit, should it be merely imaginary and delusive, exists only in those fine minds which are accustomed to delight in contemplating goodness in its original source. She says, towards the end of her letter, "I am not a person of birth or fortune, but a lowly thistle on the plain, sheltering some more delicate plants under my rugged stem. May I hope you will let me know something of your health and spirits, and of the welfare of your family. Let me know if your correspondents continue faithful to you in this world, or if they wait your arrival in the plains of light," &c.

Is not all this something very much out of the common way? and is not this kindness from a plain person, such as I suppose Miss M. Jones of Coalbrookdale to be, more gratifying than if a very fine or high-bred person had sent me a far more valuable or showy present? These are the cordials which the mercy that has been mingled with many bitter sufferings has afforded to cheer my path.

Several persons left Mrs Grant considerable legacies from the same principle of admiration; but there is one for which she was indebted to a somewhat different cause; namely, a thousand pounds left her in 1826 'by a West Indian boy, whom I brought up, partly at Laggan, and since at Woodend.' These benefactions seem to have been of material service in rendering the latter years of Mrs Grant smooth and comfortable.

The remainder of this paper will, we think, be best disposed in a series of brief passages from the letters, calculated to amuse and instruct the reader.

#### CURIOUS STORY OF A YOUNG OFFICER'S WIFE.

She [the person intrusted with the letter, which is dated from Stirling, 1809, and addressed to Miss Fanshawe, London] is the daughter of a Highland gentleman who lives here in Melville Place, and supports a numerous family, in a respectable manner, on the produce of a West Indian estate: This young creature was not fifteen when, by her sprightliness and musical

\* Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan. Edited by her son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1844.



talents, she attracted the attention of a very young man from London, of the name of B—, who is paymaster to a regiment then lying here. Upon examining into circumstances, the extreme youth of the lady was the only objection; they imprudently, however, permitted them to be very much together. The consequence was what might be expected; impatient of delay, and afraid of separation, they went off and married. This rash act was followed by a very sudden forgiveness, and she still continued the darling of her parents. She came here to be confined in due time, not being then completely sixteen, and became as composed and matronly as if she had been married for years. In little more than four months after, they were alarmed with an order for the regiment to go to Botany Bay, where, it is to be observed, they are likely to stay fifteen years. Careless of consequences, she was ready to go anywhere with her husband; but the fear and fondness of her parents induced them to prevail on him to set off without her, and to conceal his intentions without taking leave. When she came down and discovered the deception, she was almost frantic and her father was so moved by her agonies, that he was fain to take a post-chaise and go off instantly with his daughter to overtake her mate, who was more pleased than surprised at the occurrence, having an interior persuasion that she could not be detained. She went off, hardly bestowing a look on her infant whom she had been nursing, or on any other of the family.

After a stormy and dangerous voyage, she arrived at London, and went off after a few days to the Isle of Wight, to be ready to embark. Finding they should be detained there a month, the yearnings of affection became distressing to the young mother, and she and her husband sent a formal requisition for their child. The little creature was by this time become so dear to the good people, that they could not endure the thought of parting with it for so long an exile. They got a surgeon to certify it was not equal to the journey to London, being but five months old, and not robust for its age. Meantime the parents were in the Isle of Wight, where, on Monday morning, they heard the ship would not sail for a fortnight. The little heroine, who wants still some months of seventeen, set out instantly for Portsmouth, went the same night in the mail to London, set out from thence on Tuesday, travelled almost without food or sleep in the coach to Glasgow, and astonished all on Friday morning by her appearance in Melville Place, undaunted and unwearied, without a trace of fatigue in her looks or spirits; and here she is, going off in triumph with her child and this letter!

## SPEAKERS OUT.

He [Sir John Legard], an old gouty gentleman residing near Twickenham] has a certain selfishness with regard to his intellectual luxuries—the only ones he prizes—and seems to think that his sufferings and the sincerity of his piety and virtue entitle him to indulge in a kind of sincerity that the world is little inclined to bear—that of declaring his sentiments and emotions just as they rise in his mind, without much regard to common opinion. Whoever does this much, and long, unaware of the deceitfulness of the human heart, will indulge chagrin or fastidiousness, perhaps spleen and passion, when they think they are only sincere: this I have both seen and severely felt in other instances.

## KINDNESS UNDER AN UNPROMISING EXTERIOR.

She [a Miss Fraser, who took Mrs Grant home from Birmingham, in her post-chaise, at the intercession of some common friends] was occupied with giving directions to her servants, and scarce withdrew her attention when I entered. I was nervous and exhausted after the last night's watching and fatigue, and felt beyond measure timid and embarrassed. Her manner at first appeared to me cold, haughty, and abstracted, though polite. I went into the carriage in a tremor, and never

felt so forlorn; to mend the matter, she does not hear well, and is liable to frequent mistakes. In a little time, however, her real character began to shine through this ungracious crust. She is a woman of a vigorous and masculine mind; sincere, candid, and generous, without a shadow of cold caution, or littleness of any kind; knows a great deal, and does a great deal, for her activity of body and mind is boundless: so is her charity and friendship, when once excited. Were I at leisure, I could tell you many characteristic anecdotes of this extraordinary personage, who is, upon the whole, a very gentlemanly woman, more attentive to the essentials of kindness, than to its soothing forms; yet her kindness is not without a sort of delicacy. For instance, on my account solely, she went round the lakes of Windermere and Keswick, and showed me all the beauties of those charming scenes, which to herself were quite familiar; and this without once saying it was on my account.

## SINGULAR MARRIAGE OF COWPER'S COUSIN, THE REV. J. JOHNSON.

[A letter from Hayley, the poet, to Miss Fanshawe (1808), was] to announce the marriage of Norfolk Johnny [Cowper's pet name for him] with a lady, young, lovely, and truly amiable; she was an orphan, of independent fortune, well educated in the country, where she lived with her relations. She was elegant, pious, musical, and studied Cowper with ever new delight. Charmed with the playful innocence, cordial friendship, and disinterested kindness that appear in Cowper's sketches of Johnny's character, she sighed and wished 'that Heaven had made her such a man.' Her worthy and liberal-minded relations, notwithstanding Johnny's confined circumstances and unprepossessing appearance—for he is little, and diffident in manner—her people, in short, told his people that Johnny might try. So he did, and succeeded; for when you know him, he is charming, innocent, sweet-tempered, full of fancy and humour, and a delightful letter writer. They went to Bath about three weeks since to be married, and proceeded straight from the altar to Hayley's cottage, where Johnny's charmer sung and played to the poet every one of Cowper's lyrics, and some he never meant as such; in short, brother William was in as great raptures with Johnny's bride as he himself could be. Now, of all the great and wealthy who read and praised Cowper, not one ever thought of giving their interest to promote this faithful friend of his infirmities, who did for him what no other being would or could; but this sweet creature loved virtue for itself, and rewarded it with herself.

## GOOD TASTE SUPPRESSES MEAN CALCULATIONS.

[Speaking of a family, residing in Edinburgh, and a young English gentleman recently introduced to them,] He appears to them a young man very correct in his conduct, and of good disposition, but evidently born in the age of calculation—a propensity of which we Scots, in revenge for the obloquy formerly thrown on us by John Bull, are very apt to accuse his calves. There is no doubt but that there are among the inhabitants of the Northern Athens many who calculate very nicely; but they leave that to be discovered in their conduct, and take care that it does not appear in their conversation. Perhaps there is no place where gossiping discussions respecting the amount of individual incomes, and the prices of articles of luxury, are so seldom heard; yet people here think of these things, and struggle to attain them, as much as others. Good taste keeps many things out of sight, which good feeling in a high-toned mind would not suffer to exist.

## ADVANTAGES OF OLD MAIDENHOOD.

I think you must know something of six fair vestals, none of them young, who live in Edinburgh with a mother of most venerable antiquity. What a history is theirs! Two distinguished beauties, two wits, and

two ingenious damsels full of rare devices, who drew, and played, and worked all manner of cunning workmanship, furnished abundant variety of characters and complexions. Great was their celebrity some thirty years since, and much were they caressed and sought after among the nobles of the land. Still, it was their lot to live on, unrepining in single blessedness; truly such, for they are all very cheerful and intelligent, and live in the happiest union among themselves. I begin to think that those sensible contented single women, who have outlived the turbulence and flutter of expectation and admiration, and think of nothing but being pleasant companions and good aunts here, and joining those who walk pre-eminently in white hereafter, are perhaps, on the whole, more exempt from suffering, and have more unmixed enjoyment, than we whose hearts are always either mourning the departed, or aching with fear and anxiety for the living. The sense that turns at the touch of joy or wo, but turning, trembles too, is like a pendulum in constant motion with us meritorious matrons. My partiality for the single state does not comprehend men; they require some of that unbought grace of life, which is only to be found in female worth and affection. Celibacy with them is rarely respectable. Think how contemptible they grow for the most part under the sway of their housekeeper.

#### THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S RELIGIOUS FEELINGS GEOGRAPHICAL.

The duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same, but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently.

#### ECONOMY IN COMPANY-KEEPING.

I have this morning [Edinburgh, Nov. 20, 1811] the muddiest head you can suppose, having had a party of friends with me on the last two evenings. To understand the cause of all this hospitality, you must know that, being a very methodical and economical family, every cow of ours, as we express it in our rustic Highland dialect, has a calf; that is to say, when we have a party, which in Edinburgh includes a cold collation, we are obliged to provide *quantum sufficit* for our guests, who, being of a description more given to good talking than good eating, are content to admire and be admired, and have little time to attend to vulgar gratifications; of consequence, the more material food, after contributing, like the guests, to embellish the entertainment, remains little diminished. As our wide acquaintance includes the greatest variety of people imaginable, there are among them a number of good kind people that dress finely, laugh heartily, and sing merrily, and have, in some instances, genealogy besides; yet on these good people the lions and lionesses of literature would think their roaring very ill bestowed. These, however, make a greater noise in their own way, and before their superior prowess the substantials soon vanish; they are in every sense less fastidious, happier because less wise, and more benevolent because less witty. An assemblage of these contented beings, who can amply appreciate the value of a custard, a jelly, or a jest on its second appearance, are convenient successors to the refined pretenders to originality, who prefer what is new to what is true, and would not for the world be caught eating blanc-mange while Mr Jeffrey and Dr Thomas Brown are brandishing wit and philosophy in each other's faces with electric speed and brilliance. These good fat people, who sing and eat like canary-birds, come with alacrity the day after, and esteem themselves too happy to be admitted so soon to consume mere mortal aliment in the very apartment where the deficiencies of intellect were so lately shared among superior intelligences.

#### WARNING OF YOUNG GENIUS.

Talking of genius leads me to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that young Theodore, for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. [Mrs Grant here refers to Theodore Hook, then (1809) the youthful brother-in-law of her correspondent. How much her warning proved a prophecy, need not be told.] You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake as well as yours: I do in my heart love genius in all its forms, and even in its exuberance and eccentricity. You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. The uncultured flowers, and even the early fruit of premature intellect, form an admirable decoration for a desert; but wo to him who would expect to feast on them daily and only. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than Sheridan? and who would choose to live his life, and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised, individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be 'of those that live by cramoie clink'—as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the muses who, without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay, to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health, and their spirits, and their means ebb together. Raise, then, your voice of truth and affection, and outsing all the syrens that, on the coast of idleness, strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him—independent of all that flatters or pleases—for himself; and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration.

#### ANECDOTES OF KISSING HANDS.

Judge my confusion and astonishment when, calling one day lately [1816] at Lady Charlotte Campbell's, a very handsome fashionable young man asked if I was Mrs G. of Laggan. Hearing I was, he flew across the room—said I was one of the persons in Scotland he most wished to see, and kissed my hand rapturously—yes, rapturously. I looked at him to see whether folly or vanity had prompted this flourish—that is, whether he was foolish enough to think me what I was not, or vain enough to suppose this would pass for a fine flight of enthusiasm. I saw so much sanguine simplicity in his countenance, that I concluded it to be a boyish flight. He then descanted on the poem of The Highlanders, as awakening his feelings and enthusiasm for Scotland at a very early age. I resolved to stay him out, and know who he was, as I had very imperfectly heard the name by which he was introduced. Lady Charlotte told me, to my still greater surprise, that he was of royal lineage; in short, he is the Duke of Sussex's son by Lady Augusta Murray.

I must not omit an anecdote, better than my own, about kissing hands. A young lady from England, very ambitious of distinction, and thinking the outrageous admiration of genius was nearly as good as the possession of it, was presented to Walter Scott, and had very nearly gone through the regular forms of swooning sensibility on the occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Mr Henry Mackenzie, she bore it better, but kissed his hand with admiring veneration. It is worth telling, for the sake of Mr Scott's comment. He said, 'Did you ever hear the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of session, and kiss the dry

withered hand of an old tax-gatherer?' Such is the mockery of homage paid to that class of beings who, as Pope justly observes, 'are envied wretched, and are flattered poor.'

### SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING ANIMALS.

BEFORE the characters of animals were rigidly investigated, as they have latterly been by men of science, it is not wonderful that they should have been misunderstood in many instances, and thus become the subject of superstitious notions. Even now, when the supernatural is generally abandoned, some of these superstitious notions may be said to have a sort of twilight existence in the form of antipathies and suspicions, the result of which to the animals themselves is far from favourable, while it is, to say the least of it, discreditable to mankind. We propose here to review the superstitions of this class generally, as a curious chapter in the natural history of the human mind, and in doing so, to lay particular stress on such notions as tend in any degree to encourage cruelty or unreasonable fears.

There are several animals, perfectly innocent towards man, which have obtained an evil reputation, from apparently no other cause than that which formerly rendered the aged of the female sex of our own race the objects of superstitious dread—namely, their unlovely aspect and solitary mode of life. Such are the owl and the raven, both of them, time out of mind, proclaimed by man to be unlucky birds—birds of evil omen—and so forth. The owl was so reckoned amongst the Romans:—

*Ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*

—Ovid.

[Ill-omened in his form, the unlucky fowl,  
Abhorred by men, and called a screeching owl.

—Garth's Translation.]

Virgil speaks in like manner of the fatal prognostications of the crow:—

*Sæpe sinistra crux prædixit ab ilice cornix.*

[And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,  
By croaking from the left presaged the coming blow.

—Dryden's Translation.]

This great nation even had officers—officers, too, selected from the patrician or aristocratic class—one of whose duties it was to study the omens of the owl, crow, and other birds, and interpret them to the people—man thus placing himself, it may fairly be said, in a position meaner than that of the humble animals which were the subjects of their observations. Our poet Butler has touched off this 'institution' of the masters of the ancient world:—

The Roman senate, when within  
The city walls an owl was seen,  
Did cause their clergy with lustrations  
(Our synod calls humiliations)  
The round-faced prodigy to avert,  
From doing town or country hurt.

The prevalence of this superstition respecting the owl in England is shown by the frequent allusions to it in the works of our poets—as where Shakspeare says—

The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign.  
—Henry VI.

and applies it metaphorically to an inauspicious person—

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge.  
—Ibid.

It can scarcely be necessary to quote the equally significant exclamation of Lady Macbeth—

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under our battlements.

These notions respecting the owl and raven still have a considerable hold of the English rustic mind, and cause many most superfluous cruelties; for these creatures are deemed to destruction wherever they can be found.

It is the barn owl (*Strix flammea*) which is thus ill regarded. A solitary mode of life, generally amongst

old secluded buildings, a habit of seeking its food at night, and its screeching voice, seem to be the causes of its bad reputation. A peculiarly soft noiseless flight, bringing the bird under observation without any warning, may have also helped to fix its terrible character. The eccentric but benevolent Waterton gives a whimsical account of an effort which he made to counteract the common notion in his own place of residence. 'Up to 1813,' he says, 'the barn owl had a sad time of it at Walton Hall. Its supposed mournful notes alarmed the ancient housekeeper. She knew full well what sorrow it had brought into other houses when she was a young woman; and there was enough of mischief in the midnight wintry blast, without having it increased by the dismal screams of something which people knew very little about, and which everybody said was far too busy in the churchyard at night-time. Nay, it was a well-known fact, that, if anybody were sick in the neighbourhood, it would be for ever looking in at the window, and holding a conversation outside with somebody, they did not know whom. The gamekeeper agreed with her in everything that was said on this important subject; and he always stood better in her books when he had managed to shoot a bird of this bad and mischievous family. However, in 1813, on my return from the wilds of Guiana, having suffered myself, and learned mercy, I broke in pieces the code of penal laws which the knavery of the gamekeeper and the lamentable ignorance of the other servants had hitherto put in force, far too successfully, to thin the numbers of this poor, harmless, unsuspecting tribe. On the ruin of the old gateway I made a place with stone and mortar, about four feet square, and fixed a thick oaken stick firmly into it. Huge masses of ivy now quite cover it. In a month or so after it was finished, a pair of barn owls came and took up their abode in it. I threatened to strangle the keeper if ever, after this, he molested either the old birds or their young ones; and I assured the housekeeper that I would take upon myself the whole responsibility of all the sickness, wo, and sorrow, that the new tenants might bring into the hall. She made a low courtesy, as much as to say, "Sir, I fall into your will and pleasure;" but I saw in her eye that she had made up her mind to have to do with things of fearful and portentous shape, and to hear many a midnight wailing in the surrounding woods. I do not think that, up to the day of this old lady's death, which took place in her eighty-fourth year, she ever looked with pleasure or contentment on the barn owl, as it flew round the large sycamore trees which grow near the old ruined gateway.' \* Mr Waterton adds, that the barn owl, so far from being in any way a noxious, is a highly useful bird, on account of the vast quantity of mice which it destroys. When it has young, it will bring a mouse to its nest every twelve or fifteen minutes. Some country people think it attacks pigeons in their houses, but it only goes there for repose and concealment, when its perfectly harmless conduct is fully evidenced by the tranquillity with which the pigeons regard it.

There is the same error respecting the crow. The portentous character of this bird is probably owing, in the first place, to its uncommonly harsh voice, and, secondly, to its carnivorous habits. Shakspeare says of an army—

— Their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

'It has often occurred to me,' says an observer of nature, 'when exploring the more inaccessible parts of the British mountains (though without any feeling of superstitious dread on the occasion), that the ravens, whose "ancient solitary reign" I had invaded, uttered their harsh croak, as they soared over my head, in expectation, as it were, of my falling down the ravines and precipices, and of their chance of becoming my "executors," and having to feed on my lifeless carcass.' Now, granting that several of the crow tribe gluttonise over dead bodies,

\* Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, v. 12.

whether of human beings or of the inferior animals, whether of men killed in battle or men accidentally killed in solitary places, what harm is there in it? Are not these animals, on the contrary, performing a useful service to the living, in removing what is so offensive to sense, and often so injurious to health? Justly regarded, the crow is an emissary of Providence, which ought to call forth feelings of admiration towards that great power, instead of exciting sentiments of disgust or antipathy towards itself.

We shall vary our theme by adverting next to a set of superstitions respecting bees, which have an element of beauty in them. It is a custom still pretty prevalent in the more rural districts of England to inform bees of any death that takes place in the family; and this is done in a formal manner, a person going with the house-key and tapping three times every hive, and then whispering the communication. It is thought that, if this is not done, the bees will desert the place, and seek out other quarters. For the same reason, when the funeral is to take place, the bees are put into mourning, by the hanging of a piece of black cloth from their hives; and a service of wine and cake is, in families of good condition, set down for them on that occasion. They are also made to participate in the family rejoicings; for, when a marriage takes place, a triumphant piece of scarlet cloth is in like manner hung upon the hives. It appears that this custom, if not the others, obtains in Brittany as well as in England. As indications of kind social feeling towards a class of creatures time out of mind the emblems of industry, foresight, and good regulation, these practices, it is submitted, are highly poetical and redeeming. It is only unfortunate that, while superstition is sometimes thus beautiful, it is most frequently gross and barbarous; so that it never can form a principle to be depended upon. There is another notion very prevalent respecting bees, that the death of a hive in the possession of a farmer foretells his speedy removal from the place. Perhaps there is a natural basis for this supposition. Bees usually die only in very wet unfavourable seasons: such seasons are injurious to the farmer, and very apt (at least in a country of yearly leases) to lead to his removal.

Several other superstitions about animals are probably founded, in like manner, on natural circumstances. This has been remarked by Sir Humphry Davy in his *Salmonia*. To see one magpie, as is well known, is held to betoken misfortune. Now, there is a natural reason why, to the angler at least, it is not well to see a single magpie. The fact is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or young ones, and such weather is unfavourable for the piscatory sport; whereas in fine mild weather, which is the reverse, both magpies are at liberty to leave the nest together. The notion about the magpie is thus expressed:—

One's sorrow, two's mirth.

To this is added another line—

Three's a wedding, four's death;

which, however, is probably no more than a postscriptive coinage of the popular mind to make out a rhyme. The notion that rooks always leave their haunt near an old house when a death takes place in it, may have its origin in fact, and the cause may be some sense of an unpleasant odour, of which human organs are insensible. A naturalist, speaking of this superstition, states that a medical gentleman of his acquaintance, being in attendance upon a lady during her last illness, some one observing that she had not long to live, said to him, 'I wonder whether the rooks will leave the rookery on this occasion? they did so on the decease of the late — (the former possessor), and likewise on that of his brother who preceded him.' The birds, in the present instance, did quit the house, but thirty-six hours before the death.

A few of this class of superstitions seem rather amiable. The smallness of the wren, repose in human generosity shown by the redbreast, disarmed even boys, and established an immunity their nests from plunder. The juvenile remark is, 'The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen:' it is therefore under a religious impression that they abstain from an act of cruelty in the case of these birds. The innocence of the dove has also made a powerful appeal to the rustic bosom, but only to this unexpected effect, that it is not good to use its feathers in a bed, as they prolong the sufferings of those who die upon it. The raven, too, notwithstanding its unluckiness, is safe from rustic fowling-pieces—it is held to be extremely unlucky to kill this bird. The reason is said to be a consideration of the services of the raven to the prophet Elijah, when he fled from the rage of Ahab. A humane spirit would be thankful for the feeling shown in these popular notions, if they were consistently supported; but who ever heard of any one sparing a blow to the unfortunate ass, from a consideration of the several remarkable appearances, which that animal makes in Scripture? Not even the cross marked on its back—as they think, in consequence of our Saviour having ridden upon an ass into Jerusalem—seems to have the least effect in obtaining a decent show of humanity towards this everywhere useful and modest, and everywhere buffeted quadruped. The inconsistency of superstition is further shown in the antipathies contracted against birds equally harmless as any of the above; for example, the yellow-hammer, which is persecuted in consequence of an idea that it receives three drops of the devil's blood on May morning; the fact being that it is a pretty, and also a tame bird, with no harm about it whatever. So strong is the prejudice against this innocent warbler of our fields, that many persons who would not injure the nest or young of any other birds, will invariably take, and even ill-use, that of the poor yellow-hammer. Sailors are equally unreasonable with respect to the well-known storm petrel. This bird is often seen before severe storms, whose utmost rage never seems to disturb it as it breasts the waves and faces the blast, uttering its low cry of *weet, weet*. The mariner absurdly considers it as raising the storm, which its habits only bring it into connexion with, and he execrates it accordingly. 'As well,' says Wilson, the American ornithologist, 'might they curse the midnight lighthouse that star-like guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below.' The petrel is in reality a monitor of the approach of stormy weather, perhaps designed to be so by an all-wise Providence.

#### AN INVALID'S ADVENTURE AT THE SIEGE OF MANHEIM.

[Manheim, now a neatly built open town in the grand-duchy of Baden, was exposed to a bombardment from the French republican army, and almost entirely destroyed. During the siege, many of the unfortunate inhabitants were killed, and others suffered severe injuries, and the loss of all their property. The following adventure of an invalid during the siege, which we copy from the *English Journal*, will impart a tolerable idea of what ~~was~~ this country know nothing of—the actual horrors of a state of warfare.]

The siege had commenced, and the firing had begun to wax warm, so that the inhabitants were glad to avail themselves of any adequate shelter from its terrible effects. The batteries on *recochet* enfiladed every street, and the cellars of the houses became the only secure places of refuge. Thither most persons betook themselves, with what stock of provisions they could muster. These cellars were strongly arched over, and it was a rare circumstance that a bomb, after forcing through the roof and strong floors of a house in succession, had power enough left to penetrate the arches which covered them. An unfortunate accident prevented my affording any aid to the garrison in the defence, having broken my leg by a fall from the ramparts a day or two after the city was invested. I lived in a tolerably broad

street, but much exposed to the enemy's shot, which frequently plunged along its whole range from end to end. Now and then a shell had fallen within a few yards of my door, and it became evident that it was no longer safe to remain above ground. I therefore caused a mattress or two to be removed into my cellars, together with a small quantity of food, some candles, necessaries, and a few books, and took up my abode there.

There were two cellars, each situated at the end of a vaulted passage. The second was occupied by my two female domestics; a lad named Ernest, about fourteen years of age, lived in one or the other, and ran backwards or forwards as circumstances or his own inclinations disposed him. About the centre of the arched passage, on the right-hand side, was a flight of stone stairs, which led to the kitchen above. The boy Ernest was of a lively fearless disposition, and would frequently get weary of our subterranean residence, and run up to look out at the street door, and sometimes venture towards the ramparts, whence he would contrive to bring us news of the state of affairs, and mention what houses were ruined by the firing.

Matters had proceeded in the foregoing manner for a week or two after we had lived in our subterranean apartments, when one morning the firing seemed to rage with redoubled violence, both within and without the defences. The earth around and above me shook with the explosions from the batteries, and I concluded some decisive attack was about to take place. My helpless situation, stretched upon my mattress, or sitting up, and supported with pillows, became doubly painful. At such a moment to be powerless and inert was peculiarly afflicting; and my reflections were not of the most agreeable character. Ernest came to the door of the cellar about ten o'clock in the morning, for the last time, and told me he should go up and learn what the terrible loudness of the firing indicated. He left me, and mounted to the kitchen above, which I could scarcely imagine he had crossed, before a noise and crash, loud as the loudest thunder, involved me at once in dust and darkness. I was at the corner of the cellar furthest from the entrance, and a load of rubbish choked up the doorway, extending some feet within the entrance of my abode. I immediately conjectured the cause; namely, that a shell had fallen upon the house, and exploded on or broken through the arched passage at the entrance of the cellar, making me a prisoner.

When I had a little recovered from my surprise, I found the entrance effectually closed against ingress or egress; and what was, in my circumstances, equally dreadful, a tinder-box, candles, and a little store of provisions, which were just without the cellar door in an excavation in the wall of the passage, were lost to me. I might have crawled thither from my mattress, and secured them, but the masses of stone piled on each other forbade the most distant prospect of hope from any exertion of my own. I threw myself back in an agony of despair. In the confusion which reigned without, I must remain forgotten! All the horror of my situation came upon me at once, and my heart died within me. To add to my misfortune, my candle was nearly burnt out. With what feelings did I watch its glimmering in the socket! Its last flash was like the arrow of death passing through my heart. I now wept like a woman amid the darkness of my unseen abode, that was, as far as I could judge, to be my charnel-vault. Death from hunger was before me, with all its keenness of suffering. The dull, and as it were remote, sound of the guns from without, so different in intensity from what it had lately been, told me that the mass interposed between myself and the upper world must be very considerable. I felt my heart shrink up at the discovery of my situation. The hours lingered into ages; but it was long before the feeling of hunger affected me—so much was my mind occupied with apprehensions for the future, and filled with hopes and fears in continual ebb and flow. In groping around me I found two stale crusts of bread, and some water yet remained in a vessel by

the side of my mattress. Both I used avariciously, yet at every mouthful my apprehension for the future increased, and a hundred times did I in vain feel around carefully for some other relic of food: I had, I then thought, no alternative but to die. Why should I fear to do so? Hundreds, perhaps thousands, were at the same moment dying above, but a short distance from me, in the violence of angry passions, and with horrible lacerations. I should go out from life like a taper; and most probably the pains of such a death had been greatly exaggerated. Such were my self-comforts—refuges from despair.

I soon found a sensation of emptiness come over me, bordering upon faintness, similar to what many people feel who delay a meal to a very late hour. It appeared to me that my eyes were weak, and I fancied if I had had light near me, that still I could have seen nothing distinctly. This sensation was accompanied by a tremor of the eyelids and a swimming in the head. I tried to relieve myself by giving way to sleep, the inclination for which came at times very strongly over me; but I could not gain more refreshment than a restless doze imparted, and this was always cut short by some horrible vision that prevented its affording me the least benefit. Now I thought I was seated at a splendid feast, where all that could attract the palate and delight the senses was before me. I was touching the richest viands—nay, actually lifting the envied morsel till it touched my mouth, and its flavour was in my nostrils, when I was awoken by some hideous phantom snatching the untasted morsel from my shrivelled lips, and dashing it away. Sometimes I found myself in a delicious island, where the finest fruits grew in nature's utmost prodigality; but, on tasting them, they were nauseous and sickening, mere soot and ashes; and if I sought to relieve my thirst from the pure limpid streams that ran in crystal among the luxurious scenery, I found them changed into bitter blood. Everything seemed to combine to mock my sufferings and edge my tortures. I was much afflicted by spasms and twitching sensations internally, as if the viscera were drawn together and expanded too suddenly. Hollow, aching, gnawing pains, as if my vitals were torn with pincers, frequently assailed me, but seemed to diminish in force from repetition. I strove with all my might to bear up with patience and resignation; and at times I subdued my bodily pain with my mind's energy; but, alas! such periods were only of momentary duration. Drowsiness generally accompanied the cessation of pain, but it was only to make me start from hideous visions and fantalising dreams. It seemed as if no recollections of my past life—no images but such as would distress me to the utmost, at such a moment were ever recalled; such as they were, they appeared horribly vivid and true, torturing me like fiends, and rendering my mind an instrument of pain horrible as that where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

This stage of my trial soon had its end: I had no mode of computing time, for the hands of my watch were invisible from the darkness; I knew that it concluded just after I had finished the last drop of my water. The absence of this beverage, though I had made it last me as long as I could, produced a rapid change in my sensations; this I well recollect. I began to feel fainter and more weak, and my limbs grew painfully cold. Shiverings now and then came over me; and my mind, contrary to what had happened before, seemed to have by far the advantage of the body. I was conscious of delirium at times, and of demoniacal dreams, but at intervals was more composed, and suffered little pain, but inexorable debility. The viscera seemed to me diminished, and all energy in them extinct, feeling like a dead mass, and as if those of a dead disembowelled animal had been placed within me instead of my own. My giddiness of head increased, together with the spasms and faintness. I am certain, too, that about this time I became totally blind; at least such is my firm impression. I found, too, that in my paroxysms of delirium I had attempted to gnaw my



arms; but the laceration was not deep, simply from the want of physical power to penetrate the muscle with my relaxed jaws. 'When, O God! will my agonies end?' was my frequent sigh, for I was too weak for an articulate ejaculation. I seemed to have forgotten words, even to myself, as I found when I tried to pray: I could not connect what I would say, I can well remember. At length the repose which seemed the forerunner of speedy death came upon me, though still sensible, but powerless as a corpse. I looked for my deliverance by death with unconcern. I have an impression that, while lying in this state, I heard the sound of artillery; but I cannot be certain, any more than I can tell how long it was before I became wholly insensible.

My next recollection of myself is a most painful one. I was I could not guess where. Strange voices were around me, and I could not see the speakers from utter want of vision. The horrible debility I felt in body, combined with the activity of my mind during my resuscitation, was unspeakably painful—so much so, that the recollection almost overpowers me at times even now. It appeared that Ernest had escaped the effects of a thirteen-inch shell, which burst over the passage to the cellar, and broke in the arch. The siege grew warmer, and the city was taken. When matters were a little quiet, the faithful lad did not fail to implore all he met in my behalf. A humane French officer ordered a search to be made, and I was found, apparently lifeless, stretched on my mattress. To the care of a French surgeon I also owe my recovery, and the power of now relating my sufferings. That recovery was slow. I had endured a fast of nine entire days. I am six feet high, and proportionably stout; when found, a boy could have carried me on his back; and I seemed shrunk to the lowest stature, a mere cage of bone and skin. Nothing of inconvenience remains to me now from this my severe trial, save now and then a dream of horrible vividness, which comes upon me whenever I suffer from feverishness or indigestion, and fearfully recalls the past.

#### LUDICROUS POLITENESS.

Insincerity and extravagant adulation often betray people into uttering the most ridiculous absurdities quite unintentionally. A great man addressing the House of Lords, said, 'It is my most *painful* duty to inform your lordships that it has pleased the Almighty to release the king from his sufferings.' This was equivalent to saying that he was sorry the king's sufferings were over. A maid of honour in France, being asked the hour by her royal mistress, obsequiously replied, 'What your majesty pleases;' an answer even less definite than that of the cow-boy, who, after looking up at the town clock, said it was 'only half an inch past eight.' A nurse wishing to give a very polite answer to a gentleman who inquired after the health of a sick baby intrusted to her care, said, 'Oh, sir, I *flatter myself* the child is going to die.' A nobleman told a visitor that he had been talking to him in a dream. 'Pardon me,' replied the other, 'I really did not hear you.' A lady of rank having had the professional services of a village piper at a little fête which she had given on her estate, received the following ridiculously civil note from him:—'Your ladyship's pardon for my boldness in thus applying for payment would be almost a sufficient compensation for the labour of your humble piper, Patrick Walsh.' Lord Clarendon, in his essay on the decay of respect paid to old age, says that, in his younger days, he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, *except at dinner*. In the present day, the wearing of it at dinner would be thought more disrespectful than at any other time.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, used to return the bows of all persons in the street except beggars. He justified this omission by remarking, that to return a beggar's bow without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would seem ostentatious in a prince.

Sir Robert Graham being apprised that he had, by mistake, pronounced sentence of transportation on a criminal who had been found guilty of a capital offence, desired the man to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he said, 'Prisoner at the bar, I beg your

pardon,' and then passed on him the awful sentence of death. A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered to be erected by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man, and said, 'Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?' Without intending any sarcasm, the man replied, 'I'm very sorry; for had I known it was for your lordship, it should have been done immediately.'

While an officer was bowing, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. 'You see,' said the officer to those near him, 'that a man never loses by politeness.' Napoleon's hat having fallen off, a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and presented it to him. 'Thank you, captain,' said the emperor inadvertently. 'In what regiment, sire?' inquired the sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, and forthwith promoted the witty youth to a captaincy. Notwithstanding the fury with which the battle of Fontenoy was contested, it began with a great show of civility. Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English guards, advanced before the ranks, and Count d'Autechoche, a lieutenant of grenadiers in the French guards, stepped forward to meet him. 'Fire! gentlemen of the French guards!' exclaimed the English captain. 'No, my lord,' replied the French lieutenant; 'we never fire first.' This reminds us of an anecdote told of Curran, who being called out to give satisfaction to an officer for some imaginary offence, was told by his antagonist to fire first, which he declined, saying, 'As you gave the invitation, I beg you will open the ball.' At the battle of Trafalgar, a generous British sailor, seeing a brother tar bleeding profusely from a severe wound, ran to his assistance. He had no sooner raised him from the deck on which he fell, than the wounded man said, 'Thank you, Jack; and, please God, I'll do the same for you before the fight's over.'

#### LAW ANECDOTES.

Oglander, in his *Memoirs of the Isle of Wight*, written in 1700, gives us the following record of a blessing formerly enjoyed by that favoured spot. 'I have heard,' says he, 'and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore was there no lawyer nor attorney in the Isle of Wight, but in Sir George Cary's time, 1588, an attorney coming to settle there, was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his side all a-light, and with bells about his legs, hunted out of the place.'

Frederic of Prussia having proclaimed his new code of laws, which rendered lawyers unnecessary, a very large body of them signed a petition to his majesty, praying his relief, and asking what they were to do? Under these circumstances his majesty replied, that those who were tall enough might enlist for grenadiers, and that the shortest would do for drummers and fifers.

Captain Marryatt relates that there were two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People having laughed to see these two names in juxtaposition over the door, the two lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names, Isaac and Uriah. The painter, however, finding the board too short to admit the Christian names at full length, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse, for there now appeared, 'I. Catchem, and U. Chetum.'

It is a remark of Milton's, but we would hope, not now a just one, that 'most men are allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.'

Ben Jonson has described lawyers as

'Men of that large profession, who can speak  
To every cause, and things indeed contraries,  
Till they are hewen again, yet all be law:  
That with most quick agility can turn,  
And re-turn, make knots, and undo them,  
Give forked counsel, take provoking gold  
From either side, and put it up.'

In passing through a churchyard in Surrey, 'rare Ben' inquired the cause of several poor people weeping over a grave. 'Oh!' said an old dame, 'we have lost our worthy lawyer, Master Randal; he kept us all in peace, and from going to law; truly, he was the best man that ever lived.' 'Well,' responded Ben, 'let this be his epitaph:—

'God works wonders now and then;  
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.'



## JENNY'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

[This piece, full of nature and truth, is a contribution by Mr Alexander MacLaggan, author of 'Tales and Poems,' to a provincial annual, entitled the *Ayrshire Wreath*, of which a second volume has just appeared. This work is a very meritorious one, especially considered as the production of a modest village bookseller, Mr M'Kie of Saltcoats, trusting for aid entirely to 'the ingenious' of his own county, and a very few other friends. Some of the local legends are given with much spirit and effect.]

Come here, sweet cousin Alice,  
Come, sit ye down by me;  
For I hae a simple story  
O' love to tell to thee.  
Ye smile; I ken ye'll think it a'  
A foolish, moonshine matter;  
But, heeh, sirs! how I started when  
I got my first love-letter!

'Twas on a lovely morn,  
A morn in rosy June,  
The flowers were in their richest dress,  
The birds in sweetest tune;  
The after-grace had just been said  
O'er our sweet morning meal;  
Sae doun I sat, and blithely sang  
Beside my kitting wheel.

When to our garden window, lo!  
There cam a gentle tap;  
And syne a roar o' laughter loud,  
And then a louder rap!  
And then, as wi' a blast o' wind,  
The lattice open flew.  
And there the witty wild post-boy  
Stood laughing in our view.

'Gude morrow,' quo' our auld gudeman,  
'Gude morrow to your glee;  
How are ye? hae ye ony news  
Within your belt for me?'  
'No! nane for you the day, my friend;  
But may I daur to speer  
Gif a bonny strappin' lassie,  
Ca'd Jenny, lodges here?

For I hae a wee bit billet for  
The bonny feathered doo;  
And as she seems sae sweet to rise,  
I e'en maun gie't to you.  
Then, wi' a mocking solemn face,  
He hoped that I was weel;  
That, for a maid, the safest place  
Was at her spinning-wheel.

'For Jenny!' quo' my father  
Wi' kindlin' wrath; and then  
His awfu' voice, and collic's bark,  
Soon brought my mither ben.  
She pu'd her silken purse, to pay  
The post, that he might gang;  
But the mischief-loving devil still  
Beside the window hang.

And aye he winked his wicked e'e,  
And shook his curly head,  
And, laughing, cried, 'I ken right weel,  
At sight, a lover's screed.  
Their seals are a' "Forget-me-nots,"  
Or "Heart's ease for Love's pain,"  
Or a pair o' sheers, the motto,  
"We part to meet again."

I think I guess the writer too;  
'Tis like our young squire's hand;  
And he's no gaun to be a saunt,  
As far's I understand.  
Sae a watchfu' e'e I hope ye'll keep  
'Upon your bonny pet.'  
Then aff he flew, and like a hound  
He lap the garden yett.

O! had ye seen us, Allie, dear,  
'Twas gloom and silence a';  
Had aye but drapt the wee prin,  
Ye might hae heard it f.  
I turned a sad beg-pardon e'e  
Towards my gentle mither;  
But the twa pair folk hae statues stood,  
Mute, gazing on ilk cher.

At length my father turned, and lo!  
The wrinkles o' his brow  
Were marbled pale; but soon as black  
As thunder-clouds they grew;  
Whilst from his dark and stern e'e,  
The fire that flashed and flew,  
Like deadly arrows struck my heart,  
And pierced it through and through.

I felt like aye who struggles wi'  
A dream o' agony—  
A torturing dream o' drowning in  
A tempest-troubled sea.  
And then I wept and trembled,  
As doth the new caught hare,  
When it battles with a lingering death  
Within the hunter's snare!

And then I flew and flung my arms  
Around my father's neck—  
And then I clung like aye who clings  
For life frae sinking wreck.  
And when my burning temples fell  
Upon his honest breast,  
I shut my e'en for shame, and then  
My maiden love confest.

I tauld him that my lover tried  
Nae vile, nae wicked art,  
To wreck my bosom's peace, nor steal  
One virtue from my heart.  
That honour, truth, and constancy,  
Had fanned our mutual flame;  
That he might break the seal, and see  
He wore nae worthless name.

My mither's heart had grown sae grit,  
She scarce could stand or speak;  
But the sweet tears o' forgi'en love  
Fell het upon her cheek.  
At length she said, 'My dear gudeman,  
Ye maun forgi' our bairn,  
For the bonny brow o' sweet sixteen  
Hae muckle wit to learn.

Ha'e ye forgot when you and I  
Forgathered, fond and young;  
When we fand the wicked world wore  
A sting beneath its tongue?  
As for the letter, ye may mind  
Ye sent me sic anither,  
And near-hand gat a crackit croon  
Frae my cross-grained gran'mither.'

And when I ventured to look up,  
I saw that frae his face  
Wild anger's withering wintry gloom  
Had fled, and left nae trace:  
That frae the landscape o' his soul  
The clouds had passed away;  
And I felt like aye wha's sudden cast  
Frae night to sunny day.

He raised me up, and bade me dight  
My sorrow-laden een;  
Then took my hands in his, and said,  
'I still will be your frien'.  
That ye should hide your love frae me  
Made me right wroth, I trow;  
But I find ye are virtuous, and  
The passion's aff me noo,

Sae, if ye like, ye e'en may send  
An answer to the chiel,  
And tell him to come wast the night;  
I ken his auld folks weel.  
And gin ye be like other maids,  
Ye'll like, nae doubt, far better  
To see the honest lad himself,  
Than get anither letter.'

I ope'd the gilt-edged sheet and read,  
And though it wama lang,  
'Twas gude the little that was o't,  
And ended wi' a sang!  
A sweet sweet-worded sang, a' fu'  
O' dear heart-wyling turns;  
'Twas written by our own loved bard—  
Our dear immortal Burns!

Noo, my sweet cousin Alice,  
Ye've aye been dear to me,  
My bridal day is drawing nigh,  
And bride's-maid ye maun be.  
'Tis settled a'—neist Sunday week  
Mess John wons up the matter.  
But, heeh, sirs! how I started when  
I gat my first love letter!

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## LIFE IN SHETLAND.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

In the remote and thinly-peopled Shetland islands, where the higher class of inhabitants, in many instances residing far from each other, are nearly deprived of society of their own rank, some families are accustomed to fill up their leisure with attention to the animal creation in all the varieties within their reach. In almost every family, indeed, in the seclusion of these islands, the young devote much time and many cares to the domestic creatures necessarily dependent on them, and also to rearing and domesticating sundry animals, in general wild and uninteresting. Of the former class are the herds of ponies each family has to rear and maintain for the farm work, in the absence of carts and roads—the cows which supply so many of our comforts—the weakly or deserted lambs, often taken home from the flocks by which the uninhabited islands and heathy hills are pastured—the geese and other tenants of the poultry-yard, not to speak of those universal favourites, dogs and cats, of which every Shetland household contains a goodly proportion. Some idea of what is meant by the latter may be gleaned from the fact, that at one of the country gentlemen's seats were lately domiciled all at once the following animals: a rein-deer from the North Cape, which roamed about the lawn, and sought its stable with the cows; a seal of the larger species, which occupied a porch attached to the dwelling, and often intruded herself up two flights of stairs, examining each apartment with the most anxious curiosity; a sea-otter, whose region was the kitchen, whose playmate the shepherd's dog, and whose inveterate and not very endearing propensity it was to persist in nestling in the servants' bed, instead of his own comfortable crib; a very fine Newfoundland dog, with which the seal had many amusing and bloodless encounters in her native element; but the finest specimen of the canine race was a *sui generis* Shetland dog, who afterwards pined and died, apparently of a broken heart for his master's temporary absence. There was, moreover, a blue cat of the Persian breed from Archangel—a perfect treasure of her kind for gentleness and affection—and a piebald raven from the Faroe isles; besides several gulls and a cormorant—all quite tame and domestic. Verily, the family had sufficient society—no need of balls, or dinners, or evening parties. Did a glimpse of sunshine enliven the winter day? the seal was carried down in her sodan chair (*alias*, a handbarrow, which she mounted with eagerness) to the excavation made for her use, into which the sea flowed each tide; and there we would watch her elegant gambols, or throw her the fish that had been provided for her. Was the twilight long, and hanging heavy? the otter and Shetland dog were invited to the parlour, where

they would engage in a game of romps. At first it was only on repeated encouragement that the dog would notice his young and playful companion, so inferior in height, although his match in strength and agility: very speedily, however, both got equally energetic, and their gambols and wiles, sometimes uncouth, often elegant, always displaying the attitudes and propensities peculiar to each, would be kept up for a considerable time with untiring spirit. At length, temper being lost on both sides, the kitchen guest would be dismissed; while the canine pet, soothed and caressed by his master, resigned himself to rest on the rug, where he would soon be joined by his inseparable friend and favourite, the gentle puss, who had stolen away when the otter was permitted entrance, no doubt much disgusted and amazed that her beloved master and his family should have such tastes. Thus are we accustomed to make friends and companions of the lower animals, and we are not ashamed to confess, that the loss of some of our playful and affectionate dumb friends has caused sincere sorrow, and, among the young people, many tears; which some may unthinkingly sneer at, but which the gentle and ingenious will recognise as natural and graceful expressions of gratitude for submission unreserved and undeviating, affection enduring and unequivocal, and the display of qualities such as we are accustomed to love in our fellow-men.

Such being our opportunities of observation, and such our experience, we trust a few more particular notices and anecdotes of the animal kingdom in the Shetland islands will not be uninteresting, especially to the young. We shall begin with the ponies.

'Eric, it looks thick; will there be snow, think you?' says the laird to his principal assistant, as the shutters are closed and the candles lighted.

'No doubt of that, sir,' responds Eric; 'the horses are come home.'

'Have you let them in?'

'O yes, sir; they are all in the yard,' and forthwith the master, laying aside the book he had just taken up, and followed by his whole family, go out to see and welcome the shaggy servants, who have come of their own accord from their hilly ranges to seek shelter and food during the approaching storm. There are twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavour to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together.

Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the

ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavouring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk, all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

The horses with us are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift seaweed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. We do not find that the horse is nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity; he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-coloured mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady, who is rather *petite*, could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal she had with her was found and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in colour, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favour of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow we have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labour. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints, and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before: this was often repeated; but as

his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigour as ever. No animal could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent, as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known, and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavoured and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Who has not heard of the softness and fineness of the Shetland wool? I do not know the reason of its extreme softness. Is it the coarse scanty food, or something peculiar in our herbage? Or is it merely the particular breed? Partly all these causes, I imagine; for the wool degenerates when the sheep are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures in their own. They are of small size—the mutton is highly flavoured and dark-coloured, like the Welsh—the wool is of different shades of brown colour, gray and black, as well as white. I trust the benevolent feelings of my readers will prompt them to a more lively interest in this, the staple article of produce in these poor and lonely isles, when they are informed, that, while the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and, at least, always provide their own clothing, by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine, that it may be spun into a thread as small as a cambric one, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact, that one thousand yards of thread are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine, as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most recherché articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years, the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight.

There is no scene more exciting in Shetland than a whale hunt. When the latter word is used, the reader most probably will associate with it Melton Mowbray, or Oakleigh, or the Caledonian Hunt. How contrasted to these is the scene I would endeavour to describe! In the one are met all the paraphernalia of hounds and horns, a rich and cultivated country, dinners and balls. In the other, Shetland boats and the unstable ocean, shouts and confusion; while, instead of a brush, or a few hares, a shoal of valuable animals driven on shore contribute, by the produce of their blubber, light to our dreary nights, or many comforts to the poor island fishermen. The only species of whale which is thus stranded on the shores of these islands is the *Delphinus Deductor*, or *Caving Whale*, one of the lesser cetaceae allied to the

grampus and porpoise. The ca'ing whale, which is from eight to twenty feet long, and yields from twenty to sixty gallons of oil, is gregarious. Crowds of the species roam over the North Sea, always under the guidance of a leader; who would appear, however, to be equally fallible with many human leaders, for he often leads them far out of their proper walk. Every year, hundreds are stranded in Shetland, and also in the Faroe isles, where, it may be remarked, they are of more service, as the Faroese do not scruple to use their flesh as food. As a general account of our whale hunts might be comparatively uninteresting, I shall here give a description of a particular one, which occurred a few years ago, and was attended by circumstances of unusual animation. The scene was one of those snug land-locked bays with which the Shetland isles abound, opening round the point of a small adjacent island into the North Sea; the time was a calm dull winter day.

It was yet the morning twilight, when a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying around the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his hasty toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as murder. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighbouring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord; all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, who were seen floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling cauldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be dreaded. The laird and his first lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean. Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the short day drew to its close; the afternoon twilight came; but though the sun's beams had been, hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon; the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom

had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey even through the night; so the laird having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars, and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters, of course, rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, who were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

Next morning, the laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favour of the captors. On the occasion I have been alluding to, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participants chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. I have mentioned that the flesh of the ca'ing whale is eaten by the natives of the Faroe islands. It is not necessary that compels them to this; for they have abundance of other sorts of animal food—sheep, wild-fowl in profusion, and their superfluous fowls, which last are said to be palatable food—but the whale's flesh is considered to be nutritious, and is much to their liking. Having heard of this custom, I resolved to taste the flesh of one of the above-mentioned whales. A young one was selected, from which some steaks were cut, and, without other preparation, broiled. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than our delicate Shetland beef, indeed, but with no peculiar flavour or odour to distinguish it from ox flesh, or betray its origin. Prejudice was found the only drawback; for several per-

sons—men, women, and children—partook of it with relish, who did not know it to be other than beef; yet no sooner were most of them informed of what their repast consisted, than no persuasions could induce them to finish what remained; so much are we the creatures of early prejudice and prepossession. It is not more than fifty years since the flesh of the seal was eagerly eaten by the Shetlanders, as it still is by the Faroe and Greenlanders. I have tasted it too, and found it much the same, but still more delicate than the whale's. Could the prejudice against whale's flesh be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcases prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea, while the natives of Faroe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

Occasionally a large Greenland whale, or finner, has been stranded and killed among the Shetland islands after the manner described by Sir Walter Scott in the *Pirate*. A very large one was embayed in a narrow sound above twenty years ago, and having been killed, was towed into the nearest bay, when it grounded, and lay like an island till it was fished. It was eighty feet long. A six-oared boat could row into its mouth, and it required a ladder to climb on its back. Another individual of this species had more lately run into a narrow creek, in which it could not turn to get out, and was therefore killed without risk or much trouble, and yielded a noble recompense.

## SANITARY CONDITION OF THE POPULATION.

### INTERMENT IN TOWNS.

In a country such as Britain, where the population has become dense, it is of great consequence that every precaution that medical skill, science, and administrative policy can suggest, should be adopted for the purposes of health. To the labouring classes this is of the last moment; and whilst public baths, for instance, are so desirable for the comforts of the living, care must be taken that their good effects are not neutralised by the existence of a fetid and deleterious atmosphere produced by the remains of the dead. The practice of interring the dead amidst the habitations of our town-population has lately occupied the attention of the Poor Law Commission, and a report has been made, containing much useful information and some salutary suggestions, both in a physical and moral point of view.

Emanations from putrifying animal matter are calculated to produce disease, and to depress the general health of those within their reach. The people living near the *dépôt* for animal matter in Paris are said to be 'tormented with fevers'; and at the hospital of St Louis, in the neighbourhood, medical evidence attests, that whenever the wind is from the direction of the *dépôt*, the wounds of sores under treatment assume a foul aspect. Even master-butchers admit that the men exclusively engaged in the slaughter-houses, in which perfect cleanliness and due ventilation are neglected, suffer in their health. Workmen engaged in cleansing sewers are almost always subject to violent intestinal derangements; and specific diseases have been traced to no other proximate cause. There can be no doubt that the direct introduction of putrescent animal matter produces fevers and inflammations; but it is equally true that this morbid matter is as capable of entering the

system when minute particles of it are diffused in the atmosphere, as when it is directly introduced into the blood-vessels by a wound. The exhalations arising from marshes, bogs, and other uncultivated and undrained places; from close, ill-ventilated, and crowded apartments; from dirty and neglected ships, &c. generate fevers more or less malignant, according to circumstances. These are admitted facts. What represses conviction as to the injurious nature of exhalations from the dead, is the difficulty of tracing their direct effects; since, except where accidental circumstances have favoured their accumulation or concentration in an unusual degree, they are so diluted by the air of the atmosphere as not to be sensibly obvious. When the Asiatic cholera visited this country, many of the towns were afflicted with dysentery before the cholera appeared in an unquestionable form. In like manner, the miasma evolved from churchyards may produce injurious effects, which may not be sufficiently marked to call attention, until they assume a serious form by becoming more concentrated. A complication of other causes increases the difficulty of fixing the extent of the operation of those emanations on the health of the people in crowded districts. It is nevertheless manifest that deleterious effects are produced. Even the sewers which come in contact with burial-yards emit most offensive odours; and the well-water of London, Leicester, and other places, has been found tainted from its proximity to receptacles for the dead.

These evils become hugely aggravated when we look to the state and condition of the masses of poor labourers, who have often only one room in which they and their families are born, live, sleep, and die. It appears from a report of the Statistical Society, that in St George's, Hanover Square, 1465 families of the labouring classes had 2175 rooms, and 2510 beds; out of 5945 persons, 839 were in bad health; and one family in eleven, and in Marylebone 1 in 100 only, had a third room in which to place a corpse. This is no peculiar case. In the same room in which families eat and sleep, the dead body often is exposed in the only bed. Fevers and other contagious diseases are thus propagated. The keeping of the corpse in the same room with the living is attended with even greater danger than that produced by emanations from crowded graveyards, as the miasma from the dead is more dangerous immediately after death, and bears directly upon the constitutions of the survivors—usually exhausted in body by watching, and depressed mentally by anxiety and grief. It is an astounding fact, that, whilst the ratio of deaths from contagious diseases to the total deaths amongst the chief classes of society, in London, is 1 in 101½, the same ratio amongst the labouring classes gives 1 in 4½.

The prolonged keeping of the dead in the crowded rooms of the poor is stated in the report to have demoralising effects, by inducing familiarity, disrespect for the human form under suffering, an indifference about death, and a recklessness about life itself. The practice is powerfully influenced by the difficulty of raising the expenses of funerals. Mr Bell, who for several years acted as clerk to Mr Stirling, the late coroner for Middlesex, cites several cases of children found dead in the metropolis, in which, on inquiry, it was proved that the deaths were natural, but that the bodies had been actually abandoned in consequence of the difficulty of raising the money for interment, and the reluctance to apply for parochial aid. The average price of funerals amongst the working-classes in London is about L.4 or L.5, exclusive of burial fees. In benefit societies and burial clubs there is generally a sum set aside for the burial, which is often very extravagantly expended. It frequently occurs that a widow is crippled in her means through life by the expense of a funeral. The funeral of a person of the condition of an attorney would cost 100 guineas; of a tradesman of the lowest class, L.10 or L.12; of a gentleman, L.150 is a low average; of a person of rank or title, from L.500

to L.1500. This applies, with little variation, to the most populous provincial towns. In Scotland, the expenses of the funerals of persons of the middle class vary from L.12 to L.25; taking Glasgow by itself, from L.12 to L.50. This scale of expense seems to arise from the funeral arrangements being left in a great measure to those who have a direct interest in maintaining a system of profuse expenditure.

The desire to procure the usual form of interment has induced the labouring classes to subscribe extensively to what are called Burial Clubs. These are generally got up by an undertaker and a publican, at whose house the club is held. The rules require a certain sum to be paid for drink; and in the East London Burial Society, for instance, the office of undertaker is secured in the family for successive generations. The members are little consulted. The publican is generally made the treasurer, and usually, the money is placed by him in the hands of his brewer, by whom four to five per cent. interest is paid for its use as capital. The premiums paid to these clubs are utterly disproportioned to the respective ages of the parties, and are, besides, continually failing. Insurances on the lives of children are frequently made in five or six clubs; and neglect of children, and even infanticide, have been traced in Manchester and Stockport to the temptation of the burial monies. Such is the danger of disturbing natural responsibilities, and allowing interests to be placed in opposition to moral feelings.

According to estimates which have been made, the total yearly expenses of funerals in London amount to L.626,604, and for the whole of England and Wales L.4,871,493. Large as these sums are, the interment of the dead is not, generally speaking, either solemn or respectful, at least in crowded cities; nor does it appear practicable to amend the present system, whilst the practice of burial in crowded districts is retained. The religious ceremonies are hurried over, and sometimes ten or fifteen different burial parties are in the churchyard at one and the same time. The service inside the church is often omitted altogether where it is not specially paid for.

Such are a few of the chief evils that at present exist in respect to interments, many of which, it is contended, might be prevented by a system more accordant with rational principles, and which was placed under a proper responsible superintendence. It has been suggested that much good might be done, in particular, by an officer whose duty it should be to inspect all houses where a death has taken place, and direct any measures which might be considered necessary for purifying it from miasma. The chief proposed improvement refers to burial-grounds, which, it is now concluded, are everywhere on a too limited scale. At present, in the arrangements of the cemeteries belonging to joint-stock companies, it is calculated that every acre of ground filled with vaults and private graves will receive no fewer than 11,000 bodies! and the same graves are opened and re-opened unintermittingly. From well-authenticated data, the space devoted to the burial of these 11,000 should be 87 acres, supposing the interments renewable in the same places in periods of 10 years. In this way a space about a fourth larger than Hyde Park, which has 350 acres, would suffice for the interment of 50,000—the annual mortality of London; and about 30 acres for the burials of Edinburgh. In all cases, these burial-grounds ought to be removed from the metropolis, and no houses allowed to be built within certain distances. The total estimate of charges for interments in London, inclusive of compensations for vested rights, the payment for the purchase of new cemeteries, and new establishment charges, is L.251,861, or an annual saving on the present estimated total expense of L.374,743. It is proposed that the charge of the purchase of the land, and the structural arrangements, be spread over thirty years, and the payment of the money be charged, with interest, on the burials of persons of the middle and higher classes, which would still

be greatly below the charges usually found in undertakers' bills.

On every moral, religious, and physical ground, it would seem, from the report, that a change is desirable, whether as regards the health of the surviving population, the oppressive charges for interments, or the sacred and solemn respect that should be shown to the remains of the dead. Sir Christopher Wren's plan for the rebuilding of London after the great fire included suburban cemeteries; and it was certainly the practice of the early Christians. 'It were,' concludes the report, 'a reproach to the country, and its institutions and its government, and to its administrative capacity, to suppose that what is satisfactorily done in the German states, may not, now that attention is directed to the subject, be generally done at least as well and satisfactorily in this country; or that the higher classes would not, in whatever depends on their voluntary aid, exhibit as good and practical example of community of feeling in taking a lead in the adoption of all arrangements tending to the common benefit, as that displayed in the states which have achieved the most satisfactory improvement of the practice of interment by well-appointed officers of public health.'

#### MRS TOPPER'S LAST CHRISTENING.

THE evening before his latest born was to receive its name, Mr Thomas Topper was seated in his splendid drawing-room, enjoying his coffee and his own reflections. Every luxury that money could procure surrounded him. He lounged in a fauteuil of the latest patent, on which the inventor seemed to have exhausted contrivances to produce ease for every limb and comfort in every position. His feet rested on a rampant tiger, worked almost as naturally as life, in Berlin wool, on a hair-stuffed cushion. Above him—to use Mrs Topper's invariable expressions when describing the furniture of her house—hung a 'two-hundred guinea' chandelier; under him was a hundred-and-twenty guinea Whitney carpet; beside him stood an immense Dresden vase, bought at a late duke's sale for five hundred pounds, and universally pronounced to be a bargain. The windows and ottomans were adorned with silk damask, the ceiling with painted angels peeping out of clouds, the walls with costly pictures and extensive looking-glasses. Beside an elegant piano-forte was placed a gilded harp, and the recesses of the room were adorned with buhl-tables, spread over with or-nu-lu ornaments and expensive bijouterie; in short, any stranger who entered the apartment, without knowing to whom it really belonged, would have imagined himself in the palace of some Eastern prince, and one possessing a taste for household furniture by no means severe.

'Angelina Helena Pettifer Antoinetta Topper!' reflected the father, as he sipped the best coffee that Mocha could produce out of the most costly Sèvres cups that money could buy. 'Rather a long, and certainly an out-of-the-way string of names! That, however, is no business of mine. Mrs Topper manages all these little matters, and has a superstition about the names of our children. Besides, after letting her have her own way concerning the other ten, it would be rather late in the day for me to interfere in the christening of the eleventh. There will, however, be no harm in my acquainting her with my notions on the matter.'

The husband had just come to this conclusion, when Mrs Topper entered the apartment, remarking that, thanks to her energetic exertions, all the arrangements



for the grand christening festival of the morrow were complete. Mr Topper was delighted to hear it, and ventured to introduce the subject he had just been discussing in his own mind. The lady entirely dissented from her lord's opinion, declaring there was 'everything in a name,' and referring to the past career of their other children in proof of the theory. 'Reflect,' she began, 'in the first place, on the situation of our eldest son. Was there ever anything more uncouth than Samuel—except, indeed, his name? His manners keep him down to one level, which is that of a tradesman in a country town. Mary the same: she has not a notion above her station as the wife of a custom-house clerk. Augusta Amelia is, to be sure, a shade better in that respect; though she, poor thing, is always in trouble, from a tendency in her husband to live a little beyond his income. Look, on the other hand, at the superiority, both in manners and prospects, of our younger children, whose names are more aristocratic. Reginald Albert is certain to make his way at the bar; and Alicia Cecilia will in all probability become a countess.'

'True,' answered Topper drily, 'but a French one.'

'Then just consider the connexions which Pelham Augustus Poltimore is forming at Oxford. By the way, I hope you sent the poor boy the hundred pounds he wrote for yesterday?'

Mr Topper uttered an affirmative groan.

'He will, I feel convinced, become a member of parliament. And now you see how completely my superstitions, as you call them, about names have been borne out. So baby, bless her, shall not, I am determined, labour under the same disadvantage as her elder brothers and sisters. Besides, Angelina Helena Pettifer Antoinetta is not so very extravagant after all.'

'O no,' replied the complying husband, to get rid of the discussion, 'not at all, my dear. It is of no consequence; only I thought I would just mention it.'

The day after this conversation, the neighbourhood of Tavistock Square resounded with the roll of carriages; for Mrs Topper owned to none but carriage acquaintances, except when disagreeably pressed on the subject of her early friends. The sponsors of the child were the Marquis and Marchioness of Pettifer, and the right honourable the Lady Antoinetta Appleby; the dinner which followed the ceremony was graced by the presence of several baronets and knights; and the few commoners present were either very rich or very distinguished. The entire fête, therefore, was prepared on the most splendid and costly scale. The servants appeared in new liveries, consisting of pink and white, with gold-lace aiguillettes; the guests were served upon silver; and the whole entertainment was contracted for by the celebrated Gunter, without any limit whatever as to the expense.

'Topper must be very rich,' said one of the guests to another in a corner of the crowded drawing-room, when the company had retired from table.

'Perhaps he is,' was the reply; 'but there is no knowing. These stock-exchange men are one day rolling in wealth, and the next would, if their affairs could be suddenly wound up, be found hardly able to pay twenty shillings in the pound.'

'But I should think Topper's fortune stood on a firm basis, or he would not be able to draw around him such high connexions.'

'There again you draw a false conclusion. The noblemen you meet here are notoriously needy, and Topper is useful to them; indeed they are mutually useful to each other.—Topper lends them money, and they in return lend him their patronage and countenance.'

The first speaker, a young man and a baronet, blushed. His companion noticed this, but, being a man of the world, was not embarrassed. Sir John Neville soon recovered himself, and said, smiling, 'You seem to be deeply versed in these matters?'

'I ought to be,' returned the elder guest, 'having spent all my life in the city. My name is Rigby.'

Sir John bowed, and professed himself happy to make Mr Rigby's acquaintance; for he guessed rightly that the stranger was at the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses in London. Here their conversation was interrupted by one of the Italian singers who had been engaged to amuse the company; but when the music had ceased, it was resumed.

'They have given rather a long set of names to the child,' Neville remarked.

'Yes, and very amusing Mrs Topper is on that point,' returned Rigby. 'The names of her children rise in number and classical refinement as her husband's fortunes flourished. When they married, he was clerk to a stock-broker, and the first boy was plain "Samuel." The second son was born when Topper got into business on his own account, and is "Reginald Albert." By a lucky speculation, my friend afterwards amassed a little money, took a house at Peckham, kept a phaeton, and christened his next child "Augusta Amelia." Fortune continued to smile, and by the time the youngest son came into the world, a carriage and pair were set up; so the aristocratic names of Pelham Augustus Poltimore were given to the boy. Having now reached the summit of affluence, Mrs Topper thinks it necessary to mark the event by christening the baby Angelina Helena Pettifer Antoinetta.'

'A climax indeed,' returned Neville; 'but I think I hear my cab announced; can I offer you a seat in it?' Rigby replied in the affirmative, and the new friends went away together. The rest of the company gradually departed, and the host and hostess were soon left alone, surrounded by the wrecks of the grandest feast that had been given in Tavistock Square since that modern neighbourhood rose into existence.

At breakfast the next morning Mr Topper handed his wife one of the several letters which had come by post. 'It is from Sam,' he remarked, without any regard to his lady's aristocratic notions about names.

'So I perceive,' was the reply; 'there is no mistaking his epistles; they are without envelopes, and always sealed with a wafer-stamp.' But Mrs Topper's dissatisfaction was not to stop here. She did not like the wording of the letter; it was so ungentle and business-like.

'Why, it is a business letter,' said Topper. 'Don't you perceive? he advises the remittance of five hundred pounds sent for me to fund for him, having done a good transaction in tallow.'

'Faugh!' ejaculated the lady; 'I thought tallow was done away with. There has been none in this house for these five years. But what is here?' she continued, reddening with anger; 'Little Sam begs love to his grandmother!' On perceiving this terrible postscript, in which she was so unpolitely designated, Mrs Topper would have doubtless fainted, had she not possessed an extremely robust constitution. Her husband did not share in her disgust. Far from it; for he cared very little about his eldest son's gentility, so as he made money.

There were two other letters, however, which displeased him. The second was from his daughter Augusta Amelia, declaring that her husband was in danger of losing his situation, unless her dear papa could advance them two hundred pounds; the third was from Reginald Albert, the barrister, threatening to take the benefit of the insolvent act, and disgrace the whole family, unless 'the governor' could assist him with enough to compromise with his creditors.

'Mrs Topper,' said the indignant father in the sarcastic tones of subdued rage, 'I am becoming a convert

to your theory concerning names. There is a fate attached to them. When we were poor—

The lady here intreated her spouse to drop that subject. But he was inexorable.

'When we were poor, we were content to give our children plain pronounceable names, and to educate them in a manner becoming our station. Consequently, their notions never soared beyond those proper to the children of parents in humble circumstances, one of whom was a stock-broker's clerk, and the other the daughter of a Middle Temple laundress.'

'Really, Mr Topper, if you go on in this way, I must leave the room.'

'I repeat it, Mrs Topper, as a means of wholesome humiliation—a laundress's daughter! I do not mean it offensively; but if you had a coronet on your brow, you could not alter that fact.'

Mrs Topper began to sob.

'Well, you see how Sam is going on, steadily and successfully making money. Then there is Mary, she is saving out of her husband's small salary. But reverse the picture. Regard the goings on of your aristocratically named children, who have been bred up as fine ladies and gentlemen. Augusta Amelia ruining her husband by extravagance, Reginald Albert threatening us with insolvency, Alicia Cecilia spending enough in dress and gadding to keep a couple of families.'

'Well, sir, you must admit that the money is well laid out. Has it not helped to attract the attentions of the Count de Trompeur? Will it not, if she play her cards properly, make her a countess?'

'That is as it may be. But tell me of what return is likely to be made for all the capital sunk in Pelham Augustus Poltimore's education? There is no end to the fifties and hundreds he has had since he went to Oxford.'

As the conversation turned on her favourite children, so did Mrs Topper's rancour soften and her brow brighten; and, the law of household storms being exactly the same as that of elemental ones—being invariably succeeded by calm—harmony was soon restored. The truth is, Mr Topper—good easy man—seldom gave way to these little outbursts: he had weightier affairs to trouble him than domestic cares, and these he left to his wife. It was her department: he handed them over to her just as, in business, he intrusted the management of one sort of stock to his 'foreign clerk,' another to a long 'annuity clerk,' a third to his 'consol clerk,' and having perfect confidence in his wife and his clerks, he never interfered with the routine duties of the one or the other, unless his attention was called to them by something going wrong. Even on such occasions Topper's anger was of short duration, and easily mollified. In fact, Mrs Topper could always conquer it whenever she strove to keep her own temper whole; for a smile, with a few little endearing pleasantries, was sure to restore her husband's equanimity. So well did she eventually succeed, that she had the happiness of finding checks left on the breakfast table for the necessities of her distressed children. Singularly enough, they coincided in amount with the sum the eldest son had sent up to invest in the funds. After this act of liberality, Topper departed for the city earlier than usual; as at that time there were great doings in the money market.

At home Mrs Topper had her great doings also. The count was expected to propose for Alicia Cecilia every day; and he had positively promised to call that morning, when the awful moment would likely arrive. True to his word, his knock was heard about two o'clock. The young lady, in a state of fluttering agitation, disappeared to her own room, leaving the visitor to be received by her mother.

The Count de Trompeur was the perfection of high breeding—at least according to Mrs Topper's ideas—though on this occasion he shook hands with her in a manner far from fashionable, for he threw a little emotion into his grasp, and the lady felt certain that

she found in him a future son-in-law. The count's agitation increased when inquiring after the health of Alicia Cecilia; but when, glancing from her, he mentioned his own family, described their immense estates in the south of France, their ancient lineage and accumulated wealth, his emotion was painfully apparent. Of course the subject of Alicia Cecilia's fortune and its probable amount was the farthest from his thoughts, and Mr Topper deemed it necessary to remind him that she was not without one—to be sure, she was ashamed to mention its amount. The count, however, intreated her to have no reserves; the dowry was named; and before dinner-time the Count de Trompeur became the affianced lover of Alicia Cecilia Topper!

It took the delighted mother the whole morning to write to her friends, announcing the happy event; but in accordance with her views, Samuel and Mary were kept in ignorance of the fact, though not a single other friend above a certain rank but were advised of it, down even to Emeline Marianna de Montmorency Topper, her youngest daughter but one, who was at a boarding-school in Paris.

It happened that her husband was no less busy in the city. It was a time when a monetary crisis impended; and all Topper's acuteness was brought into play to prevent the chance of very heavy losses, not only to his clients, but to himself. In one stock so rapid a fall had taken place, that he was some thousands poorer at four o'clock than when he rose in the morning. This, however, did not shake either his nerves or his credit, and on returning home, he dined with his usual appetite; but he heard the news of the count's proposal with much more indifference than was quite pleasing to his wife.

We must now pass over the space of six months, during which some remarkable events happened. Soon after Alicia Cecilia married, and became a countess, a woful change of affairs took place in Tavistock Square. By a great convulsion in money affairs, Mr Topper, from being one of the richest men in the city, was reduced to bankruptcy. All the splendid finery which his wife had taken so much pains, and spent so much money to collect, was sold to pay creditors, and both were obliged to seek a temporary asylum with their daughter Mary and her husband, the humble custom-house clerk; for, except Samuel, who lived at a distance, not one of their other children had a home of their own to shelter them. Their misfortunes ended not here; for the youngest child was, in the depth of their distress, taken ill; and the god-daughter of a marquis, whose christening had been celebrated with so much splendour, breathed its last in a small house in a back street of Camberwell. In the end, Mr and Mrs Topper became dependent, for the rest of their lives, on their elder children for support.

What, it will be asked, had become of their countess-daughter, of the barrister and collegian? Alas! the former, it was found, when too late, had been sacrificed to a worthless adventurer, who was discarded by his family on account of dissipation. The younger sons having acquired habits of expense, which unfitted them for a time for profitable employment, had to pass through a galling ordeal of privation and contumely, before they could earn sufficient for their own support. When, however, they had been sufficiently tried in the fire of adversity to become useful members of society, it was perceived that the former aristocratic connexions of their parents had not entirely deserted them, for the Marquis of Pettifer procured a colonial solicitor-generalship for Reginald Albert, and the names of Pelham Augustus Poltimore Topper graced the red book as a subordinate clerk in the treasury, through the interest of Sir John Neville.

It was many years before the shock of accumulated misfortunes passed away; but once withstood, Mr and Mrs Topper felt themselves more happy than when amidst the excitement and pretension of their highest prosperity. Mrs Topper had completely conquered her

prejudice for fine names. And during a visit to Samuel, the kindest of her sons, she consented to become sponsor to one of his children, and give to her grandchild the plain name of 'Jane.'

#### SCENES ON BOARD A CAPTURED SLAVER.

THE pamphlet of the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, 'Fifty Days on Board a Slave-Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May 1843,\* is a production not more remarkable for its naked exposure of the present state of the African slave trade, than for its candid revelation of very dire transactions taking place under the British flag. We shall attempt a brief review of the contents.

Her Majesty's ship *Cleopatra*, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain C. Wyvill, sailed from Spithead in July 1842, under orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope station, and to convey Governor Gomm to Mauritius. The vessel having reached Rio Janeiro, the Rev. P. G. Hill was there transferred from the *Malabar* to the *Cleopatra*, to act as chaplain during the voyage. After a stay of a week at Rio, where an opportunity was afforded of seeing and describing the condition of the Brazilian slave population, the *Cleopatra* sailed on her cruise, and reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 9th of October. From this point the vessel got round the Cape to the eastern coast of Africa, and having touched at Mauritius, arrived, in January 1843, at Madagascar. The stretch of ocean between this large island and the African continent, called the Mozambique Channel, appears to have been the appointed cruising ground of the *Cleopatra*, in order to watch and check any attempt on the part of slave vessels to carry away negroes from the African coast. The centre of this odious traffic being about the mouth of the Quilimane river, which is exactly opposite Madagascar, here the *Cleopatra* kept a sharp look-out for her prey. The reverend author describes various nautical manoeuvres and sailings to and fro in this arduous enterprise, all proving abortive; till at length, on the 12th of April, a brigantine of suspicious appearance being observed from the mast-head, a chase was the consequence. After the firing of a few shots, the brigantine, no match for her powerful antagonist, yielded to her fate. A cutter was hoisted out from the *Cleopatra*, with an officer, to take possession, and the green and yellow flag of Brazil was displaced by the British ensign. The capture being thus effected, Captain Wyvill, the writer of the narrative, and the surgeon, went on board the prize, to see the state of affairs. Here we may let the chaplain tell his own story.

It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters, who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of "farinha," the powdered root of the mandioc or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of aquardiente, fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed

that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long universal shout of triumph and delight.

The vessel proved to be the *Progresso*, bound for Rio Janeiro. It had taken its cargo on board only the evening before, and was under the charge of a crew, seventeen in number, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Brazilians. The size of the vessel was about 140 tons, length of the slave-deck 37 feet, its mean breadth 21½ feet, and its height 3½ feet. The captain was not forthcoming, and it was alleged he was drowned, though this was ultimately discovered to be false. A muster being made of the hapless beings on board, they were found to amount to 189 men, mostly under twenty years of age, 45 women, and 213 boys—total 447. To relieve the vessel, Captain Wyvill took fifty on board the *Cleopatra*, leaving 397 in the *Progresso*, which was immediately sent off to the Cape of Good Hope under the charge of a lieutenant, a master's assistant, a quartermaster, a boatswain's mate, and nine seamen. Four Spaniards and a Portuguese, including the cook, were permitted to remain in the prize. Mr Hill having expressed a wish to act as chaplain on board the captured slaver, his offer was accepted, and he sailed with the party on the voyage to the Cape. More than fifty of the negroes would have been put on board the *Cleopatra*, so as to relieve the pressure in the *Progresso*, but the surgeon thought that small-pox prevailed among the slaves, and a limited number only was taken from the vessel. This opinion proved erroneous; the eruption was afterwards found to be a species of itch. All went well with the overloaded *Progresso* for a few hours, while good weather lasted. Shortly after midnight a sudden squall sprung up, and great was the confusion on deck, covered as it was by groups of naked negroes, who remained above for the sake of fresh air. Strangely enough, the possibility of some such change of weather does not seem to have been provided against. All was tumult on board; the sailors had a difficulty in finding and handling the ropes; and an order was given to send the whole of the negroes below, which was immediately obeyed. The writer proceeds to relate what ensued. The night, he says, 'being intensely hot, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 3½ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say, without exaggeration, "the smoke of their torment"—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be "many deaths." This warning, however, does not appear to have been regarded, nor does the writer say that he made any effort to interfere.

Next day the prediction of the Spaniard, 'was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were ema-

\* London: John Murray. 1844.

ciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, "Ya se lo dixé anoche." He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of farinha, and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing; their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night. Being thus somewhat refreshed, the negroes, reduced to 343 in number, went below of their own accord, the hatchways being left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed when they began tumultuously to re-ascend, while persons above, afraid of their crowding the deck too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing, in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down on them, and, had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted. The negroes were now disposed in the most convenient places on the deck, out of the way of the ropes, and covered with long rugs provided for the purpose. This attention was rewarded by only one being found dead next morning; but several were in a dying state, from the effects of injuries suffered on the first and awful night.

The Progresso had been provided with stores sufficient to victual the negroes for two months. There were six hundred bags of small beans, bags of rice and farinha, and below the slave-deck were stowed twenty-two huge casks of water, containing each five or six hogsheads. The cabin stores were also profuse; ale, porter, wines, macaroni, tapioca, pickles, cigars, raisins, almonds, &c.; and the coops on deck contained ducks, fowls, and pigs. There was thus no want of food or water, but the latter article seems to have been dispensed with ultra economy. The quantity allowed to each was a pint per diem, but this was far from quenching the thirst which perpetually raged amongst them. Driven to desperation, they eagerly, says our author, 'catch the drippings from the sails after a shower, apply their lips to the wet masts, and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. I have remarked some of the sick licking the deck, when washed with salt water.' To aggravate their distress, the water casks in the hold beneath their den were almost within reach. To lift the planks of their flooring, and furtively get at these repositories during the night, was a crime of which they were found to be guilty. One night the chaplain hears a noise, and obtaining a lantern, 'I descended on the slave-deck,' says he, 'with a Spaniard and an English sailor, who caught seven of the ringleaders in the act of drawing water from the casks beneath. The long loose planks which compose this deck have daily to be removed to get at the water and provisions; but the nightly depredators, in raising them, must at the same time displace a mass of living beings piled on the top, regardless, no doubt, of any injury they may thus cause to them. The mischief resulting from their delinquency is not the loss of the water abstracted, but the corruption of that which remains, by the foul rags which they dip into the casks to obtain it. The boys were anxious to exculpate themselves from sharing in the theft with the men, crying in their language, "Ouishí ouishi no

capaen"—"the little ones do not steal." This morning the culprits were "seized up" with small cords to the fore-rigging, and received from fifteen to twenty lashes each from a rope's end; a Spaniard, an Englishman, and a strong negro, relieving each other at the task.'

If designed as an example, the lashing failed in its effect. Some days later, more water-stealing was discovered, and 'summary punishment was inflicted on eight. They received by moonlight about eighteen lashes each, and were coupled in shackles previously to being sent back into the hold. Thus, as in many other fine beginnings, the end but ill corresponds with the "early promise." The sound of knocking off their irons, which thrilled so musically on the ear when we boarded the prize, terminates in the clank of riveting them on again, with the accompaniment of flogging. The result of their offence is certainly highly provoking, when, as is sometimes the case, instead of pure water, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags: on the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered by mortal disease.' The chaplain does not tell us that any means were taken to prevent these thefts. Flogging, to all appearance, was the only cure.

The deaths continued frequent from over-crowding, disease, and other causes, and the bodies, as we learn, were tossed overboard without winding-sheet or ceremony. This, which excites no remark from the writer, surely was not seemly. If the negroes were not Christians, they were at any rate human beings. One of the bodies would not sink. 'When thrown overboard, it being a dead calm, the body floated for upwards of half an hour, the face above water, close to the vessel, and sometimes striking against the side; while we were in apprehension every moment that a shark might approach and seize on it.' When a sailor died, his body was committed to the deep with the usual solemnities, and loaded to carry it out of sight.

During the progress of the voyage southwards, the weather became cold, and this was a change of evils. 'May 1.—The naked negroes begin already to shiver, and their teeth to chatter. This is a new infliction added to the former calamities to which this unhappy race is doomed. \* \* May 3.—We feel the cold severely. Seven negroes were found dead this morning—among them a girl.' Deaths also continue from the lurching of the vessel during squally weather: through the gloom of the night, the shrieks rise above the noise of the wind and waves, and are, 'of all horrors in this unhappy vessel, the saddest.' When the morning comes, 'the same dismal oft-repeated tale—three bodies, a man and two boys, lifted on deck from the hold. The man was one who had been savagely beaten by two of his fellows in misery three or four days ago. That the greater number of those who die have their deaths hastened by others overlying or otherwise injuring them below, is obvious from the fact, that they are found dead in the morning; very rarely, at least, during the day-time. It not unfrequently happens that they are crushed between the loose planks of the slave-deck, affording space for their limbs to slip down beyond their strength to extricate.' Surely something might have been done to fasten these shifting planks!

Our author speaks of the little respect for each other among these negroes, yet he somewhat contradictorily praises their courtesy and love of fair dealing. 'May 18.—There is a natural good-breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards; and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a courtesy, bowing their knees forwards so as nearly to touch the ground. In the par-

tition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs of farinha, the most perfect fair-dealing is always observed.'

On the 28th of May, Cape Agulhas came in sight, and in a day or two afterwards the negroes were landed, in order to be transported to Cape Town in wagons. Of the 397 at the beginning of the voyage, only 222 lived to reach the Cape, making the total number of deaths on board 175. Many, however, died after landing; and of those in the Cleopatra, two died. The scene on board the Progresso at the clearing out of the living mass was appalling. Seven bodies lay piled on deck to be buried on the beach, and 'the body of a lad was found beneath the planks in a state of decomposition. Part of a hand had been devoured, and an eye completely scooped out by rats.

At the conclusion of his narrative, the reverend writer states it as his impression, that the present arrangements to put down the slave trade are futile. In the first place, the trade offers the most extraordinary profits. On the east coast of Africa slaves can be always purchased with ease, and at a moderate price. Sometimes money, and sometimes coarse cottons are paid in exchange, at the rate of about L.3, 16s. 6d. per man, and L.2, 9s. for boys. Taken to Rio Janeiro, a man will sell for L.52, a woman for L.41, 10s., and a boy for L.31. The author assumes that L.19,000 will thus be cleared on a single cargo. At this rate of profits, a slave trader will be compensated if he secure only one cargo out of four or five, which he is certain to do. With avarice whetted by an average degree of success, he defies all risks. In the second place, he has nothing to fear from punishment. The United States, Great Britain, the States of Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Portugal, have each, by conventions or legislative enactments, declared the slave trade to be piracy, and its perpetrators deserving of death as pirates; but all this is practically a dead letter. The crew of the Progresso were set at liberty, 'there being no authority at the Cape to deal with them as criminals.'

Stimulated with the hopes of excessive gains, and dreading no personal chastisement, the slave traders carry on their detestable traffic with as great vigour at the present moment, if not greater, than at any former period. 'While we boast the name of Wilberforce,' observes Mr Hill, 'and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being "the true annihilator of the slave trade," that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the actual, though unintentional aggravators of their miseries.'

These announcements, by no means new, are sufficiently humiliating. The interference of British philanthropists has vastly aggravated the horrors of the slave trade. Instead of being carried across the ocean in roomy vessels, the negroes are now packed into the smallest possible space, in brigantines built for quick sailing; and thus, while as many cross the Atlantic as ever—it is said 20,000 annually—notwithstanding the vigilance of British cruisers, the sufferings and deaths during the passage are prodigiously increased. Capture, even by a British vessel, would seem, from the account before us, to be by no means an immediate relief to the sufferers. Officers, unaccustomed to such duties, and probably with few trustworthy hands to aid them, make indifferent custodians of the newly emancipated negroes; so that, under the British flag, and under the guise of discipline, scenes occur as revolting as any which take place in the slave-holding states of the New World. Is there, then, really no means left for putting down the abominable trade in slaves? Must philanthropy sit down and sigh over evils which are apparently irremediable? The author before us hints at civilising and Christianising Africa by missionaries, as the only means of cutting up the traffic at its roots. We agree with him so far; but go a step farther, and

point to the kind of missionaries to be employed. Africa, in our opinion, is only to be civilised by her own coloured race. This, fortunately, can be done without taking a shilling from the European purse. There is a demand for hired labourers in the West Indies. Supply this demand from Africa, giving the servants so introduced a safe conduct back to their native country on the expiry of their engagements. Carrying home with them the civilised habits and tastes, also the knowledge of the Christian doctrines and graces, which they would acquire during their servitude, a flood of civilisation might thus be regularly returned to the African continent, affecting all within its influence. Nor is this scheme without precedent. Already, in the small and free state of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, manumitted American slaves have successfully planted the standard of civilisation, and, we believe, done more to Christianise this benighted region than all the efforts of English philanthropists put together. It is unfortunate that, because the Liberian scheme did not originate in England, it has hitherto been viewed with distrust, if not open indignity, in this country. Still, there is the fact of its success, offering a lesson which the anti-slavery societies should not rashly disregard. The experience of half a century proves that guns cannot put down the slave trade. And a refusal to have commercial dealings with the South American states will prove equally fallacious; for they will deal with some one else, and we shall only lose their trade for our pains. In short, there appears no means to quell this horrid traffic than that of outdoing the slave-holding states by cheapness and dexterity of labour; and to effect this result, nothing could be so effectual as to strip the West Indies of their present sloth-inducing monopoly, and compel them to resort to every honourable expedient to undersell their slave-holding competitors.

In conclusion, we offer thanks to the Rev. Mr Hill for the candour of his disclosures, which cannot fail to make a deep and beneficial impression in the country.

## POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

### NO. II.—THE LOUNGER.

THAT process of killing time described by the word 'lounging,' is practised more or less in every civilised country; but Paris is, without doubt, its head-quarters. In England, the struggle for livelihood is so active, that no one can be a regular loungeur who has not some sort of independence; but the case is different in France. Many a tradesman, for example, believing that his shop is best conducted by his wife, spends his time in sauntering about the town in search of cheap pastimes, or into the cafés to talk politics. He, together with the small *rentiers* (or fund-holders), is a loungeur by 'habit and continuance,' but by no means the only loungeur peculiar to Paris. Those who are much occupied during the day—such as office-clerks and shopmen—find sauntering a great resource after business. The pleasures of lounging, however, have been materially lessened in Paris of late years, partly by the police—through whose efforts street-music, and several other gratis amusements, have been much abated—and partly by the increased necessity for a more profitable use of time, in consequence of the growing demands of an augmented population. In former days, says our authority,\* 'I have seen crowds habitually surround these minstrels, listen to their songs with avidity, remain for hours, and thus were kept away from drinking and gaming-houses, from dangerous political meetings, and from the evils to which they gave rise. These street-songs, with their joyous burthens, suggested cheerful thoughts, and drove away evil ones. Some would copy the poetry into their penny

\* Monsieur de Mersan in No. 73 of the 'Chants and Chansons Populaires de la France,' the richly illustrated periodical formerly noticed.

memorandum-books, and the frugal supper which terminated the night in their own homes was enlivened by some song caught up in the street, which the husband taught the wife, who repeated it in turn to her children.\*

Notwithstanding that the police of Paris has—by forbidding street minstrels to exercise their vocation in a stationary manner—abridged the pleasures of the idle, still, for the true loungeur—who, in most instances, must be a small annuitant—many resources are still open, and his day's occupation is characteristically described in the following 'chant.' The author is the vivacious Casimir Menètrier, a member of the 'Society of Mimus,' and himself a loungeur of repute.

#### THE LOUNGER (LE FLANEUR).

Me? I lounge!  
You may blame or praise,  
And smile at my ways—  
But I lounge!  
I at everything stare,  
I am seen everywhere.

I leave about seven  
My room nearest heaven,  
From the milkmaid to hear  
What's the news from Nanterre.\*  
To the café I stroll  
(That takes me an hour),  
And while eating my roll,  
All the Journals devour.

Me? I lounge! &c.

The 'lost and stolen' page  
I peruse with great care,  
Lest life do of a friend  
Should be advertised there.  
The gazettes my attention  
Next strongly allure,  
Then I take a short nap  
O'er the dull *Mentour*.

Me? I lounge! &c.

At the sound of the drum,  
My digestion to aid,  
I follow the soldiers,  
And run to parade.  
On the banks of the stream  
You may see me again,  
To note how they build  
The new quay on the Seine.

Me? I lounge! &c.

To the Palace of Justice  
I next make my way,  
Where 'tis seldom I'm missed,  
During term-time, one day.  
When the trials are over,  
To a print-shop I pace,  
And in caricatures  
Often see my own face.

Me? I lounge! &c.

To the second-hand bookstalls  
For an hour I hie,  
To study with prudence;—  
To read, but not buy.  
If I find a good passage,  
Turn the leaf down anew,  
To resume it to-morrow,  
Till I've read the book through.

Me? I lounge! &c.

I now think of dinner,  
And haste home to dress,  
To call at some house  
Where I'm known more or less;  
But, alas! when I knock,  
The servants *will* say,  
'Both master and mistress  
Dine out, sir, to-day!'

Me? I lounge! &c.

At night in the café  
The effect I proclaim  
Of a hazard at billiards  
On a domino game.  
Or on politics chat,  
Knotty questions define,  
Using arguments strong,  
While drinking weak wine.

Me? I lounge! &c.

The rest of the evening  
I usually spend  
At the play—when an order  
I got from a friend.  
And thus, void of care,  
Though my time may seem lost,  
I'm a true Epicurean  
At very small cost.

Me? I lounge!  
You may blame or praise,  
And smile at my ways—  
But I lounge!  
I at everything stare,  
I am seen everywhere.

#### INNS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS.

No longer than a century ago, the traveller whose business required despatch took his way on horseback; for the wagons and stage-coaches then on the road were not for a moment to be thought of by one who was in a hurry. Booted and spurred, with a riding-coat buckled tightly around him—the belt garnished with a pair of horse-pistols, to scare, rather than to shoot highway-men—he would wend his way till hunger or nightfall made him anxious concerning some house of entertainment. If his route lay through a populous town, he would soon be able to find such an asylum; and entering the yard, would speedily perceive an hostler standing at his nag's head, and inviting him to dismount. Presently the landlord appears, and after giving the guest the time of day, calls lustily for 'Tom Drawer, to unbuckle his worship's saddle-bags and valise.' During this operation the traveller has leisure to look around. He finds himself in a square court, its four sides bounded by buildings. The ground-floor of one of these is occupied by the long window of the bar, through which the dim light of two or three oil lamps scarcely pierces the evening's gloom. Above appear tiers of balconies, running completely round the quadrangle, and edged with balusters of ponderous turned-wood pillars. These platforms lead to the dormitories, in one of which the traveller will have to pass the night. He follows the drawer to the bar, in an inner recess of which he sees his luggage placed, knowing it to be, however valuable its contents, as safe there as if deposited in the bullion-cellars of the Bank of England. Our friend, ordering a tankard of ale and a pipe, enters the 'Blue Lion,' which title is given to the public room; the numbering of apartments not having been at that time invented. In all probability he finds here one or two characters who were the frequent visitors of the old-fashioned inn; the foremost some country squire, who had come into the town that day on private, or peradventure, on 'justice' business. All he utters would be received with humble deference by the substantial shopkeeper and the manufacturer's bagman with whom he condescendingly converses. The subject is certain to be some daring highway robbery recently committed; the bagman caps the story with one of his own, far more striking and remarkable than the squire's; for the tales of travellers were proverbial even at that day. Our friend joins in the conversation, turning it to politics, the 'German wars,' or the troubles in the 'plantations,' as our colonies were then called. Presently the landlord joins the party, and they all agree to sup together. A carouse is the consequence; and by the time our friend is ready to be conducted to his chamber, he is hardly in a condition to find it without the assistance of the chamberlain. Indeed, under the most favourable circumstances, these bed-chambers were difficult to distinguish, unless the traveller took careful notice whether his room was the 'fox,' the 'star,' or the 'dragon,' for the long rows of doors, all exactly alike, often gave rise to those awkward mistakes of which so many traditions have been preserved in the old novels and farces, and which have been always a fertile source of improglio to authors.

The traveller of those days rose early, went into the

\* A village near Paris, see page 247 of our twelfth volume.



stable to see to his beast, breakfasted, paid his bill (never more than a few shillings), and was again in the saddle long before the modern hour of rising. On, on he would jog, till food and temporary rest were again necessary, and he next alights at another sort of hostelry—a road-side public-house, to which he is invited by the conspicuously painted words, 'Good entertainment for man and horse.' It is here he intends to dine. His nag having been 'put up' by a ragged urchin (for no regular ostler belonged to the establishment), he is ushered by the landlord into the kitchen, a paved hall, with a huge wooden 'settle' placed before a glowing fire. If, however, he require more privacy and comfort, he is shown into the parlour, the floor of which is sanded. In the middle stands one of those curious tables which is supported by almost a forest of legs, some of which are formed to be pulled out, so as to support flaps for extra company. This being the best room, the walls are ornamented with pictures. Over the mantelshelf is a coloured print of the great Duke of Marlborough, or the Duke of Cumberland, supported on one side by the effigy of a shepherdess with her crook, and on the other by a shepherd to match—only, instead of a crook, he has a pipe. Some curious specimens of china ware and glass-blowing adorn the chimney shelf. Having taken an ample survey of the parlour, the traveller of that era, knowing that a broil of beef-steak occupied an hour, usually filled up that space of time by taking 'a look round at the crops,' for which purpose he sallies forth. The consequence is, that after dinner, when the landlord gets into chat with his guest, the subject is the price of grain, the prospects of the harvest, and other topics of a purely agricultural nature. When the reckoning is called for, the traveller, though both he and his horse have dined well, gets change out of a shilling, and pursues his way. When at the end of his journey, he boasts of his exertions on the road—having performed fifty miles in something less than a couple of days.

Such were the inns of the olden time—social, comfortable, and cheap. The slow motions of our forefathers allowed of these excellencies; for where there was never any hurry, but few servants were required; and as the host's expenses were moderate, so were his guest's. There was, moreover, always time for what was considered social enjoyment, which meant drinking, smoking, and conversation. But as locomotion became quicker on the road, such establishments were forced to become more complete. The fast coaches of Mr Palmer, and the smooth roads of Mr Adam, whisked customers to and from inn-doors at such a rate, that unless business could be done rapidly, there would be none done at all. This, with the increased number of travellers brought about by the increase of facilities for travelling, rendered large accessions of servants necessary. The place of the one drawer was supplied by a dozen waiters; the landlady was superseded by a smart bar-maid; the chamberlain was replaced by chambermaids, or degraded to a new office of separate duty—that of 'boots.' One ostler was enough for the few equestrians who visited the more modern inn; but 'horse-keepers' there were in plenty to attend to the teams of the stage-coach. Thus, when you were drawn up to an inn door to get dinner, a couple of these officials were in an instant at the horses' heads, unbuckling the reins, after having thrown a cloth over their backs to prevent the too sudden check of cold. By the time you got out of the coach, the team was also at liberty, and slowly sauntering into the stables to get their feed, while you entered the inn to get yours. Although you had very little time to spare out of the twenty-five minutes the guard allowed for your meal, yet you could not help observing the larder at the end of the passage. This—contained in an extensive glass case—seemed to consist of samples of the fare you were about to get. On entering the dining-room, you found that some of the travellers had already commenced operations; and the waiters, in cotton jackets, with

napkins tucked into the side pockets in a way that gave them an unpleasant resemblance to pocket handkerchiefs, were busily handing plates from a tin warmer which stood opposite the fire. Having made good haste, finished your dinner, and paid four times as much as it had cost our traveller of the olden time for himself and his horse, you leave the inn, and do not alight from the coach till arriving at another, where you get tea in almost the same manner, and quite at a similar rate of expense.

By the time your journey was finished, another room in the inn you had been dining at would, in all likelihood, be filled with company, being perhaps the quarters of a club. Assembled here, neighbouring tradesmen would be found smoking cigars instead of pipes, and drinking wine and spirits in lieu of ale. Perhaps, in a private apartment, sat a country squire; while, if the house were what is called the 'commercial' one, a third room was occupied by the successors of the bagman we have before adverted to, and who have taken the more comprehensive name of commercial travellers. Thus we perceive the effects of rapid advancement in wealth and population. Three-quarters of a century sooner, and one room sufficed to hold members of each class we have enumerated; but at the time we now speak, separate habits and separate interests obliged them to associate—each according to his grade and employment—in three distinct apartments.

In some country inns, however, it was only the stimulus of a coach-dinner or a club that kept up the bustle. Enter them when the coach has gone, or before the club had met, and instead of activity, the house would appear (we speak of such inns as they were some ten or fifteen years ago) deserted. If you came on foot, and did not promise to be a good customer, by arriving with some sort of equipage, you had to find your way into a room as best you could, for not one of the jacketed waiters appeared to direct you. After finding a resting place, the bell was rung once or twice before the summons was answered; and when at length the waiter did appear, and you ordered dinner, it was an unconscionable time before it came. The fraternity of waiters had an ingenious expedient for staving off your impatient demands. When sufficient time had passed for the dinner to have been cooked twice over, an attendant came in and laid the cloth; and the natural inference was, that the meal would soon follow. Not so, however: after the lapse of another quarter of an hour you rang the bell, and the waiter, to show that things are really progressing, brings in the castors. Ten minutes more—a second peal at the bell, and—enter a man with the salt, who answers your inquiries by saying, 'Coming directly, sir,' and slamming the door. A little while longer, and your patience is quite exhausted; the bell is applied to more violently, and the attendant actually comes in at last with—the plates. Hunger and human endurance are pushed to the last extremity; but the tormentor takes your reproaches with the utmost coolness, and declares of your dinner that it is 'dishing up, sir.' Having been deceived so often, you put on your hat, and decide on seeking refreshment elsewhere; but while on the threshold to depart, your dinner is really and truly placed on the table; and after the first mouthful or so, all anger vanishes.

Another provoking trait of these country inns was, that whatever the guest asked for, it was readily promised; but when the time came for the appearance of the favourite dish, the waiter would exclaim, 'Very sorry, sir; last salmon bespoke for club dinner.' A waiter of that day could never say 'no' to whatever you ordered, though he knew perfectly well it was not to be had. The only known instance to the contrary was related with the most pathetic comicality by the late Charles Matthews. Entering a forlorn-looking country inn, he accosted a lugubrious waiter, and inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus? The mysterious serving-man shook his head. 'Can I have a duck, then?' 'No, sir.'

'Have you any mutton-chops?'

'Not one, sir.'

'Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?'

'Sir,' returned the man with a profound sigh, 'we are out of spirits.'

'Then, in wonder's name, what have you got in the house?'

'An execution, sir.'

This explanation, though short, was comprehensive and touching. The fate it expressed has been of late shared by a great many inns of the same stamp; first, in consequence of the establishment of private clubs in towns of any importance; and next, by the railways, which have not only diverted the traffic from the roads upon which the inns are placed, but—from the short time occupied in each journey—have nearly abolished temporary refreshment. Inns, therefore, of the most modern date are situated at the termini of the various lines, to accommodate the public on arrival and departure.

In some of the establishments of the present day, inn-keeping appears to be brought to the highest conceivable perfection. Their outward appearance is that of palaces; and even when you enter them, the similarity is not diminished. In the entry you perceive a hall-porter who directs servants in livery to convey your luggage to a handsomely furnished bed-room. Were it not for two huge glass cases—one containing a couple of clerks, and the other a brace of bar-maids—the delusion would be complete. But you have scarcely time to look round, before you are accosted by a well-dressed person, whom you follow to a *office-room* furnished with luxuriance and splendour. The dress of your gentleman-usher deserves remark. He is, in fact, a waiter; but how changed from he of the striped jacket, who flourished his towel in the coaching days! The modern attendant is attired handsomely, but upon principles of severe, rather than vulgar taste; inasmuch that he might, in any other situation, be mistaken for a clergyman. Black, of the most superfine quality, is his wear; but that this should not appear too sombre, it is relieved by a shirt and neckerchief of spotless whiteness. To prevent mistakes, however, he carries the badge of office—a napkin—but one of the finest texture. If it be dinner-time, he hands you, with ready politeness, the 'carte'; but the first glance at it shows that selection from so vast a variety would be a work of time, which would ill suit the state of your appetite; and you throw yourself on the discretion of the waiter. With scarcely a moment's consideration he sketches off a dinner which an emperor might covet; and looking at the clock, inquires at what hour you would wish it. If you reply 'immediately,' with the supposition of having to wait, it will be a great mistake. Things are wonderfully reformed since the slow coaches were taken off the road; for, ere you can read one line of the newspaper which the attendant has obligingly furnished, the soup is served. From that time the succession of courses come on with scarcely a moment's pause—a convincing proof that the *cuisine* is complete in all its departments. Every course is served upon silver, and every plate is *preclean*. The wine is brought in decanters of the newest fashion, and the dessert on richly cut glass. At night, you sleep in a well-furnished room, and next morning have breakfast on a scale of commensurate splendour and excellence; for its materials are supplied daily from a farm which belongs to the hotel. In short, everything is of the most costly kind, including, of course, your own expenditure. But that is to be expected: if you be accommodated quite as well as it is possible for a nobleman with a princely income to be, you must pay for it. It is when charges are high, accommodation limited, and management bad, that you have cause to be dissatisfied.

A glance back at the history of inns for the last twenty years, proves that to their exorbitant charges and mismanagement may be partly traced their recent

decline and fall. Rather than submit to them, clubs were formed; and so prevalent are they all over the country, that few persons of respectability make a habit of frequenting taverns, because they get what they want better and cheaper at their own clubs. This remark of course applies to inns which were out of the influence of coaching, and which have been abolished by railroads. Houses of entertainment of a lower grade are also being fast swept away by the gratifying progress of temperance, so that we must look upon the present as an age of gradual downfall for inns, taverns, spirit-shops, and public houses of all grades and characters.

#### ANIMAL POISONS.

The most potent poisons are of a vegetable or mineral nature; but in nearly every class of the animal kingdom there is found some creature which is, or was anciently, said to secrete a venom. Modern zoologists state that the gall of the ounce is deadly poison; and the vulgar have a superstitious belief that a cat's breath is poisonous to children, if they inhale it long while the animal sleeps in the same cradle. This is clearly a mere fancy, as is also the notion that cats occasionally suck the breath of children till the little innocents can breathe no longer. The origin of both stories is probably this: a cat has gone to the cradle, and, for greater warmth, has lain on the breast of the sleeping babe, until, by the weight of its body repressing the play of the lungs, the infant has been gradually suffocated. There was formerly a notion that the fur of the cat imparted snakes' poison to those who handled it much; and this was referred to the habit cats were supposed to indulge in, of playing with and teasing those reptiles without injury to themselves. The virus of a rabid dog, or other animal, can only be regarded as a diseased and infectious matter, and therefore need not be discussed here among the natural poisons of animals. The polar bear presents one of the best attested examples of a poisonous quadruped; this property of its flesh being probably derived from some of the vegetables and berries which it seeks on the shores during the autumn. Scoresby says, that those sailors who, while in the arctic regions, have been obliged to eat the flesh of bears, and have not taken the precaution of rejecting the liver, have almost always been attacked with sickness, a peeling off of the skin, and sometimes have even died from its baneful effects. During Sir John Ross's stay at Fury Beach, some of his party being tempted by the fine appearance of the meat of the polar bears, made a hearty meal of the first that was shot. All who partook of it soon complained of a violent headache, which, with some, continued two or three days, and was followed by the skin peeling off the face, hands, and arms; and in others, who had probably eaten more largely, the skin peeled off the whole body. On a former occasion, he witnessed a similar occurrence, when, on Sir Edward Parry's polar journey, having lived for several days wholly on two bears that were shot, the skin peeled off the feet, legs, and arms of many of the party; but it was then attributed rather to the quantity than to the quality of the meat, and to their having been, for some time previous, on very short allowance of provision. It was anciently supposed that the wound from a stag's horn was poisonous; but death, in such a case, arises merely from the immense force with which the animal strikes its enemy.

If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier;  
But barber's hand will bear's hurt heal, thereof thou need'st not fear.

In America, when the snow lies so deep as to prevent the deer from grazing, they are compelled to subsist only by browsing on the leaves and bark of the laurel, in consequence of which they secrete so much of its well-known poison, that their flesh proves hurtful to persons

who eat it. We have often heard people complain of illness after dining on hares and rabbits; and we doubt not that the flesh of these animals is occasionally noxious, owing to their having eaten largely of poisonous barks and poisonous plants. Some reader, perhaps, will ask, 'Would not such food poison the animals themselves?' No, not always; for certain animals will eat with eagerness and perfect impunity various plants, barks, and berries, which prove poisonous to human beings. In the same way the flesh of many birds that eat poisonous berries is sometimes hurtful to people who partake of it. During the time that the American ruffed grouse feeds on laurel-buds, its flesh is highly deleterious. Southey says that the flesh of parrots is so powerful, that it is used medicinally abroad. The head and intestines of the Carolina parrot are said to be instantaneously poisonous to cats. Beaulieu relates that the flesh of a blue-footed sort of quail, inhabiting Ukraine, in Tartary, proves fatal to persons who eat it. Among reptiles, we find more poisonous animals than in any other class; indeed the examples are much too numerous to be here particularised. Snakes are the most celebrated of all venomous animals; but a great many species are as free from venom as is our common British snake and our small brittle snake, commonly called the blind-worm, both of which are perfectly harmless, though popular ignorance cherishes a thousand stories of their deadly deeds. The British viper, or adder, does, indeed, inflict a poisonous bite, producing a very rapid swelling of the wounded part, but never proving fatal, except to persons whose blood was previously in a very bad state. Its wound, in a healthy subject, is soon counteracted with a little spirit of ammonia. The Egyptian viper is 'the asp,' from whose bite Cleopatra sought death, that she might avoid being taken to Rome to grace the triumph of Augustus. Shakespeare has described the workings of the poison in her frame; but it is not often that its bite is attended with fatal results. Its wound is easily cured by volatile alkaline spirits, particularly that preparation called *eau-de-luce*, and even by fetid spirit of tartar.

In the class of fishes, perhaps the most noted example of a poisonous one is the barbel. Juliana Barnes, who lived in the fourteenth century, when it was sometimes usual to eat fish without any cooking, says, 'The barbel is a sweet fish, but it is a quasy and perilous meat for man's body—for commonly he giveth an introduction to the fever; and if he be eaten raw, he may be cause of man's death, which hath oft been seen.' Yet a famous scientific writer on fishes, Dr Bloch, says that he and all his family have eaten the roe of the barbel without sustaining any harm. The hurtful qualities of a fish called the weever (*Trachinus draco*) are noticed by ancient writers without any exaggeration. The flesh is exceedingly good eating, but the wounds inflicted by its spines are very painful, attended with a violent burning and most pungent shooting, and sometimes with an inflammation that will extend from the arm to the shoulder. It is a common notion that these symptoms proceed from something more than the small wound which the fish is capable of inflicting; and that there is a venom infused into it, at least into such as is made by the spines that form the first dorsal fin, which is black, and has a most suspicious aspect. The remedy used by Welsh fishermen is sea-sand, with which they rub the affected part for a considerable time. In the *Universal Museum*, of November 1765, an instance is related of a person being reduced to a very dangerous state by a wound from this fish, but who was cured by the application of sweet-oil, and by taking opium and Venice-treacle. Mackerel, herrings, crabs, lobsters, and muscles frequently produce eruptions on the bodies and limbs of persons who eat them. According to Orfila, Möring, Rondeau, Fodère, and Burrows, death has often resulted from eating muscles. Some mystery rests on this point. It has been observed that the muscles prove injurious to persons only, and to them only at some particular times. This would lead to a supposition that

the effect is owing more to constitutional peculiarities in the eaters of the muscles, than to the muscles themselves. But this is certainly not the case in all instances, for it is clearly established that muscles which have been taken from the copper sheathing of ships are poisonous, evidently from the coppers which they have imbibed. Mr John Murray tells us that he found on the Exmouth coast, Devonshire, a sponge-like substance, which he discovered to be the matrix of innumerable very minute muscles; in fact, the envelope of the spawn of the eatable muscle. He rubbed a portion of this substance on the back of his hand, where it produced a virulent inflammation, accompanied by eruptive spots, which, finally becoming ulcerated, healed with great difficulty. The marks still remain perfect, and are likely to continue for life. He adds, that he heard of a gentleman who experienced violent sickness from having merely trod on this substance while bathing. These facts show that it is not an imaginary poison, but an undoubtedly malignant one.

The venom of the wasp, bee, and hornet, is a most irritating poison, but is quickly neutralised by the application of sweet-oil to the punctured part. Here we may notice that the honey of the bee is sometimes poisonous. Xenophon records that, during the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia, the soldiers, when they came to a place near Trebizonde, found many beehives, the combs of which they sucked; but soon afterwards they became as though intoxicated, and were attacked with a virulent cholera-morbus. The famous botanist Tournefort, when at Trebizonde, made some researches relative to this occurrence, and learnt that it arose from the bees collecting their honey partly from a plant which is very abundant there, and the very blossoms of which exhale a sweet but intoxicating perfume. This plant was most likely either the rose-laurel (*Rhododendron ponticum*) or the yellow azalea (*Azalea pontica*); for Father Lamberti found both these poisonous plants, together with poisonous honey, in Mingrelia. Colonel Rottiers, in 1816, observed the rose-laurel growing on all the mountains of Trebizonde; and the inhabitants asserted, that 'the strong honey' which the bees extract from its flowers is a kind of poison, causing stupor in a greater or less degree, according to the season of the year. M. Dupré, the French consul, assured Colonel Rottiers that he had experienced this effect himself. In the autumn and winter of 1790, there was an extensive mortality among the people of Philadelphia who had eaten of honey that had been collected near that city. The American government having instituted a minute inquiry into the cause of the honey proving fatal, it was satisfactorily ascertained that it had been chiefly extracted from the flowers of the *Kalmia latifolia*. Plants of the genus *Andromeda* also yield a poisonous honey. In the 'American Philosophical Transactions,' Dr Barton states that the dwarf-laurel, great laurel, broad-leaved moorwort, Pennsylvania mountain-laurel, wild honeysuckle, and the stramonium or James-town weed, yield a poisonous syrup, and that the honey which the bees make therefrom has been fatal to man. These facts ought to induce the keepers of bees to be careful how they venture to cultivate plants of noxious qualities near their hives. The Greeks and Romans were careful to eradicate all bitter-tasting herbs from the vicinity of their apiaries, lest they should impart a bad quality to the honey. According to De Lille, the bee-keepers of Languedoc also pay great attention to this point. Even wild species of honey-bees will resort to noxious plants quite as readily as the domestic species—

\* Like to those bees of Trebizonde  
Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad  
With their pure smile the gardens round,  
Draw venom forth which drives men mad.\*

An intoxicating and poisonous honey is extracted from the flowers of the monkshood, or aconite, by the choura, or wild rock-bee of Gurwhal (*Apis irritabilis*).

These facts make it not improbable that many more persons die from eating poisonous animal food than is generally supposed, and without the cause of death ever being suspected.

## TEARS.

As the evidences of a deep intense feeling of either joy or remorse, pain or pity, gratitude or penitence, nothing can so surely open the heart and hand of humanity as the tear which will out, and cannot be suppressed. Bloomfield makes old Richard shed such a tear:—

'And, as he spoke, a big round drop  
Fell trickling on his sleeve,  
A witness which he could not stop,  
And one all hearts believe.'

The conflict between simultaneous feelings of joy and grief is well hit off in two lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

'She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.'

This is a picture of what Shakspeare calls an April face, one that exhibits sunshine and shower at the same time.

The tear which is shed unseen, in solitude, by him who is in need, and destitute of relative or friend, and feels the chill of neglect, the absence of all responsive sympathy, is perhaps the most bitter tear of any. It is the tear of one who is isolated, and wretched in his loneliness.

'It is not that my lot is low,  
Which bids this silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief which makes me moan,  
It is—that I am all alone.'

A grief 'too deep for tears' has been described by poets:—

—'Tears do not speak all the anguish of grief;  
'Tis deeper when pains tops the springs of the eye;  
When the heart is confined and deprived of relief,  
In the sweet balm of nature, the tear or the sigh.'

The advice of 'Don't cry about it' is cold, and even irritating to the afflicted, when no means of lessening the affliction itself is offered. So, also,

'Tis madness a fond mother to dissuade  
From tears, while on his hearse her son is laid;  
But when grief's deluge can no higher swell,  
Declining sorrow you'll with ease repel.'

'No rule without an exception,' is a rule that applies even to tears; for, as Sam Weller says, 'there's some people who have 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they like.' They are living watering-pots, but never reviving anything that comes under their influence.

## DIFFICULTY AND PERSEVERANCE.

To the young who have to make their way in their studies and professions, nothing can be more useful than frequent counsel on the duty and necessity of regarding all obstacles on the road as things to be grappled with a bold determination to conquer them manfully. One may not succeed, but if one does, it is sweet to look back upon the heap of briars and hurdles that one has forced a passage by. Hence it is that the greater the difficulty, the more glory there is in surmounting it. So skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests. Burke says, 'Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill: our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations; it will not suffer us to be superficial.' Those who are too apt to quake and quail before every difficulty, would do well to learn the song of 'Try Again.'

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try again;  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try again;  
Then your courage should appear,  
For if you will persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear,  
Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,  
Try again;  
If you would at last prevail,  
Try again;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace  
Though we do not win the race;  
What should we do in that case?  
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try again;  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try again;  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you?  
Only keep this rule in view,  
Try again.'

## ANECDOTES OF DR LETTSON.

In 1782 he was sent for to visit an old gentleman, seventy-four years of age, who resided in the county of Essex. This gentleman had been a great American merchant; he had kept a princely house, and his heart was literally made up of generosity. The American war ruined him; but his creditors, valuing his upright character, permitted him to reside at his house in the country, with a genteel allowance, until his affairs could be settled. The protracted American war destroyed the prospect of retrieving his affairs; his allowance was, therefore, taken away. He fell sick, and consulted Dr Lettson. When the doctor visited him, the gentleman said to him, pointing to his garden, 'Those trees I planted, and have lived to see some of them too old to bear fruit. They are part of my family: and my children, still dearer to me, must quit this residence, which was the delight of my youth, and the hope of my old age.' The benevolent doctor, upon quitting the apartment, left, enclosed in a letter, a cheque to relieve his immediate necessities. He also purchased the house, which was freehold, for £500, and gave it him for his life. The poor merchant's health was restored, and he daily blessed his worthy benefactor. An adventure which this celebrated physician once met with, we find recorded in his own words:—'It was my lot, a few years ago, to be attacked on the highway by a genteel-looking person, well-mounted, who demanded my money, at the same time placing a pistol to my breast. I requested him to remove the pistol, which he immediately did. I saw his agitation, from whence I could perceive he had not been habituated to this hazardous practice; and I added that I had both gold and silver about me, which I freely gave him, but that I was very sorry to see a young gentleman entering on so bad a course of life, which would probably soon terminate at the gallows; that at the best, the casual pittance gained on the highway would afford but a precarious subsistence; but that if I could benefit him by a private assistance, more becoming his appearance, he might farther command my purse; and at the same time I desired him to accept a card containing my address, and to call upon me, as he might trust to my word for his liberty and life. He accepted my address, but I observed his voice faltered; it was late at night; there was, however, sufficient star-light to enable me to perceive, as I leaned towards him on the window of the carriage, that his bosom was overwhelmed with conflicting passions; at length, bending forward on his horse, and recovering the power of speech, he affectingly said, "I thank you for your offer; American affairs have ruined me; I will, dear sir, wait upon you." The man kept his word, and Lettson finding, on inquiry, the account he gave of himself to be correct, after making an unsuccessful application in his behalf to the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers, presented a memorial on the subject to the queen, who, it is said, procured the man a commission in the army; and his name subsequently appeared, on two occasions, in the Gazette, for promotion, on account of his good conduct. In cold weather, when the poor were out of work, Dr Lettson constantly employed them about his grounds. It happened that a gentleman whose premises adjoined, met the doctor one winter's morning, and upbraided him for keeping so many men in a state of apparent idleness. "True, neighbour," said the doctor, with a smile of complacency; "but who pays them, thou or I?" The gentleman felt the reproof, and turning on his heel, bade the doctor good morning. The doctor was in the practice of carrying the produce of his fees carelessly in his coat pocket. His footman, being aware of this, used to make free with a guinea occasionally, while the coat hung up in the passage. The doctor having repeatedly missed his gold, was suspicious of his footman, and took an opportunity of watching him. He succeeded in the detection, and, without even noticing it to the other servants, called him into his study, and coolly said to him, "John, art thou in want of money?"

\* The Singing-Master: Taylor and Walton, London.

'No,' replied John. 'Oh, then, why didst thou make so free with my pockets? And since thou didst not want money, and hast told me a lie, I must part with thee. Now, say what situation thou wouldst like abroad, and I will obtain it for thee, for I cannot keep thee; I cannot recommend thee; therefore thou must go.' Suffice it to say, the doctor procured John a situation, and he went abroad.—*From a newspaper.*

#### ANTI-CROW LEAGUE.

We learn from the local papers, that a meeting of farmers was held in Dumfries in January last, for the purpose of forming an association against the crows of Nithsdale. Some of the tenants present stated that it cost them £10 yearly to herd their crops; others, that the crows did them £10 damage; while, on the whole, it was computed that the annual cost to the district could not be less than £10,000, in consequence of crow depredations! A committee was appointed to wait upon the proprietors of rookeries, requesting them to check the increase of this nuisance; and a subscription in aid of the object of the meeting was entered into. The 'utility of rooks' has been long a favourite topic with naturalists and parlor farmers, on the ground, that for one grain of corn they consume they devour ten grubs; but we fear that this must be in a great measure set aside by the statements of these practical men, who are not likely to pay £10 a-year for herding crows, were they not perfectly aware of the damage they would otherwise sustain. It may be quite true that the rook at certain seasons is a most effectual enemy to the grub, and that he would even prefer it to corn, were both in his choice; but even gold may be purchased too dearly, and so the depredations which crows are perpetually committing may much more than counterbalance their grubbing utility. The Nithsdale farmers evidently feel this to be the case; and when there are other modes of getting rid of an occasionally destructive insect, it were folly to harbour a perpetual pest of crows.

#### JUST DISCRIMINATION.

At one of the late grand reviews in Eastern Prussia, says a German paper, a brigade of artillery was ordered to pass at full gallop over a piece of uneven ground intersected by a ditch full of water. One of the guns, from the horses not making a sufficient spring, got stuck in the ditch. The first gunner, a man of great strength, jumped down into the water, and, setting his shoulder to one of the wheels, lifted it out of the mud, and, re-uming his seat, the gun crossed the ditch. Prince Augustus of Prussia, who came up at the moment, cried, 'Bravo, my lad!' and tearing off a strip from his sash, gave it to the artilleryman, telling him to fasten it to his sword-belt in remembrance. In the evening, the soldier, when in his barracks, was surprised by receiving a gratuity of 150 gold crowns. A short time afterwards, another artilleryman, having heard this anecdote, wished, in his turn, to display his strength. Prince Augustus, when one day at the arsenal of Berlin, ordered a 24-pounder to be mounted on its carriage. The man in question immediately raised the piece from the ground, and, unassisted, put it on the carriage. The prince, however, said, 'This man is a fool: he has risked his limbs and wasted his strength without any necessity. Let him be under arrest for three days.'—*Gallman's Messenger.*

#### INTERESTING CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

It is notorious that horses, more especially racers and hunters, are subject to inflammatory diseases, and it is observed that grooms are short-lived. This has been ascribed to the air of unventilated stables being strongly impregnated with ammonia, an alkali that may be classed amongst the most powerful stimulants, the constant respiration of which predisposes to affections of the lungs. Various means have been tried with a view to the absorption of this subtle poison, but hitherto without attaining the desired result. During the last session of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a paper was presented to the council by Mr H. Reece, descriptive of a plan for purifying the air of stables, by a mixture of gypsum of sawdust with sulphuric acid. This mode is said to be at once safe, simple, and efficacious. Mr Reece made some experiments in the extensive stables of Mr Evans of Enstone, the results of which are stated to be quite satisfactory. The stables were, in the first instance, strewn with gypsum (crystallised sulphate of lime) coarsely powdered; but though the ammonia was evolved with the wetted straw, no trace of it was visible after two days' ex-

posure, when examined with slaked lime. The stables were then strewn with the gypsum, moistened with sulphuric acid, and when examined next morning, every portion was found to have absorbed sufficient ammonia to emit its peculiar pungent odour when brought in contact with slaked lime. The stables had lost their close unhealthy smell, and, to use the words of the grooms, appeared to be quite sweetened. As it was evident the gypsum acted merely mechanically, affording a convenient absorbent surface for the acid, some further experiments were made, substituting sawdust for gypsum, which were attended by still more favourable results. The prepared mixture should be laid upon trays, as the acid is considered likely to injure the horses' feet. One part of sawdust will readily absorb three times its weight of acid solution, which should be mixed in the proportion, by measure, of one part of sulphuric acid to fifteen of distilled water. The ammoniacal salt makes an excellent manure, but it should not be mixed with the straw until after removal from the stable.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### MORALS OF THE RESTORATION.

Towards the close of the Protectorate, many signs indicated that a time of license was at hand; but the restoration of Charles II. rendered the change wonderfully rapid and violent. Profligacy became a test of orthodoxy and loyalty—a qualification for rank and office. A deep and general taint infected the morals of the most influential classes, and spread itself through every province of letters. Poetry inflamed the passions; philosophy undermined the principles; divinity itself, inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to the licentious example of the court. We look in vain for those qualities which lend a charm to the errors of high and ardent natures, for the generosity, the tenderness, the chivalrous delicacy, which ennoble appetites into passions, and impart to vice itself a portion of the majesty of virtue. The excesses of that age remind us of the humours of a gang of foot-pads revelling with their favourite beauties of a flash-house. In the fashionable libertinism there is a hard, cold ferocity, and impudence, a lowness, a dirtiness, which can be paralleled among the heroes and heroines of that filthy and heartless literature which encouraged it. One nobleman of great abilities wanders about as a merry-Andrew; another harangues the mob stark naked from the window; a third lies in ambush to catch a man who has offended him. A knot of gentlemen of high rank and influence combine to push their fortunes at court, by circulating stories intended to ruin an innocent girl; stories which had no foundation, and which, if they had been true, would never have passed the lips of a man of honour. The ministers employ their time at the council-board in making mouths at each other, and taking off each other's gestures for the amusement of the king. The peers, at a conference, begin to pommel each other, and to tear collars and periwigs. A speaker in the House of Commons gave offence to the court; he is waylaid by a gang of bullies, and his nose cut to the bone. This ignominious discomfiture, or rather, if we may venture to designate it by the only proper word, blackguardism of feeling and manners, could not but spread from private to public life. The cynical sneers, the epicurean sophistry, which had driven honour and virtue from one part of the character, extended their influence over every other. The second generation of the statesmen of this reign were worthy pupils of the schools in which they had been trained, of the gaming-table of Grammont and the tiring-room of Nell. In no other age could such a trifle as Buckingham have exercised any political influence. In no other age could the path to power and glory have been thrown open to the manifold infamies of Churchill.—*Historical Essays, by T. B. Macaulay.*

#### EFFECT OF HABIT.

The following utterly ridiculous instance of the painful habit London waiters have acquired of invariably repeating every syllable a customer utters, before they can possibly return any answer, literally occurred to a friend, who thus triumphantly tested their imperturbable gravity of countenance:—'Waiter!' 'Yessir.' 'Bottled stout.' 'Bottled stout, sir?' 'Yessir.' 'And—here, waiter!' 'Yessir.' 'Meet me in the willow glen!' 'Willow glen, sir?' 'Yessir.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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# CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## SERVITUDE.

It is a curious consideration, that at all times there should have been so large a proportion of mankind in the condition of servitude. This state is found in all but the rudest and most meagre communities, such as that which overspread North America before its colonisation; and even in these communities there is a form of service, in as far as the women are compelled by the men to do the hardest and meanest work. It seems to be natural in human society for a certain number, comparatively small in amount, to take the place of masters over the rest—or (to change the form, without changing the substance of the idea) for a certain large number to fall into the place of servants under the rest. The proportions of the numbers are different in different societies, and in different conditions of these societies, but never to so great an extent as to affect the proposition, that the great bulk of the people are in a dependent state. There are also differences in the character of service: an early form of it is attended by a complete surrender of personal freedom—in short, slavery; afterwards, this is modified into the state of feudal service, where the person is not absolutely the property of the master, but only the will is at his command; finally, the relation of a servant to a master is improved into a simple legal bargain, by which certain duties are undertaken for wages or hire. Still, in all these characters there is one distinct feature, a power in the one party to order and direct, accompanied by a necessity in the other to concede and obey. And this arrangement has existed indifferently in connexion with all forms of government, despotic, republican, and mixed, as if it were a matter with which political arrangements had nothing to do, or as if the master part of the community were the only persons concerned in affairs of state. Even slavery, the worst form of service, has existed quietly for centuries under republican forms, as in Greece and Rome; the masters, in these instances, manifesting all possible zeal against any encroachment on their political liberties, without ever once dreaming that their poor helots were human beings like themselves, who might be supposed to feel at least as much vexation at a total deprivation of their personal liberty, as their superiors experienced when some little interference was attempted with their elective rights, or a Pericles or a Cæsar began to enjoy a dangerous degree of influence in the Areopagus and the Senate.

An arrangement so universal as servitude, and so conspicuous at almost all times, and under almost all circumstances, may be presumed to be founded in nature. If not so, it is at least remarkably accommodated to nature; but the more rational supposition is, that nature dictates the arrangement, and provides for it. A careful observer will, I think, be at no loss to see evi-

dences of the truth of this proposition in common life. Individuals, who have long acted extremely well, and lived happily, as servants, or while employed and directed by others, are often found to do very differently when they become masters. A demand seems then to be made upon them for faculties which they do not possess. They appear to want powers of management, firmness, and energy, to play a *first part* well; they hesitate, get confused, and take wrong courses; or they are facile, and submit to be misled by unworthy counsel. Their utter failure in the objects they had in view, is the unavoidable consequence, and they sink once more into subordination, there to be again at ease, and happy. Nay, so nicely does nature work, that there is a class of minds which seem specially fitted to be *seconds* in command—having a charge over some, but subject to one other, of energy a degree superior. Such was Ajax to Achilles; such Murat to Napoleon. Generally, these lieutenants are possessed of some excellent qualities—unshrinking courage, unshakeable fidelity, untiring zeal and devotion, but want the very highest powers of intellect, and therefore when, by fatal chance, made masters, go utterly wrong, and come to destruction—Murat himself an example. It is therefore to be presumed that they were designed by Providence only for the second place. While kept there, they are fulfilling their mission: let them aspire to a higher, and they at once go out of their proper sphere; their powers and duties are out of harmony; and they fail as a matter of course. Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that even third and fourth degrees of command are provided for in the many various mental constitutions which nature produces. Not that, in every case, these particular constitutions are fixed at one point throughout the whole of life. Many must advance from one point to another by the natural progress of the mind from its monage to its maturity, or in consequence of educating and edifying circumstances. Upon this depends that system of Promotion which exists in all liberal institutions, as well as private establishments. But it is nevertheless true that particular minds, in the particular conditions in which they are for the time, are specially adapted for such grades of command, and for no other.

It must here also be observed, that individuals who are at first in the condition of service, often emerge into that of mastership, and act as well in the one capacity as the other. This is no exception to the rule; it is only an additional illustration of it. Circumstances, not nature, were the cause of the original situation; but nature brought about the change. These individuals were fitted by their mental constitution for the higher function, and could not rest till they attained it. Fortune gave them their first place, not the second, though it is customary to speak of such changes as the



work of the blind goddess. So also does it sometimes happen, that those born above service decline into it; and this, in like manner, is generally the effect of natural character operating in despite of circumstances.

To dwell a little longer on the idea of a natural institution for producing this great social arrangement—it seems to depend more immediately and expressly on general force of character, than upon any special powers of intellect. Persons in subordinate situations often display great ingenuity and very considerable powers of thought; otherwise, indeed, they would not be fitted for the duties which they are expected to perform. But they are usually deficient in self-confidence and ambition; they are often timid, and disposed to rest satisfied with a moderate certainty, rather than undertake a risk for the sake of even the most tempting advantages. Their tastes and propensities have generally considerable power over them; and, these being gratified, they wish for nothing more. It seems to be mainly owing to such causes that the great bulk of mankind are content to give their entire services to those who can only afford them the necessities, and a few of the luxuries of life. What, on the other hand, prompts men to seek the master position, and do all they can to maintain themselves in it, seems to be mainly a general energy of nature, which knows not to submit, and will not rest with humble things. Self-esteem, the love of distinction, the desire of gain, and the feeling which delights to meet and overcome difficulties, appear to be main elements in this impulse; and all of these are not intellectual, but sentimental faculties. There may also be superior intellect in many cases; but what I would contend for is, that the impulsive part of our nature is probably what is most concerned in selecting the individuals who are to form the class of masters. On any such subject as this, it is well to ascertain, if possible, what is the declaration of nature herself. Those who look into physiology for explanations of our mental system, find that the larger volumed brains are those which usually rise to the higher places in society; and some curious proofs of this proposition have been adduced. It is the practice of hat-makers in London to have four sizes for *crowns*, the smallest of which is required for the hats of boys, the next for day labourers and servants, while the largest size is required by the professional and upper classes. An extensive hat-maker in that city has stated that the size of hats generally required there for the men who fulfil the duties of the humbler walks of life, are under seven inches in diameter at the part in contact with the head, while the hats required in other departments of society are generally above seven inches. This seems to show that the entire volume of the head, not that minor part alone which is supposed to be devoted to the intellectual functions, is what produces the grades of society.

It may perhaps occur to some, that there is a disrespect towards a large portion of mankind, in considering them as placed by a natural institution in inferior positions. But this idea will vanish when the subject is viewed in a proper light. There is, in reality, nothing either flattering to one party, or derogatory from the other, in attributing peculiarities which are simply the gift of nature: the possession of a super-average brain is no more a boast than the being six feet high; neither is the having a small one more a discredit than the being only five feet six. Nature makes both for ends which are intended to be generally beneficial, and the one is as essential to the grand design as the other. Considering that in general service is the natural destiny for which a large portion of mankind seems fitted, it becomes the duty of all who are placed in that situation to rest satisfied with an endeavour to turn it to the best account in their power, and to be very careful to ascertain if they have a real vocation to a higher position, before venturing out of their original sphere. They may be fully assured that, if, only formed for a subordinate function, and to live as dependents of some stronger minds which can take care of them, they will not be securing their happiness, but endangering it, by aspiring

to become masters. It may be borne in mind by them, that, in the lowlier place, if less honoured and distinguished, they are also saved from many evils which are hazarded and endured by their superiors. These, as occupying the front rank, have to bear the brunt of every battle. Loaded with grave affairs, and harassed by anxieties, they often spend far more wretched lives than the humblest of serfs. And how often do all their best-laid and most steadily-pursued schemes end in disappointment! Alas for man, and his many aims and doings, how little distinction is there to be seen, in many instances, at the last, between the life that has appeared most brilliant, and that which has seemed the most obscure! How often is the exalted seen to be foolishly puffed up, and the lowly most needlessly invidious! On the other hand, the advantages enjoyed by those who serve need scarcely be enumerated, as they are so obvious—an almost certain supply of all the main requisites of life—duties which, being definite, occasion no feverish excitement or fret—exemption from all the taxing responsibilities which so much embitter the existence of their superiors. The results of the lives of both classes seem to come more nearly to an equality, than the fact of its being a point of ambition to rise from the one to the other would seem to indicate. We deceive ourselves, if we think this ambition an acknowledgment of there being a real superiority in the one state over the other. It is only the exponent of a kind of mind to which the lower state is unsuitable, and which desires to be engaged in circumstances and duties in harmony with itself.

If the relation of master and servant—superior and dependent—were correctly understood, an improvement to the happiness of both parties might be the consequence. It is simply an arrangement for a distribution of duties with a regard to the natural or acquired qualifications of individuals, and therefore does not necessarily imply any right on the one side to dominate, or a duty on the other to be over-obsequious. The commands and obediences which the relation implies, may very well consist with a degree of kindly regard on the master's part, and of respectful attachment on the servant's, which would tend to make the situation of both agreeable. There is one point in the conduct of the former to which too much attention cannot be given—an avoidance of everything in language and in deed that can make a servant feel his situation to be one at all compromising his personal respectability or freedom. We are perhaps too much disposed in this country to laugh at the independent bearing assumed by servants in America, and their rejection of the name of servant. But, if *help* be a ridiculous word, servant is a somewhat derogatory one, and a self-respecting character is one essential to all the virtues. For these reasons, it might be as well if servants in our own country had some gentler denomination, and were allowed to consider themselves somewhat less subordinate as a class with regard to their masters. For the same reasons, everything in the shape of livery and badges should be abandoned, as tending to degrade, and consequently to demoralise: certainly no human being has a right from nature to put a stamp, gratifying to his own vanity, upon a fellow-creature. It is not less desirable that masters should exercise some care, and even, within a reasonable extent, make some sacrifices of their own convenience, in order to allow to their dependents a share of those enjoyments of life in which they themselves freely indulge. Servants are often cooped up in a more or less solitary manner, without permission either to go abroad or to receive visits, and are expected in these circumstances to be perfectly happy, as well as cheerfully assiduous in the performance of their duties. It is an outrage on nature, and therefore nothing but evil can come of it. The social feelings of servants call for exercise, as well as those of their masters and mistresses, and a reasonable indulgence should of course be allowed to them. In all other respects, and, in a word, they should be treated on the understanding that they are fellow-beings—having

feelings to be wounded, wants to be gratified, rights to be respected—also intelligence to know when a claim upon their affection and gratitude has been established, and when it has not. Were the employers of servants generally to act upon these maxims, an improvement in their own domestic comfort ought assuredly to be a consequence, all other circumstances being equal.

## LIFE IN SHETLAND.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

I HAVE already described the seal as one of the animals occasionally domesticated by the solitary-living gentry of Shetland. Our seas once abounded more in seals than they do now; not that we have steamboats fizzing and fussing into every creek and harbour, disturbing these timid and harmless denizens of our rocks; but light being a great desideratum in every dwelling, the seals have been mercilessly hunted and destroyed for the sake of the oil they yield, which is well known to be the finest of all for the lamp. There are only two species known here, and the distinction between them is very strongly marked. The one is *phoca barbata*, seven to ten feet long. The female is so different in colour and appearance, as to be recognised at once when only the head is above water, even by the fishermen, and thus it has been mistaken and figured by naturalists as a different species, under the names of gray seal and gryphus. These are monogamous, each pair residing in a cave by themselves. The other species is the *phoca vitulina*, never above six feet in length; male and female nearly alike; gregarious, or congregating in flocks of from six to fifty, or more. Both species bring forth but one at a time. The young of the former is carefully nursed and fed in its native cavern, till it has cast its first hair, which it does in about six weeks; while the young of the latter takes the water from its birth, and swims and dives with nearly the same facility as its parents. We have very frequently attempted to rear the cubs of both species, but unsuccessfully, except in the case of the one formerly alluded to. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigour by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish (of which she devoured an incredible quantity), and grew very rapidly; but, on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a while, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or, perhaps, one might fancy (we often did) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child: when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most digni-

fied defiance to the Newfoundland dog, who, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that gives rise to the powerful odour of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *scalchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel walks, to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her; the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protégée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the weather; for next day, our favourite found her way into a neighbouring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed, or sea-eagle, breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. A few years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighbouring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months, he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured last year in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favourite recreation it is to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which is familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest, but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. When he imagined the young ones would be hatched, he returned by a path he had carefully marked; but no nest was there. The parent birds had, been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed their residence to a still more concealed and inaccessible spot. Again the en-

thrustastic cragsman renewed his search; and after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles engaged in feeding their young, but in a place which appeared altogether beyond his reach. Difficulties seemed only to nerve my undaunted friend to fresh efforts; and after many attempts, he at last reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, made wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length, last season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as brooding on the nest it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance we have been often told the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position; but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together: loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though, to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

On a solitary stony hill in the middle of the island of Unst (the most northerly of the Shetlandic group), is frequently seen the snowy owl, a rare and noble bird, the largest of the genus *Strix*. It is a native of North America, Lapland, and Norway; but it is very rarely seen in Britain, except in the locality above-mentioned, where it is found at all seasons. This hill is plentifully strewed with its pellets, or those balls of feathers and hair which birds of prey eject from their stomachs as the indigestible remains of their meals. After diligent search, their nest has never been met with; but it is reasonably supposed that the breeding-place is somewhere in the island, as young ones have also been seen, or what were taken to be such, from their darker colour. The Shetland peasants have a superstitious hatred of these birds. Few ornithologists visit that remote quarter, and therefore they remain pretty much unmolested. The male adult snowy owl is a large and powerful animal, nearly quite white; the female is rather larger, and more numerous spotted with dusky gray.

We have in Shetland annual visits of that beautiful bird, the wild swan. A few years ago, early in spring, a large flock of them were winging their way over the island of Unst to the solitary lakes of Iceland, to which they migrate yearly for the purpose of incubation. A flight of swans is an interesting and attractive sight; the majestic birds soaring on their powerful pinions, and uttering their pleasing inspiring cry, which seems to breathe the very essence of eager expectation and cheering encouragement. Or, is it that we but imagine this? for these, to the natives of Shetland, are the first notes of returning spring, like those of the cuckoo in more favoured latitudes. Sometimes the swans fly so high as to be invisible; yet at that season we always hear their cheerful voice, and seek not to repress in our bosoms the throb of joy that responds to their note. It rarely happens, when these beautiful birds alight for a little rest upon one of our small lakes, that they escape without leaving a few victims sacrificed to man's cupidity. I may just stop to remark, that, as a general rule, we do not allow any young sportsman, over whom we have any control, to kill birds during their breeding season. Pigeons and plovers are then suffered to pursue their task unmolested; and it is not until they again begin to congregate in flocks, that we cast a thought on our game pies. Probably the far-sighted reader will perceive as much policy as sentiment in this self-denying procedure. But this is a digression. I was going on to say that a flock of swans rested on our largest inland lake, and a respectable native of the neighbourhood, with his dog and gun, hastened to have a shot at them. The birds seemed wearied with the storms they had encountered; the air was heavy, the wind light and contrary, so that they could not easily rise. Fortunately for them, there were no boats on the lake. The noble birds kept the dogs which assailed them at bay, and beat them at swimming; while, by keeping to the middle of the sheet of water, the gun-shot could not reach them; so, after a long chase from dawn till night, they were left in quiet for a few hours. The sportsman slept by the lake side, and he slept soundly. But he was awakened in the early dawn by the triumphant cry and loud sound of pinions, and starting up, he was just in time to see the swans taking advantage of a favouring breeze, majestically rise, and speed their way to the north, in which direction, we may easily imagine, the disappointed sportsman looked long and wistfully, but in vain.

We have, in the Shetland isles, another rare bird, much asked after by ornithologists—the skua gull, called sometimes Richardson's skua. It is the largest of the gull tribe, and of a dark-brown colour. Not above five years since, from the unsparing depredations of collectors, and other causes, this family of birds was almost extinct, being reduced to three individuals; but by the protection of the proprietor of the promontory where they breed in Unst, they have now increased to at least twenty pairs. The promontory or enclosure here alluded to is the most northerly point of the British isles, and during the summer months, no sight can possibly be more interesting and extraordinary than what is here presented. The whole ground (as well as the precipitous banks, which on three sides overhang the sea) is literally covered with the nests of innumerable sea-fowl of various species, so that the unwonted visitor is apt to tread on them before he is aware, and is each moment in danger of being struck by the wings of the parent birds, which, alarmed for the safety of their progeny, dash over his head, and almost in his face, while their screams are absolutely deafening. Contrasted with this animated picture, when the birds have migrated for the winter, how bleak and desolate is the aspect of the scenery, from whence such multitudes of the inhabitants of the rocks and sea have fled for a time, leaving only a forlorn wilderness, which erewhile had swarmed with innocent and lovely forms of animated life, engaged in their most interesting and important avocations. From the nests in this locality, we have frequently procured, and afterwards domesticated, the skua gull. He is not, however, a very

amiable bird. His motions and cry are not unlike the eagle's; and he is apt to be very tyrannical, and even injurious, to poultry and children; though he is not destitute of affection to any who are accustomed to feed or caress him.

Should the above familiar sketches induce any young reader to prosecute the subject to which they refer for himself, and thus become interested in the manners and customs of the brute creation around him—a study which may well be ranked among the influences calculated to moralise and soften our nature—my object will have been attained.

### TEN POUNDS.

A TALE.

'TEN pounds!' exclaimed John Hawker, as he unfolded a letter and put it into his inmost pocket, for fear it should be seen by his wife. 'Ten pounds lost—gone—and I shall never be able to make it up again. Oh dear, what *will* become of me?' John Hawker's anxiety was so intense, that it broke out in a profuse perspiration, and he was wiping his brow when his wife entered the little parlour. He turned pale, his lip quivered, and he laid hold of a chair to steady himself, lest she should see how much he trembled.

'Why, John,' exclaimed Mrs Hawker, 'you seem dreadfully vexed about your brother's family leaving the town. For my part, I feel their going away is like a load taken off me, for they were always borrowing something or other, and having things upon trust out of the shop. Even up to the last minute, if I had not looked pretty sharp after them, we should have never got that two pounds eleven and odd they ran up for groceries.' John groaned in spirit; for well he knew that the 'small account' had been paid out of the money he had lent his brother, and he buttoned his coat tightly over him, lest a corner of the letter which announced the borrower's inability to return the loan should reveal itself to betray the secret.

'I don't wish them any harm,' added Mrs Hawker benevolently, 'and hope they will do better as emigrants to Australia than they could do here. But I doubt it, John: a man with a wife and three children in a foreign country stands but a poor chance. However, we shall see.' Mrs Hawker's remarks were cut short by the shrill voice of the errand boy exclaiming 'Shop!' and she bustled out to serve a customer.

When his wife retired, John drew aside the green curtain, and peeped through the glass door to see who the customer might be; a practice which he had invariably indulged in during the last month—ever since, in fact, he had clandestinely lent his brother the fatal ten pounds. To his horror, the individual who was being served with the various articles in which he was licensed to deal, proved to be the customer whom of all others he dreaded most to find in communication with his wife. The truth is, poor John, being only a cipher in his own chandlery business, had committed a kind of fraud—or rather it would have been a fraud, if it were possible for a man to swindle himself. The customer now in the shop had paid him an account, and instead of duly handing the proceeds over to the head of the firm (in other words, to his 'good lady'), he lent them to his brother. From that moment peace was banished from his breast. The fear of being found out haunted him constantly. In ordinary cases, a man would have lent the cash in spite of his wife, and boldly owned the deed. But John's was not an ordinary case. In matters of business, he was so completely under uxorial control, that he would have looked on such a disclosure

with a dread equivalent to contemplating poison. Not that Mr and Mrs Hawker lived unhappily together; far from it: for, apart from the shop, Mrs Hawker was a pattern of conjugal affection:—the wife was amiable, attentive, and kind, but the shopwoman was imperious, exacting, inflexible!

We left John peeping under the curtain of the little shop parlour. He watched the motions of the customer and his wife with intense suspense, trembling lest it should come out that he had received the money. The buyer and seller were in close conversation, but it was evidently on indifferent topics. Presently Mrs Hawker's brow darkened; the customer produced a paper, which was not unlike, in outward appearance, John's own receipt! He could look no longer, and sunk into the nearest chair, overpowered with dread. His hour was surely come; for his wife bounced into the room with terrible haste. She never heard of such a thing! The dishonesty of some people was really shocking! 'Your brother,' continued the dame, 'actually had the impudence to ask Mrs Thompson to lend him ten pounds, when he knew he was going to leave the country, and could never repay it.'

'Indeed!' replied John, feigning astonishment, but in reality suddenly delighted to find he was yet safe; 'and that paper she showed you was—'

'His letter soliciting the accommodation. Not that I think the Thompsons are able, if willing, to be so generous, for they have not yet paid us their last half year's account.'

Though once more experiencing the delights of temporary relief, John Hawker determined, when his wife returned to her shop duties, to devote all the energy of his mind to staying off to a still more distant period the catastrophe he so much dreaded. He pored over the ledger, which he luckily kept, to pick out some bill which he could safely present, and get paid, so as to transfer the money to the Thompsons' account, and thus close it. After a long search, he selected a twelve-pound bill owing by Mr Staple, the timber merchant. He knew the cash would be immediately forthcoming, and lost no time in applying for it.

John found Staple sitting alone over his wine after dinner, and was not slow in accepting his invitation to sit down and take a glass. The conversation turned, as usual, on the hardness of the times—a subject on which John invariably expressed himself with great despondency. Staple, who was a peculiarly good-hearted person, construed the grocer's lamentations literally, and knowing that he and his wife were deserving people, offered to be of any assistance. An idea instantly darted into John's brain (which, it must be owned, was never fertile in expedients) that had never before entered it. Would Staple, besides paying his account, lend him ten pounds? The wine inspired him with courage, and he asked the favour—it was not denied—and John Hawker experienced a feeling of ease and security he had been a stranger to for more than a month. Still, the pleasure was not without its alloy; to remove which it was necessary to solicit another, and, as he thought, a greater favour. He asked, in a tone of intreaty that was not to be resisted, 'if Mr Staple would be good enough not on any consideration to mention the transaction to his wife?'

Staple faithfully promised. 'But there is one thing,' continued the lender, 'about which I am extremely particular, and that is punctuality of payment. You must let me have the money again before the 25th of March, for on that day I make up my accounts.' As this was three months to come, John faithfully promised, and joyfully departed with the money in his pocket.

For some time past, Mr Hawker's despondency had

been the talk of the town; but since his visit to Staple, his spirits had so manifestly improved, that it gave the neighbours a new theme for their gossip. At length, after many guesses, they thought they discovered a cause for John's unusual liveliness in the prosperity of the grocery establishment. The lord of the manor had come to reside on his estate, and made a point of confining his custom to the tradesmen of the town, none of whom felt the benefit of Lord Winter's patronage so extensively as the Hawkers. Had, however, their acquaintances known the truth, they would have perceived that this accession of good fortune brought no benefit to John himself; for, in proportion as the business flourished, so did the managing partner's vigilance increase. Mrs Hawker looked narrowly into the state of the books every night, calculated the profits, withdrew them from the till, and kept them under lock and key with the most exact and unbending regularity. In this state of things there appeared but a small prospect of John being able, either by fair means or foul, to scrape together Staple's ten pounds by the day he had promised to return it; and as the time approached, his despondency and terror returned. Seeing no prospect of averting a forfeiture of his word to his friend, he never met him without desponding more dolefully than ever on the hardness of the times and the badness of trade. Staple sincerely pitied him, but hoped he would be punctual in his payment on Lady Day.

As Mrs Hawker had few weaknesses, she may be readily forgiven for one which she possessed in a predominant degree. Considering herself, perhaps justly (for her father was an attorney), somewhat above her present station in life, she had a habit of boasting and making as much pretension to gentility as she possibly could. Hence it was not unnatural that, out of the increased profits of trade, she should treat herself with a new bonnet oftener than heretofore; should fit up her 'first-floor front,' as she called it, in a superior style, and make certain other additions to the household expenses, as were fully warranted by the flourishing state of the business. Now, all this ought to have made John Hawker all the happier; but, alas! it augmented his misery. The 25th rapidly approached, and his good lady was spending the money which ought, in strict justice, to be saved for liquidating the loan.

On Sunday she appeared at church in a new tuscany bonnet, with blue trimmings, which was the envy and admiration of the surrounding congregation—at least of the female part of it. Conscious of the effect she had produced, Mrs Hawker was, on her way home, peculiarly chatty to all and sundry of the town gossips. Amongst others, she and her husband were joined by Mr Staple, who, after a well-turned compliment to the lady's blooming looks and elegant attire, turned to John, remarking that times could not be so desperate after all. John presented his longest face, and assured his friend that business was as bad as it could be, that money was very scarce, and there was no end to the difficulties now-a-days of making ends meet. From this, however, Mrs Hawker decidedly dissented. For her part, she was perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and had no notion of living in the higger-mugger way that some people would live in if they could have their will. Indeed she was fitting up the front drawing-room in a genteel manner, that they might occasionally see their friends in a social way. Poor John! in vain were all his nudges and looks of intreaty to admonish her to change the subject. Every word uttered by her belied the plea of poverty he was constantly putting up to Staple; but being on a favourite topic, Mrs Hawker still went on. 'There was a carpet, for instance, I bought at Tod's—'

'A cheap Kidderminster merely,' remarked the grocer.

'Not at all cheap!' observed the lady tartly; 'for when I buy things, I like them good and serviceable. One don't buy a carpet every day; do we, Mr Staple?'

Mr Staple hoped not.

'I am in treaty for a sofa with Morrison the broker, but—'

'But you know, my dear,' interrupted John in an insinuating tone, 'we cannot afford it.'

'I'll see about that, Mr Hawker,' said the groceress, 'if I can only get Morrison down to my price.'

'Well, well, you know best,' returned John, who felt that he had carried his contradictions as far as he dared. Here Staple turned to go off towards his own house, and on parting, Mrs Hawker pressed him to drop in some evening in a friendly way. 'We have just got two dozen of gold-coloured sherry down from London.'

'I am delighted to find you are getting on so well in the world,' remarked Staple as he shook hands. By this time John was completely bewildered; but quickly awoke to a sense of his situation, when his friend added significantly, 'I suppose I shall see you on the twenty-fifth, John?'

John was too frightened to reply, so Staple went away without receiving an answer.

'So, so,' said Mrs Hawker in a tone of severe inquiry; 'what is going on on the twenty-fifth?'

John made a mighty effort to utter—'Nothing.'

'Nothing! eh, John? as if I did not know Staple of old. But take care, if you do dine with him on that day, you don't come home in the state you did last Christmas. Indeed, if I were you, John, I would not go at all.'

Alas! John only wished he might have it in his power for once to disobey his better half; but as he saw not the smallest prospect of being able, with any face, to visit his friend on the day named, he faithfully promised that he wouldn't. Oh that ten pounds!

Again the neighbours noticed that John Hawker had relapsed into the old state of melancholy; neither was this overlooked by his wife. It was in vain she tried to rouse him—vain were her treats after supper of little tumblers of the gold-coloured sherry and warm water; for every drop John swallowed, he felt as if he were committing a fraud on his only creditor. Vain was her triumph over Morrison the broker, when she succeeded in getting the sofa at her own price; for John shared not in her exultation. 'How,' thought the wretched grocer, 'can I face Staple, when the news of the outlay comes to his ears?'

How indeed? Conscience makes cowards of us all; but never did it make an individual so timid as John Hawker. The certainty of being unable to keep his engagement troubled him with a morbid dread of meeting his creditor. For three weeks before the appointed day he feared to leave his shop, lest he should encounter Staple on the street; and feared to stay at home, lest Staple should call. On one or two occasions, when he could invent no reasonable excuses for going errands of business for his head partner, he was observed to turn the corners of every street with the utmost caution, taking a careful survey of its passengers before he ventured to enter it. Once, when he thought he saw Staple approaching him, he darted down a blind alley; and another time, when labouring under a similar delusion, he rushed into a doctor's shop, and asked for a certain drug with so much incoherency of manner, that the dispenser refused to supply him.

At length the awful twenty-fifth arrived!

Still, all John's tribulation was groundless, for he heard nothing from Staple. But who could foretell the sweeping catastrophe which may be awaiting him? Was the creditor nursing up all his wrath till the default of payment had been actually committed? Would he, in violation of his pledge, tell Mrs Hawker? John's hair stood on end at the bare anticipation. But no, no; he knew Staple better—never was so strict a man of his word. He may go to law for the debt—resort, in fact, to great extremities to get it paid; but the last extremity of all—the divulging the secret to his wife—was a piece of malice John felt would never be hurled against him—and John was right.

The twenty-fifth passed over; the next day; the twenty-seventh, and not a word from Staple about the ten pounds. This silence was ominous; it boded either great good or dire evil. On the twenty-eighth, however, John's terrible suspense was put an end to. Staple had gone to London on some pressing business! 'Perhaps,' said John, the first moment he found himself alone, while rubbing his hands with such ecstatic violence that his linen shop-sleeves looked like a couple of white ribbons—'perhaps,' he exclaimed, 'Staple has forgotten the ten pounds!'

From the moment this egregious improbability possessed the mind of John Hawker, his spirits exhibited symptoms of fresh elation. Whenever his wife had a commission for him to execute out of doors, instead of making all manner of excuses for getting off the job, he surprised her by the alacrity with which he undertook it. He walked along the streets with a bold step and confident air, never dreaming of looking round the corners. Nay, he even ventured once or twice past Staple's own house, although he had previously gone many a mile out of his way to avoid it. On one of these excursions this comfortable condition of mind was doomed to receive a severe check. John met the postman, who placed in his hands a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and turned pale; it was from London. With a cautious step, but trembling hand, he sought out the most retired part of the road, and broke the seal. Sure enough it was from Staple. After upbraiding the grocer for breaking his word, the writer gave him peremptory notice, that unless the ten pounds were paid 'immediately' (and under this word were scored three very conspicuous dashes), the affair would be put into the hands of an attorney—a London attorney; for Staple was unwilling to expose the defaulter to his neighbours by employing one belonging to the town.

It is truly said that no situation is so desperate but it is possible to extract some comfort out of it; and though the terrors of the law too surely awaited the miserable shopkeeper, yet one shred of satisfaction remained;—it was evident that Staple didn't mean to tell his wife. While safe from such a disclosure, John felt almost strong enough to defy the law.

It was well he was thus fortified; for exactly a week after the receipt of the epistle, while he was serving in the shop, a small slip of paper was thrust into his hand by a stranger who came in under pretence of inquiring the price of mottled soap. Luckily, at that moment Mrs Hawker's back was turned (for she was weighing off treacle), and John was able to crush the memorandum in his palm, and thrust it under his apron-string without detection. When an opportunity occurred of perusing it in secret, he found that it was nothing less than the copy of a writ.

'Troubles,' says a much-used adage, 'are nothing when you are used to them;' in other words, the constant contemplation or experience of severe misfortunes blunts their poignancy. Familiarity breeds contempt for woes as well as for friends; and this was the case with John Hawker. So long had his mind been tortured with the idea of having borrowed ten pounds, and being quite unable to pay it, that familiarity with that fact hardened his despondency into a sort of desperate recklessness and disregard of consequences—a patient but bewildered awaiting for the worst, come when it would.

He did wait, and in due time let judgment go by default. He was no longer a free member of society; his liberty was at the mercy of the sheriff of the county! In these circumstances, another man would have chosen the least of two evils—he would have preferred telling his wife to going to prison. 'Tis true that in moments of extreme excitement several wild schemes entered his head. He had thought of robbing the till, and even of running the country; but to give himself up to eternal domestic discord, by divulging his secret, was too dreadful to be contemplated.

Exasperated at John Hawker's obstinate silence, Staple pursued him to the last extremity; and one morning, while the devoted chapman was mechanically checking off an invoice in the parlour, a rough-looking man entered the shop. Luckily, a customer was engaging Mrs Hawker's attention, and on the stranger inquiring for her husband, she desired him to 'step in.' The moment the parlour door was opened, and John's eyes fell on the entrant, he saw it was all over with him. He first shut the door and then the ledger, took off one of his short sleeves, and looked for his hat. 'I suppose I must go with you?' he remarked in a tone of resignation that would have done honour to a martyr.

'Oh no,' answered the man, pulling out a very dirty pocket-book; 'you labour under a mistake; this writ'—and he exhibited a long slip of parchment—'this writ is not a *capias*. I have not come to take your body; we only want the goods—that's all.'

'The what?' asked John aghast; 'the goods? the furniture?'

'Of course; and stock in trade too—at least so much of it as will cover the debt and costs.'

John thought of the sofa, the carpet, and the other elegancies of the up-stairs room, in which his 'good lady' took such pride, and felt that he would much rather have gone to prison at once. His old terrors came over him as he contemplated the precipice that was about to fall on him. Here was a crisis! An execution was in the house! Now it was all over. 'Mercy on me!' he exclaimed, clasping his hands; 'now my wife must know of it!'

'Not by no means,' said the sheriff's man, as he took off his greatcoat, and sat in a chair to make himself perfectly at home; 'at all events not just yet, for I daresay it would distress her, poor thing.'

'But how can it be avoided, my good man?' asked poor John, grasping the stranger's shoulder with unnatural energy.

'Why, this way. You see I am now in possession of your goods and chattels, and you can keep me here if you like for nine days, which will give you time to look about you, and get the money together. But if you do not arrange before that time, we must have in the broker, and sell.'

'Something may turn up, to be sure,' said Hawker thoughtfully. 'But you will have to live and sleep here; I can't keep that from my wife.'

'Nothing more easy. Can't I pretend to be a cousin of yours just come home from sea?'

'But I have no cousin at sea.'

'Then we must try something else. Men in possession, as they call us, are obliged to turn anything to accommodate parties. When I get into great people's houses, they put me in livery, and visitors little think they are waited on by a sheriff's man. In other houses I pretend to be a single-man lodger, who boards with the family; but I always find the cousin from sea to answer best. Make haste,' he added, 'and think of something; your wife's a-coming! Have you no relations abroad?'

At this opportune question the cause of all his misfortunes dived into his mind, and John had just enough sense left to say, 'Yes, my brother; he emigrated three months ago.'

The man replied, 'Very well; leave the rest to me,' just in time; for the words were scarcely uttered before Mrs Hawker entered the parlour.

The ingenious 'man in possession' exercised his imagination so successfully, that for a time he deceived the not-easily-taken-in Mrs Hawker. He said he had been sent by the emigrants to give an account of their embarkation, and to say they were quite well; adding, that he was very glad to accept the kind invitation which Mr Hawker had given him to stay a day or two, to await the arrival of some money he expected from London. The lady frowned upon her husband one of those annihilating looks which generally made John



tremble. The guest, however—who boasted, and not untruly, that he had seen a good deal of life—made himself, during the rest of the day, so agreeable to his hostess by a little adroit flattery, that after supper she produced the gold-coloured sherry, and caused a bed to be made for him on the new sofa in the best room.

As for poor John, he went about the house next day like a man in a dream. The little wit he usually possessed was completely frightened out of him, and only returned when something happened that tended to awaken his 'good lady's' suspicions, and consequently his own fears. For instance, the stranger's story concerning the departed brother turned out, on cross-examination, to be rather incoherent. Sometimes John was said to have four nephews, instead of two; at others, his brother had gone to New Zealand, instead of to Australia; till at length the lady's suspicions were so effectually roused on the sixth day, that she told John confidentially she believed the man was an impostor, and hinted the expediency of consulting some intelligent constable. This gave the husband a new fit of dread. He bore up against it as long as he could; but at length, when the man in possession was detected smoking a pipe up the kitchen chimney, the 'good lady' vowed she would submit to be deceived no longer.

John's agony was now worked up to such a pitch, that he was seized with a violent fever, and symptoms of incipient insanity. But here the rigid shopwoman relaxed into the affectionate wife. All her attentions were centred in her husband; the doctor was sent for, and every minute to be spared from the shop was passed at his bedside. The stranger made himself too useful to be thought unkindly of; but still he had a duty to perform, and—the ninth day was to-morrow!

The doctor's report to Mrs Hawker tended to hasten on the crisis, which seemed inevitable. He said that John's disease was mental, rather than physical; that it was evident he had something on his mind—something awful! Upon this Mrs Hawker intreated her husband to unbosom himself. She tried all that endearment and coaxing could do; and three several times did John essay to divulge his secret, but on each occasion his heart failed him, and he was silent. As it turned out, it was perhaps fortunate that he remained so; for at this, the eleventh hour, succour was at hand!

At the very moment that Mrs Hawker was making the third endeavour to extract the secret from her husband, who should enter the shop but the brother who, it was supposed, had emigrated! Having quarrelled with Mrs Hawker, he declined seeing her, but desired to have an interview with his brother alone. This he had; and related that, having gone to London to embark on board the emigrant ship, he accidentally met Lord Winter's land-steward, who dissuaded him from so rash a step, wrote to his lordship, and he had given him the situation of bailiff. 'So, as I have no passage-money to pay, I can return the ten pounds after all.'

'What!' said John, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy which alarmed his brother. 'What did you say about the ten pounds? Say it again, for mercy's sake!'

'Here it is,' replied the elder Hawker, showing a bank-note.

'But the costs?'

'What costs?'

This question was answered by a rambling account of all poor John had endured for his brother's sake. The man in possession was called up stairs; the money (debt and costs) paid; the deception he practised on Mrs Hawker was favoured and strengthened by the brother, who corroborated his story; and John's peace of mind and health were completely restored.

Since this transaction, John and his wife have got on so well in the world, that they talk of retiring from business. They live most happily together; for Mrs Hawker continues to have it all her own way. John is

obedient and confiding in everything save one:—to this day his good lady does not know a word about the 'TEN POUNDS.'

### MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

PERHAPS no class of superstitions exhibits human credulity and weakness in a broader light than that connected with the history of medicine and surgery. Until within a comparatively recent period, the medical practice of our own country was little else than a tissue of superstitious beliefs and speculative conceits; and such, even at the present day, is the character of the healing art in many parts of the world. Like other general features in the history of mankind, these beliefs are founded upon certain principles in our nature—errring through that ignorance which progressive experience and reason are destined to dissipate. Man naturally seeks to avoid disease, from the pain which it creates, and the consequent fear of death urges him to grasp at any proffered remedy. His own anxiety, increased by that of his friends, makes him prone to believe; and credulity is a weakness ever ready to be practised upon by the selfish and designing. Thus quackery and empiricism originate. There is, however, another cause of the superstitious in medicine equally general with that already mentioned—namely, the unknown origin of many of the maladies which assail us. The causes of external injuries are seen and known; those of internal or constitutional disease are obscure. In rude ages, such afflictions are regarded as judgments, and the work of malignant spirits; hence charms, incantations, and divinations, are the curative means resorted to. If the patient die, it is his fate; if he survive (whether from the disease having run its course, or from the force of imagination acting upon his bodily system), the charm is considered efficacious; and what is said to have cured one, it is but reasonable to apply to thousands. Thus it is that empiricism and superstition get established, and retain their hold even long after science has taught us to laugh at their absurdity. It may, therefore, be curious, and not uninteresting, to collect a few details respecting past medical practice, and its still surviving superstitions.

One of the earliest and most prevalent of these beliefs was that which attributed medical virtues to rings made of certain metals, and fabricated after a certain fashion. It was a custom in England, as early as the time of the Plantagenets, for the king on a particular holiday every year to bless *cramp-rings* at the church of Westminster, which rings were preserved by the people with the greatest care, as specifics against the disorder from which they took their name. Van Helmont, who wrote in the latter part of the seventeenth century, affirms that he was possessed of a metal, of which, if a ring were made and worn, not only the pain attendant upon hæmorrhoids would cease, but that in twenty-four hours, whether internal or external, they would vanish altogether. This faith in metal rings is still far from being extinct, as we learn from the subjoined notice forwarded to us by a silversmith in an English provincial town:—

'Some time ago, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, evidently in a bad state of health, came to my shop, wishing me to make him a strong ring out of several pieces of silver which he brought with him. By questioning him a little, I ascertained that he had been long subject to fits; that nothing which he had hitherto tried had afforded him any relief; and that he had been advised by a neighbour to try a charm, which she had known to be efficacious in several instances. The charm was, that he must beg seven different pieces of silver from seven different persons; that a strong ring must be made containing a part of each of the pieces; that the person who made it must have no other reward for his labour than the pieces which were left after the ring had been made; that he must wear the ring upon the fore finger of the right hand, and that he might then have no further fear of a recurrence of fits. The young

man also said that the surgeon who attended him had signified his assent to the trial! I asked him if he could really bring himself to think that it could be of any service to him? He replied, that when he thought of it reasonably, he must confess he did not see how it could; but that, as he had been so tormented with the fits, and as everything else he had tried had been of no service, he was willing to try anything, for drowning-men catch at straws. I forthwith undertook to make him the ring, but on condition that he would call after he had worn it for a while, to let me know if it had been the means of conquering his mortal enemy or not.

In about three or four months afterwards, my customer was passing the shop, when I called him in. He told me that perhaps I might doubt what he stated, but that, nevertheless, it was perfectly true; that from the time of putting on the ring until then, he had never once had a fit, though before that time he had had three or four in a week, and that he was rapidly recovering his health! I was greatly amused with this confession; for, to let you into a secret, though I must endeavour to blush in mentioning the trick—the ring which I made did not contain a particle of the silver which had been brought to me. The ring was made by me from the shank of an old silver spoon; and yet the patient assured me he was cured. I did not, however, for obvious reasons, tell him of the deceit.

Upon reflecting on this remarkable superstition, if I may call it by that name, I have arrived at the conclusion, that the whole cause of the cure was a strong effort of the imagination. The young man forced himself to believe in the potency of the charm, and, in doing so, exerted an influence over the nervous energy, which produced the desired result. May not this species of confidence account for many alleged cures from the use of charms?

Sometimes a superstition accommodates itself to a change in the public mind, and thus endures long after its original form has ceased to be regarded. It is by no means uncommon to meet with educated people who wear rings composed of zinc and copper, which are supposed to have a favourable effect in rheumatic affections, merely because plates of these metals, with a fluid between them, are employed to form a galvanic circle. To fire off a child's pop-gun at a Flanders fortress would be quite as rational, and equally effective.

Besides their faith in the efficacy of metallic contact, our ancestors believed in the potency of certain stones, such as the philosopher's, the magical, the vegetable, and the angelic, to which mystical and superhuman properties were respectively attributed. These, however, were more strictly magical than medical, and so we pass them by, to glance at some of those talismans, amulets, and charms, recorded in a recent work devoted to the subject.\* Talismans, or the doctrine of signatures, had their origin from a belief, says Mr Pettigrew, 'that medicinal substances bore upon their external surfaces the properties or virtues they possessed, impressed upon them by planetary influence. The connexion of the properties of substances with their colour, is also an opinion of great antiquity: white was regarded as refrigerant, red as hot—cold and hot qualities were therefore attributed to medicines so coloured. This opinion led to serious errors in practice. Red flowers were given for disorders of the sanguiferous system, yellow ones for those of the biliary secretion, &c. We find that in small-pox red bed-covers were employed, with the view of bringing the pustules to the surface of the body. The bed-furniture and hangings were very commonly of a red colour—red substances were to be looked upon by the patient. Burnt purple, pomegranate seeds, mulberries, or other red ingredients, were dissolved in their drink. In short, as Avicenna contended that red bodies moved the blood, everything of a red colour was employed in these cases.

John of Gaddesden, physician to Edward II., directs his patients to be wrapped up in scarlet dresses; and he says that, "when the son of the renowned king of England (Edward II.) lay sick of the small-pox, I took care that everything around the bed should be of a red colour; which succeeded so completely, that the prince was restored to perfect health, without the vestige of a pustule remaining." Wraxall, in his "Memoirs," says that the Emperor Francis I., when infected with the small-pox, was rolled up in a scarlet cloth by order of his physician, so late as 1765, when he died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was held to be efficacious in the removal of glandular swellings.

Amulets, in earlier times, were borne alike by rich and poor, and even in our own day are not wholly discarded—showing how firmly superstition lays hold of the unenlightened mind. We transcribe a few of those recorded by Mr Pettigrew:—"The elder tree, to the history of which many superstitions belong, forms a charm for a variety of diseases, but has been especially employed in epilepsy. In Blechwick's "Anatomic of the Elder," translated and published in London, 1655, p. 52, we read of an amulet made of the elder growing on a saw: "If in the month of October, a little before the full moon, you pluck a twig of the elder, and cut the cane that is betwixt two of its knecs, or knots, in nine pieces, and these pieces, being bound in a piece of linen, be in a thread so hung about the neck that they touch the spoon of the heart, or the sword-formed cartilage; and that they may stay more firmly in that place, they are to be bound thereon with a linen or silken roller wrapt about the body, till the thread break of itself. The thread being broken, and the roller removed, the amulet is not at all to be touched with bare hands, but it ought to be taken hold on by some instrument, and buried in a place that nobody may touch it." Some hang a cross made of the elder and the saw, mutually inwrapping one another, about the children's neck.

Father Jerome Merolla de Sorrento, in his "Voyage to Congo," mentions the foot of the elk as a certain remedy against epilepsy. The way to find out the foot in which this virtue lies, he says, is to "knock the beast down, when he will immediately lift up that leg which is most efficacious to scratch his ear. Then you must be ready with a sharp scimitar to lop off the medicinal limb, and you shall find an infallible remedy against the falling sickness treasured up in his claws." Among the Indians and Norwegians, and the other northern nations, the hoof of the elk is regarded as a sovereign cure for epilepsy. The person afflicted must apply it to his heart, hold it in his left hand, and rub his ear with it.

During the severe visitation of the plague in London, amulets composed of arsenic were very commonly worn over the region of the heart, upon the principle that one poison would drive out or prevent the entry of another. Large quantities of arsenic were imported into London for this purpose. Dr Henry wrote against them as "dangerous and hurtful, if not pernicious, to those who wear them." Quills of quicksilver were commonly worn about the neck as a preservative against the plague. The powder of toad was employed in a similar way. Pope Adrian is reported never to have been without it. The ingredients forming his amulet were dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smarag, and tragacanth.

Charms were equally prevalent with talismans and amulets, and in rural districts the belief in their efficacy is far from being extinguished. The writer of this notice has heard charms repeated over a sick-bed, and also as preventives against disease and the machinations of witchcraft; and this within these last ten years, in the Lowland districts of Scotland. Those related by Mr Pettigrew, in connexion with ague, may be taken as sufficiently illustrative:—"In Skippon's account of a "Journey through the Low Countries," &c. he makes mention of the lectures of Ferrarius, and his narrative of the cure of the ague of a Spanish lieutenant, by writ-

\* On Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery. By T. J. Pettigrew, M.R.S. Churchill, London.

ing the words *FEBRA TUGE*, and cutting off a letter from the paper every day; and he observed the distemper to abate accordingly: when he cut the letter *v*, last of all, the ague left him. In the same year, he says, fifty more were reported to be cured in the same manner. Another charm for ague was directed to be said up the chimney by the eldest female of the family, on St Agnus' Eve. It ran thus:—

Tremble and go!  
First day shiver and burn:  
Tremble and quake!  
Second day shiver and learn:  
Tremble and die!  
Third day never return!

The possibility of transplanting or transferring the ague was once commonly entertained. 'Mr Douce, in some manuscript notes transmitted to Mr Brand, says, "it is usual with many persons about Exeter, who are affected with ague, to visit at dead of night the nearest cross-road five different times, and there bury a new-laid egg. The visit is paid about an hour before the cold fit is expected; and they are persuaded that with the egg they shall bury the ague. If the experiment fail (and the agitation it occasions may often render it successful), they attribute it to some unlucky accident that may have befallen them: on the way. In the course of the walk, and in the performance of the rite, they observe the strictest silence, taking care not to speak to any one whom they may happen to meet." By breaking a salted cake of bran, and giving it to a dog when the fit comes on, the malady has been supposed to be transferred from the patient to the animal.'

That these charms were totally useless, and could have produced no effect on the disease for the cure of which they were administered, must be evident to every educated mind. In the nature of things, such cures are impossible, unless, be it always remembered, the malady is of a nervous character, and over which the imagination is capable of exercising some control. The power which the mind exerts over the body, is too well known to be for one moment discredited; and certain diseases may yield to this influence when the patient's imagination is sufficiently excited by belief in the potency of the talisman applied. Numberless instances of this kind of influence are on record: that given by Dr Paris in his 'Pharmacologia,' as related to him by the late Mr Coleridge, is, perhaps, the most strikingly illustrative:—'As soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis: a patient was selected for the trial, and the management of it was intrusted to Sir Humphry Davy. Previous to the administration of the gas, he inserted a small pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do upon such occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed, from the representation of Dr Beddoes, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer under his tongue, than he concluded the *talisman* was in full operation, and in a burst of enthusiasm declared that he already experienced the effect of its benign influence throughout his whole body: the opportunity was too tempting to be lost: Davy cast an intelligent glance at Coleridge, and desired his patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight, the patient gradually improving during that period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used.' Cures effected by the imposition of royal hands, by stroking, by mesmerism, and the like, are proofs of the same principle; a principle of which the judicious physician may sometimes avail himself for his patient's sake, but which he will never exercise as an instrument for his own aggrandisement.

Adverting, therefore, to the numerous phases which superstition in past ages has assumed, there is none which exhibits the human understanding in a more de-

graded light than that connected with the cure of bodily infirmities. Few if any of these cures had a show of reason to recommend them to the cultivated mind; and even these few were so clouded with mummerly and jargon, that one is apt to treat them with ridicule, believing that more virtue was ascribed to the mode of administration than to the potency of the article prescribed. Nor did these superstitions exert their sway over the vulgar mind alone; the rich and great were equally under their influence, and indulged in them all the more that their circumstances afforded them the means. It was left for the progress of science to dissipate these errors; and though the simple and uninformed, in remote districts, may still cling to some of these beliefs, and quacks and empirics be ever ready to impose on their credulity, as a nation we are now happily on the path to more rational and effective modes of procedure.

#### MEMOIRS OF A GRIFFIN.

FAR from finding any speculations on that animal of fabulous ferocity, which exists only in the imaginations of poets and in the blazonry of heralds, the reader of the two volumes before us\* will discover nothing more than the experiences of a harmless young gentleman just entering life as a military officer. The truth is, the term griffin is an Anglo-Indian cant word applied to all new comers whose lot has been cast in British India. According to our authority, 'a griffin is the Johnny Newcome of the East, one whose European manners and ideas stand out in ludicrous relief when contrasted with those, so essentially different in most respects, which appertain to the new country of his sojourn. The ordinary period of griffinhood is a year, by which time the *novus homo*, if apt, is supposed to have acquired a sufficient familiarity with the language, habits, customs, and manners of the country, both Anglo-Indian and native, to preclude his making himself supremely ridiculous by blunders, *gaucheries*, and the indiscriminate application of English standards to states of things to which those rules are not always exactly adapted.

At the termination, then, of the above-mentioned period, our griffin, if he has made the most of his time, becomes entitled to associate on pretty equal terms with those sun-dried specimens of the *genus homo*, familiarly called the "old hands:" subs of fifteen years' standing, gray-headed captains, and superannuated majors, critics profound in the merits of a curry, or the quality of a batch of Hodgson's pale ale. He ceases to be the butt of his regiment, and persecutes in his turn, with the zeal of a convert, all novices not blessed with his modicum of local experience.'

The particular individual of the species who now favours us with his memoirs, comes forward under the fictitious name of Frank Gernon, and declares himself to have been the son of an Irish gentleman settled in England. At the age of sixteen he obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's military service, and in due time was shipped on board the *Rottenbeam* Castle for the scene of his future career. The account of his voyage proves, on perusal, to differ but little from that of other travellers to the same destination. His fellow-passengers consisted of the usual assortment of old officers returning to secure retiring pensions, younger ones going back from 'European leave,' civilians and their wives, matrons hastening to expectant husbands, and spinsters desirous of getting a peep at the country—but nothing more. Arrived in the Bay of Biscay, Mr Gernon describes the tossings, tumblings, miseries, and comical contretemps to which the ship was subject in those uneasy waters. Here is the record of a dinner aboard:—'Our first day's dinner on board, with things in the state I have described—that is, the *Rottenbeam*

\* *Memoirs of a Griffin, or a Cadet's First Year in India.* By Captain Bellow. 2 vols. 8vo. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

Castle reeling and staggering like a drunken man—was a most comical affair, and I should have enjoyed it extremely, had my nausea been less. It is true, with some variations, the scene was afterwards frequently repeated (except when sea-pie was the order of the day); but then, though I was no longer qualmish, it in turn had lost the master-charm of novelty. We were summoned to dinner as usual, on the day in question, by the drummers and fifers, or rather, to be more respectful, the "captain's band;" but from the difficulty of preserving an equilibrium, these worthies mangled the "Roast Beef of Old England" most unmercifully. The dapper little steward, with his train of subordinates, had some difficulty in traversing the deck with their savoury burdens; unable to march as before, heads erect, like a squad of recruits, the grand purveyor, with his silver tureen in the van, they now emerged theatrically from the culinary regions, advancing with slides and side-steps, like a *corps de ballet*—now a halt, then a simultaneous run, then balancing on one leg, and finally (hitting the moment of an equivoise) a dart into the cuddy, where, with some little difficulty, each contrived to deposit his dish. The passengers, emerging from various doors and openings, tottering and holding on as best they might, now made their way to seats, and amidst the most abominable creaking and groaning that ever saluted my ears, the business of dinner began. In spite of sand-bags, however, and all other appliances, there was no restraining the ambulatory freaks of the dishes, and we were scarcely seated when a tremendous lee-lurch sent a tureen of pea-soup souse over the doctor's kersymere waistcoat and Brummel tie; and a roast pig, as if suddenly resuscitated, and ended with a spirit of frenzy, darted from its dish, and cantering furiously down the whole length of the table, finally effected a lodgment in Miss Dobbikins' lap. I, for my part, was nearly overwhelmed by an involuntary embrace from the charming Miss Olivia; whilst to add to the confusion, at this particular moment, Mr Cadet Grundy, governed rather by sight than a due consideration of circumstances and the laws of gravitation, made a desperate lunge at one of the swinging tables, which he thought was making a most dangerous approach to the perpendicular, in order to steady it, and the immediate result was a fearful crash of glasses and decanters, and a plentiful libation of port and sherry.

"Are ye mad, sir, to do that?" exclaimed the captain [a Scotchman], with ill-suppressed vexation at the destruction of his glasses, and forgetting his usual urbanity.

"I thought they were slipping off, sir," said Grundy with great humility.

"Ye ha' slupped them off in gude airnest yersel, sir," rejoined Captain M'Guffin, unable, however, to repress a smile, in which all joined, at the idea of Grundy's extreme simplicity. "Dinna ye ken, sir, that it's the ship, and not the swing-table, that loses its perpendicular? Here, steward," continued he, "clear away these fragments, and put mair glasses on the table."

The colloquy ended, there was a further lull, when, heave yo ho! away went the ship on the other side; purser jammed up against the bulk-head; rolls, legs, and wings, boiled beef, carrots, and potatoes, all racing, as if to see which would first reach the other side of the table. At this instant snap went a chair-lashing, and the ex-resident of Paugulabad was whirled out of the cuddy-door like a thunder-bolt.

"There she goes again!" exclaimed the second mate; "hold on, gentlemen." The caution was well-timed, for down she went on the opposite tack; once more the recoil brought the colonel back again, with the force of a battering-ram, attended by an awful smash of the butler's plate-basket, and other deafening symptoms of reaction. Oh, 'tis brave sport a cuddy-dinner in an Indianan, and your ship rolling gunwales under!

We must, however, travel a little faster than our hero, and pick him up at Calcutta, where he is speedily assailed by hosts of *sircars*, or valets de place, whose ostensible

duty it is to recommend hotels, supply the stranger with all he wants from the best markets at the lowest price, to make him acquainted with the customs of the country, and to do many other necessary offices; their real business being to cheat on every 'bargain' they are intrusted to make; and, in short, to fleece their employer as much as they can without being found out. Our hero did not altogether escape, although, considering he was in the rudiments of griffinhood, he fell into very good hands—those of a sircar who sported the euphonious cognomen of Chattermohun Ghose. This attentive agent soon provided his employer with nearly all he wanted; but after a time, was suddenly missed. While, however, the ensign (for he had been promoted during his voyage) was wondering what had become of Chattermohun, he received the following epistle, which is a choice specimen of Hindostanee English:—

'Most respectful and honoured Sir—Greatly labouring for fearful apprehension that sudden non-appearance should dictate condemnation from the sensible benignity of your excellency's reverence, and feeling in concatenation that explanation was indispensable, I have herewith the honour to inform you, that one of my family (now consisting of six childrens effective of various denominations) was recently solemnised in holy matrimony, and adoptedly conducted according to prescribed rite and custom of native religion. This solemnisation was carried into production my house in country by Boitacoolah Thannah, with in my patriarchal duty have repair for a few day.

According to last order of your reverence, have instructed to Gopce Nauth, of China Bazaar, to disperse to your quarter goods as per margin, for which he expect the favour of early remittance. I have also passed to credit of master account 16 rupees 8 annas, leaving balance my favour 256 rupees 5 annas 3 pice, as per account enclosed. Trusting from this statement of explanation, your honour not think me absent without leave, I have honour to be, with deep respect and consideration, your most obedient humble servant,

CHATTERMOHUN GHOSE, Sircar.

To his Exc. Ensign Gernon, South Bks.\*

One of our griffin's earliest acquaintances was an Irish general, to whom he gives the name of Capsicum. This old campaigner invites him to *tiffin* (a sort of luncheon) and dinner. The scene between the two meals is quite Indian, and is graphically described:—  
"At length, on the approach of evening, the servants, as is usual in India, unbolted and threw open the long Venetian doors, to admit the cool air, and out we sauntered on the lawn, to join the ladies (to whose number some addition had been made), who had preceded us, and were admiring the moving scene on the river.

The sun had just gone down, and all nature seemed to be with one accord putting forth a rejoicing shout, an excess of that luminary producing all the torpid effects which arise from a deficiency of his beams elsewhere. The kite whistled querulously from the housetop, the maynas and squirrels chattered joyfully in the trees, ring-doves cooed, and the bright yellow mango birds and the dark coel (loved of Indian maids) shot through the cool groves and glades of cocoa-nut and *bananas* (plantains), uttering their clear and shrilly notes.

I think I now behold the group we formed, the white dresses of the ladies making them to look like spirits walking in a garden, and honest Augustus, with his *solah topce*,\* looking down on his shoes, and saying agreeable things; the shadows of evening closing around us; the huge fox bats sailing heavily overhead; the river spreading its broad surface before us, suffused with the crimson flush of departing day; the boats moving across it afar, their oars dabbling as it were in quicksilver; the mists rising slowly from neighbouring groves, stealing over the scene; and then the stilly, tranquil

\* Broad-brimmed hat of pink cashmere.

hour, broken only by the plash of passing oars, the sound of a distant gong, or the far-off music of a marriage ceremony, or the hum and drumming of the bazaar—those drowsy sounds of an Indian eve. It was a bit of still life to be ever remembered.

The guests for the *burra khana* now began to arrive. Gigs, carriages, and palankeens, flambeaux, dancing lights, and the musical groans of the *cahars*, or bearers, as they hurried along the winding road, made the general's domain, a few moments before buried in repose, a scene of life and animation.

We returned to the mansion. The reception-room was fast filling. Generals, colonels, judges, barristers of the supreme court, merchants, agents, writers, with their ladies, the *élite* of Calcutta fashionable society was now, for the first time, submitted to my observation. White jackets, and still whiter faces, were the predominating features of the group (except where relieved by English blood and up-country brick-dust), whose manners, on the whole, struck me as being more frank and open than those of people in England, although that freedom occasionally bordered, I thought in many, on a rough familiar horse-play sort of manner, which then, at least, was too common in India, where the causes which predispose to a disregard of courtesy are unfortunately too rife.

Some of the party discussed politics, horse-racing, the latest news from up the country, the promotions and appointments, and so forth, in groups; whilst others, four or five abreast, stumped up and down the broad verandah, talking and laughing energetically; their spirits evidently enlivened by the rapid locomotion in which they were indulging.

General Capsicum was very pleasant with the *burra beebee*, a fine stately old dame, with a turban of bird of paradise plumes, and with whom, I afterwards learned, he had actually walked a minuet in the year of grace 1770. Mrs Capsicum, surrounded by a group of military men and young writers, was endeavouring to reduce her large mouth to the smallest possible dimensions—mimic the king's English, and "talking conversation" "mighty illigant" to the whole ring, in whose countenances a certain mock gravity indicated pretty evidently what they thought of her.

At last the *khansaman-jee*, or chief butler, a very important and respectable personage, with an aldermanic expansion of the abdominal region, a huge black beard, and a napkin hanging from his *hummerbund*, or girdle, with hands respectfully closed, head on one side, and an air most profoundly deferential, announced to the general that the dinner was served "*Tiar hui?*"

"Dinner ready, did ye say?" said the general, who was a little deaf, and turning up his best ear to catch the reply.

"*Han khodabund*" (yes, slave of the Lord), replied the *khansaman-jee*.

"Come, gentlemen; come, leedies—those who have any mind to ate may follow me."

Thus saying, the general, with great vivacity, presented his arm to the old lady of the bird of paradise plume, and hobbled off with her, chattering and laughing, and followed by the whole company. I, the *lanky griffin*, brought up the rear, looking, on the whole, rather small. The *coup-d'œil* of a grand dinner-party in Calcutta, given by a rich merchant or high official, is a very splendid affair, and perhaps eclipses anything to be seen in the mansions of persons of the same rank in England. Dinner-parties are, however, pretty nearly alike in all civilised countries, and a description of this particular one would not, we fear, be interesting to our readers.

The griffin was naturally anxious to see the remarkable sights of Calcutta, and having spent several days in the city, paid a visit to an indigo planter, who resided some distance from the city. During his journey, he made his maiden hunting excursion, and arrived at his friend's house in time for an adventure of a more exciting kind. We were seated at table after breakfast,

my host drowsily smoking his hookha, and conning the Calcutta paper, I concocting a despatch for home, when suddenly a confused and distant noise was heard, including the rapid beat of a *doog-dooie*, or small native drum. My host laid down his paper and listened; for a moment it died away, then again rose on the wind; there was a hubbub of voices—of flying footsteps—and lastly, of one or two dropping shots.

"There's something wrong," said Augustus, half-rising from his chair, and still intently listening. "*Quon hye?*" (who waits?) The words were scarcely uttered, when, wild with alarm, a servant rushed in, followed by one or two others, exclaiming, in almost frantic tones, "Sahib! sahib! *dacka! dacka!*"

My host turned pale, started from his chair, and rapidly interrogated the affrighted men, who answered him all clamorously at once, and with the most animated gesticulations. "In the name of all that's good," said I, thunderstruck at the scene, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Matter! my dear fellow, the dacoits—that's all; the robbers are upon us: we must defend our lives; there is not a moment to be lost."

The plot now began to thicken; three *burkundauzes* rushed in, with a confirmation of the intelligence that Ramsunker, a noted robber chief, and his gang were close at hand, and that they had already plundered two or three neighbouring hamlets. 'Not an instant was wasted; the doors were banged to, and bolted in a trice, bars laid across, and some heavy boxes piled up against them. Guns, pistols, and hog-spears were put in requisition; the *burkundauzes* loaded their matchlocks and blew their matches, and the whole of us immediately ascended to the flat roof, determined to defend the fortress.' After due preparation, Gernon had a double-barrelled gun put into his hand, and presently 'a little white cloud of smoke puffed itself forth from the brightly verdant screen formed by the drooping bamboo hedge, followed by the whistling of a matchlock ball within a few feet of my pericranium. On hearing the whine of this ragged missile, I instinctively bobbed my head a shade lower than the parapet wall; this little involuntary working of the conservative principle, however, was speedily succeeded by an energetic display of its opposite, as by an active rebound up I started, presented my gun, and dropped shots—one, two—quick as thought, into the spot from which the cloud of smoke had yet hardly disappeared: how many I killed, I can't say. Augustus also fired; and immediately, as if roused by our daring, a numerous band of some 200 or 300 dacoits, as ill-looking a set of fellows as I ever beheld, armed with swords, spears, and a rusty matchlock or two, swarmed forth from their places of concealment, rushed down upon the house with a frightful yelling, sprung upon the terrace, and endeavoured to force the doors. These, however, though rather fragile, as Indian doors generally are, were sufficient for the moment to resist their efforts. Our garrison replied by loud shouts of defiance, which, with a volley from the guns and matchlocks, sent them, to our astonishment, to the right-about, and they again sought shelter amongst the trees, carrying off two or three wounded.' The attack was not, however, abandoned; for the assailants retreated to make scaling ladders; but before using them, sent a message to offer capitulation, the terms of which were cessation of hostilities on payment of 300 rupees. 'The indigo planter, finding further resistance would be useless, and knowing that these dacoits, on the principle of honour amongst rogues, were men of their word, fulfilling every engagement, whether to rob and murder, or abstain, with scrupulous fidelity, determined on acceding to their terms; this he intimated to the little plenipo, who thereat made a salaam, grinned horribly a ghastly smile, and returned to report to his superior the success of his mission. To be brief, there was an immediate stir in the grove, and presently the chief, as sinister-looking a villain as I ever beheld, came forward to about the middle of the open space fronting the

house, accompanied by a body of some ten or twelve of his followers. The negotiation was there terminated, and peace restored.

In due time our griffin reaches the scene of duty at Delhi, where he forms one of the guard of honour of the Great Mogul. Here, we think, he might have given us some curious sketches, but so it has not appeared to himself. His book is, indeed, from beginning to end marked by a capriciously applied pencil, and by a tantalising want of completeness in the details. Still it cannot be read without amusement, and several remarks conveying sound and practical advice are scattered through it, well worth the attention of Indian griffins of all grades and denominations.

## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

### NANTES TO ST MALO.

How little do the people of Great Britain feel the value of that most valuable of all things—a liberty of going where they please, without question and without hindrance! Such at least was my reflection as I sat on a bench outside the Hotel de Ville at Nantes, waiting, with about fifty others, for the opening of the office, and the giving forth of passports lodged several hours before. The inconvenience was of little consequence to me, for I could wait; but most of my companions were of a humble class, to whom time was of value, and half a day spent in lounging at the door of a police office, waiting till they were called in one after the other, could not have been very suitable to their convenience. Yet it was remarkable how submissive they were to this detention, accompanied as it was with a degree of official rudeness, or what would have seemed so to an Englishman, when they were asked their names, where they were going, and other questions equally pointed. A number were working men, dressed in the blue linen blouse of the country, and were going to Paris, to Bourdeaux, to Lyons, and other places, in quest of employment. What a blessing is enjoyed in the exemption from this abominable inquisition in England, where a working man may go over the whole country unchallenged, and has not to spend a moment in seeking permission to set out where his fancy leads. On whatever pretence it is maintained, the passport system of France marks it as a nation of little better than slaves; under the mask of political freedom, they are socially enthralled. That in all their revolutions they never thought of stipulating for free locomotion, would almost indicate that they do not know what freedom really is.

Armed with the indulgence to move onward on our journey, we bade adieu to the pleasant banks of the Loire, and turned our faces northward through Brittany, en route for St Malo. The transit by diligence and private conveyance occupied two days, a part of the time being spent at Rennes, a little beyond midway. This town, the ancient capital of Brittany, is substantially built on a tolerably regular plan, and its society is said to be among the best in this part of France. It has, however, little to interest strangers; and there being no comfort in walking the ill-paved streets, we were happy to depart after a few hours' stay. In advancing, the country is pleasing, well diversified with enclosures, and possesses considerable tracts of forest. The villages and hamlets are, however, dirty in the extreme, the inhabitants of Brittany being, as is well known, among the most primitive in France. In some places the cottages were wretched, and in one place we observed a peasant dressed in a sheep-skin, cutting a grotesque and half-savage appearance. In the more remote parts, skin garments, I believe, are common, along with other tokens of filthiness of condition.

In due time we had the pleasure of reaching the brow of a rising ground, whence we obtained the first glimpse of the blue waters of the British Channel, or

that portion of them which forms the Bay of Brittany, with St Malo on the flat and sandy beach beneath us. Our stay in this curious old seaport was only three days; the sole object of our visit to this part of the coast being to find a passage in one of the various steamers which ply between it and the Channel Islands.

St Malo occupies a situation the least favourable which one could imagine for a town. Viewing the bay in front from any neighbouring height, we perceive it to be singularly dotted over with dark rocky islets and reefs, the larger of which are occupied by small forts or other buildings, and some of the smaller only marked by the curling of the waves breaking against their sides. On a low island of this rugged character, and the nearest of the whole to the mainland, St Malo was built in ages long past. In modern times, however, its isolated character is gone. A raised causeway, of nearly a mile in length, sheltered on its east side from the open sea by a wall, and on the west forming a quay to the harbour, now connects the island with the land at the head of the bay. On the opposite or west side of the harbour is a bold headland, a most effectual shelter in that direction. Having pursued our way along the connecting causeway till we arrived at the great gateway of the town, we felt almost as if entering a prison when we had passed through the vaulted portal and found ourselves within an open space, on the one side of which was a line of tall houses, and the other a massive wall, at least fifty feet in height. Built entirely within this lofty rampart, the town may be said to be thoroughly cut off from external nature, and, like a man standing on his tiptoes to look over a wall, it obtains a glimpse of the exterior world only over the summit of the fortifications.

The houses of the town, sunk within this horrid ring fence, are generally well built, and regular in outline; but to save room, the streets are exceedingly narrow, and many of them little above the character of alleys. With light struggling downward into their profound depths, and with pavement and gutters about the worst in the world, the streets are not calculated for recreation. The chief solace of the pent-up inhabitants is to promenade along the ramparts, on the side adjoining the harbour; and here, over the embrasures, they have an opportunity of viewing the shipping beneath, or of taking a more distant look of the sea and its many rocky islets. Within the defences at the portal is a fortified castle, erected by Anne of Brittany in the seventeenth century, and now used as a barrack for the military commandant of the place. In the heart of the town is a Hotel de Ville of handsome appearance, with a small open place in front, decorated with the statue of Dugay Trouin, a naval hero, and surrounded by a few trees. Adjoining is the principal church, a massive inelegant structure, with a number of altars, and one or two good pictures. On the causeway outside the walls is a casino, without which existence would be scarcely endurable by the higher classes of St Malo. It is a neat and tasteful building, containing several dancing, music, and card rooms, also a reading room, on the table of which is always a display of Parisian newspapers, including *Galignani*, for the use of the English residents. Placed under the most respectable auspices, and open only to subscribers, the establishment is on certain evenings of the week the resort of the fashionables of the town, and is conducted on the most moderate terms. Transient residents are admitted during the season for the small charge of twelve francs.

Neither the casino nor the rampart promenades appear to attract the residence of many English, and most strangers visiting the place are drawn towards it by the excellence of its sea-bathing; the sands on the east side of the town being extensive and beautiful. Latterly, occasional horse-races on the sands may have added their charms to the ordinary marine attractions. The prosperity of the port, whose trade is to all appearance on a limited scale, was excited to an artificial height during the war with England, when the place



was noted as a nest of privateers, who were most successful in their forays; yet the excursions into the channel of these petty warriors were not conducted without extreme risk from the enemy. English cruisers pushing out from Jersey, or lurking behind one or other of the islets in the bay, sometimes made the most daring captures, or chased their prey to within range of the guns of St Malo.

In the present day, all such desperate adventures are matter of tradition, and St Malo forms the readiest friendly port to the Channel Islands. Between these and this part of Brittany, there hovers a migratory population of English, who vary their residence according to season and other circumstances. One of the chief scenes of their resort is St Servan, an open town situated on the neck of land forming the west side of the harbour at St Malo. This harbour, spacious and shallow in its inner extremity, is so narrow at the entrance from the sea, that here great efforts are now making to build a spacious pier approaching from each side, with a draw-bridge to unite them. Until these improvements are completed, the means of crossing the harbour is a ferry-boat, which passes from side to side every quarter of an hour, at the easy fare of a sou per passenger.

Landed on the opposite quay from St Malo by this conveyance, we pursued our exploratory tour of St Servan through a maze of irregular roads and streets, seeing nowhere anything calculated to arrest attention till we came to the nunnery of St Ann. This establishment, usually known as the convent of the Adoration, and situated at the head of a short avenue of trees, presents a striking instance of piety carried to excess. The leading peculiarity of the sisterhood is an incessant adoration of the holy sacrament. Day and night, and never ceasing except to relieve one another, a nun kneels in mute and entranced devotion in front of the grand altar; and on some occasions two unitedly perform this self-imposed duty. At the time of our visit, one was kneeling in her crimson capote on the steps of the altar, with hands pressed together, and eyes riveted on the sanctuary before her.

Quietly departing from this scene of devotion, we afterwards visited the church of St Servan, a large modern structure, with many shrines in a poor taste; and finally, pursued our walk to the outer extremity of the knoll on which the town stands, whence a good view is obtained on the east of St Malo, and on the west of the estuary of the Rance. This river is itself insignificant, and the water in its channel for many miles is the tide from the bay, which rises and falls with great rapidity, and, at low water, leaves exposed a vast slimy bottom. The banks of this sinuous inlet of the ocean are precipitous, and among the most romantic parts of the Breton scenery. From St Malo a very small steamer proceeds with the tide daily up the Rance as far as Dinant, a town distant about twenty miles, celebrated for its mineral waters, and the number of the real or imaginary valetudinarians who resort to it.

St Malo has the honour of having given birth to Chateaubriand, an author whose writings, whatever may be said of their vigour, are deservedly popular among the religious and poetical part of the French people. He was born, as we learned with some interest, in a room in the Hotel de France, adjoining the apartment which we chanced to occupy during our stay. The house was at the time a private dwelling, his father occupying one of the floors. Desirous of reposing amidst scenes consecrated by youthful recollections, Chateaubriand, a few years ago, sought for permission to form his tomb on one of the small islands in the bay opposite the town, a request which the authorities at once gladly granted.

The appointed morning for our departure having arrived, we were at an early hour on the deck of the steamer which was to carry us from France. The gendarme has examined the last of the many passports placed before him, and is descending to his boat; the anchor is heaved to the yo-ho of British sailors, and the

steam hisses as if impatient of control. The word is at length given by the captain from his lofty station, and we are away across the bay, leaving town and fortifications behind.

#### AN EVENING WITH THE WORKING-CLASSES.

ONE evening lately, during weather which made it by no means desirable to leave the fireside, we were set down at the door of a large and elegant chapel in what is now an obscure part of old Edinburgh. The house, originally occupied by an Episcopal congregation, and decorated with a few paintings of Runciman, an eminent Scottish artist, had, within the last twenty-five years, been deserted by that communion for more modern situations, and transferred to one of the subdivisions of the Presbyterian body. The good taste of the congregation who have become its owners, is shown in their having preserved the works of art which adorn its walls; but they deserve equal praise for allowing the house to be occasionally used for purposes of a secular nature, albeit that Presbyterians do not attach any sacred character to the buildings which they employ for public worship. On the present occasion, the chapel, once rendered musical by the silvery voice of Alison, author of the celebrated *Essay on Taste*, was employed in a cause which I humbly think might go far to justify the application in the eyes of more scrupulous votaries; namely, that of the moral and physical improvement of the humbler portions of society.

At the moment of our entering the extensive area of the building, brilliantly illuminated with gas, it was observed to be fast filling. Long rows of compactly set modern pews were already occupied, while the galleries above showed tiers of heads rising in thick succession. The audience, of whom about a fourth were females, almost exclusively belonged to the working-classes. The greater number, indeed, were men in jackets, apparently just emancipated from the labours of the day. What was the object of their assembling? Something possessing a character of novelty, and certainly a manifestation of the advanced tastes and feelings of the age. We almost tell the nature of the lectures, when we say that the gentleman who was to address the audience was Mr James Simpson, a member of the Scottish bar, whose writings and oral advocacy in the cause of reformed education have made him known far beyond the limits of our city. Invited, in a requisition with no fewer than three thousand signatures, by the working-classes to instruct them on the means of improving their character and condition, this benevolent person at once obeyed the call; and his lectures, we are assured, have been warmly received, and appear likely to be attended with the happy effects which have been contemplated.

The scene before us was full of interest. All took their seats with decorum, and waited in silence for the opening of the proceedings. The only individuals who appeared to take any management were several working men at the doors, either in attendance on plates into which pence were dropped by those who entered, or selling sheets containing the substance of the lectures delivered on the previous evenings. By these voluntary contributions—few giving more than a penny—and by the sale of the reports, all necessary expenses, it seems, are paid—the lecturer giving his services, as may be supposed, gratuitously. All is now eager expectation. Mr Simpson is conducted to a prominent place beneath the pulpit, and is welcomed by the clapping of many hard-worn hands.

The learned lecturer delivered an address of upwards of an hour in length, on the use and abuse of the sentiment of self-esteem, with practical applications to the working man's life, which was listened to with many tokens of approbation. Mr S. lectures in a lively and polished conversational style of oratory, which, when it rises, as it often does, to pathos, it is real eloquence, and has an effect far beyond the delivery

of ordinary orations. A kindly feeling and trust-worthy sincerity and earnestness, moreover, and a vein of humour, highly acceptable to his audience, and which he was the first to introduce into lectures, characterise his addresses. From the printed reports obtained at the door, we perceive that the lectures for some time have been on the mental faculties—the impulses of conduct, which the uneducated so much abuse and misapply. In his practical illustrations of these impulses, Mr S. takes occasion to go into a wide range of morals and social economy. Temperance he had treated, both in its moral and physical aspects; home, as it should be, contrasted with the alchouse; temper and gentleness, with violence and cruelty; truth and openness, with cunning and deceit; frugality with improvidence; humility and good manners, with pride, insolence, rudeness, and tyranny; labour and skill, in their dignity, pleasure, and profit, with idleness; while justice, benevolence, and piety, he had shown to constitute the simple and beautiful ethics of a sound philosophy, strikingly coinciding with the Divine requirement, 'to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with God.' If we add much practical instruction upon sanitary matters—the baths, airing of dwellings, cleanly habits, avoidance of the causes of fever; and simple political economy on the points of wages, strikes, demand for labour, and the like—we shall have given a fair general idea of the field of Mr Simpson's labours among the working-classes. We cannot convey the impressive delivery which carries truth to the hearts, as well as to the reason, of the hearers. A passage taken here and there from the printed abstracts of the lectures, may give readers at a distance some notion of their general character.

In the lecture on temperance, some caustic but just remarks are made on the pernicious effects of tobacco-smoking, which the auditors are strongly recommended to abandon along with all the ordinary means of intoxication. 'Medically, this abominable weed was fully ascertained to act as a narcotic, in other words, a poison, with deleterious and dangerous consequences to the digestive and nervous system. It was one of the causes which shorten life, independently of its quality of being a provocative to drinking. The pipe and the tankard had long been associated; he would not divide what was so closely joined; let them both go together. (A laugh). The picture had yet another side—the economical view of the tobacco question. If smoking stays an empty stomach, it tends to keep it empty. Mr S. cited some cases in confirmation of this view, which had been furnished him by Mr Dun [the able Lancasterian teacher in Edinburgh]. Several persons pleaded inability to send their children to school, to whom Mr Dun demonstrated that they spent in snuff and tobacco between £3 and £4 a-year, equal to the school fees of nine or ten children; another spent more in the week on this indulgence than his child, that should have been at school, earned by its premature labour. Mr Dun had one day seen a boy barefooted, on a wintry day, with a pipe in his mouth, smoking like a steam-engine; he persuaded him to give up the practice, and lay up the money (about fourpence-halfpenny a-week), till he could buy with the amount shoes and stockings. When he had forgotten the incident, the boy one day called upon him, much improved in appearance, and withal well shod, and stated that he had given up the practice of smoking, laid aside the money, and put it to the use which had been suggested to him. He had come to thank Mr Dun, and to say that he was now doing a little for himself, and hoped to do much more.' (Loud cheering.) The lecturer concludes with some hard hits at cigar-smokers.

The lecture upon acquisitiveness contains the following illustrations:—'There is great difference among even very young children in the degrees of this impulse. When it is combined with self-esteem, or self-love proper, it presents the truly self-seeking character. There is an unamiable view of this combination in the passion for *uniques*, accompanied with a jealousy that any other

shall possess some rare article of value, taste, or vertu. There have been instances of the possessor of one of two such articles buying at great expense the other, in order to destroy it, that he might possess the only one in existence. The exclusiveness of the possession of palaces, parks, and gardens, with which the British aristocracy are reproached, arises from this feeling. The acquisitive are always on the alert when what is called "bargains" are going; and this weakness often leads them into the most unprofitable expenditure. They buy what they do not want, because it is cheap. They cannot resist the cry at an auction door of "great bargains," and bid for the veriest trash, because it is going a bargain! A gentleman of this town happening to stray into a sale of old military stores at the moment when a lot of twenty drums was at the last call at sixpence a drum, drumsticks included, was so excited by the unparalleled bargain, that he bid for the lot, and it was knocked down to him! (Laughter). Then began his troubles; it required a wagon to remove his purchase, and an extra house to hold it." This last he happened not to have, so he called a meeting of the boys of the neighbourhood, who kindly took the drums off his hands gratis; and in honour of the purchase and the present, having also got the drumsticks, rendered the neighbourhood nearly uninhabitable for sometime afterwards. (Continued laughter). A bargain, quite a match for the twenty drums, occurred some years ago in Edinburgh. A sale by auction of the entire police watch-boxes—the purchaser to remove them—took place, when these luxuries were taken from the watchmen, in imitation of the London system, that they might have no place to sleep in. He should have thought such a purchase quite beyond the maddest bargain-hunter in existence; yet did even this lumbering lot attract one! A gentleman positively bought the watch-boxes, because they were going "dog cheap;" and as he, too, forgot the condition of house-room, he was forced to give them away to any one who would remove them to break up for fire-wood. (Laughter.) It is a good and easily remembered maxim to inculcate early upon young bargain-hunters, "if you buy what you want not, you will come not to be able to buy what you want."

The lecture on self-esteem involved a number of remarks on want of consideration for others, rudeness of manners, and general arrogance of behaviour. 'It was not uncommon to see impertinences of this kind manifested in the streets. An unmannerly person, heedless of every one's convenience but his own, will engross the footpath, and would send even a lady into the mud rather than give way an inch. He will place himself between a lady and the object she is viewing, in a picture exhibition, or at a shop window, without the slightest consideration; offensively give himself airs in company; and make himself universally disagreeable. A real gentleman has none of this blustering and unaccommodating demeanour. He would not obstruct the humblest passenger, or push him from his ground, or plant himself before him; the vulgar and the low alone—and these are found in all ranks—commit such outrages on good manners. Now, he would earnestly recommend it to his hearers—whom, from their exemplary demeanour in these meetings, he would be the last to include among the unmannerly—to use their influence to discountenance rudeness and incivility wherever they observe it. Independence, scorn of adulation, and cringing to superiors, is one thing; while rudeness, under the mistake that it shows independence, is quite another. It was of the greatest consequence to the working-classes that they should so conduct themselves as to insure the esteem and sympathy of the rest of society: the life and soul of the present movement for the working man's elevation in the social scale is the good will of the other classes. (Cheers.) The bath movement is a propitious commencement of a better understanding. It alone has shown that there is good will on both sides; and nothing would tend more to keep up the estrangement now passing away, than a rough, rude, and un-

friendly demeanour on the side of the working men.' These hints were taken in good part, and responded to with loud acclamations.

In closing my notice of these interesting lectures, a full report of the substance of which it is the intention of a committee of the audience to stereotype, and circulate throughout the kingdom, it may be mentioned that the above notice of the 'bath movement' refers to a scheme lately set on foot in Edinburgh by the working-classes themselves—the result of a hint given to them by Mr Simpson eight years ago—to establish baths on a cheap plan for their own use, and which, by a ready and generous encouragement from the more opulent classes, is likely soon to be realised. I cannot conclude my 'evening with the working-classes,' without drawing attention to the great value of such services as those of Mr Simpson on the present interesting occasion. Surrounded as the operative classes are with influences tending to debase them morally as well as socially—looking in vain for honest aid from members of their own order—despairing almost of sympathy or encouragement in the numerous difficulties which beset them—above all, unprepared by education to see their true position or the means of self-improvement, they owe a deep debt of gratitude to the gentleman who, stepping at their call from his ordinary avocations, undertakes to instruct their minds, cheer them in their lot, and point to plans which may better their condition. Nor ought the higher classes, generally, to be unthankful for the exertions of one of themselves in soothing asperities which occasionally threaten to disturb the peace of society, and are at all times the source of much angry feeling. Would that the working-classes had always such a friend to guide them as Mr Simpson—would that the higher orders had everywhere a representative equally ingenuous and benevolent to stand between them and popular discontent.

#### THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and, with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colours of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of schoolday innocence and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon.—*Lord Jeffrey's Essays.*

#### DUBLIN SHOE-BLACKS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Among the populace of Dublin, says the University Magazine, the shoe-blacks were a numerous and formidable body—the precursors of Day and Martin, till the superior merits of the latter put an end to their trade. The polish they used was lamp-black and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife, called a spudd, a painter's brush, and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoe-black sitting on

his stool at the corner of the street. He laid his foot on his lap without ceremony, where the artist scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odours exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing-rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country being generally satisfied with grease. [This custom still lingers in Paris: we have had our boots polished on the Pont-Neuf; and boy shoe-blacks are to be found in most of the steamers plying on the Seine.]

#### MANNERS.

With virtue, capacity, and good conduct, one still can be insupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments. There is scarcely anything required to be believed proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse of all this.—*La Bruyere.*

#### LAMARTINE'S ADIEU TO POETRY.

THERE is an hour of deep repose,  
Of voiceless solitude profound,  
When silence sleeps, and o'er the rose  
Of hope no zephyr fondly blows  
The moveless woods around.  
There is a time when of the lyre  
The soul lies torpid—still—  
When o'er the once soul-rapturing wire  
The bosom's harmonies expire,  
Where once they lived to thrill!  
The bird that charmed the wild wood way,  
Does not, alas! his notes prolong;  
Beneath the shade he shuns the day,  
And keeps for morn his blithest lay,  
For eve—his tenderest song.  
Farewell, farewell! thy breath's a sigh,  
Harp of my soul—this parting hour  
In vain my trembling fingers try  
To wake thy fibres' sad reply—  
A farewell strain is all they pour.  
Receive, receive this rebel tear,  
That bursts unbidden from mine eye!  
Full many a soul-drop falling here,  
Along thy faithful chords so dear,  
Thy pitying murmurs could not dry.  
Here in this land of sin and death,  
Where every eye soon learns to weep,  
Pale cypress forms the lyre's dark wreath,  
Whose voice was given, of liquid breath,  
Only to sing our woes to sleep.

E. L.

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## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

### JERSEY.

At the conclusion of our last article, we had bidden adieu to France, and were on our way across the bay of Brittany towards Jersey, the nearest of the Channel Islands to St. Malo. The distance, from fifty to sixty miles, we had expected to perform in six hours; but, when half way, and out of sight of land, there arose a storm of wind and rain which greatly retarded the vessel, and in the midst of this hurricane we reached the much-wished-for shores of Jersey. Yet the worst was to come. Instead of proceeding into the harbour of St. Heliers, the steamer stopped a quarter of a mile from the nearest point of land, and here the passengers were handed into a small boat dancing like a cork on the top of the much agitated waves. A number, indeed, preferred being carried on to Guernsey to landing in this neither pleasant nor safe manner; but we heroically risked the exploit; and after what some of the party considered a most alarming little voyage, we got ashore in a condition well fitted to put one out of humour with the Channel Islands and all connected with them.

Once safe and comfortably housed in a small hotel in St. Heliers, we were enabled to look forth with a degree of complacency on the sea, as it raged and fretted against a well fortified islet in front of the town and harbour; and when good weather returned, we soon made the discovery, that the beauties of Jersey had been far from being overpraised. My own impressions were, that they had not been praised enough; and I felt that, notwithstanding scores of descriptions, I was looking at scenes for which the mind had not by any means been prepared. Let me try to mend the general accounts of this fair 'gem of the ocean.'

Jersey is about 12 miles in length by 8 in breadth, with a circumference of 48 miles, and a surface of nearly 40,000 acres. No part of the land is high. The island, however, stands well out of the sea, and, except where there are small sandy bays, the shores are rugged, and in many places precipitous. My own opinion—hazarding a geological hypothesis—is, that the bay of Brittany, or St. Michael, as it is locally termed, was at one time dry land, the softer parts of which being washed away, a great number of rocky islets and some islands have been left alone amidst the waters. If Jersey was not in this manner, and at a remote period, cut off from the mainland of France, it is very evident that it must at one time have been considerably larger in dimensions; for all round it are seen black reefs and clusters of rocks, the relics of dry land—in the present day forming the surest defence against maritime aggression.

On the south side of the island, where a valley slopes down towards the flat sandy shore of a spacious bay, St. Heliers, the chief town in the island, has been built.

In front, as already noted, is a low rocky islet, on which stands Fort Elizabeth, which may be reached on foot, or by a wheeled vehicle, at low water. Lying chiefly in the bottom of the valley, and spreading northwards on the ascending slopes, the situation of St. Heliers is convenient and picturesque, and from many of its exterior villas are obtained most charming views of the bay, the shipping, and the environing headlands. Although next door to France, and peopled by a Norman race, you may see at a glance that St. Heliers is in all respects an English town. The houses are erected on the English plan; and no one, on seeing their green doors and brass knockers, their neat muslin window-curtains, their flower-plots and railings, can hesitate an instant as to what nation they belong. The streets, irregular though they generally are, likewise possess side pavements, and there are no surrounding walls to debar the free air of heaven. I had heard of Jersey being so much of a French island, that all this was new to me; and I was not less surprised to observe that shops, sign-boards, and, as far as I heard, the general speech, were all thoroughly English. The only tokens of French externally visible are occasional announcements of 'Maison à Vendre,' 'Appartemens Garnis,' and so forth, with here and there an affiche in the French tongue. Some newspapers are also published in French; and many of the inhabitants speak this language vernacularly, while others use it for convenience; but I was informed that it is disappearing—that the rising generation is everywhere Anglicising, and that French will by and by be little heard. The influx of English families, extended education and trade, and the progress of literature, are the predominating influences in this change. As yet, however, French is the judicial and state language of Jersey, as it was in England for ages, after it had been abandoned in ordinary affairs.

St. Heliers contains no more to interest strangers than English provincial towns generally. At the centering point of various streets is an open place, in which are some of the chief hotels and shops. Among the latter may be observed a number of bookselling establishments and reading-rooms, where there appears a mixture of French and English literature. At this central point, also, is the court-house, where the states or parliament of the island assemble. At the foot of the street, running southward from this point, is the extensive quay, enviroing a spacious harbour, which, at the period of our visit, was well filled with shipping. Overlooking the harbour and part of the town is a craggy hill, presenting a bold front as seen from the sea, and on the summit is placed Fort Regent, which commands the whole bay. This fortress, which we reach by a long sloping pathway, is of great strength. On the parade within, we found some English soldiers at drill,

whose clean and orderly appearance was quite a relief after the sight of French troops. The view from Fort Regent, taking in the bay in front, with the pretty town of Aubin on its western side, is very extensive.

Not, however, in the town, but in the country parts of the island, did we spend the few days which we had to spare. Hiring a caleche from our host, we made an excursion to the chief points of attraction inland and on the coast. The whole interior is remarkable for the uniformity of its character. I may describe it as a patch of country composed entirely of small green fields, dotted over with apple trees, cottages, villages, gentlemen's seats, and churches; and intersected with an endless maze of highways and by-ways, everywhere bordered with thick and bushy hedges. The general effect is that of green luxuriance—a country teeming with rich rural produce—an extensive orchard—the seat of tranquil rustic enjoyment. The roads are all well kept, though not wide, but they are improving in this respect; and we might excuse them if they were ten times worse, for there is not a toll-bar in the island. In almost all quarters we saw an abundance of ivy, which in some places luxuriantly overgrows the hedges and walls. The farms appear to be generally of moderate size, and at short intervals we come upon substantially built farm-houses and cottages, such as may be seen in the south of England. There seemed nothing peculiar in either the look or dress of the peasantry. One is surprised with the number of churches. The island being divided into twelve parishes, we can scarcely travel above one or two miles in any direction, without alighting upon an old-fashioned church, enclosed in its neatly-kept churchyard—the aspect altogether English, even to the tombstones, except that most of the inscriptions are in French. We likewise occasionally pass neatly-built dissenting chapels, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The establishment, I need hardly say, is a branch of the church of England, under the special charge of the Bishop of Winchester, who was paying a professional visit to the island during my brief residence.

Our first drive carried us eastward to Mont Orgueil, a lofty rocky protuberance rising on the sea-shore, crowned by a fort, and one of the chief lions of Jersey. During the war, the fortifications and the barracks within were properly garrisoned; but now all is desertion and silence, and the only inhabitant is an old soldier with his wife and child. Conducted by the latter, a talkative little girl, we ascended to the topmost height, where was a small bastion facing the sea, called King Charles's Outlook, and here we had a splendid view of the coast below, the sea, and the peninsula of Normandy on the east. A prominent object in this part of France is the lofty spire of the cathedral of Coutances—a marvel of architectural grandeur, which can be seen at a vast distance. The castle of Mont Orgueil was for some time the residence of Charles II. during his wanderings; the inhabitants of Jersey having remained attached to the royal cause throughout the civil commotions in England. The island was finally reduced by Admiral Blake for the commonwealth.

Proceeding northward from Mont Orgueil, the next point of interest is Rozel Harbour, where there is a small village and port, with picturesque environs. From it we visited, I believe, every harbour or little bay, with its village, round the north and west sides of the island, till we came back to St Heliers. On another day we varied the excursion, and saw everything else worthy of notice. From a prominent knoll at the north-west extremity, we obtained a view of Guernsey and Sark, lying some eight or ten miles distant. In general, we found that the points of romantic beauty, such as patches of precipice and ravine, were considerably over-flattered by their fond admirers. The truth is, that here, as in the Isle of Wight, everything is in miniature—pretty, but not grand or imposing. Jersey, however, is far prettier than the Isle of Wight; it is prettier than any part of England; and I have never

seen anything on the continent which can be at all compared to it in point of beauty. Its climate, also, is exceedingly mild and pleasant. Nothing but its distance from Southampton—fifteen hours' sail, and that is a trifle in these days of steam—can have prevented Jersey from being resorted to by crowds of tourists, and also hosts of persons seeking a retreat wherein to pass a few years of their life in tranquil enjoyment. The island, indeed, is by no means undiscovered by the searchers for a pleasant and cheap place of residence. Its excellent society, embracing a number of families of naval and military gentlemen—generally a pleasant and accommodating set of people—attests that its merits have not been disclosed in vain. Nor are the attractions at all of an unsubstantial kind.

One day, we spent a few hours in perambulating the market and shops of St Heliers, inquiring the prices of articles of provision, and picking up a little general information. The result of what we learned may be thus summed up; and such a summary, I believe, no other part of the world can produce. Jersey, with a population of about 47,000, and enjoying all the advantages of British protection, is entirely exempted from taxes, and has only some trifling rates. No assessed taxes, no income or property tax, no house or window tax, no stamps, no customs, no excise, no toll-bars—horses, dogs, servants, carriages, all free. What a blessed country! says the well-taxed Englishman. But Jersey owns other blessings. Upon neither the importation nor exportation of articles of any description is there any restriction. Trade is free. It is very pleasant to know that there is at least one spot on God's earth not blighted with the curse which commercial restrictions have everywhere else imposed. Ships from all countries sail into St Heliers, and pour forth their stores unchallenged, subject to no other charge than that for harbourage. The corn, wines, and liqueurs of continental Europe, the sugars of the West Indies, the tobacco and cotton of Virginia, the timber and drugs of South America, the tea of China, the spices of Java, and the silk of Hindostan—all enter this happy little port free of any kind of duty. Besides the advantages derivable from the freedom of import trade, the inhabitants enjoy the privilege of exporting their produce unrestrictedly to England—a boon of incalculable value. The chief exports are cows, potatoes, butter, cider, and apples. It is stated that 8000 tons of potatoes, 15,000 gallons of cider, and 20,000 pounds of butter, are exported annually. A considerable trade is carried on in the Newfoundland fisheries. Vessels engaged in these fisheries take with them from Jersey woollen manufactures, cordage, nets, and some other articles of island manufacture; and having obtained a cargo either by fishing or purchase, they proceed with it to various ports in Spain, the Mediterranean, or North and South America. Sales being there effected, the vessels return with the produce of these markets either to England or Jersey; if to the former, they make a fresh exchange, and bring to the island the articles required by the inhabitants. In this way the trade of Jersey, export and import, affords a miniature example of what would arise in any other country—could such a happy country exist below—where neither were prohibitory duties exacted nor duties for revenue required.

As might be expected, all articles of foreign growth are disposed of, in Jersey, at but a small and reasonable advance on their first cost. An English housewife gets quite beside herself on entering a grocer's shop in St Heliers. All her previous knowledge of marketing is upset. What visions of bargains rise in her imagination! We entered one of the largest in the town, and first addressed ourselves, to the article sugar, of which the capacious window boasted numerous specimens. 'What is the price of that very fine-looking loaf-sugar?'—5d. a pound; but here is a sugar nearly as good for 4d. 'Show us some brown sugar—ay, that light-looking kind; what is it per pound?'—3d.; but here is some at

2½d. 'Just so; now tell us the price of tea'—here is good black tea at 2s. 6d. a pound, and green tea from 3s. to 5s. 'Now for coffee'—we can supply the best India coffee at from 8d. to 11d. per pound, and Mocha at about 1s. 6d. These prices, we learned, were Jersey money, by which is meant that one shilling English will be taken for thirteence; and the weight of the pound being an ounce and a-half heavier than in England, the purchaser has two important deductions in his transactions. In the same shop we learned that the price of Cognac brandy is 6s.; old Jamaica rum, 7s. 6d.; Hollands, 3s. 6d.; and whisky, 8s. per gallon. Port and sherry wines were from 20s. to 25s. per dozen; and clarets from 12s. upwards. In the butcher market, we found the price of meat of various kinds much the same as it is in England or Scotland, and so likewise was the bread; but this was not reckoning the advantages from over-weight and over-value of money. House rent, we learned, is nearly the same as in the outskirts of London. Newcastle coal is considerably cheaper than in London. Fish is not supplied regularly, being caught chiefly at fits and starts by the peasantry. Notwithstanding the general lowness of the price of articles of consumption, the wages of labour are about the same as with us. In all our perambulations we never saw either a rag or a beggar. Left to take their fair course, population and the means of subsistence have evidently adjusted themselves; and the consequence is, we see a spectacle of peace and plenty, which, I am well assured, could not be discovered in any other part of Europe, or perhaps in the world.

Enjoying such advantages, the natives of Jersey are warmly attached to Britain, to maintain their connexion with which, they have already fought heroically, and would do so again. In 1780, a bold attempt was made by a French invading party to seize the island, which was defeated in a most spirited manner, after a temporary success. At present, a friendly intercourse is kept up between St Heliers and St Malo, Granville, and one or two other places on the French coast, whence supplies of fish and a few other articles are occasionally drawn; and whence, also, arrive many French visitors on tours of pleasure to the island.

#### OUR GOVERNESSES.

THERE was, during the Christmas week, an unusual bustle in Clover Hall, which chiefly manifested itself in arranging of rooms, pulling down of beds, and sewing up of draperies; in a contriving of carpets, and fitting of curtains. I should have cared very little about this intestine warfare, had it not invaded my own study; but to my chagrin I found that they had abstracted a favourite table—upon, around, and under which it had been my practice to strew letters, memoranda, and other papers—in that kind of 'admired disorder' which is so congenial to literary habits. My mortification was extreme, therefore, when I found the table absent, and my papers packed up with such extraordinary neatness, that I could not find one of them.

'The fact is, my dear,' replied Mrs Johnson to my mild expostulations on the subject, 'you know the new governess is coming, and as she is a stranger, poor thing, it behoves us to atone for the loss of the friends she has left, and to make her in every way comfortable.'

'Very true; but to do that, is it necessary to turn the house topsy-turvy?'

Mrs Johnson's reply was perfectly characteristic: 'Why,' she said, 'as Miss Littlejohn is a first-rate French scholar, I have thought it right to fit up her room quite in the French style? One or two of the things in your room I thought I might take for the purpose.'

'A most delicate mark of attention; but as Clotilda has given up her chamber to the coming instructress, where do you intend to put her?'

'Oh, the dear girl will do very well in the large dressing-room—'

'And George, when he comes home to spend the long vacation?'

'I am double-bedding Robert's room for him.'

'Then,' I continued, 'the rest of the younger branches will have, I suppose, to spread themselves over the large attic.'

'Precisely so. It shall not be my fault if our new governess be not comfortable. She shall have no cause to complain; though I do not believe her predecessors had anything else to be dissatisfied with than the troubles they made for themselves. For my part, I have always found governesses more difficult to manage than any other part of my family; and I cannot comprehend why so much sympathy should be constantly excited for the distresses of private teachers, in tales, novels, and other literary productions.'

I perfectly agreed with my wife; but it does not always answer to confess so much; for, between ourselves, she sometimes commits herself to extreme opinions. Therefore, though I cordially coincided with her, I did not utter my thoughts aloud.

There is a vast deal of misplaced sympathy expended upon governesses in private families. Their woes have found imaginative record in novels and sentimental comedies for more than a century. In these productions they are invariably portrayed as females of high mental endowments, abandoned by the caprices of fortune to the indignities of vulgar mistresses and the tricks of wicked children. Their situation, instead of being (as they so often desire them to be in reality) like 'one of the family,' is invariably pictured as a constant purgatory. They are always helped last at table, are made to exhibit their superlative accomplishments for the amusement of guests, without either applause or thanks; and are inviolably left out of every pleasure-party, to be kept at home to brighten the stupidity of their doltish pupils. The society of their employers and their friends is never congenial to their supreme refinement, and they pine away in the solitude of their chambers, and liken themselves to roses in a desert. Such is the picture of distress which imaginative authors paint when they present us with governesses.

'No doubt,' said Mrs Johnson, interrupting my cogitation, 'the position of these ladies, as a class, is not always agreeable.'

'Very true,' I replied; 'especially in the families of those whom a minister of state has happily designated the "vulgar-rich," amongst whom, perhaps, they are exposed to a host of evils. The paucity of employments to which necessitous females can turn to gain a subsistence, causes a vast competition for situations, which naturally lowers the scale of remuneration. This competition gives rise to those extraordinary advertisements one sometimes sees in the newspapers, in which a person capable of imparting an infinite variety of learning, and possessing a crowd of accomplishments, is required for the salary usually given to a housemaid. The advertisement is answered by scores of young women, who, though ignorant of one-half the required branches, profess them all. One gets the situation—is found deficient—her life is made uncomfortable as long as her engagement lasts, and she eventually leaves the family without its respect.'

'I am sure we make them comfortable enough,' my wife remarked.

'We try to do so; though it is seldom we succeed.'

'Very true, my dear,' returned Mrs Johnson. 'You remember, for instance, Miss Pierrepoint, our first governess? I am sure, had she been our daughter, we could not have sacrificed more than we did for her comfort; yet how impossible it was to please her. She was always looking out for little affronts, and meeting reproaches half way. She seemed to be constantly expecting unpleasant treatment, and was actually disappointed when she did not meet with it. On one occasion, when I thought it right to check her mildly, and in private, for some forwardness with one of our male guests, she burst



into tears, and exclaimed against the discourteous treatment to which persons in her unhappy situation were exposed. Another time she retired to her room in dudgeon, and sulked for a week, because I did not ask her to sing at one of the children's parties.'

'Very true. I recollect we could not please her, all we could do; so, to get rid of her whims, we got rid of herself. But I have never rightly understood how Miss Pension has displeased you, that she is to leave us?'

'Why, it is all owing to Clotilda's return from Paris. I assure you,' answered my wife emphatically; 'for the two years Miss Pension has been here, no one could have gone on better. In every respect capable, and always attentive to the children, she has given me great satisfaction; but, latterly, her conduct has completely changed. She is dissatisfied and uncomfortable; and when people are uncomfortable themselves, they always manage to make everybody else so.'

'But what has Clotilda's return from the continent to do with all this?'

'Everything. The fact is, my dear, Miss Pension is jealous of her.'

I raised my eyebrows in wonder.

'It is the truth, I assure you. When Clotilda departed for Paris, she was Miss Pension's pupil; but she has come back, it would seem, as her unwitting rival. The little friendly offices, which I must do Miss Pension the justice to say she used to perform for me so readily and well, are now taken out of her hands by my daughter. She no longer helps me to play the hostess when we have guests, nor the companion when I go to town. It is unfortunate, but unavoidable; and I am sure Clotilda does all she can to treat her like a sister. Again, the other evening at the party, Clotilda completely eclipsed her in singing, for Miss Pension was foolish enough to attempt more than she could perform, and was obliged to leave off in the middle. She has also taken it into her head that the servants do not pay her the same respect they formerly did; and, in short, she is so unhappy, that, having given us notice to quit, she leaves us to-morrow.'

I felt great reluctance to part with Miss Pension, but nevertheless saw the necessity of it. Her manners and deportment had always pleased me; yet, as she took a fatal crotchets into her head, the effect of it was just as inconvenient as if she were the most disagreeable person imaginable. The children, one and all, shared in my regret; and when she went away, Clotilda shed tears, and, to relieve them, she and the departing governess took an off-hand vow of friendship; and they who had been in their small way rivals, were now suddenly converted into the fastest friends. The parting was a new circumstance in their acquaintance, the effects of which had not been anticipated, and it was evident that, despite little tetchy differences, they were, in the main, much attached to each other as companions.

All this was unfavourable to the new comer. She would have to make head against the strong feelings which existed in behalf of her predecessor, whom she had in a manner supplanted. Comparisons would be constantly instituted between her and Miss Pension, to the advantage, of course, of the absent. To guard against this, I co-operated in all my wife's arrangements for Miss Littlejohn's reception: I lectured the children, added some books to the school library, and gave up my table without a sigh.

At the hour appointed Miss Littlejohn arrived in a double 'fly,' which was completely crammed with boxes and packages. Having superintended the proper disposal of her treasures, a job in which all our servants were obliged to take a part, Miss Littlejohn allowed herself to be announced to us in the drawing-room, where we had all assembled to welcome her. She was showily rather than well dressed, and not at all bashful; for she arrived at an age at which that peculiarity ceases to be a necessary characteristic of ladies. All my fears, that our new inmate would feel uncon-

fortable amongst strangers, vanished at first sight, for Miss Littlejohn made friends of us quite impromptu. She shook our hands with all the cordiality of a very old acquaintance, and patronised the children by patting their cheeks, and calling them 'nice little dears,' as if she had been their god-mother. By dinner-time, it was evident that she felt herself perfectly at home; she carved the fowls as a matter of course, and told the children what they ought and what they ought not to eat, like a person perfectly *au fait* to the details of her business as a family governess. After dinner she talked—an expression the reader must understand in its most extensive signification. She began to afford us an insight into the domestic arrangements of the Right Honourable the Lady Hoppleton, whose house she had just left; dropping a delicate hint, that ours was the first untitled family in which she had ever had the honour to be engaged. She then conversed with Mrs Johnson about the fashions—with Clotilda concerning poetry and the concertina, and kindly took me up now and then upon geology, the use of the globes, and French literature. My wife seemed astounded at the extent and variety of Miss Littlejohn's information; but as she made use of a few geological terms in their wrong places, and as her knowledge of French literature was manifestly confined to Telemachus and Chambaud, I was not in the least dazzled by her attainments.

After dinner I retired to my study; for Miss Littlejohn had innocently inflicted upon me a severe headache.

Days rolled past, and as each returned, my after-dinner headache came with it. The new governess chattered incessantly, and instead of retiring to superintend the children's lessons for the next morning, stuck to us incessantly. We could never be alone. All the ingenious schemes devised by Mrs Johnson and my daughter to get the governess out of the drawing-room, even for an hour during the evening, were fruitless. It was in vain Clotilda endeavoured to entice her to try over a new song at the school-room piano-forte: she would have it done at the instrument in the room where we sat. Miss Littlejohn had stipulated that she should be treated as 'one of the family,' and was determined that we should keep to our bond to the letter. If visitors dropped in, she treated them with the same condescending familiarity as ourselves, never failing to relate anecdotes of her late right honourable mistress, to show she had served 'in the best families.' She monopolised the conversation completely; for, should any one break in upon her discourse with a new subject, in the hope of silencing her, off she started upon that with as great speed, and with the same volubility, as the one just quitted. It was all the same to her; she had something to say upon everything. Like the lady in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, she was equally at home in 'Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses,' and determined never to hide her light under a bushel: with her, 'Terence was not too heavy, nor Plautus too light.' Though a very bad player, she constantly challenged me to chess, and never lost an opportunity of 'cutting in' to a rubber at whist, though she sorely tried Mrs Johnson's patience by committing sundry high crimes and misdemeanours; such as revoking, and taking tricks twice over. Besides, she put herself completely out of the pale of the whist-playing proprieties, by constantly talking. In short, Miss Littlejohn was a bore.

All this might have been the more easily endured, had her conduct in school been satisfactory; but after a time, we found out that it was not. She had not the patience to give the children regular lessons, but was continually talking—in short, indulging her propensity to loquacity, under pretence of explaining everything to them—to use her own expression—in an easy and familiar manner. These explanations were not always correct, and involved such a heterogeneous mass of subjects, that our children's heads got filled with a confused phantasmagoria of information, good, bad, and indiffe-

rent, calculated to retard rather than advance their education.

It was evident that Miss Littlejohn must have notice to quit; and this was accordingly given her, very much to her astonishment; for, poor woman, she thought she was succeeding admirably.

When this step became known to the family, its wishes at once reverted to Miss Penson, with whom Clotilda still corresponded. Mrs Johnson consulted me on the propriety of trying her a second time; premising, that it was possible, were I to have a little conversation with her on the subject of the disagreement which caused us to part, she might in future be everything we desired. This I promised to do.

I could not help pitying Miss Littlejohn, for she seemed greatly mortified at her failure, and was perfectly unconscious of the cause of it; for there is no doubt she deemed herself the most amusing companion it was possible for a family to possess; and, as a governess, perfection itself. We all felt ourselves bound to endeavour to get her another situation, and conned over whole columns of advertisements in the newspapers to that end. At length we saw one likely to suit her; it ran thus:—

**WANTED, A GOVERNESS.**—Wanted, in a private family of the utmost respectability, a young lady fully competent to impart instruction to three little girls and a boy, varying from the ages of four to eleven. She must be a perfect mistress of the usual branches of an English education, including geography (with the use of the globes), arithmetic, history, and composition. None need apply who are not proficient in singing and pianoforte playing, and fully competent to teach dancing, calisthenic exercises, the French language (with a Parisian accent), drawing, oriental tinting, and Berlin embroidery.—N.B. A lady who, in addition to the above requisites, plays the harp, and is able to impart the rudiments of the Italian language, would be preferred. Address pre-paid, &c. &c.

Miss Littlejohn applied for this enviable situation, and thought herself lucky in obtaining it. We afterwards learned that she filled it to the entire satisfaction of her employers.

Miss Penson was at first invited to Clover Hall as a visitor, that our lecturing scheme might be carried out with more delicacy and propriety. She came—her eyes radiant with joy at again being with us; and I think our reception must have been flattering to her, for the junior branches took no pains to conceal their satisfaction. One day, when the term of her visit was drawing to a close, and the time came for a new engagement on the old footing to be talked about, Mrs Johnson enticed her into my sanctum, and I took upon myself to offer her a few words of advice; for the want of which, perhaps, we had been obliged to part with her in the first instance. She was most attentive. 'I have been thinking,' I began, 'that it was a great pity you left us, Miss Penson; pray, why was it?'

She could hardly tell; but she thought she had lost Mrs Johnson's confidence, by having several little offices taken from her when Miss Johnson returned from Paris.

'You lost nothing of the kind, my dear young lady; it was confidence in yourself which fled from you. I know that the situation of governess in a private family is a peculiar one; but as it is a profession, as much as law or medicine, it should be studied as such in every bearing. Its duties do not consist solely in teaching the young pupils; there are secondary ones; such as setting a general example of cheerful good humour and contentment to them. Now, unfortunately, this is seldom done; first, because in some families governesses have in reality something to complain of on the score of ill-treatment; and secondly, because, even when properly treated, they often expect too much, or, under the influence of circumstances, for which, at least, their employers cannot be blamed, are too ready to assume offence when nothing of the kind is meant. The posi-

tion, I readily own, is a difficult one; but it is not difficult for the governess only; it is often as much so for her employers, many of whom I have heard say that it cost them as much trouble, in company, to keep that single person in good humour as the whole of the rest of their guests, and this simply because of the peculiar proneness of that individual to think herself neglected or undervalued. I think, if young ladies of good sense and good principle were to take a candid view of the whole case, instead of an inconsiderate view of their own portion of it, they would be more easily contented, and therefore more generally happy. After they have been made by kindness to feel and appear members of the family, they forget that they are governesses, become dissatisfied with their lot at the smallest opposition to their wishes, be they ever so extravagant, and finally swell the number of complaints that are daily made to the world of the universal disregard in which the sisterhood is held.'

Miss Penson would allow me to say no more. She had, she said, long seen her error, and determined never to commit it again. We re-engaged her: she has been with us ever since; and though the children have grown up, Clotilda and Mrs Johnson find her so necessary to their happiness as a companion, that I do not think we shall ever part with her.

#### MONASTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

UNDER this title, Messrs Whittaker have presented to us, in the form of a cheap publication, a translation (by Mr T. E. Tomlins) of a very curious Latin memoir, written by a monk of St Edmundsbury towards the close of the twelfth century, with relation to the affairs of his monastery. This memoir was first published in its original language by the Camden society, and in that form it was made known to the public by Mr Carlyle, through the medium of his work entitled *The Past and Present*, which is indeed simply a contrast between the style of English life developed in this ancient chronicle, and that which is now exposed to living observation. Perhaps a more valuable book of its kind was never before printed; for while such early memoirs are generally meagre in detail, and unsatisfactory in the objects to which they relate, this gives almost as minute a narration of special domestic circumstances, as we find in any modern book of the Boswellian class, written expressly to gratify the incessant crave of the 'reading public,' and thereby fill the purse of the author. It is indeed a most lucky circumstance that an English monk of King John's days should have possessed a literary taste so extraordinary, and should have been impelled to indulge it in making such a compilation.

Jocelin of Brakelond—for such is the name of our monk—commences his narrative with an account of the abuses practised in the monastery during the latter years of an indolent, though well-meaning abbot. So far had the expenses of the establishment exceeded the income, that the abbot had run into debt to a large amount to Jews, and this evil was allowed to increase by a constant adding of interest to principal, until it reached an almost overwhelming amount. Nay, more than this; many of the inferior officials contracted debts in their own departments; and we are told that at one time there were thirty-three seals in the monastery, all in the course of being employed in such transactions. When we know that the interest of money in those days was sixty per cent. [how, best were 'the city' now with a tenth of the rate!], we may readily imagine what serious embarrassments must have interfered to break

up the calm of a cloistered life. There were two or three of the inmates who beheld the abuses with pious indignation; but they could not safely make head against them. The higher officials listened only to flatterers, and when any disagreeably conscientious man presumed to open his mouth, he was generally got quit of by being sent on some distant and dangerous mission. Even the sacred utensils of the church, and the ornaments of the shrine of holy St Edmund, were pledged away for money, without any punishment following; and when Abbot Hugh came to his deathbed—ere he died, everything was snatched away by his servants, so that nothing remained in the abbot's house except the stools and tables, which could not be carried away. There was hardly left for the abbot his coverlet and two quilts, old and torn, which some who had taken away the good ones had placed in their stead. There was not even a single article of a penny's worth that could be distributed among the poor for the good of his soul. Clearly, we should be far wrong in supposing that the persons devoted to religion in those days were very much elevated by their profession above the common frailties of humanity.

It is, however, generally observed, that even among the erring, those who do not err are looked up to and preferred; and so it happened that in this corrupt community the man chosen as the new abbot was the only one who seems to have been possessed of strict honour or prudence. Under Abbot Sampson a new system of things was commenced, and in a wonderfully short space of time he had cleared the house from debt, and introduced the strictest rule and discipline. Not that he was stingy or avaricious; he was only careful and diligent. To put the former imputation out of the question at once, his inauguration dinner was attended by one thousand guests! A specimen of his good management—

'After these things, the abbot caused inquisition to be made throughout each manor, touching the annual quit rents from the freemen, and the names of the labourers and their tenements, and the services due in respect of each, and reduced all into writing. Likewise he repaired those old halls and rickety houses where kites and crows hovered about; he built new chapels, and likewise inner chambers and upper storeys in many places, where there never had been any dwelling-house at all, but only barns. He also enclosed many parks, which he replenished with beasts of chase, keeping a huntsman with dogs; and, upon the visit of any person of quality, sat with his monks in some walk of the wood, and sometimes saw the coursing of the dogs; but I never saw him taste of the game. He approved much land, and brought it into tillage, in all things looking forward to the benefit likely to accrue to the abbey; but I wish he had been as careful when he held the manors of the convent in *commendam*. Nevertheless, he for a time kept our manors of Bradfield and Rougham in hand, making up the deficiencies of the farms by the expenditure of forty pounds; these he afterwards re-assigned to us, when he heard that dissatisfaction was expressed in the convent, on account of his keeping our manors in his own hand. Likewise in managing these manors, as well as in all other matters, he appointed keepers far more careful than their predecessors, were they monk or lay, and who looked after things more providently for us and our lands. He also held the eight hundreds in his own hand; and after the death of Robert of Cokefield, he took on hand the hundred of Cosford, all which he committed to the keeping of those servants who were of his own table; referring matters of greater moment to his own decision, and deciding by means of others upon matters of lesser import; and, in point of fact, wringing everything to his own profit. Moreover, by his command, a general survey was made throughout the hundreds of the leets and suits, of *hidages* and *fodercorn*, of hen-rents, and of other dues, and rents, and issues, which, for the greater part, were concealed by the farmers, and reduced it all into writing; so that within four years, from the

time of his election, there was not one who could defraud him of the rents of the abbey to the value of a single penny; whereas he himself had not received from his predecessors any writing touching the management of the abbey, save one small schedule, wherein was contained the names of the knights of St Edmund, and the names of the manors, and what farm-rent attached upon each farm. This book he called his *kalendar*, wherein also were entered the debts he had satisfied; and this same book he almost daily perused, as if in the same he contemplated the reflection of his own prudence.'

Sampson is described as temperate and simple in his habits. He 'condemned persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, and particularly monks who were dissatisfied therewith, himself adhering to the uniform course he had practised when a monk: he had likewise this virtue in himself, that he never changed the mess you set before him. Once when I, then a novice, happened to serve in the refectory, it came into my head to ascertain if this were true, and I thought I would place before him a mess which would have displeased any other but him, being served in a very black and broken dish. But when he had looked at it, he was as one that saw it not. Some delay taking place, I felt sorry that I had so done, and so, snatching away the dish, I changed the mess and the dish for a better, and brought it him; but this substitution he took in ill part, and was angry with me for it.' He was kind to poor relations, and remembered all such as had been serviceable to him in his early days, when only a poor student or monk. 'A certain man of low degree, who had managed his patrimony, and had been most devotedly attached to him from his youth, he looked upon as his dearest kinsman, and gave to his son, who was a clerk, the first church that became vacant after he came to the charge of the abbey, and also advanced all the other sons of this man. He invited to him a certain chaplain who had maintained him in the schools of Paris by the sale of holy water, and bestowed upon him an ecclesiastical benefice, sufficient for his maintenance, by way of vicarage. He granted to a certain servant of his predecessor's, food and clothing all the days of his life, he being the very man who put the fetters upon him at his lord's command when he was cast into prison. To the son of Elias, the butler of Hugh the abbot, when he came to do homage for his father's land, he said, in full court, "I have, for these seven years, deferred taking thy homage for the land which the abbot Hugh gave thy father, because that gift was to the damage of the manor of Elmeswell; but now I feel myself quite overcome when I call to mind what thy father did for me when I was in chains, for he sent to me a portion of the very wine whereof his lord had been drinking, and bade me be comforted in God." To Master Walter, the son of Master William de Dissy, suing at his grace for the vicarage of the church of Chevington, he replied, "Thy father was master of the schools, and at the time when I was a poor clerk, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his school, and the means of learning; now I, for the sake of God, do grant to thee what thou dost ask." He addressed two knights of Risby, William and Norman, at the time when they were adjudged to be in his mercy, publicly in this wise, "When I was a cloister monk, sent to Durham upon business of our church, and from thence returning through Risby, being benighted, I sought a night's lodging from Lord Norman, who utterly forbade me; but going to the house of Lord William, and seeking shelter, I was hospitably entertained by him. Now, therefore, those twenty shillings, to wit, the mercy, I will without mercy exact from Norman; but contrariwise, to William I give thanks, and the amercement that is due from him do with pleasure remit."

Sampson tells a curious anecdote of his early life, when obliged to go to Rome in order to obtain an order from the pope for attaching the church of Woolpit to his monastery. Owing to the schism between Pope Alex-

ander and Octavian, the north of Italy was then in a convulsed and disorderly state, and clergymen travelling to Rome were often seized and mutilated, or even hanged, by the opposing parties. 'I, however,' says the abbot, 'pretended to be a Scotchman; and putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and the appearance of a Scotchman, I often shook my staff in the manner they use that weapon they call a *gaveloc*\* at those who mocked me, uttering threatening language, after the manner of the Scotch. To those who met and questioned me as to who I was, I answered nothing but, "*Ride ride Rome, turne Cantwreberi*."† Thus did I to conceal myself and my errand, and that I should get to Rome safer under the guise of a Scotchman. Having obtained letters from the pope, even as I wished, on my return I passed by a certain castle, as I was taking my way from the city, and behold the officers thereof came about me, laying hold upon me, and saying, "This vagabond, who makes himself out to be a Scotchman, is either a spy, or bears letters from the false pope, Alexander." And while they examined my ragged clothes, and my leggings, and my breeches, and even the old shoes which I carried over my shoulders, after the fashion of the Scotch, I thrust my hand into the little wallet which I carried, wherein was contained the writing of our lord the pope, close by a little jug I had for drinking; and the Lord God and St Edmund so permitting, I drew out that writing together with the jug, so that, extending my arm aloft, I held the writ underneath the jug. They could see the jug plain enough, but they did not find the writ; and so I got clear out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had about me, they took away; therefore it behoved me to beg from door to door, being at no charge, until I arrived in England.'

No small part of the troubles of Abbot Sampson arose from purely temporal matters, and especially from those in which money was concerned. For instance, we have the merchant citizens of London 'with one voice threatening that they would lay level with the earth the stone houses which the abbot had built that very year, or that they would take distress by a hundredfold from the men of St Edmund, unless the abbot forthwith redressed the wrong done them by the bailiffs of the town of St Edmund, who had taken fifteenpence from the carts of the citizens of London, who, in their way from Yarmouth, laden with herrings, had made passage through our demesnes.' He has also a squabble with the burgesses of Bury St Edmund's, in consequence of an attempt to raise their ground-rents above forty shillings a-year: they offer a hundred, which is refused; and, the case lying over, the monastery continues to draw only the original sum. He had also infinite vexations from his cellarers and other officers, who were continually getting their pecuniary affairs involved in confusion through profuse hospitality and want of good management.

We shall here introduce a few anecdotes illustrating the secular customs and manners of the age. 'Ilamo Blund, one of the wealthier men of this town, on his deathbed, could hardly be persuaded to make a will; at last he made a will, but disposed of no more than three marks, and this in nobody's hearing, except his brother, his wife, and the chaplain. Now, the abbot, after this man's decease, reflected upon this, and called those three persons before him, and sharply rebuked them, especially upon this point, that his brother (who was his heir) and his wife would not suffer any one else to approach the sick man, they desiring to take all; and the abbot said in audience, "I was his bishop, and had the charge of his soul; let not the folly of his priest and confessor turn to my peril; but, inasmuch as I could not advise the sick man when alive, I being absent, what concerns my conscience I shall now perform, though it may seem to have been done slowly. I therefore com-

mand that all his debts and his movable chattels, which are worth, as 'tis said, two hundred marks, be reduced into a writing,\* and that one portion be given to the heir, and another to the wife, and the third to his poor kinsfolk and other poor persons. As to the horse which was led before the coffin of the defunct, and was offered to St Edmund, I order that it be sent back and returned; for it does not besem our church to be defiled with the gift of him who died intestate, and whom common report accuses that he was habitually wont to put out his money to use. By the face of God, if such a thing come to pass of any one in my days, he shall not be buried in the churchyard!" On his saying these things, the others departed greatly disconcerted.

On the morrow of the nativity of our Lord, there took place in the churchyard meetings, wrestlings, and matches between the servants of the abbot and the burgesses of the town; and from words it came to blows; from cuffs to wounds, and to the shedding of blood. The abbot, indeed, hearing of this privately, called to him certain of those who were present at the sight, but yet stood afar off, and ordered that the names of these evil-doers should be set down in writing; all these he caused to be summoned, that they should stand before him on the morrow of St Thomas the archbishop, in the chapel of St Dionis, to answer therefor. Nor did he, in the meantime, invite to his own table any one of the burgesses, as he had been wont to do, on the first five days of Christmas. Therefore, on the day appointed, having taken the oaths from sixteen lawful men, and having heard their evidence, the abbot said, "It is manifest that these evil-doers have incurred the penalties of the canon *late sententie*; but because there are laymen all round us, and they do not understand what a crime it is to commit such a sacrilege as this is, and that others may be deterred from doing the like, I shall by name and publicly excommunicate these persons; and that in no wise there be any diminution of justice, I shall first begin with my own domestics and servants." And it was done accordingly, we having put on our robes and lighted the candles. Therefore they all went forth from the church, and being recommended so to do, they all stripped themselves, and, altogether naked, except their drawers, they prostrated themselves before the door of the church. Now, when the assessors of the abbot had come, monks as well as clerks, and informed him, with tears in their eyes, that more than a hundred men were lying down thus naked, the abbot wept. Nevertheless, making a show of the rigour of the law both in word and countenance, but concealing the tenderness of his mind, he was willing enough to be compelled by his counsellors that the penitents should be absolved, knowing that mercy is exalted over judgment, and that the church receives all penitents. Thereupon they being all sharply whipped and absolved, they swore all of them that they would abide by the judgment of the church for sacrilege committed. On the morrow, penance was assigned to them, according to the appointment of the canons; and thus the abbot restored all of them to unity of concord, propounding terrible threats to all those who by word or deed should furnish matter of discord. Further, he publicly forbade meetings and shows to be had in the churchyard; and so all things being brought to a state of peace, the burgesses feasted on the following days with their lord the abbot with great satisfaction.

The condition of a town before the days of police is exhibited in the following passage:—'Also, the cellarer was used freely to take all the dunghills in every street, for his own use, unless it were before the doors of those who were holding *hverland*; for to them only was it allowable to collect dung and to keep it. This custom was not enforced in the time of the Abbot Hugh up to the period when Dennis and Roger of Hingham became cellarers, who, being desirous of reviving the ancient custom, took the care of the burgesses laden with dung,

\* That is, a javelin or pike.

† The meaning of these words seems to be, 'I am riding to Rome, and then I return to Canterbury'; in other words, 'I am a poor pilgrim, first going to Rome, and then to St Thomas à Becket's shrine, so I can have nothing to do with either pope.'

\* An inventory.

and made them unload; but a multitude of the burghers resisting, and being too strong for them, every one in his own tenement now collects his dung in a heap, and the poor sell theirs when and to whom they choose.

We earnestly recommend to general notice this production of the middle ages, by which we for the first time get a mirror-like representation of what has hitherto been seen only through the stained-glass of romance, or in the mosaic pictures of modern history.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### A DISHONESTY IN A HIGH WALK.

THE dishonest practice of tradesmen giving gratuities to the servants of their customers, is familiarly known to the public, and has often been reprobated as it deserves. But it is not generally known that a practice precisely similar exists amongst life-assurance offices, where the bribed parties are not poor menials, with presumably obscure ideas of what is conscientious and right, but men belonging to one of the most liberal of professions, that of the law, and who might be expected to see all such matters in the clearest light.

Life-assurance, while generally designed for one of the most laudable of objects—the succour of those who might otherwise be left by the death of a father, husband, or other near relation in poverty—has become, in some degree, a business of competition. The joint-stock offices have a clear trading interest, as they aim at realising a profit for the shareholders; and the mutually assuring offices are also interested in having large business, as, when it is large, it is conducted more cheaply, and the risks are the more equably diffused. Hence the system of keen advertising pursued by all these establishments. It is very well to seek to obtain business by such fair means: indeed it is more than justifiable, for the public is still far from being generally aware of the great benefits which life-assurance is calculated to confer. But a large majority of the offices go beyond fair means; they hold forth the promise of a handsome commission to solicitors and others who bring them business, most of them giving 5 per cent. on the first and every subsequent annual premium: and several of them giving even 10 per cent. on the first, and 5 per cent. on every subsequent annual premium. Now, what is the real nature of this disbursement? It may be considered, we think, first, with respect to its special effect on the offices; and, secondly, with respect to its bearing on the public.

In the case of a joint-stock company—which is the nature of most life-assurance offices—it is simply a burden upon profits, and in that respect it calls for no remark. In the case of mutually assuring societies it is totally different, being then a subtraction from the funds which ought to stand for the benefit of the assured parties, and of which any surplus that arises ought to be divisible amongst them alone. If it could be said that the persons already assured were merely giving of their means to induce others to do as they have done—to perform one of the most respectable moral acts of which a person having others dependent upon him is capable—it might be susceptible of some justification; but the purpose of the payment is not of this nature; it is for no propagandism in behalf of life-assurance, but only to induce a particular choice of their office as distinguished from others. It is evident that men in their circumstances are mispending their money in devoting their funds to such a purpose; and it is equally clear that, in doing so, they are doing that which they have no right to attempt doing in any circumstances; namely, holding forth a bribe to tempt men from the path of duty.

That 'commission' is really of this character, there cannot be the shade of a doubt. When an individual designs to assure a sum upon his life, he is obviously concerned to select that office where the greatest ad-

vantages are to be obtained, and more especially to avoid those (and they are numerous) where comparatively small benefits are likely to accrue. Regarding his solicitor as a man of experience, he consults him about the selection of the best office, or puts the business at once into his hands as a piece of professional employment. Here it clearly is of the greatest importance for the interests of the assuring party that his agent or consultee should be an unbiassed man; but can we be assured that he really is so, if three-fourths of the life-assurance offices are holding him forth bribes of various amount, to induce him to drag the victim to their especial altar? Certainly, although honesty in such circumstances is not impossible, it is far from likely, and can in no measure be certain. The system does all it can to make rogues, and we have no security against their not being made. We must presume the intending assurer to be ignorant of this profligate practice. He relies implicitly on his agent, as he has a good right to do, seeing that he employs him to give an honest counsel. He expects that that office which will give most liberally to his widow and orphans is to be selected, according to the conscientious judgment of his counsellor. But what, on the contrary, is done? Why, he is, perhaps, led to an office which does not hold forth any particular advantages to him (the assurer), but which contents itself with only holding forth some advantages to his agent. He is, in short, betrayed by the paltry cupidity of that man (trust-worthy, perhaps, in all other circumstances) into a transaction which, very probably, is just the least advantageous that he could have effected in the circumstances.

To give an idea of how the interests of an individual may be betrayed in this manner, we take the following example from Mr Babbage's *Comparative View of the Various Institutions for Assurance of Lives* (1826). 'A clergyman, in order to provide at his death for a numerous family, succeeded, by great economy, in saving from his income sufficient to assure his life for £2000; being unacquainted with business, he unfortunately trusted the choice of the office at which he assured to the attorney whom he had been in the habit of employing. The attorney effected the policy at one of those offices which make no return of any part of the profits, and which, notwithstanding, charge the same prices as the Equitable. During about twenty years, he received a commission of five per cent. from the office [realising in all probably £50], which was paid out of the annual sum, with difficulty spared from the scanty income of his employer: and on the death of the clergyman, his seven surviving orphans received from the office the original sum assured, £2000, instead of about £3200, which they might have received from the Equitable, had not the bribe held out by the other office been too great for the integrity of their father's solicitor.' We can add another illustration, in which the honest course was taken; and we are the more happy to do so, as it reflects credit on a profession which is here presented in an unpleasant light. A solicitor of our acquaintance was employed to effect an assurance for £2000 about the year 1820. He adopted a non-bribing office, which divided profits among the assured, instead of going to a certain other one in his eye, where he would have secured a 'commission' of ten guineas, but which did not divide profits. The premiums were somewhat different, but not to a great extent, at least not nearly so great as the results would have been at the end of seventeen years—the currency of the transaction—when the representatives of the assuring party got seven hundred pounds additional.

Unquestionably, the heavier part of this 'dishonesty in a high walk' lies at the door of the offices which hold forth the temptation; and, for this reason, we present a list of what we believe to constitute nearly the whole of the honourable minority which reject such means of obtaining business, believing that we are not only thus putting a deserved, though negative stigma upon a corrupt practice, but helping to guard the public against



a betrayal of its interests. The following are non-bribing offices:—In London, the Equitable, Amicable, London Life Association, Mutual Assurance, Rock, and Metropolitan—all being mutual offices excepting the two last, which have an admixture of the proprietary system: in Edinburgh, the Scottish Widows' Fund, the Scottish Equitable, the Scottish Provident, and the Scottish Amicable—all of these last being mutually-assuring and profit-dividing societies.\*

We conclude with some remarks by Mr De Morgan,† to which every honourable mind must respond. 'All who have written on this subject of late years have attacked this bribe, for such it is; but they have directed all their censures upon the offices, as if they were the only parties to blame. If indeed the bribe had been offered to the needy and ignorant only, this partial distribution of blame might have been allowed; but, when the parties who receive the bribe are men of education, and moving in those professions which bring the successful to affluence, I do not see the justice of allowing them to escape. I have little doubt that an increasing sense of right and wrong will banish this unworthy practice, either by failure of givers or receivers. A barrister cannot offer commission on the briefs which he brings, nor can a physician pay an apothecary for his recommendation; a jury never receives a hint that the plaintiff will give commission on the damages which they award; and the time will come when the offer of money to a person, whose unbiassed opinion is already the property of another, will be deemed what it really is; namely, bribery and corruption. It is one among many proofs how low is the standard of collective morality, and how easy it is for honourable individuals to do in concert that from which they would separately shrink.'

## SPINNING OUT.

It is the conviction of the writer of this, and of many persons with whom he has conversed on the subject, that the suffering caused by bankruptcies, so frequently occurring, would be greatly lessened if the principles of Christian morality were held and acted upon in commercial transactions.

The fact is striking and alarming, that, of late years, the dividends which bankrupt estates generally yield are so small, as hardly to be reckoned on. This is the result of 'spinning out' estates to the last extremity. Let an instance be stated. A person who was a small manufacturer in a country town eight years ago, commenced consigning his goods, and drawing advances. The returns were unprofitable; but instead of lessening his trade, he greatly extended it, getting increased advances; till, within five years, he shipped to the extent of £40,000 per annum; sending, without regard to the state of the market, what was more than one-third of the whole of an article sent to India. He now became bankrupt, leaving an estate which did not pay one shilling in the pound, besides having injured the market and all concerned with it. Another case is that of a merchant who failed in 1839 for £24,000, one-third only of which was composed of debts for goods, the balance being for accommodation-bills between him and another house in similar circumstances. These may be somewhat extreme cases; but similar features characterise a great proportion of the failures which occurred during the last crisis. An examination into the affairs of most bankrupt estates will show that the men went on long after they ceased to be possessed of capital; the consequence of which was, that they had to purchase on credit, and, consequently, to a disadvantage; and, irrespective of the state of trade, were forced on to increased responsibilities to meet their increasing embarrassments; until, every means of keeping themselves afloat being exhausted, necessity, not their sense of rectitude and of

the claims of their creditors, with whose money they were trading, forced them to stop, leaving ruined estates.

It is well known that the trade of Paisley suffered but little from bad debts previous to the late crisis there, but that they had gone on by means of the credit system, driving what had been, for two years previously, a losing business.

Now, ought the person who acts thus to stand equal in society with the person who never contracts a debt without a fair prospect of paying it? If a trader is justified in any instance in going on after he has lost his capital, ought it not to be required of him, in order that his character be held unblemished, that he had good prospects of being able to continue to pay his debts, and that he stopped as soon as he found this not to be the case? The fact is, that, unless in cases directly fraudulent, the public make little distinction in bankruptcies; and even the bankrupt himself is far from having the standard of integrity in his own mind very accurately constructed.

## LIFE AND POETRY OF JAMES HISLOP.

THE world cannot be said to know the name of James Hislop as that of a poet. He is known, however, in this character by a portion of the public in our own section of the island, in consequence, almost solely, of one small production—a set of verses entitled *A Cameronian Dream*, which first appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine for February 1821. When this somewhat remarkable poem is perused, our readers have had an opportunity of knowing nearly as much of the author as any, except private friends, have hitherto known. Let them previously understand, that it relates a peasant's tale of superstition, connected with a muirland spot in Ayrshire, where a small party of the wilder Presbyterians of Charles II.'s time were attacked by soldiers in 1680, when their minister, Cameron, was slain. The spot is still marked by a flat gravestone inscribed to the memory of the sufferers.

## A CAMERONIAN DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away  
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;  
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,  
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,  
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;  
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,  
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east  
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;  
On Wardlaw and Cairntrale the clear shining dew  
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,  
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness;  
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;  
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revelations,  
Who drank from the scenery of beauty bitter sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,  
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying;  
For the horsemen of Earlsbail around them were hovering,  
And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;  
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,  
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing;  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;  
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter;  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire, they were shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm and unbending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

\* We shall be happy to publish, in a conspicuous manner, the names of any other life-assurance offices which either do not now give bribes for business, or shall hereafter abandon the practice.

† Essay on Probabilities, Cabinet Cyclopaedia, 1826.



The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,  
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the nighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;  
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding:  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

If this poem be read with interest, some particulars respecting the author, who has been for many years deceased, will not be felt as superfluous. He was simply and literally a shepherd of the Scottish mountains, and at the time of the above composition, was only in his twenty-third year. The lowly youth, panting for education, and daring to hope that even some share of distinction may yet rest upon his humble name, may well take encouragement from the story of Hislop, who was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkeconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and reared by a grandfather who pursued the calling of a country weaver. Under the care, and with the assistance of this kind relative, who was a favourable specimen of the Scottish peasant, a man of piety and worth, and an elder in his parish church, young Hislop taught himself to read. He early exhibited that thirst for knowledge, and that habit of indiscriminate book-devouring, which form, perhaps, the most familiar marks of the class of minds destined to rise above the common level. It was also when little more than a child, that he was sent to tend sheep and cattle at the farm of Dalblair, in a neighbouring parish. A year of schooling, at about the age of thirteen, formed his only regular education; and after this he resumed his humble duties on another farm. It is a situation by no means so Arcadian as many city people suppose; but it had at least the virtue for Hislop of allowing him retirement and intervals of leisure for study. In the lee of a furze bush on the hill-side, wrapped in his plaid, might the boy have often been seen counting some volume which chance had thrown in his way; while his faithful dog kept an eye upon his fleecy charge. As with Burns, 'no book was so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches.' But, as might be expected, those which addressed the imagination and the feelings were his greatest favourites. 'My mother,' he said, 'used to reprimand me with much severity when she found me reading any book except the Bible and the Confession of Faith. She said Burns's Poems were just a whien blethers [a parcel of frivolous nonsense]. Many a severe scolding has she given me when my stocking wires got rusty in consequence of Robinson Crusoe. But I got very high in her favour when I distinguished myself by wielding the scythe and the sickle.'

Boghead, where he now served, is in the parish of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, and here he was in the immediate neighbourhood of Airmoss, the scene of the Cameron skirmish of 1680. Pondering on the monument of this event, and listening to the still fresh and much revered traditions of it which float about amongst the peasantry, helped to nourish the seeds of poetry in his mind. To him, too, the tales of goblins, of fairies, and of apparitions of the Evil One, which are told by the rustic fireside, came with a help of feeling and of fancy, which left them to reside in his heart as poetry for ever. Some years having passed in this place, he removed to Corsebank, on the rivulet Crawick, near the residence of his worthy grandfather, and afterwards to Carcoe, near Sanquhar. He now availed himself of the opportunity of obtaining private instructions in grammar and in the Latin language, the latter being an attainment looked upon with great respect

amongst the rustics of Scotland. To this he added French and mathematics, mainly advancing in all these pursuits by means of his own ready mind, unfading zeal, and steady perseverance. At twenty, he had become a sort of wonder in his remote pastoral neighbourhood, both for his acquirements, and the power which he had shown of composing poems and songs in his vernacular tongue. 'I was now,' he says in a letter to a friend, 'an awkward shepherd boy, whose whole knowledge was confined to the Bible, and the various books of divinity and diversion that shepherd libraries could furnish me with. My principal hobby was Hutton's Arithmetic and Bonycastle's Algebra; rather odd company for a poetical shepherd, you will allow.' The fact is a valuable one, as tending to convince young persons smitten with a love of poetry, that there is no good reason why they may not employ the mind also in some of those severer studies which train the thinking powers. It was soon after this that the charms of a rural maiden, whose name seems to have been Ann, first gave depth to the poetic effusions of the Dumfriesshire shepherd. Some gleams of ambition now visited him, and he opened an evening school for the instruction of his humble neighbours. Towards the end of 1819, when twenty-one years of age, he was induced to remove to Greenock, and there venture to depend entirely on teaching. About the same time, specimens of his poetry began to find their way into the Edinburgh Magazine, the amiable editor of which, the Reverend Mr Morehead, was pleased to take an interest in his welfare. In a prose communication to this gentleman, he gave, in clear and correct language, an indirect account of 'what had fed his mind in his shepherd life.' 'Had you spent,' he says, 'as many Sabbath days among the Scottish peasantry as I have done, you would join me in thinking that there is yet an extensive field for the cultivation of a higher order of poetry than much that has yet appeared in our language. The popular superstitions, too, that are still current among the peasantry of Nithsdale and Ayrshire, would, of themselves, furnish an abundant supply of awful materials for the fancy of a skilful poet. Who that has ever heard of the fairies of Pal-veach or Glenmuir—the dead-lights carried by dead men, that have been seen among the haunted woods of Garpal or Crawick—the fiery coach that appeared at midnight at the grave of the murdered Cameron in Airmoss—the spectre that vanished in blood near the Wellwood, in the parish of Muirkirk—and hundreds more of the same kind that might be enumerated; who, I say, that has heard of these, and has been familiar with the characters and feelings of the people among whom they are cherished, will deny that such dread familiarity with the beings of another world has communicated to them an elevation and sublimity of mind highly poetical—perhaps not unfavourable to the cultivation of religion, as more awful conceptions must thus be produced of that Being "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire?"'

He soon after visited Edinburgh, where Mr Morehead gratified him by an introduction to Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey, and the Reverend Mr Alison. These gentlemen might well give kindly greeting to a youth who had penned verses so richly poetical in diction as the following *Imitation of a Passage in Tasso's Aminta*, which had just then come out in the pages of Mr Morehead's magazine.

When I was just a wee wee callan,\*  
Binnan about my Annie's dwallan,  
We aften toddlet out thegither,  
And gowanst pou't wi' ane anither.

Her saft and shinan yellow hair  
Hang curlin' o'er her white neck bare,  
Dancin' upo' the simmer breeze—  
And I wad climb the leafy trees,

\* Little boy.

† Tattered.

‡ Daisies.

To cull the fruits o' sweetest juice,  
Of which my Annie had made choice.  
While thus amang the woods we ran,  
An early friendship soon began :

And she was gentler far than ony,  
And she was playful, young, and bonnie,  
And no ane amang a' the fair,  
Wi' my young Annie could compare.

In thae sweet years o' early luvie,  
The kind and gentle turtle dove  
Was not mair happy wi' its mate,  
Than we thegither air and late.

Our dwellans they were closely joined,  
But closer war our hearts combined,  
And though we were exactly yealans,\*  
We nearer were in thoughts and feelings.

By little and by little grew  
Up in my heart, I kenna how,  
Like a wee gowan by its lane,  
An unkent love for my sweet Ann,  
Which made me always wish to be  
In that young lassie's company.

When we were sitting on a bank,  
I from her eyes a sweetness drank,  
That made me wonder what could be  
Sae sweet in a young lassie's ee.

Such draughts of sweetness left a pain,  
That never could be healed again ;  
Besides, they often made me sigh ;  
I could not tell the reason why. \* \*

Beneath a shady green beech-tree,  
Ae day Eliza, Ann, and me,  
Playfully passed away the hours—  
The bees drank honey 'mang the flowers.

Eliza's cheek, vermilion pure,  
The bees mistook it for a flower ;  
Ane o' them cam' wi' bummin' wing,  
And wae-sucks ! pierced it wi' his stung.

Eliza's cheek was unco sair,  
And she began a greetin' † there ;  
My Annie, wi' her voice sae sweet,  
Said, Whist, Eliza ! dinna greet ;

I hae a charm will heal the wound,  
And mak' your cheek yet hale and sound ;  
I learned it frae an auld wise woman,  
Kent mony a thing that wasna common.

This said, my Annie did advance  
Her sweet wee mouth, wi' laughin' glance,  
Began to try her magic powers,  
Wi' lips as soft as honey flowers.

She prest them to the bumbee wound,  
Wi' sic a sweet and mummur' sound,  
That really, wonderfu' to say,  
Eliza's stang died quite away.

The virtue o' her lips was such,  
They healed it wi' their very touch.

And I, who never had before  
Observed in Annie any mero  
Than the soft languor of her eyes ;  
Her voice that waked my softest sighs—

A voice far sweeter than the burnie  
That plays o'er mony a pebbled turnie,  
Sweeter than simmer's sigh, that heaves  
Amang the flowers and rustlan leaves—

Began to feel a new desire ;  
Within my heart then burnt a fire,  
That made me long to press her lips,  
And drink the dew's a lover sips.

Nae ither plan remained for me,  
Than to bring back Eliza's bee,  
And make it come wi' bummin' wing,  
And gie my cheek like hers a sting.

Whether my cheek was stinged or no,  
It matters not—but I did go  
To Annie—who my tale believed—  
For piteously I grat and grieved.

Soon did the simple girl prepare  
To mend my cheek was stang't sae sair ;  
But ah ! the sting her lips did gie  
Inflamed far waur than ony bee !

The Greenock speculation turned out ill, and affected his health, for the recovery of which he was obliged to return to the *bras* of Carcoe. Here he wandered

about for some months, comparatively idle, yet not neglecting his studies, which now extended to French and Italian literature, and caused him to be regarded as a wonder by all his old friends, his uncle included, who always spoke of him as an 'unco chiel,' and thought there was nothing he could not do. It was at the end of the year that he composed his *Cameronian Dream*, which, being published in the magazine, immediately attracted attention. Mr Jeffrey, in particular, was so much pleased with it, that he sent the author a present. Hislop now tried a school in Edinburgh, but had not been engaged in it long, when, by the interest of the gentleman last named, he obtained the appointment of school-master in the Doris frigate, then about to sail for the South American station.

During his absence at sea, Hislop kept up as regular a correspondence as circumstances would permit with his friend and patron, the editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. When not engaged in the tuition of the midshipmen and others intrusted to his charge, he applied himself sedulously to the improvement of his own mind by reading and composition. After an absence of upwards of three years, the Doris returned to England, and Hislop once more visited his native scenery and relations at Carcoe, where he resumed his contributions to the *Edinburgh Magazine* in a series of 'Letters from South America,' which at that time excited very considerable interest. In the end of 1825 he proceeded to London, and became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, Mrs Joanna Baillie, and Mr Lockhart of the *Quarterly Review*, and was subsequently engaged as a reporter for one of the London newspapers, an occupation, however, for which he appears to have entertained little partiality, and which soon terminated. The fidelity with which he reported one of the sermons of the celebrated Edward Irving, afterwards brought him into acquaintance with that remarkable man, who presented him with a beautiful pocket Bible in the original language, and a Hebrew grammar, and, as in many other cases where he met with young men of ability, but without employment, strongly urged him to study for the church. In 1826 he was appointed head master of an academy in the neighbourhood of London, and in about twelve months after, he joined the Tweed man-of-war, under the command of Lord Henry Spencer, ordered to the Mediterranean, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope. His diligence and labour in study and composition were remarkable. Although highly respected by all on board, it can be easily imagined that the manners and conversation of a ship's company were not such as to allure the school-master much into their society, and therefore, except when professionally engaged in teaching, his time was chiefly occupied in the retirement of his own little cabin. His powers of composition were great ; but as he composed with much rapidity, his writings, though abounding with brilliant flashes of imagination, and evincing great amiability and tenderness of feeling, are necessarily deficient in that vigour and concentration of thought which are only to be acquired by an attentive study of the best authors, serious reflection, and a careful weeding out of superfluous words and unmeaning expletives. Among the numerous poems composed at sea, that entitled the 'Scottish Sacramental Sabbath,' after the manner of Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night*, is perhaps the best. The following verses may be taken as a specimen :—

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills ;  
The sunbeams sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,  
Frae heath-clad hamlets 'mang the muirland rills,  
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet—  
Skiffin' the daisies drouket † the weat,\*  
The nibblin' flocks come bleatin' down the brae,  
To shadowy pastures screened frae simmer heat,  
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,  
'Mang holms of clover red, and bright brown rye-grass hay.

\* The same age.

† Crying.

\* Daubed with wet.

His ewes and lambs brought careful frae the height,  
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;  
On green-ward scented lawn, wi' gowns white,  
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book soiled an' torn,  
The task prepared, assigned for Sabbath morn,  
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;  
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,  
Kneels down apart, her spirit to prepare,  
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat, wi' solemn converse mixed,  
At early hour they finish their repast,  
The pious sire repeats full many a text  
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.  
To see her little family fealty drest,  
The careful matron feels a mother's pride;  
Gies this a linen shirt—gies that a vest—  
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide;  
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding-ropes provide.

The sisters buskit seek the garden walk,  
Together flowers, and watch the warning bell;  
Sweet-William, dangle dewy frae the stalk,  
Is mixed wi' mountain daisies rich in smell:  
Green sweet-brier—sprigs and daisies frae the dell,  
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode;  
And Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;  
Then down the sunny winding woodland road,  
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

On her outward voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, while the Tweed was cruising off the Cape de Verd Islands, Hislop, one of the officers, the whole of the midshipmen, and the surgeon, made a party of pleasure to visit the island of St Jago. The officer, being afraid to remain upon the island during the night, returned to the ship by swimming; the rest slept on shore in the open air, and were in consequence all seized with a violent fever. Six of them, including the surgeon and four midshipmen, died after a short illness. Hislop lingered for twelve days, and died on the 4th December 1827, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. The event was deeply regretted by all who knew him. Had his life been spared, there is every reason to believe he would have risen to a most respectable position in the literary world. 'He was mild, gentle, and kind-hearted,' said the late Allan Cunningham in a letter to the writer of this article; 'and, as was the man, so was his genius; elegant rather than vigorous: sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was lofty occasionally too. His compositions, coloured slightly by a fortune more uncertain than happy, have much deep feeling, and a love warm and devout for all the living and moving works of God. He was a frequent and welcome visitor of my fireside, and I heard of his tragic death with the sorrow of a brother.'

## LEGENDS RESPECTING TREES.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

LIKE other natural objects of signal importance to man, whether yielding food, affording shelter, or simply conferring loveliness on the landscape, trees, in the earlier stages of society, have uniformly been the fertile subjects of poetical and mythological allusion. Many of the prettiest legends of heathen antiquity, as well as of our Christian progenitors, relate to trees; while poets, in all countries and ages, have borrowed from them their most brilliant imagery and comparisons. Without inquiring into the causes of these varied allusions, we intend to present the reader with a few of the more remarkable legends, as gleaned from the late Mr London's magnificent work—'The Trees and Shrubs of Great Britain.'

The *White Poplar*, according to ancient mythology, was consecrated to Hercules, because he destroyed Cacus in a cavern of mount Aventine, which was covered with these trees; and in the moment of his triumph, bound his brow with a branch of one as a token of his victory. When he descended into the infernal regions, he also returned with a wreath of white poplar round his head. It was this, says the fable, that made the leaves of the colour they are now. The perspiration from the hero's brow made the inner part of the leaf white; while the smoke of the lower regions turned the upper surface of

the leaves almost black. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were always crowned with branches of this tree; and all who had gloriously conquered their enemies in battle wore garlands of it, in imitation of Hercules. In 'The Sentiment of Flowers,' it is said that the ancients consecrated the white poplar to Time, because the leaves are in continual agitation; and being of a blackish green on one side, with a thick white cotton on the other, these were supposed to indicate the alternation of day and night.

The *Black Poplar* is no less celebrated in fable than its congener above-mentioned. According to Ovid, when Phaëthon borrowed the chariot and horses of the sun, and, by his heedless driving, set half the world on fire, he was hurled from the chariot by Jupiter into the Po, where he was drowned; and his sisters, the Heliades, wandering on the banks of the river, were changed into trees—supposed by most commentators to be poplars. The evidence in favour of the poplar consists in there being abundance of black poplars on the banks of the Po; in the poplar, in common with many other aquatic trees, being so surcharged with moisture, as to have it exuding through the pores of the leaves, which may thus literally be said to weep; and in there being no tree on which the Sun shines more brightly than on the black poplar, thus still showing gleams of parental affection to the only memorial left of the unhappy son whom his own fondness had contributed to destroy.

The *Apple Tree*, so singularly connected with the first transgression and fall of man, is distinguished alike in the mythologies of the Greeks, Scandinavians, and Druids. The golden fruits of the Hesperides, which it was one of the labours of Hercules to procure, in spite of the sleepless dragon which guarded them, were believed by the pagans to be apples. Hercules was worshipped by the Thebans under the name of Melius; and apples were offered at his altars. The origin of this custom was the circumstance of the river Asopus having on one occasion overflowed its banks to such an extent, as to render it impossible to bring a sheep across it which was to be sacrificed to Hercules; when some youths, recollecting that an apple bore the same name as a sheep in Greek (*mélon*), offered an apple, with four little sticks stuck in it, to resemble legs, as a substitute for sheep; and after that period, the pagans always considered the apple as especially devoted to Hercules. In the Scandinavian Edda, we are told that the goddess Iduna had the care of apples which had the power of conferring immortality; and which were consequently reserved for the gods, who ate of them when they began to feel themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loke, took away Iduna and her apple tree, and hid them in a forest, where they could not be found by the gods. In consequence of this malicious theft, everything went wrong in the world. The gods became old and infirm; and, enfeebled both in body and in mind, no longer paid the same attention to the affairs of the earth; and men having no one to look after them, fell into evil courses, and became the prey of the evil spirit. At length the gods, finding matters get worse and worse every day, roused their last remains of vigour, and combining together, forced Loke to restore the tree.

The Druids paid particular reverence to the apple tree, because the mistletoe was supposed to grow only on it and the oak; and also on account of the usefulness of its fruit. In consequence of this feeling, the apple was cultivated in Britain from the earliest ages of which we have any record; and Glastonbury was called the apple orchard, from the quantity of apples grown there previous to the time of the Romans. Many old rites and ceremonies are therefore connected with this tree, some of which are practised in the orchard districts even at the present day. 'On Christmas eve,' says Mrs Bray, 'the farmers and their men in Devonshire take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it; and carrying it in state to the orchard, they salute the apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make

them bear well next season. This salutation consists in throwing some of the cider about the roots of the tree, placing bits of the toast on the branches; and then forming themselves into a ring, they, like the bards of old, set up their voices and sing a song, which may be found in Brand's Popular Antiquities. In Hone's Every-Day Book, this custom is mentioned, but with some slight variation.

The wassail bowl, drunk on All Hallow E'en, Twelfth Day Eve, Christmas Eve, and on other festivals of the church, was compounded of ale, sugar, nutmeg, and roasted apples, which every person partook of; each taking out an apple with the spoon, and then drinking out of the bowl. Sometimes the roasted apples were bruised and mixed with milk or white wine instead of ale; and in some parts of the country apples were roasted on a string, till they dropped off into a bowl of spiced ale beneath, which was called *Lamb's Wool*. The reason of this name, which is common to all the compounds of apples and ale, is attributed by Vallancey to its being drunk on the 31st of October, All Hallow E'en; the first day of November being dedicated to the angel presiding over fruit, seeds, &c., and therefore named *Lu Mas Ubhal*; that is, the day of the apple-fruit: and this being pronounced lamosool, soon became corrupted by the English into lamb's wool. Apples were blessed by the priests on the 25th of July; and an especial form for this purpose is preserved in the manual of the church of Sarum.

The custom of bobbing for apples on All Hallow E'en, and on All Saints Day, which was formerly common over all England, and is still practised in some parts of Ireland, has lately been rendered familiar by M'Clise's masterly painting of the Sports of All Hallow E'en. A kind of hanging-beam, which was continually turning, was suspended from the roof of the room, and an apple placed at one end, and a lighted candle at the other. The parties having their hands tied behind them, and being to catch the apples with their mouths, frequently caught the candle instead. In Warwickshire, apples are tied to a string, and caught at in the same manner; but the lighted candle is omitted: and in the same county children roast apples on a string on Christmas Eve; the first who can catch an apple, when it drops from the string, getting it. In Scotland, apples are put into a tub of water, and then bobbed for with the mouth.

The *Ash*, according to heathen mythology, furnished the wood of which Cupid made his arrows, before he had learned to adopt the more fatal cypress. In the Scandinavian Edda, it is stated that the court of the gods is held under a mighty ash, the summit of which reaches the heavens, the branches overshadow the whole earth, and the roots penetrate to the infernal regions. An eagle rests on its summit, to observe everything that passes, to whom a squirrel constantly ascends to report those things which the exalted bird may have neglected to notice. Serpents are twined round the trunk; and from the roots there spring two limpid fountains, in one of which wisdom lies concealed, and in the other a knowledge of the things to come. Three virgins constantly attend on this tree, to sprinkle its leaves with water from the magic fountains; and this water, falling on the earth in the shape of dew, produces honey. Man, according to the Edda, was formed from the wood of this tree. Ancient writers of all nations state that the serpent entertains an extraordinary respect for the ash. Pliny says that if a serpent be placed near a fire, and both surrounded by ash-twigs, the serpent will sooner run into the fire than pass over the pieces of ash; and Dioscorides asserts that the juice of ash leaves, mixed with wine, is a cure for the bite of that reptile. Evelyn mentions that in some parts of England the country people believe that, if they split young ash trees, and make ruptured children pass through the cleft, it will cure them; and the Rev. W. T. Bree relates an instance, within his personal knowledge, of this extraordinary superstition having been lately practised in Warwickshire. Lightfoot says that,

in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife puts one end of a green stick of this tree into the fire, and, while it is burning, gathering in a spoon the juice which oozes out at the other end, administers this as the first spoonful of food to the newly-born baby.

The *Oak* appears early to have been an object of worship among the Celts and ancient Britons. Under the form of this tree the Celts worshipped their god Tuet, and the Britons Turnawa, their god of thunder. Baal, the Celtic god of fire, whose festival (that of Yule) was kept at Christmas, was also worshipped under the semblance of an oak. The Druids professed to maintain perpetual fire; and once every year all the fires belonging to the people were extinguished, and re-lighted from the sacred fire of their priests. This was the origin of the Yule log, with which, even so lately as the middle of last century, the Christmas fire, in some parts of the country, was always kindled; a fresh log being thrown on and lighted, but taken off before it was consumed, and reserved to kindle the Christmas fire of the following year. The Yule log was always of oak; and as the ancient Britons believed that it was essential for their hearth-fires to be renewed every year from the sacred fire of the Druids, so their descendants thought that some misfortune would befall them if any accident happened to the Yule log.

The worship of the Druids was generally performed under an oak, and a heap of stones or cairn was erected on which the sacred fire was kindled. Before the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, the Druids fasted for several days, and offered sacrifices in wicker baskets or frames, which, however, were not of willow, but of oak twigs curiously interwoven, and were similar to that still carried by Jack-in-the-green on May-day, which, according to some, is a relic of Druidism. The well-known chorus of 'Hey, derry down,' according to Professor Barnet, was a Druidic chant, signifying literally, 'In a circle the oak move around.' Criminals were tried under an oak tree; the judge, with the jury, being seated under its shade, and the culprit placed in a circle made by the chief Druid's wand. The Saxons also held their national meetings under an oak; and the celebrated conference between the Saxons and the Britons, after the invasion of the former, was held under the oaks of Dartmoor.

The *Mistletoe*, particularly that which grows on the oak, was held in great veneration by the Britons. At the beginning of their year, the Druids went in solemn procession into the forests, and raised a grass altar at the foot of the finest oak, on which they inscribed the names of those gods which were considered as the most powerful. After this the chief Druid, clad in a white garment, ascended the tree, and cropped the mistletoe with a consecrated golden pruning-hook, the other Druids receiving it in a pure white cloth, which they held beneath the tree. The mistletoe was then dipped in water by the principal Druid, and distributed among the people, as a preservative against witchcraft and diseases. If any part of the plant touched the ground, it was considered to be the omen of some dreadful misfortune which was about to fall upon the land. The ceremony was always performed when the moon was six days old, and two white bulls were sacrificed at the conclusion. In Scandinavian mythology, Loke, the evil spirit, is said to have made the arrow with which he wounded Balder (Apollo), the son of Friga (Venus), of mistletoe branches. Balder was charmed against injury from everything which sprang from fire, earth, air, and water; but the mistletoe, springing from neither, was found to be fatal, and Balder was not restored to the world till by a general effort of the other gods. The magical properties of the mistletoe are mentioned both by Virgil and Ovid. In the dark ages a similar belief prevailed; and even to the present day the peasants of Holstein, and some other countries, call the mistletoe the 'spectre's wand,' from the supposition, that holding a branch of mistletoe will not only enable a man to see

ghosts, but to force them to speak to him. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas has been handed down to us by our Saxon ancestors, who, on the restoration of Balder, dedicated the plant to their Venus (Friga), to place it entirely under her control, and to prevent it from being again used against her as an instrument of mischief. In the feudal ages, it was gathered with great solemnity on Christmas eve, and hung up in the great hall with loud shouts and rejoicing:—

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice near.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dressed with holly green:  
Forth to the woods did merry men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

The *Holly*, like some other evergreens, has long been used at Christmas for ornamenting churches and dwelling-houses. It appears to have been first made use of for this purpose by the early Christians at Rome, and was probably adopted for decorating the churches at Christmas, because holly was used in the great festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about that period. It was customary among the Romans to send boughs of holly, during the Saturnalia, as emblematical of good wishes, with the gifts they presented to their friends at that season; and the holly came thus to be considered as an emblem of peace and good-will. Whatever may have been the origin of the practice of decorating churches and houses with holly, it is of great antiquity. In England, perhaps, the earliest record of the custom is in a carol in praise of holly, written in the time of Henry VI., beginning with the stanza—

Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wys;  
Let holly hafe the maystry (mastery), as the maner is.  
Holly stonde in the halle, fayre to behold;  
Ivy stonde without the dore; she is ful sore a-cold.

In illustration of which it must be observed, that the ivy, being dedicated to Bacchus, was used as a vintner's sign in winter, and hung outside the door. The disciples of Zoroaster, the author of fire-worship, believed that the sun never shadows the holly tree; and the followers of that philosopher, who still remain in Persia and India, are said to throw water impregnated with holly bark in the face of a new-born child. In the language of flowers, the holly is the symbol of foresight and caution.

#### HOOD'S MAGAZINE—THE MAISON DE DEUIL.

A NEW magazine, with Mr Thomas Hood for editor, cannot fail to attract, and, we should likewise think, to deserve attention. The first few numbers present a most agreeable melange of light literature, by the editor and his friends. We cannot avoid making particular reference to a poem of Mr Hood's, entitled 'The Haunted House,' which, for impressive description, exceeds everything of the kind which we have seen for a long time; confirming what must have been suggested to many minds besides our own, by the Dream of Eugene Aram, and some other serious productions of this author, that his comicalities are but the more trivial effusions of a mind which, if left free in the exertion of its powers, might rival some of our greatest masters in the regions of fancy and feeling. Unfortunately, the public call most loudly for amusement, and Mr Hood is obliged to obey the call. Acting on the same consideration, we are constrained to prefer, to all more serious matters, a sample of drollery.

It is an extract from a piece in the form of a farce, entitled 'The House of Mourning,' in which the establishment of shops in London, exclusively for the sale

of mourning attire, is exposed to playful satire. A shop of this kind, painted black outside, after the fashion of a Parisian *Maison de Deuil*, attracts the attention of a country squire and his lady, and, influenced by curiosity, they forthwith enter the establishment. Ebony chairs being placed for their accommodation, they are addressed by a young man in black, who speaks across the counter with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.

'May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

*Lady.* I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

*Shopman.* Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume?

*Lady.* Yes; a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine who has lost her husband.

*Shopm.* Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

*Lady.* Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

*Shopm.* Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

*Lady.* Yes, I should like to see them.

*Shopm.* Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—watered, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

*Squire.* Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

*Shopm.* A little slight, sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last for ever, sir.

*Squire.* No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

*Lady.* La! Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction? But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

*Shopm.* Certainly, by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal, indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

*Lady.* And all in the French style?

*Shopm.* Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning—makes up very sombre and interesting.

*Lady.* I daresay it does, sir.

*Shopm.* Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

*Squire.* You had better cut me off first.

*Shopm.* Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am—

*Lady.* Is it proper, sir, to mourn in velvet?

*Shopm.* O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the *Luxury of Wo*.

*Lady.* Very expensive, of course?

*Shopm.* Only eighteen shillings a-yard, and a superior quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

*Squire.* Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfluous as it goes upwards in life?

*Shopm.* Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, sir!

*Lady.* To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

*Shopm.* O, infinite—the largest stock in town! Full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an Indian drawing, from a grief pronounced to the slightest amount of regret.

**Lady.** Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

**Shopm.** Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

**Squire.** What, the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

**Shopm.** Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. (*Calls across.*) Mr Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop and take seats vis-à-vis; Mr Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn,*

**Shopm.** You wish to inspect some half mourning, madam?

**Lady.** Yes—the newest patterns.

**Shopm.** Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided—alleviated, you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead colour!

**Squire.** As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

**Shopm.** Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

**Squire.** Old women, mayhap, about seventy?

**Shopm.** Exactly so, sir—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

**Lady.** Yes; it feels very stout.

**Shopm.** But perhaps, madam, that is too *lugubre*. Now, here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a wo moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.

After a little more chat of this dolorous kind, the pair are shown into a back room, hung with black, and decorated with looking-glasses in black frames. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.

**Show.** Your melancholy pleasure, ma'am?

**Lady.** Widow's caps.

**Squire.** Humph!—that's plump, anyhow!

**Show.** This is the newest style, ma'am—

**Lady.** Bless me! for a widow? Isn't it rather—you know, rather a little—

**Squire.** Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

**Show.** Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernised, and admits more *goût* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap—but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathiser*—

**Squire.** Where is he?

**Show.** This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

**Lady.** Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

**Show.** Would you like to try it, ma'am?

**Lady.** No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—pray what are those?

**Show.** Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand—an exquisite piece of work—

**Squire.** Better than a noisy one!

**Show.** Here is another, ma'am—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, ma'am.

**Squire.** But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

**Show.** O dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

**Squire.** O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

Curiosity being now appeased, the lady leaves the shop with her plain-spoken husband, who, turning back, takes a last look at the premises.

**Squire.** Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool!

Well, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!

#### ORIGIN AND TREATMENT OF GLANDERS.

THE veterinary disease, glanders, when communicated to the human subject, produces sufferings of the direst kind, and is (in the present state of medicine) incurable. The utmost that can now be done by medical science with a regard to the disease, is to suggest measures of prevention; which are the more necessary, as at present there are erroneous views respecting the origin and mode of propagation of the disease, which are extremely apt to cause the dreaded effects to take place. With a view to protect our fellow-creatures from a calamity of so dreadful a kind, we call the particular attention of all persons concerned in the management of stables, to the following authoritative statement on the subject in Dr Burgess's *Manual of Diseases of the Skin*:—

'M. Hamont's researches go to prove that the old notion of glanders being always the result of damp, narrow, and ill-ventilated stables, is erroneous. He maintains—1. That the original causes of glanders do not exist in stables; 2. That the habitation exerts but a very secondary influence towards their development; 3. That an insufficiency, or a bad quality of food, may excite both glanders and farcy in degenerated animals; and, lastly, that they never appear spontaneously in the blood-horse when well fed and well taken care of. The matter of a glandered sore may produce farcy, and that of a farcy-bred may produce glanders—a convincing proof of the identity of these diseases.

The treatment of glanders, like the remote causes of that disease, is vague and uncertain, and as yet no remedies have been discovered that can prevail against it. The prophylactic [preventive] measures are, however, more evident. As we know that the disease, when once generated, may be transmitted by inoculation, every precaution should be taken to obviate that event. For example, persons going about, or handling glandered animals, brute or human, should frequently wash their hands, and perhaps their face as well, in a strong solution of alum; the slightest scratch or cut on any part of the skin that is exposed should be covered and protected; and the attendants should wear long gloves. Various remedies have been recommended, with the view of arresting the disease; but their administration has been attended with little benefit. Fumigations with the vapour of a combination of sulphur and iodine, as I have recommended in *lepra*, will be found most useful in allaying the pain of the ulcerated tumours, and in altering the vitality of the inflamed and enlarged glands before they suppurate. In case of inoculation in the thigh, or in any part of the body where a cupping-glass may be applied, it should be instantly employed, and the wound should be deeply cauterised immediately afterwards.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

In the disastrous retreat which the British army made in Spain in December 1808, under the command of Sir John Moore, the army was passing a mountainous tract, when a soldier's wife, whose husband was supposed to have been killed on the field of Alkmaar, was observed struggling up a precipitous mountain-side during a violent snow-storm. She was driving an ass before her, with two panniers on its back, each containing a very young female child, which seemed little likely to survive the bitter cold to which it was exposed. The poor ass, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and stumbling in consequence of its feet getting clogged with snow, was just about giving up, when an officer observed the great distress the woman was in, went up to her, and clearing the ass's feet of the frozen snow with his knife, handed it a small quantity of hay



from the forage wagons, which it devoured greedily. From the great confusion which prevailed at the time, he was unable to render the poor woman any farther assistance. He left her, with very little hope that she and her infant charges would outlive hardships under which hardy men were every day sinking. After this incident, the officer remained in the army for fifteen years, at the end of which time he retired to pass the remainder of his days in his native place, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. One day, as he walked along the street, a woman, whom at first he believed to be a stranger to him, came up, and seizing his hand, began to gaze scrutinisingly in his face. Tears gradually filled her eyes, but she was unable to utter a word for some minutes. At length she found voice to ask his name, and if he recollected rendering assistance to a soldier's wife, with two young children, during the retreat to Corunna. He replied in the affirmative, and she then told him that she was the person whom he had succoured on that occasion. She had often, she said, wished to see him again, that she might thank him for his humanity, which had been the immediate means of saving at least her two children from destruction. She had been able, she added, to get to her own country with her children in safety, and she now lived with them in this very place. In conclusion, the officer accompanied her to her house, where he found the two children transformed into two fully grown girls, able and willing to support their mother by their industry. His feelings on the occasion need not, it is presumed, be particularly described.

#### THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.

This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of a palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Columbia, South America. The Columbians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head), in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas*, or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa*, or small fruited. 'The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity.' According to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The doum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.

#### REASON AND AUTHORITY.

In reviewing the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of mankind at any period of their history, we find the varied forms of human opinion always bearing the impress of one of the two great sources from which they take their origin, and with it their peculiar features, and which we name generally *reason* and *authority*. Though each of these terms has been used with some diversity of meaning, yet we may adopt them in a general way, without fear of mistake, as convenient designations for two broadly-distinguished principles which share an influence over all human opinions and institutions, under whatever diversity of outward form, and the nature of which is best seen in contrasting their characteristic practical effects. It may indeed be true that either is seldom found in operation free from all admixture of the other, but we may still trace the peculiar effects of each even in their joint operation. The one always seeks to maintain a dominion of influence, the other disclaims all sway but that of argument; the former looks only to submission and confor-

mity, the latter to conviction and sincerity; the one would enforce duty and subordination, the other is directed to enlightenment and freedom of opinion; the first adheres to an unvarying standard, the second is progressive; the former holds out the salutary and beneficial effects of its requisitions, the latter inquires into the grounds of them, and seeks facts and evidence; the one follows the ancient, the many, and the approved, the other cares not to stand out singly and renounce the most favourite prepossessions; the one clings to old associations and impressions of the past, the other looks to the brighter prospects of the future; the one seeks to repress excitement and innovation, the other lives in movement and progress; the one exclaims against the unknown dangers of change, and urges the safety of adherence to what is established, the other dreads the worse evils of lingering in stagnation, and contends that real security is to be found only in energetic advance. Throughout the history of human opinions, we cannot fail to recognise these two counterbalancing powers always in operation under one form or another—the one repressing, the other stimulating, the activity of the mind, whether for good or for evil. Either, in excess, has been productive of mischief; and each has in some degree acted as a check on the other, and a preservative against its abuse. But the tendency of each is clear, and we trace the influence of each in turn in all the marked epochs of the condition of the human race, as each has for a time acquired the ascendancy.—*British and Foreign Review*.

#### BLACK SPOTS ON LEAVES.

The black spots observable on the leaves of the elm, plane, and many other trees in autumn, are accounted for by Mr Barham in the following ingenious manner:—'I have examined these spots with some attention. They have certainly nothing to do with insect attacks, and are as little connected with changes taking place in the physiological functions of the tree. They are entirely, I believe, occasioned by the concentration of the rays of light passing through the globules of rain, or dew, which settle on, and remain attached for a time to the leaves; hence the black spot is formed on the upper surface of the leaf. These globules act the part of burning lenses, and the circular patch beneath them is scalded. Thus the leaves of cucumbers and melons, from a similar cause, are frequently blotched, and sometimes perforated.

#### FRENCH SAVINGS' BANKS.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. C. Dupin read a statistical paper on the Savings' Banks of Paris, and of the different cities and towns of France, showing the constantly increasing amount of the deposits, and arguing against the fears entertained by some persons in regard to the difficulties which a sudden demand for repayment would present. He dwelt upon the just confidence which the people had in these institutions, and on the amount of good which they were calculated to produce among those who were sufficiently provident and self-dependent thus to preserve the surplus of their earnings. According to M. Dupin, the deposits in the Savings' Bank of Paris in January 1843 exceeded a hundred millions of francs.

#### NEW VOLCANO IN THE ADRIATIC.

The *Gazetta di Milano* announces that a new volcano was formed, about the middle of last September, in the mountainous island of Meleda, situated in the Adriatic, near Ragusa. During the night of the 14th, the crew of a Roman vessel, which happened to be in the neighbourhood, and had felt successive shocks for hours, saw lava issuing from the centre of the island, and flow over a space of about half a mile. The following night, while sailing in the neighbouring canal, about two miles from land, they observed that seven craters had been formed in the mountains of the island, and were throwing out burning substances. The appearance of this volcano has been considered as having an immediate relation to the very violent earthquakes which were felt at Ragusa on the evening of the 15th September, and extended to the islands of Curzola, Meleda, Scarpanto, and Khalki, the latter of which has been completely ruined.

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## OPINIONS.

We are accustomed to regard freedom of opinion as a very sacred thing, and almost every man speaks of 'my opinions' as something which he bears in particular respect. 'I have a right to entertain what opinions I please,' is a phrase often heard; and perfect freedom in the publication of opinions is a principle of social polity which has been powerfully argued for, and embraced by a large section of educated humanity. But while the words opinion and opinions are of this importance with mankind, how strange it is to reflect on the very little pains which most men take to ascertain whether their opinions are well-founded or not! It is no uncharitable presumption, that probably not one man in a hundred ever seriously considers how far the opinions which he cherishes have a sound basis, or whether they are in reality anything but a series of impressions which have been made upon him, or of mere sentimental biases which he has insensibly contracted through the effect of circumstances in the course of his lifetime.

There can be no doubt that of the opinions of all men a vast portion have been received from others with little or no examination. We hear, in early years, persons whom we venerate expressing a particular set of opinions, and decrying or scoffing at those which are opposite. Respect for these persons, and a desire of possessing their approbation, are strong inducements to us to adopt their opinions, even should we not insensibly contract them from the mere frequency of their being impressed on our minds. Hearing little or nothing that is inconsistent with these prepossessions, we retain them from year to year, without ever dreaming that they possibly may be fallacious or ill-founded, or that the opposite set which we have been accustomed to hear decry may perhaps be, after all, the more correct. Nor, though we were to conceive that they ought to be examined, have all men the leisure or power of doing so. The consequence is, that the opinions which we have received from mere authority, which we have never examined, and do not suppose are in any need of examination, remain with us through life, ranking us in parties, governing the strain of our conversation, and operating in all the principal affairs of our lives. It may be reasonably asked, are opinions so acquired and so cherished entitled to any particular respect? Assuredly no one would think of modifying his actions from the dictates of any such opinions in another. Viewing them objectively in a fellow-creature, they only can appear as a set of, crude hap-hazard ideas, which may be right or wrong, but bear no stamp to assure us of their being entitled to authority. Such opinions, therefore, are manifestly of no sort of value, and the arrogant and jealous terms in which they are

occasionally spoken of by those holding them, are simply ridiculous.

There is an equally large class of opinions which are merely reflexes of affections or sentiments of the mind, or the result of particular positions in which men are placed. A towering self-esteem, indisposing to all submission—a powerful benevolence and conscientiousness, eager to redress sufferings and wrongs—discontent with the personal circumstances assigned by providence—may be described as so many influences constantly at work to incline men to embrace the lower end of the scale of political opinions: these agencies more or less govern the intellect; they lead it in a particular path: it may battle for a time on the contrary side; but they are sure in the end to gain the ascendancy; and it finally submits to adopt that set of opinions in which alone it can be in harmony with those affections which it is doomed to accompany in the harness of life. The opposite class of political opinions are as frequently determined by the sentimental part of our nature—particularly by a veneration inclining to a submission to authority both of persons and dogmas. The whisperings of the feeling are mistaken for intellectual reasonings, and soon settle into the character of convictions. Positions from birth and fortune tell not less powerfully. He who has, at the wakening of existence, all the agreeable appliances which affluence and artificial distinction can confer, is naturally disposed by his personal feelings to adopt the opinions which tend to a securing and perpetuating of these advantages. He cannot readily suppose that to be bad generally, or in its ultimate operation, which is good in the meantime for one in whom he is so deeply interested; and we are so constituted, that even such inferior feelings will, if not carefully watched, become the foundations of opinion to which we shall cling as to the most sacred dictates of wisdom. He, on the other hand, who, with appetites and aspirations as strong, feels himself stunted and kept down by mean circumstances, is as much inclined by his personal sensations to form the opposite class of opinions. Sometimes, indeed, we see the tendencies of social circumstances not end in these results. There are peasant aristocrats, and aristocratic democrats; but these are only exceptions to the rule, and can generally be explained as depending on innate dispositions or chance conditions sufficiently strong to give an opposite bend. For example, Shelley the poet, who was the heir of a wealthy English baronetcy, derived from nature a humane disposition, which revolted at tyranny in all its shapes. It was roused by the antiquated systems of cruelty which he saw practised at school. He rebelled, was punished, became exasperated, fell out even with his relations, and from one thing went on to another, till he was a confirmed hater of all rule and authority whatever. Accidental contrasts or relations

often operate largely in engendering opinions. Burns, while a peasant amongst peasants, was a Tory; but when he was brought into contact with the great, and made to feel how vain was mere superiority of intellect against conventional distinction—when he walked in Edinburgh, and was bespattered and nearly ridden over by the carriage of an unthinking duchess—then he changed to a malcontent. This is but the type of a large class of cases; and were the simple swains of England to be all at once translated into the position of operatives in large manufacturing towns, some corresponding changes might be expected.

Interest and convenience also influence opinion to a great extent, or may even be said to be sources of it. Few men would admit this in their own case, and most are in a manner blind to the fact; but it is nevertheless true. When a man finds it either incompatible with an object which he deems important to retain opinions which he has formerly cherished, or necessary to that object to adopt other opinions which he had once disregarded or disliked, it is surprising how adroitly some occult power within will bring him about to the point, without in the least alarming his conscientiousness. The expedient most commonly adopted by this internal agent to reconcile us to a desertion, is to get up a little pique against some person identified with the opinions to be deserted. I differ from that man on some trivial point—I become irritated, and speak sharply—there is a retort, at which I fling off. My fidelity is then questioned—I feel indignant at the whole party—a little while sees me ranked on the other side, professing those opposite opinions which I had desired to adopt. The same result may be brought about by commencing with a sudden start at one of the measures, or new applications of the opinions, of the party, or by splitting with respect to some dogma which may be awakened up from its sleep for the purpose. In short, there never can be wanting some pretext for such a revolution, sufficient to pass muster with poor self-deceiving human nature. Coolly to adopt opinions previously rejected, is a more difficult task, but it is not in general beyond men's power. By giving to that side the benefit of every doubt, and treating the other uncandidly, it is possible, in a little time, to see things in the desired light. Handsome is that handsome does, and we naturally incline to think those abstractions good and beautiful, which are essentially connected with honour and profit. A little anger at objections helps the process wonderfully, and if to this be added a notion that the new opinions are the best for the public interest, the matter is settled.

Such, unquestionably, are the ways in which men become possessed of a large proportion of their opinions. They call them their sentiments—"I will give you my sentiments on the subject." Well may they use the term; for, in nine out of ten cases, their feelings, and not their judgment, are concerned. Is there, then, any importance to be attached to all this mass of thought? Is it entitled to the respect which is claimed for it? These questions cannot be answered in monosyllables.

The subject must be regarded in two divisions. Considered collectively, we are forced to receive the opinions of mankind, such as they are, with respect, for there is no other guide for all common affairs. There may be vast and pernicious error, but we cannot help it for the time. Let every means be taken to extinguish the error, and introduce truth in its stead; but still we must meanwhile submit to the general dictate as it has been given forth. Very differently, however, may the opinions of an individual be regarded. Here we are clearly at liberty to inquire how these have originated, and to consider the general intellectual grade of the man, so as to judge of his power of forming sound opinions. If he is a mere impulsive being, inspired with another man's breath, actuated solely by his feelings and interests, and who has never taken any pains to ascertain the soundness or fallacy of any of his thoughts, all his self-complacent talk about his opinions on this and that subject ought to pass for only so much empty air. On

the other hand, where we find a free and active intellect in union with a respectable moral nature, the opinions of the individual must be entitled to respectful attention, and ought to have their due sway in the determination of affairs in which he is a party concerned.

It is not given to all men to possess the clear and vigorous judgment which is the most likely to give soundness to their opinions; but all men have it, nevertheless, in their power to give them some degree of correctness and value. The first duty is to look searchingly and challengingly into all those already stored up, with a view to testing their accuracy, and to be prepared to abandon those which shall appear fallacious, however endeared they may be to us from habit and association; trusting fully in the maxim, that nothing which is not true can be good. A second duty is to watch carefully over the feelings, especially all which relate to sordid views of interest, so as to prevent them from corrupting judgment. When any man is sure in his conscience that he has done all which his nature permits thus to secure right views of abstract questions, he may be considered as entitled to bring his opinions before his fellow-creatures, to be listened to and allowed their fair share of influence—but not, I humbly conceive, till then.

## THE WEDDING.

### A BACKWOOD SKETCH.

DURING a residence in America, no observing person can fail to have remarked, whether he travel in Canada, the United States, or Texas, the vast number of Irish families everywhere to be met with. They bear such distinctly-marked peculiarities, that no mistake can occur in attributing to them their native soil. It has been my lot to visit many of the settlements of these wanderers from the green isle; but nowhere did I meet any family which so singularly interested me, as one which a few months back was residing within the limits of the young republic of Texas, consisting of the father, mother, a son, and two daughters. Old Rock, or, as he is generally called, Captain Rock—a name doubtless assumed—emigrated to America seventeen years ago—his family then consisting of two daughters; for the son was born afterwards in the land of his adoption. For seven years, the sturdy Irishman (originally well informed and well educated, though his early history was never known) contended with the difficulties incident to new settlers, with various success, in different parts of the Union, when he was induced to join the first band of adventurers who, under General Austin, obtained leave from the Mexican government to locate themselves in Texas. The family obtained a grant of land as a matter of course; but old Rock did not fancy settled agricultural pursuits. To have round him a well-stocked farm, cleared and productive fields, and herds of cattle, would have required a degree of perseverance and patient personal labour of which he was incapable. He preferred the life of a wandering squatter, upon which he at once entered, and which he has never since deserted. Building a boat, old Rock embarked in it on one of the Texian rivers, with his family, an old gun, and a small stock of ammunition, and, following the windings of the stream, did not stop until he came to an abandoned log-hut, or frame-house, where he thought he might find temporary accommodation.

Of these deserted houses Texas has many, their abundance arising from various causes—death from fever, the terrible civil war, or, oftener still, from men having hastily chosen a location, and built thereon, before it was found out that the spot was undesirable and unproductive. Rock was not nice. If the neighbourhood supplied game, he was satisfied. Sometimes an acre of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins, might be put under cultivation; otherwise, the family lived entirely upon venison, wild fowl, fish and oysters, and, it was whispered, pork upon occasion. A reported fondness for this latter article was one of the causes of old

Rock's frequent migrations. No sooner did he pitch himself in any neighbourhood, than, it was said, pork was at a premium. Pigs certainly disappeared most mysteriously; but though all threw the blame upon Rock, he ever averred the panthers, wolves, and stray hunters, to have been the real culprits. However this might be, after some months' residence in any particular spot, the family usually received a polite notice to quit, and find another dwelling-place. Eighteen several times had the Hibernian patriarch removed his tent at the bidding of his fellows; any neglect of such orders being usually followed by the infliction of that summary justice called Lynch law.

When I became acquainted with the family, early in the autumn of 1842, they were residing on one of the tributaries which pour into Galveston bay—known as Dick's Creek. The son was sixteen, a small-made lad, who entirely supported the family by means of his gun, being one of the most expert hunters I ever met with in the backwoods. Every article not produced by themselves—their clothing being entirely of deerskin—was obtained by bartering venison hams, which they always carefully preserved for this purpose. Rock and his wife were now old; the former, though yet sturdy, moving about only in his boat, and smoking over his fire; the latter doing all the cooking. Mary and Betsy Rock, the daughters, it would be vain to attempt faithfully to delineate. Fat, brown, and healthy, dressed in petticoats and spencers of deerskin, they were the most original pair it was ever my lot to encounter. They could neither read nor write, but could hunt and fish most excellently well; and two adventurous days they were that I spent in their company. They had never seen an Englishman before since they were grown up, and my pictures of life at home enraptured them. With the younger daughter, Mary—the other was engaged to be married to a Yankee—I became a prodigious favourite, and many a hunt in canoe and in the prairie had we together. But to my story. After leaving them with a faithful promise of paying another visit, I found myself, six weeks after, again at the door of the once elegant frame-house where I had left them. To my surprise it was half-burnt and desolate. This disappointed me much; for I had brought up several appropriate presents for both my young friends. Pursuing my way, however, up the river, I halted at a farm-house, where I found several persons collected, who quickly informed me that the family had been 'mobbed' off the creek, with threats of being shot if they settled within ten miles of the spot. Where they had gone to no one knew, nor seemed to care; and these parties being the very extempore administrators of justice who had warned them off, I soon departed, and gained the house of my friend Captain Tod, where I purposed ruralising during some weeks. From Tod I learned that two fat pigs had lately disappeared; and suspicion most unjustly, as it afterwards turned out, having fallen on the Rocks, the squatter and his family had to seek a new resting-place. On hearing this, I gave up all idea of ever again seeing my fair friends.

Three days passed in the usual occupations of a hunting party, when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I was left alone in the log-hut to amuse myself over certain lately arrived English papers, while my companions were employed in searching the country round for some cattle which my friend the captain was desirous of selling. About an hour before sunset, footsteps, which I supposed to be those of one of the returning party of cowboys, were heard behind the hut, then at its side, and in a minute more the latch was raised, and in walked—Tim Rock. The young hunter, having satisfied himself that I was really there, advanced close to me, and answered my greetings. My first inquiries were after his sisters. 'Why,' said he, 'sister Bet is to be married to—errow, and sister Mary has sent me to invite you to the wedding.' 'How,' said I, in some surprise, 'did your sister know I was here?' Tim laughed, and replied that, when I stopped with my boat's crew at the farm-house,

he was on the opposite bank in the big timber hunting, but dared not communicate with me in consequence of what had occurred. After a few more words of explanation, I shouldered my gun, my packet of presents for the young ladies, and, leaving a line in pencil for my friends, followed Tim through the forest, until we reached the water's-edge, where, carefully concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, I found a moderate-sized canoe. It was almost dark when I stepped into the boat, but still I saw that it already contained a human being; so my hand mechanically sought the butt of my pistol. 'You won't shoot me, sir,' said the rich full merry voice of Mary Rock to my infinite surprise. Tim laughed heartily at my mistaking her for an Indian, and then, cautioning me to speak low, until all the houses on the river were passed, we placed ourselves in the craft, and commenced our voyage. I, knowing the bayou to a nicety, acted as steersman. Mary sat next with a paddle, and Tim in the bows with another. It seemed that, determined to have me at the wedding, the brother and sister, with the consent of their friends, had started to fetch me, feeling certain that I would come, after the promises I had made to that effect. It seemed that they had judged rightly; for here was I, in company with two of the rudest settlers in the wilderness, embarked in a frail canoe to go I knew not whither—nor did I much care. This roving spirit it was, indeed, which initiated me into many secrets and mysteries of the woods and prairies which escape the more sober and methodical.

The record of that night's journey would in itself be a curious chapter in western economy; but more important matters forbid. Suffice it to remark, that, after sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy landowner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good-natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilised clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. My presents were all, therefore, except a bead-necklace, employed in decorating Mary, who, secreting herself behind a screen with her sister, almost convulsed me with laughter by appearing a few minutes after in a man's red hunting-shirt, a cotton petticoat, white stockings and moccasins, the body of a silk dress sent to her by a Galveston lady, and a cap and bonnet. Never was London or Parisian belle prouder than was this little rosy-cheeked light-hearted Texian beauty.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boatful of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr Worcester and his lady from St Leon in a canoe; after them Colonel Brown from Anahuac in his dug-out; and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillion. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was sat down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread,

proved that Luke had had a hand in it. This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's-maid (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity), papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvass was rap full, and all therefore being in our favour, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr Parr, the magistrate, in less than an hour. We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears she shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionably merrier; none more so than my own particular friend Mary, who, in her finery, was an object of much good-humoured joking from the men who surrounded her. About one o'clock Mr and Mrs Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, beside roast-beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whisky, brandy, and Hollands, without which a *fête* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissentient included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, Mary; and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceasing, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. Mary had before let me into the secret; and the bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who had accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilisation, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation. I saw Luke and his wife, as well as Mary, on many subsequent occasions; but I never learned that the American backwoodsman

repented his union with the wild Irish Diana, who had hunted deer on Murtany island with the English stranger, could paddle a canoe with more ease than she could use a needle, and shoot a duck with more facility than write her name. Luke, however, is teaching her more useful accomplishments; and Betsy, ere her children—one of whom I have already seen—are of an age to require instruction, will doubtless be able to render it. I hope, however, my picture will send over no one to wed Mary; for, though I have for the meantime returned to civilisation, I cannot yet resign a certain faint notion, that there might be worse lives than that of a Texian settler with such an associate.

#### MAJOR HARRIS'S EXPEDITION TO THE HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA.

LITTLE certain knowledge had reached us respecting the large tract of country usually called the Highlands of Ethiopia, when the British government was induced a few years ago to send an embassy to it, for the purpose of establishing commercial relations. Our ignorance of this country was the more remarkable, considering that its people, in common with their neighbours of Abyssinia, have long been professors of a form of Christianity. The work recently published by Major Harris\* makes us for the first time tolerably acquainted with the country and its people.

The ambassador—if the term can properly be applied in such a case—experienced great difficulties and dangers in his approach to the object of his mission. Leaving Tajura with a small European escort, and a large and very troublesome native one, a string of 170 camels, bearing presents to the king, as well as the personal baggage of the embassy, the first and most extraordinary stage of suffering was that experienced in the Bahr Assal, 'an unventilated and diabolical hollow,' 570 feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the skin, and where the glare from a plain of white salt, which formed the greater portion of its lower level, destroyed the eyesight, while a furnace-like vapour created an indomitable thirst, the thermometer under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas being 126 degrees. After nearly two months of this distressing journey, during which two Europeans sank under the daggers of banditti, after being robbed by foes, and cheated and deceived by pretended friends, the embassy at length, weary and forlorn, and yet full of hope for the future, arrived at the foot of the Abyssinian alps, when, 'as if by the touch of the magician's wand, the scene changed from parched and arid wastes to a series of green and lovely elevated grounds, presenting one sheet of rich and thriving cultivation. Each fertile knoll is crowned with its peaceful hamlet, each rural vale traversed by its crystal brook, and teeming with herds and flocks. The cool mountain zephyr is redolent of eglantine and jasmine, and the soft green turf, spangled with clover, daisies, and buttercups, yields at every step the aromatic fragrance of mint and thyme.' The camels were now eased of their loads, which were transferred to the shoulders of 600 Moslem porters, accompanied by whom the embassy advanced by a rough and stony road over hill and dale, amid shady lanes of wild-rose, fern, lantana, and honeysuckle, greeted at every step by the wondering glances of the Shoa peasants, and merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson. A brief journey brought them to Alio Amba, where Major Harris and his suite were again doomed to suffer manifold inconveniences, arising in this instance from the jealousy and curiosity of those in office, from wretched accommodation and provisions, pelting rain, filthy habitations, and other ills too numerous to mention. This principally arose from a habit which exists in Shoa, of the king's keeping all embassies a long time in waiting, to enhance the

\* The Highlands of Ethiopia. By Major W. C. Harris. Three volumes. London: Longmans and Co.

honour of the reception at length granted. Unfortunately, too, the king's curiosity with regard to the presents, which at first had been great, was on the decline, from hearing of the contents of one box which the prying eyes of his satellites had searched, and which only consisted of the leathern buckles, lynch-stocks, and ash staves pertaining to a chariot designed for his majesty. A few days of most tiresome delay at Alio Amba enabled Major Harris to witness a market-day in Shoa. 'Honey, cotton, grain, and other articles of consumption, the produce of the estate of the Amhara farmer, are exposed for sale or barter. The Dankali merchant exhibits his gay assortment of beads, metals, coloured thread, and glass-ware. The wild Galla squats beside the produce of his flocks, and the Moslem trader from the interior displays ostrich feathers, or some other article of curiosity from the distant tribe. Bales of cotton cloth, and bags of coffee from Caffa and Enára, are strewn in every direction.' Women, unrestricted by any harem law, wander about also buying and selling; but, according to Major Harris, very little to the enhancement of the charms of the place, nature having been very unkind to the softer sex in this country.

At length, his curiosity being no longer able to restrain itself within bounds, the king of Shoa gave notice that he would receive the embassy at his palace of Machal-Wans, a beautifully situated building, with conical white roofs, embosomed in a grove of juniper and cypress, which crested a beautifully wooded tumulus rising at the extreme verge of a valley from the very banks of a roaring torrent. After a host of petty difficulties, which Major Harris treats with contempt, but which show the uncivilised nature of their hosts, the British party, radiant with plumes and gold embroidery, under the roar of artillery—six discharges to the minute—rode up to the palace, surrounded by an astonished and bewildered crowd, and were received by his majesty. Persian carpets, and rugs of all sizes, colours, and patterns, covered the floor of the reception room; two wide alcoves reeded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats; whilst in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honour, and supported by gay velvet cushions, a harem of five hundred wives—still more orientalising his character—reclined, in Ethiopic state, His Most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie, attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair; and though the loss of his left eye took much from his appearance, the expression of his features was rather manly and pleasing. Compliments being exchanged, the costly presents of the British were displayed to the glistening eyes of the monarch, rich Brussels carpets, cashmere shawls, Delhi scarfs, jewellery, ornamental clocks, musical boxes, and, more welcome than all, three hundred muskets, and the despised chariot, now converted into an object of universal admiration. 'God will reward you,' exclaimed the king, 'for I cannot.'

Sáhela Selássie, 'the Clemency of the Trinity,' seventh king of Shoa, whose surname is Menilek, was twelve years of age when the assassination of Woosen Suggud called him from a monastery to the throne, and placed in his hands the reins of despotic government over a wild Christian nation. His character appears a singular compound of good and evil; avaricious, suspicious, deceitful, and superstitious; yet are his faults tinged by amiable and excellent qualities. Grateful as the king was for the magnificent presents conferred on him, and though, showing the most unreserved confidence in Major Harris, who was assailed by every inimical influence which the intolerant bigotry of an ignorant priesthood and an interested train of courtiers could invent, yet was Sáhela Selássie never satisfied, always craving for something new. On the other

hand, the monarch, at the earnest and humane solicitation of our ambassador, abolished the custom of imprisoning every relative of the crown whose ambition might be feared, and released seven princes from a long and wearisome captivity. During the morning of every day, Sunday and Saturday excepted, this half-civilised prince is engaged in public affairs, trying appeals, and deciding suits; after the performance of his morning devotions, he inspects his stables and workshops, bestows charity, despatches couriers, and gives private audiences. Every one, rich or poor, has a right to present himself with suits and appeals, to all which Sáhela Selássie listens with attention, giving prompt, and generally correct judgment. At three, the king of Shoa dines alone; and no sooner is he satisfied, than the doors are thrown open, and the long table is crowded with warriors. Music enlivens the repast, as well as songs in praise of the sovereign's liberality, who, meanwhile, reads and dictates letters. While the board is thrice replenished, and all the aristocracy have dined. At five he retires to the private apartments, where prayers and potent liquors fill up the evening hours, partly with company, and partly without. At midnight his majesty is called from his couch to peruse psalms and sacred writings; and priests chant hymns all the night to keep away evil spirits, until morn, when the same scene recommences. Sometimes, when business allows, and the sky is propitious, an excursion takes place on horseback, when, accompanied by some four or five hundred warriors, he alights, and, sitting for hours on the edge of some quiet and sequestered brook, listens to the soft music of the waters, conversing meanwhile with those around, watching the evolutions of his horses, and even hearing and deciding on petitions. Sáhela Selássie, in remembrance of the fate of his murdered father, never moves without a concealed and loaded pistol; well paid and trusty warriors surround his couch at night; the gates of the palace are barred after the going down of the sun, and stoutly guarded during the night. From both religious and worldly motives, King Selássie entertains vast bodies of pensioners, who receive, some rations of bread, and others even of meat; the greatest luxury of the land. The king is in high favour with his fanatical clergy, from the fact of his making munificent donations to churches and monasteries, and never carrying out any project without previously consulting them. The Jewish Christianity of these priests, their extraordinary customs, fasts, prophecies, rites, &c. are described at full length in the volumes before us. The king also, as far as in him lies, encourages letters, and spends much money in the collection of ancient manuscripts.

One of Sáhela Selássie's principal sources of revenue—in this the semi-barbarian has many other more civilised Christian monarchs to keep him in countenance—is the tax on slaves, one in every ten becoming his property, besides his having a right of pre-emption on all. Four pieces of salt—this article in oblong lumps is the principal money—is also levied as a transit duty; and as from fifteen to twenty thousand annually pass through his dominions on their way to the coast, the revenue which accrues is valued at about £800 sterling. The king's own household slaves, male and female, exceed eight thousand; of the latter three hundred are in the royal harem. The remainder are employed in various servile offices, and they each receive a portion of barley sufficient to compose two loaves. Beyond this they must maintain themselves. After having performed their allotted tasks, therefore, they hire themselves for wages to private individuals. Slavery is hereditary, not only on the mother's side, but on the father's; and if a free woman weds a slave, her progeny becomes the property of her husband's master. On the subject of the slave-trade we have details brought before us by Major Harris of a fearful kind; but it is pleasing to think that there is some prospect of a diminution of these evils, from the increase of commercial intercourse with more civilised nations. The treaty of commerce effected by Major



Harris may be regarded as one important step towards the local extinction of this accursed traffic.

The natives of the Ethiopian Highlands, or Amhara, as they are called, have regular Caucasian features and long glossy hair, united to a complexion varying from the darkest dye of the negro to a species of brown or olive. The observer is struck by the tall, robust, and manly contour of the males, and of the females also, though in a slightly less degree. Beauty is not entirely denied to these black ladies; but comeliness only occurs as an exception, while every artificial means is resorted to to render the human face more hideous than nature has willed it to be. The frightful paint of the Red Indians, the terrible scarification of the New Zealanders, are, in their eyes, additions to their natural beauty; and with the Amhara damsel of Southern Abyssinia, the eradication of the eyebrows, followed by painting a deep narrow curved line in their stead with a strong permanent blue dye, is the favourite toilet. A mash of red ochre and fat on the cheeks, though highly esteemed, can only be resorted to by the rich, on account of the expense; and when the head is not shaved, or surrounded by a greasy rag, it is ornamented by elaborate rows of curls, plastered with stale butter. Below the neck commences a wide sack chemise, with huge sleeves, bound round the waist by a girdle, and surmounted by a 'long winding-sheet' thrown over the head. On ordinary occasions, large black wooden studs are worn in the ear, which on gala days are replaced by masses of silver or pewter, which, aided by bracelets and anklets of the same metals, cause the fair ones to emit sounds only to be understood by those who have witnessed the dance of the Ojibbeway Indians. Beads blue and gilt, a potent collection of amulets, feet and hands dyed red by a root, the nostrils plugged up with lemon peel or some aromatic herb, with a bouquet hanging over the mouth, such is the finished costume of a lady of rank. With the men, the dress, from the king to the peasant, consists of a loose web of coarse cotton cloth, wrapping the entire body in graceful folds. A cotton waist-cloth of many yards in length is swathed about the loins, and loose trousers hang nearly to the knee. A shield, spear, and sword, the latter very Hudibrasian, since it serves equally at the banquet and in the field, are the national weapons. The raw fleece of the sheep envelops the form of the serf, while during a journey or a foray, the prepared skin of the ocelot, or leopard, is thrown over the shoulders of the better classes. All are alike in one thing, from the king to the beggar, no one wearing shoes; neither is the head covered, save amongst the priests. The same amount of amulets and rings which are so conspicuous in the women, also adorn the men. Being as yet without razors—though the treaty of commerce with England will soon send our cutlery amongst them—the men denude their unwashed cheeks and chin with bad scissors. Water, tobacco, and coffee, are carefully avoided as Moslem abominations, the Christian being content to rub his eyes in the morning with the corner of his discoloured robe; the hair, however, commands his serious attention. Many hours are spent in arranging the abundant mop. At one time it is worn hanging in long clustering ringlets, at another frizzed into round globules, then brushed and trimmed like a counsellor's peruke, and now divided into four large compartments, invariably shining under the effect of rancid butter. A lump of raw fat, cut from the overgrown tail of the Berbera sheep, having been some time masticated, is put into the hands, rubbed in the palms, and then planted on the crown; the sun completes the toilet, causing the liquid tallow, mixed with dirt, to trickle over the face and neck. Many cannot afford this luxury; or, their intention failing them, they eat the morsel destined for the head. Black or yellow garments, or ordinary apparel steeped in mud, is the usual mourning. A small cord, called *mateb*, of deep blue silk, is the badge of Christianity. The Amhara have no family name. They soon ripen, and as soon grow old. Girls

are mothers at twelve, and are old proportionably soon. Their houses, built as in the earliest days, are still a mere framework of stake, sparingly bedaubed with mud. So flimsy are the materials employed, that, as Major Harris says, 'the morning sun often rises a witness to the truth of the scriptural metaphor—"He built his house upon the sand, and it was swept away by the rising flood."' The windows are mere perforations in the wall, furnished with shutters, but unprovided with any transparent substance. Artificial heat is of course required, where the thermometer never ranges above 65 degrees; but, except through the crevices in the door, and the apertures of the cracked walls, there is no exit for the smoke of the wood fire, which thus fills the solitary apartment, blackening the roof, and injuring the eyes. The most slovenly appearance pervades the dreary interior. Furniture is limited to a small wicker table, a bullock hide, and a rickety bedstead. Sewers being unknown, the buildings have around them stagnant pools of most unaromatic character. Poultry, mules, farm stock, and inhabitants, reside under the same roof; and with all this, of course, sickness is abundant.

Morality among these Christians of Shoa is at a low ebb: marriage is not here the holy tie which binds society together. A girl is valued expressly according to her property: the heiress to a house, field, or bedstead, is sure of a husband. No distinction is made between legitimate and illegitimate children. All conjugal affection is lost sight of, and each woman is in turn cast aside in neglect. The bulk of the nation is agricultural; but, on pain of a fine of twenty pieces of salt, value twenty-pence, every Christian in Shoa must obey a summons to the field. A small bribe of cloth or honey will generally insure leave of absence; but the people are mostly eager for the fray, in hope of plunder. The great men not employed as governors spend their time basking listlessly in the sun, gossiping, lounging about the court, or playing at *gebbeta*, a kind of backgammon, or *sluntridge*, chess; the women managing the house, the slaves and servants the farm. Visits are made early, taking care not to drop in at meal times, as you are then supposed to invite yourself to partake. Idle attendants crowd round every principal man; a crying nuisance, especially when these noblemen honour a stranger by a visit, as all his attendants follow him. Respect is paid by a humiliating prostration to the earth, and the partial disrobing of the person.

Meals are eaten twice a-day, at noon and after sunset. The doors are first carefully barred, to exclude the evil eye, and a fire is lighted, ere an Amhara will venture to taste a mouthful. Men and women sit down together, picking out from one dish the choicest bits, which, at arm's length, they thrust into each other's mouth, wiping their fingers on the pancakes, which serve as platters, and are afterwards devoured by the domestics. Raw flesh is the chief aliment, cooking being held in sovereign contempt. The bull is cast down at the door, the head severed from the body, and no sooner is the breath gone, than the warm raw flesh is handed to the banquet. Sour bread, made from teff, barley, and wheat, is eaten with a stimulating pottage of onions, red pepper, and salt. Mead formed the famous beverage of all northern nations. In Shoa, the king alone retains the right to prepare this beverage. Unless brewed with the greatest care, it possesses a sweet mawkish flavour; but its powers of intoxication—with the additional inducement of producing no after-feelings—is irresistible to the Amhara of rank, who rarely goes to bed sober. It is compounded of the *gesho* plant, honey and water, chillies and pepper, and when kept thirty years, as some is in the king's cellars, is as strong as brandy. The common beer of the country, very like soap and water in look, is also very strong, and drunk in vast quantities by the Abyssinian, with its usual effects in scenes of violence. When not engaged in a debauch, the Abyssinian goes to bed at sunset. The clothing of the day forms the night covering;

'and should the master of the house feel hungry, a collop of raw flesh, and a horn of ale, is proffered by a male or female attendant, who starts without apparel from the group of sleepers. Coffee is strictly forbidden, as well as smoking, 'because the apostle saith that which cometh out of the mouth of a man defileth him.' Meat is forbidden during one half the year (spent in fasting), as well as eggs, butter, and milk. A scanty mess of boiled wheat, dried peas, or hard cabbage, with a little vegetable oil, is the only fare allowed at that time. From the highest to the lowest, all classes are pertinacious beggars. Whatever is seen, is demanded—guns, knives, scissors, beads, and dollars. No compunction is felt in asking for the cloak from off the back, or in carrying it away during a pitiless storm. The Amhara takes a pride in this, and boasts that a child, before he comes into the world, will stretch forth his hand to receive a gift.

All the customs of Abyssinia are at variance with the creation, consumption, and distribution of wealth. A heavy taxation is levied on the fields. Monastic establishments crush the people. Here are no roads or bridges to facilitate commerce—no schools, no education. Husbandry is conducted without the advantage of any skill; and yet, such is the kindness of nature, the produce is immensely abundant. As soon as the periodical rains have passed, pastures and meadows are clothed in cheering green, the hills and dales are adorned with myriads of beautiful and sweet-scented flowers, and the sides of the mountain-ranges become one sheet of the most luxuriant vegetation. Forty-three species of grain and other useful products are already cultivated in Abyssinia; and 'if only,' says Major Harris, 'a small portion of European knowledge were to be instilled into the mind of the Christian cultivator, the kingdom of Shoa, possessed of such unbounded advantages, might be rapidly raised from its present primitive condition, and made one inexhaustible granary for all the best fruits of the earth.'

#### RIGA ROBBIE.

Is the course of last summer, while journeying through one of the northern counties of Scotland, I was happy to rest for the night in a village that I had known many years ago, and which I may speak of under the name of Port-Marly. It is a little sea-port on the east coast, possessing a small but safe harbour facing the German Ocean.

When I formerly visited Port-Marly, it was poor, and scarcely known beyond its own immediate neighbourhood. Being picturesquely situated, like most of our old towns and villages, at the confluence of a small stream with the sea, the houses were erected irregularly along the steep bank of the rivulet, and were of all shapes and sizes—here tolerably large, with a slip of garden or flower-plot in front, marking the residence of a person of superior means; there small and abutting on the street; sometimes slated, sometimes tiled or thatched, with antique little windows on the roof, to give light to a garret storey, or entrance to pigeons, the favourites of the juvenile part of the community. At one particular point in the village the stream was seen hurrying through an open space, called the green, which, serving for ornament and use, might have been called the great square of the village. To those who knew Scotland half a century ago, it need hardly be told, that the road to Port-Marly was full of all sorts of irregularities and bends, more picturesque than suitable for draught, and that the village itself usually presented a scene of perfect quiet and dulness. Had a traveller passed through it, possibly the only inhabitant who would have met his eye would have been the half-employed tailor, airing himself for a space at the end of a projecting cottage overlooking the harbour, or a bare-footed lass spreading out her washing of clothes on the village green.

Things might have gone on in this quiet, and no doubt primitive way, for ages longer, but for a particular circumstance. About the year 1790, a working man of plain appearance, by name Robert Rennie, settled in the village. No one knew distinctly whence he came, or anything of his genealogy or connexions, and as he was not by any means talkative, but of a thoughtful disposition, the curiosity of the villagers to learn the particulars of his history, supposing them to have had any curiosity on the subject, was not at least for the present gratified. Port-Marly, as Robert Rennie soon discovered, did not afford sufficient scope for his industry; and not feeling inclined to dawdle out existence within its humble precincts, he very wisely resolved to carry his labour to a more profitable market. Robert accordingly emigrated farther south to a stirring manufacturing town, where his employment was better. Here he remained some time in the establishment of a person who gave work to a considerable number of hands; and here he at least contrived to improve his mind by reading, if he did not improve his circumstances. To attain the latter object was not, indeed, easy; for he was already married, and had other mouths to feed, and backs to clothe, besides his own. But his mind was no more at rest than his hands, and he at length devised a scheme of not only personal, but public advantage. Port-Marly, he reflected, possessed wonderful capacities as a manufacturing town, which only required to be brought into play. It possessed a fine water-power: its inhabitants were not half employed, and could be set to labour at little cost: the port was good, and formed a ready means of inlet and outlet: in short, he decided it was the very spot where a manufacture would thrive, or a dealer in rural produce prosper, provided the enterprise were properly set about.

While all this was clear, it was also certain that the contriver of the scheme had not a shilling. He possessed, however, what is generally better than money, a good character, which he had earned by diligence in a situation of inferior trust given to him by his employer, a man of liberal mind and dealings. He had even earned a degree of gratitude from his master. On one occasion, he was the means of discovering and arresting a system of petty pilfering of materials, by which considerable loss was saved to the concern. Encouraged by the favourable notice which had been taken of his discernment and honesty in this affair, Robert broached the idea of setting up a small business of his own at Port-Marly, if Mr ——— would stand his friend. After a few consultations, Mr ——— promised to be security for a small credit, and with much kindness induced another party to be equally generous. On their joint responsibility, a credit was opened with a foreign house for flax, and our hero, as we may call him, returned to Port-Marly to enter on his undertaking. This he designed to do cautiously and economically. He had seen enough of the world to know that all great and flourishing concerns begin in a small way, as a lofty tree grows from a small and insignificant-looking seed. Prudently, therefore, did he commence operations in an old house rented for the purpose, without any external pretension or show. It may well be supposed, however, that he was a proud man when the *Lively Nancy*, a small schooner, entered the harbour of Port-Marly laden with the first cargo of flax from Riga, for his manufacture; and well he might feel elated, when he saw the sensation which the great event produced in the hitherto tranquil community. Nearly the whole population came down to the beach, or stood at gaze at their doors to witness the singular spectacle. Boys shouted and hurraed; young men had great anticipations of what was to be done; and old men with bent spines and hands in pocket prophetically shook their cowed heads over the agitating events of the day.

'Wonderfu' times, neibour Johnston; wonderfu' times. The Port's going to be a grand town at last. I wish we may live to see't.'

'I'm no sae sure, Sandy, about the upshot o' this

great importation. „Naeboddy kens where Robbie has gotten a' the siller to carry on in this kind o' way. In my opinion it should be looked to. What say ye til't, Tammie Norie?"

'Deed,' replied the worthy here addressed, 'I cannot but think it will turn out a daft business a'thegether; and that I said to the minister, honest man, when he was speerin' about Robbie's projects.'

'And weel, Tammie, what said the minister? he, to be sure, should aye ken best.'

'Houts, he just took a snuff, and said, Tammas, said he—Tammas, you know we should not judge folk hurriedly. Maybe he meang weel, and will pay weel; and besides, said he, Robbie has brought a line frae Dr McCosh, said he, and has taen a seat in the kirk for himsel' and his family. That looks weel at ony rate, said he.'

'And I'm thinking the minister has the right end of the story,' observed a younger member of the corps. 'Robbie is an auld farrant chield, and kens what he is about. He has spoken to my lassie, Tibby, to work at the lint, and she's to have half-a-crown a-week. It would hae been lang to the day ere she could hae gotten that in the Port frae onybody else.'

Such was the gossip of the village oracles on the mighty occasion when Rennie introduced his first cargo of raw material to be dressed and spun by the hitherto uncommercial population of Port-Marly. Under the direction of some skilled operatives, various youngsters were initiated in the flax-dressing business; and in a short time the infant factory was in full employment. As soon as a few bales of yarn could be made up, they were despatched to his friends, and the prices drawn for. The cash paid in wages, though not amounting to a great sum at the outset, seemed to inspire new life into the moribund streets of the Port; and a gradual brightening up of affairs became visible. Industry began to send forth her sounds, and the hands of the people were observed to slumber much less in their pockets than formerly. Demands were made at the shops for articles which had till now been considered the extravagant luxuries of a capital. Shoes, hitherto unconscious of any menstruum but soot and milk, were now made acquainted with Warren's illustrious polish; and it was whispered that Nicholson, the great brush-maker of Newcastle, had got an order from Rechie Dickson. But the increase of trade was not confined to the town. As the factory added to the number of its hands, so did the demand for articles of rural produce also increase. The farmers in the neighbourhood, no longer compelled to resort to a distant market, brought their meal, barley, and other articles to Port-Marly, where there was a means for disposing of them to advantage. The arrival of ships with flax and other goods naturally increased these facilities of exchange. Rents of houses and patches of land rose in value, and the district was quietly changing its condition from comparative poverty to prosperity. The lands required liming, and there was lime in the country; but this method of agricultural improvement could not be put in practice till coal was imported on a large scale, and now importations of that article took place. Lime-kilns smoked, lands were reclaimed, cottages were reared, money circulated, and all might be traced to the enterprise of Riga Robbie.

Riga Robbie, nevertheless, bore his merits meekly. Pursuing the career he had chalked out, he paid off all his obligations, and extended his business on his own account and responsibilities. Everything seemed to prosper which he took in hand. His factory was vastly increased in size and capabilities, the water-power of the place being brought effectually into play. He likewise purchased a handsome brig, which, in compliment to his youngest daughter, he named the *Joe Janet*. This vessel on one occasion was exposed to a calamity which brought out in a striking manner the energetic character of its owner. In returning from the Baltic laden with timber, the brig sprung a leak after a very trivial gale,

and became water-logged. The crew, after exhausting themselves at the pumps, and fearing the worst, took to their boats, and leaving the vessel to its fate, made to a sloop in the distance. Having a favourable wind, the sloop, with the crew of the brig, soon arrived at a port, and permitted the recreant master of the deserted vessel to set off to report the loss to its owner. The ship being new, Riga Robbie had not insured it; and the master travelled day and night to Port-Marly, which he entered in disguise, in order to induce our friend to insure it before the loss became known. Riga Robbie spurned the dishonest idea; and after rating the master soundly for his pusillanimity, reminding him that as the cargo was timber, the vessel could not possibly have sunk, he asked if the ship had been left under sail, and with her head towards the land. He was answered in the affirmative as to all these particulars. 'And what land would she reach, do you guess?' asked our hero; and was answered, 'Faithly Bay'—a bay at once safe and capacious, though in a dangerous neighbourhood. In half an hour master and owner were in a post-chaise on their way to the spot where it was supposed the vessel might land; and travelling through the night, they reached it at daylight, though distant about forty miles.

The eager owner of the brig was all eyes as he approached the shore, anxious to discover if at least the wreck and cargo of the fine vessel were not visible; but he saw them not, nor had any one heard of them. Wending his way to an old baronial tower perched on an adjoining promontory, here, with glass in hand, he looked out across the main for 'the remains of his unfortunate vessel. He had not waited long on his lofty station before a sail was seen on the verge of the horizon; it approached, and at last was plainly visible. 'I'm almost certain that is the *Joe Janet*,' said Robbie; 'I know her by her pendant. Take the glass.' The captain, his companion, a good deal disconcerted, took the glass, and at the end of a patient scrutiny, confirmed the belief that it was the *Joe Janet* which was reeling onward, and, as it appeared, in a direction right in-shore. 'Let us hasten down to the harbour,' said the agitated owner; 'she may yet be saved from going on the Heeling crag.' The pair hurried off to the small harbour, and procuring a boat and pilot, with several stout rowers, they pulled direct for the vessel, now at no great distance. The effort was successful—for how seldom is the ready head and the ready hand otherwise? The *Joe*, the pride of Port-Marly, was safely reached, and safely conducted into harbour. In another half hour she would have gone to pieces on the dangerous reef at the western entrance to the bay.

This astonishing piece of good management being reported all over the country, Riga Robbie was universally considered as one of the most fortunate of men—it was thought that nothing could go wrong in his hands. His good fortune, however, did not save him from the usual fate of persons more prosperous than their neighbours. While benefiting thousands by his enterprise and industry, he was widely envied, and the object of general satire. When he purchased and entered into possession of a mansion in the neighbourhood of Port-Marly, which had belonged to the umquhile and impoverished laird of Birlweary, who had recently died in a drunken fit at the tryst of Balloch, the gentry sneered at his pretensions; and the populace, ever more ready to venerate antiquity than worth, did not fail to echo the cry of upstart. But Riga Robbie was a man of business, and let all such sarcasms buzz themselves to sleep. Nor did they prevent him from pursuing the schemes of improvement which he observed to be desirable for the district. The roads were straightened and put in good order, a weekly market was instituted, a branch bank was settled in the town, a commodious inn was built, a light-house established on the headland near the port, and sundry improvements effected in the educational establishments, all through his interference. It need

scarcely he hinted that Riga Robbie could not have attained the position he occupied without an auxiliary in his wife and family. In his family relations he was particularly fortunate, and his elegant fireside was for many years one of the happiest in the country.

I entertain so high a regard for the character and memory of Riga Robbie, that I cannot without grief recollect the losses which he endured towards the end of his days. Using common language, he may be said to have been the favourite of fortune up till the period of the great mercantile disasters of 1825, when, by a variety of misfortunes, he was stripped of nearly all that a lifetime of honourable industry had accumulated. After this distressing event he never held up his head. He was a stricken man, yet he was not without the usual consolations of an upright mind, and he was never heard to repine. It was a much greater blow when he lost his wife, the partner alike of his poverty and his wealth, his hopes and his fears. Shortly after this event, he gave up all connexion with business, and bidding adieu to Port-Marly, took up his residence in ———, where two of his sons had already entered on a career worthy of their sire. In this busy manufacturing town he spent a few years amid congenial society; but infirmities coming upon him apace, he removed to the pleasant abode of his younger daughter, now happily married and settled near L'annanich, and here, in the summer of 1838, did Riga Robbie tranquilly breathe his last on the affectionate bosom of his own 'Joe Janet.'

## POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

### NO. III.—THE GASCON.

THE inhabitants of the ancient province of Gascony have been accused, from the earliest time, of habits of exaggeration, which have passed them into a proverb. They are the Major Longbows and Baron Munchausens of France; hence a downright falsity, a very gross colouring of the truth, or an outrageous bravado, is called a 'Gasconade.' It is not easy to understand how this characteristic—whether real or imaginary—took its origin: it is, however, certain that the inhabitants of that part of France formerly included in Gascony (comprising those districts which are intersected by the river Garonne), are of a peculiarly vivacious temperament even for Frenchmen; their provincial dialect is full of superlatives, and their conversation is constantly ornamented with stories of marvellous adventures, and of deeds almost supernatural. It is at the same time admitted that the peculiarity is not absolutely confined to one district of France. 'It is said,' remarks De Montfort in the preface to his collection of jests called *Gasconia*, 'that the greatest Gascons do not come from Gascony; and that Gasconades flourish more or less in every country; at all events, the Seine produces quite as many as the Garonne.' La Fontaine goes a little further, and includes the whole of our sex, at a certain stage of existence, in the charge. Speaking of love, he says, 'Every man is a Gascon on that point.'

The Gascon has, for obvious reasons, been always a favourite character on the French stage. He is usually represented as endeavouring to counterbalance the limited gifts of fortune by boasting of his riches. In a comedy called the 'Stream of Oblivion' (*Le Fleuve d'Oubli*), Legrand, a Gascon, demands a hundred bottles of its water for his creditors to drink, that they may forget where to find his door. 'You are perhaps surprised,' he adds to another character, 'to find a Gascon gentleman in debt—that he has been obliged to borrow money?' 'Not at all,' is the reply; 'my great astonishment is, that any person could be so unwise as to lend it to him.'

The great feature of the Gascon is, however, his talent for boasting. In another play, a Gascon is engaged in a desperate encounter with a Norman, but

a bystander separates the combatants. 'If you would only leave me alone,' exclaims the boaster, 'I would pin him up against the wall, and leave nothing at liberty but his arms, that he might take off his hat to me every time I pass.'

A Gascon is not only a boaster; he is often a wit, and the French jest-books are filled with anecdotes of Gasconading. From amongst a host of them we select the following:—Gasconading was a marked characteristic of the court of Henry IV. Though the monarch was not exempt from the fault himself, he grew tired of it in others, and intreated his minister Malherbe to endeavour to reform it all together—to de-Gasconise his court. 'Must I sweep them all away, sire?' asked the minister. 'All,' replied the prince. Upon which Malherbe slyly answered, 'Then I presume your majesty wishes to abdicate.'—Another prince told a Gascon gentleman, who had formerly served him as ambassador, that he looked like an ox. 'I cannot say what I look like,' replied the Gascon, 'but this I know, that I have frequently represented your majesty's person.' A Gascon abbé, who lost a living from the indecent haste of which he was guilty in canvassing for it, declared he had run so fast after the benefice, that he 'outstript, in his flight, his guardian angel.'

The author of the following song is M. P. J. Charrin, one of the founders of the 'Society of Momus,' whose members have, from time to time, contributed some of the best comic songs to the French language. 'The Gascon' is deservedly among the most popular: its drollery lies in this, that the first portion of every stanza contains a bounce, which the Gascon is obliged to corroborate, or otherwise defend throughout the remainder of the stanza. It is proper to add, that, not to speak of the insurmountable inadequacy of translation, we have been obliged to take some liberties with the text to suit the moral taste of English readers.

### THE GASCON.

There are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,  
Whose tongues are so glib,  
That they fib  
Every day;

But, Parbleu,  
You may always believe what I say.

I'm a noble of France by descent,  
Through an old and illustrious line,  
But the title unhappily went  
To my uncle the Duke of Gascoine,  
Though his fortune is properly mine.  
To law I should go, 'twas agreed,  
Attorneys and counsel employed;  
But in seeking an old title-deed,  
I found it by rats quite destroyed!

There are Gascons, &c.

These trifles ne'er trouble me much,  
For, thank Fortune, I'm rich as a Jew;  
So, my friend, should your fate e'er be such  
To require of hundreds a few,  
Don't be shy, but demand them—pray, do!  
'Accommodate you?' Without doubt,  
Though just now I'm unable to lend;  
With money I never come out,  
But rely on the purse of a friend.

There are Gascons, &c.

Could you see me at home, you would find  
That my mansion's a model of taste;  
Silk tapestries embroidered and lined,  
Dresden vases on buhl tables placed,  
And walls with gilt cornices graced,  
But the crowds whom it used to attract,  
Have induced me to let it on lease;  
And I lodge in a lane—'tis a fact—  
For the sake of a month or two's peace.

There are Gascons, &c.

I'd advise you, my friend, not to doubt,  
For you know what a fencer I am;  
Provoke me too much, and one bout  
Will show I'm by no means a lamb.  
And that fighting with me is no sham.  
Were my passion not easily ruled,  
I should average a victim a-day;  
But, insulted, my anger's soon cooled;  
I forgive, and walk nimbly away.

There are Gascons, &c.

You're aware, as an author I shine;  
The Académie Royale Française  
Acknowledged my writings were fine,  
To my genius they gave every praise—  
Sublime, they declared, were my lays.  
'Their titles?' Alas! 'twas my fate  
To be robbed of my justly earned fame,  
Himself, a false friend, to elate,  
Stole, and published them under his name.  
There are Gascons, &c.

For composing love-songs, I am blessed  
With a skill to which few can compare,  
My brain is for ever possessed  
With many a beautiful air,  
Joined to couplets exceedingly rare.  
You may judge for yourself when you hear—  
Though the merit I never have sought—  
That as Favart's and Paillard's appear,  
The songs I had previously—thought.  
There are Gascons, &c.

'Can I dance?' What a question to ask!  
You will find that at every ball  
In the sunshine of plaudits I bask,  
My minuet steps are quite gall  
To the eyes of both Vestris and Paul.  
'A specimen?' Dire mischance!  
I am lame, you may easily see;  
Last night at the countess's dance,  
I tumbled and damaged my knee.  
There are Gascons, &c.

I am popular, too, 'mongst the fair;  
But a marriage I never have risked,  
Though very large fortunes to share,  
Many excellent matches I've missed—  
I have fifty at least on my list.  
If you ask me for proofs—they're denied,  
There, alas! you will press me too hard;  
For most of the dear ones have died,  
The victims of tender regard.  
There are Gascons, &c.

As a patriot, I glory in arms,  
My country has witnessed my zeal;  
And amidst battle's fiercest alarms,  
My life has been risked for her weal—  
To the honours I've gained I appeal.  
But my crosses and orders to wear,  
My modesty never allows;  
For with envy they make equals stare,  
And inferiors fatigue me with bows.  
There are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,  
Whose tongues are so glib,  
That they fib  
Every day;  
But, Parbleu,  
You may always believe what I say.

### THE LAST CITATION.

Two criminals were executed at Madrid in 1838, for their ferocious and blood-thirsty conduct during the *émeute* of 1835. They perished by the garota, or iron collar, substituted in Spain for the halter—and not only protested their innocence to the very last moment of their lives, but summoned their accusers and judges to appear in judgment with them, within a few days, before the bar of the Great Judge. Yet the guilt of these unhappy criminals was most notorious; the murders for which they suffered had been publicly committed, and the only wonder was, that they should have escaped their just punishment for so long a period as three years.

This bold and pertinacious assertion of their innocence by such undoubted criminals, fills the mind with the most painful emotions. We cannot but shudder at the infatuation which led them to go before their Maker with a lie upon their lips; and we begin to doubt what degree of credit may be due to the last solemn assertions of many who have died for crimes proved against them by only circumstantial evidence. Can it be possible that innocence and guilt, in the same awful situation, with the terrible apparatus of death before them, an un pitying crowd of fellow-men around, with no hope for the future but such as may be founded on the mercy of

their Creator—can the conscience-stricken criminal and the guiltless victim of judicial error, under these terrible circumstances, feel alike—be equally able to call down upon their judges the swift-coming condemnation of the Great Judge? It seems incredible that such things should be; yet a reference to the history of the past affords many instances in which this great problem of our nature remains on record, only to be solved at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

Spain was governed, in 1311, by Ferdinand IV., a monarch possessing many excellent qualities, being brave, just, and generous; yet he died in the prime of life under very singular circumstances, arising out of a departure from the love of justice which he had usually evinced. Three noblemen were brought before him charged with having murdered a fourth; they strongly protested their innocence, and affirmed that, if time were given them, they could bring proofs of it; but the king, disregarding their intreaties, ordered them to be thrown from a lofty rock. The unfortunate men continued to make the strongest asseverations of innocence, declaring that the death of the king, within thirty days from that time, would show the truth of their statements, for that they summoned him to come to judgment with them before the throne of heaven. Ferdinand, at this time, was in perfect health; but whether the startling prediction of his victims produced its own fulfilment by affecting his imagination, or whether some other malady attacked him, history does not determine—he died on the last of the thirty days, and hence obtained the surname of Ferdinand the Summoned.

About this period, which abounds in circumstances that show the superstition and intellectual darkness of all classes of people in Europe, the celebrated order of Knights Templars was abolished. This powerful body, half monastic, half military, had acquired a strength and influence which made them hateful to the jealous eyes of the sovereigns of Europe; while, individually, they were feared by the people, who suffered from their vices. Warriors of the cross, they passed freely into court and camp, wherever the nobles of the land were assembled; they were privileged to display all the pomp and circumstance of war—to practise all that was then considered gay, gallant, and refined, or adapted to win the love of dames of high degree; while their vows of celibacy cut them off from all chance of honourable alliance with the objects of their admiration. Many a noble house had been dishonoured by these soldier-priests: many a humble hearth was robbed at once of the innocence of its brightest ornament, and of all, in the shape of wealth, that rapacity could wring from those too powerless to resist. Still, though guilty of ambition and profligacy—the vices of the camp; though convicted of avarice and luxury—the sins of the cloister; these wrought not their downfall: their wealth, as a body, was immense, and greater than their political power; so Pope Clement V., then at Avignon, and Philip the Fair of France (needy prelate and avaricious king), caused all the Knights Templars within their dominions to be seized on the same day, and thrown into secure dungeons. Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the order, and several of the best and bravest among them, were accused of sorcery, and other dark crimes against the laws of God and man, which admitted not of proof, and could only be met by solemn denial; some of them, in the agonies of the torture to which they were subjected, confessed to impossible enormities, and were thereupon condemned to die. Not so Jacques de Molay; he appears to have possessed qualities, both physical and mental, that might give the world assurance of a man: mingling the martyr's faith with the warrior's pride, he never quailed under the severest torture, but strongly protested not only his own innocence, but that of his order. Even at the last fiery ordeal of fagot and stake, before the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, he appeared with unshaken serenity. His deportment was full of majesty, for he had long been the equal com-

panion of princes; and of calm dignity, for he was conscious of innocence; and he had, withal, a Christian faith whose fervour could not be chilled even in the hour of death. Humbly admitting that he was guilty of the faults of our common nature, he denied the crimes imputed to him, and, committing his spirit to his Maker, he summoned Clement and Philip to appear with him in judgment within a year. They both outlived the period, though Philip died so soon after, as to occasion some doubt in the minds of the believers in the marvellous, whether his sudden death was not a fulfilment of the Grand Master's prediction.

Charles de Gontault, Baron de Biron, was the friend of Henry IV. of France before that monarch came to the throne, and he continued to be his firm adherent for some time afterwards. Disappointed, however, in some project of ambition, he caballed against his master, and being betrayed by his own valet, was committed to the Bastille. Henry was much attached to this brave chevalier, and intreated him to acknowledge his fault and be forgiven; but either Biron was innocent, and his valet a traitor, or he continued to hope that that person would not ultimately criminate him, and proudly refused to make any concession. When put upon his trial, he was found guilty; but he still trusted to Henry's favour for a pardon: the king, however, was not less offended by his obduracy than by his treason, and signed the warrant for his execution. Nothing could exceed the surprise and despair of Biron when he was informed that he was to die on the following day: he broke out into vehement protestations of innocence, upbraided the king with ingratitude and cruelty, and defied and denounced his accusers and judges, accusing the chancellor who had presided at his trial of unfair dealing, and summoning him to appear in judgment with him within the year. The chancellor, thrice armed in the consciousness of his own uprightness, did not die, but lived five years longer than Biron—until 1617.

The Portuguese in 1640 threw off the yoke of Spain, and nominated John, Duke of Braganza, to the throne. At his death he left two sons, Alphonzo and Pedro, and a daughter, Catherine, who became the unhappy wife of our second Charles. Alphonzo, who was a prince of mean intellect, married a princess of Nemours; she had a good dowry, a handsome person, considerable talents, and few virtues; and they succeeded to the throne. Don Pedro, the younger brother of Alphonzo, was every way his superior; and the shrewd, intriguing, unscrupulous princess of Nemours soon contrived that her husband's imbecility should be so apparent, as to justify his removal from the throne to make room for Don Pedro. Her own divorce then followed, and she artfully demanded back her dowry, well knowing that it was irrevocably squandered; but, as her real object was to become the wife of Don Pedro, she managed to be solicited to marry him, and so to reassume the name and rank of queen. Having carried this point, the guilty pair thought it necessary, for their own security, to have the deposed king and divorced husband closely confined: he submitted without complaint, and with only a momentary ebullition of anger, on hearing that his brother had married his wife. For fifteen years he remained a melancholy captive in the castle of Cintra, the beauties of whose 'glorious Eden' he was not suffered to enjoy. When on the point of death, he said, 'I am going, but the queen will soon follow me to answer before God's awful tribunal for the evils she has heaped upon my head.' She died a few months after him, in 1683; having been more miserable in the gratification of her passions, than her victim could have been in his solitary prison.

The last and most remarkable of these citations is connected with the history of the reigning family of this country; and its details are, perhaps, more touching and romantic than any that have preceded it. George, the electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain, was married, early in life, to Sophia Dorothea, princess of Halle,

a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. She was the only child of her parents, and had been reared with much tenderness, so that she carried to the court of the elector that unchecked gaiety of heart which so often leads innocent and inexperienced females first into imprudence and then into error. She allowed herself, soon after her arrival, to make some piquant remarks upon the rather coarse and inelegant ladies whom her father-in-law, after the custom of the small German sovereigns, kept openly at his court, and thereby she created enemies, who were ever on the watch to injure and annoy her. Her own conduct was irreproachable, until, in an evil hour, there came to Hanover the young Count Koningsmark, a Swedish nobleman of an ancient and honourable family, who was high in favour at the court of Stockholm. The count, fascinated by the manners of the princess (whose husband was absent with his father's army), paid her the most flattering attentions, which she carelessly, but it is believed innocently, admitted. This afforded the elector an opportunity of accomplishing her ruin. A trap was laid for her, which had the effect of bringing Koningsmark to the neighbourhood of her apartments at an improper hour. The unfortunate Swede was never more seen in life, and Sophia, being arrested, was conveyed without loss of time, and with the concurrence of her deceived husband, to the castle of Ahlen, on the banks of the river Ahlen, where she remained in close confinement thirty-two years.

It is not to be supposed that this incarceration of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of a powerful monarch—for George in time became king of Great Britain—could be an unimportant secret. Their son, the Prince of Wales, who was never on very good terms with his father, was anxious to see her, and twice, at the risk of his life, swam his horse across the river that surrounded the castle where she was confined. There is something very touching in this filial devotion to a mother whom he could scarcely remember to have seen, and who was accused of such grave offences; but the heart of the old German baron who kept the castle was made of such stern stuff, as to be proof against all fine emotions, and the young prince could not obtain an interview with his mother. There was no evidence against her that could justify a divorce; and on one occasion her husband made overtures to her for a reconciliation; but she proudly replied, 'If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of him; if the accusation be false, he is unworthy of me; I will not accept his offer.' Immediately before her death, she wrote a letter to him containing an affirmation of her innocence, a reproach for his injustice, and a citation to appear, within a year and a day, at the Divine tribunal for judgment. This letter she confided to an intimate friend, with a solemn charge to see it delivered to the king's own hand; but as this was an undertaking of a delicate, if not a dangerous nature, some months passed by without its being conveyed to him. At length his visit to his electoral dominions seemed to present the desired opportunity, and when he was on his way to Hanover, a messenger met him and delivered the packet to him in his coach. Supposing that it came from Hanover, he opened it directly; but its contents, and the fatal citation, with which it ended, had such an effect on him, that he fell into convulsions, which brought on apoplexy and death. He expired at the palace of his brother, the bishop of Osnaburgh, just seven months after his unfortunate wife.

George II., their son, always believed in his mother's innocence, and, had she survived his father, he would have restored her to her rank as queen dowager. Soon after his accession, he visited his electoral dominions, and caused some alterations to be made in the palace. On taking up the floor of his mother's dressing-room, the remains of Count Koningsmark were discovered. It is probable that the unfortunate man was seized and strangled at the moment of his arrest, and that his body was placed under the boards to prevent discovery. The



affair was hushed up, for George was careful of his mother's character; besides which, prudential motives would lead him to desire strict secrecy on this subject. His frequent altercations with his father, in conjunction with the stigma thrown upon his mother, had already given occasion to severe sarcasm and some ribaldry on the part of the Jacobites, and this discovery was not calculated to silence unwelcome insinuations about his parentage. Sophia's story remains on the page of history, a melancholy example of the miseries that may result from the neglect of those minor morals so important to woman. That she was essentially innocent, there is little room to doubt, but, if she had also been duly scrupulous to maintain those appearances of purity which are necessary to the perfection of woman's moral status, her whole destiny might have been bright instead of dark; her talents and beauty, instead of being wasted in a prison, might have adorned a palace and added lustre to a crown.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the most famous citations recorded in history. There is matter in them for serious consideration, not as encouraging a superstitious belief in marvels, but as showing the influence of the mind upon the body; a subject of such importance, that the writer gladly leaves it to abler hands.

#### ASTRONOMY FOR THE MILLION—DICK'S 'SIDEREAL HEAVENS.'

Dr Dick is the author of a series of volumes, in which science is very happily united with moral objects and an enlarged philanthropy. His books, we believe, are even better known in America than in their native country, although there, also, they seem to have obtained an extensive circulation. One of the latest of his productions is *The Sidereal Heavens*, a work designed to convey a popular view of the descriptive department of astronomy, and not unworthy of the attention of the higher class of readers, in as far as it gathers into one focus a considerable number of the most recent observations of the chief astronomers of Europe. A brief review of some of the more novel facts brought out by Dr Dick in this volume, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

The first thing which must strike, on even a passing glance at the stars, is their apparent difference of size; and they are accordingly classed by astronomers as of the first, second, or third magnitudes (six of these being visible to the eye, and as many as sixteen by the telescope); though the term does not properly signify size, but relative distance and consequent brightness. Sir W. Herschel estimates it thus:—

Light of a star of 1st magnitude,	—	100
... 2d ...	—	25
... 3d ...	—	12
... 4th ...	—	6
... 5th ...	—	2
... 6th ...	—	1

From his own experiments, he found that the light of Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, is about 324 times that of an average star of the sixth magnitude; and Dr Wollaston has estimated it as equal to that of fourteen of our suns.

Now, these are facts, or rather figures, in which we are apt to acquiesce, as we do in the general fact, now placed beyond contradiction, that all the fixed stars are suns, without any very definite conceptions of a matter so far removed beyond human apprehension. But when the former of the two astronomers above-quoted goes on to tell us, that, 'as seen with his forty-feet telescope, the appearance of Sirius announced itself at a great distance, like the dawn of the morning, and came on by degrees, increasing in brightness, till this brilliant

star at length entered the field of the telescope with all the splendour of the rising sun, and forced him to take his eyes off the beautiful sight'—we not only begin to take in that what, at such an enormous distance (20,000,000,000 of miles from our earth) could display the splendour, and produce the dazzling effects of our own sun, is indeed a brother, though infinitely superior luminary; but form some faint conception of what must be the extent of a universe crowded with telescopic stars, unquestionably themselves suns also, whose distances, and the time requisite to traverse the space which separates them from us, Dr Dick thus familiarly illustrates:—'A steam-carriage,' says he, 'setting out from the earth with a velocity of twenty miles per hour, or 486 miles a-day, would require 356,385,460 years to pass from our globe to one of the stars above alluded to. A seraph might wing his flight with the swiftness of light for millions of years through the regions of immensity, and never arrive at a boundary; and we have reason to believe, from what we already know of the Creator and his works, that during the whole course of such an excursion, new objects and new scenes of glory and magnificence would be continually rising to his view. Whether man will ever be permitted to traverse these vast spaces,' says Dr Dick, 'is a question beyond our province to resolve.' But what a field does the bare knowledge of their existence open to the hopes and anticipations of an intelligent and immortal being!

To justify the use of the word 'crowded,' which, as allied with such boundless space, may seem inapplicable, let us turn to our author's interesting particulars of the Milky Way. This well-known object, 'when traced throughout its different directions, is found to encircle the whole sphere of the heavens, though in some parts of its course broader and more brilliant than in others. It seems to have been known to the ancients exactly as now, and by them poetically considered as a "pavement of stars;" a conjecture which the telescope has fully confirmed. Ovid says—

"A way there is, in heaven's extended plain,  
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below;  
And mortals by the name of 'milky' know;  
The groundwork is of stars, through which the road  
Lies open to the Thunderer's abode."

And Milton thus characterises it—

"A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to us appear,  
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
Like to a circling zone, powdered with stars."

The following is a brief summary of Sir W. Herschel's observations on this region of the heavens, with a Newtonian reflecting telescope of twenty feet focal length, and an aperture of eighteen inches:—

'In the most crowded parts of the milky way,' says he, 'I have had fields of view that contained no fewer than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes; so that in one quarter of an hour's time there passed not less than 116,000 stars through the field of view of my telescope. Now, the field of view taken in by the telescope was a space less than one-fourth of the apparent size of the moon; and in this narrow field were seen about as many stars as are generally beheld through the whole sky by the naked eye in a clear winter's night. In some parts the stars cluster so thickly, that an average breadth of about five degrees gave 331,000 stars. Were we to suppose every part of the zone equally rich with the space above referred to (about a 61st part of the whole milky way), it will contain no less than 20,191,000 stars. "In short," to use the words of Sir John Herschel, "this remarkable belt, when examined through powerful telescopes, is found (wonderful to relate!) to consist entirely of stars scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens."

In endeavouring to determine a 'sounding line,' as he calls it, for fathoming the depth of the stratum of stars in the milky way, he seems to prove, by pretty

conclusive reasoning, that his twenty-foot telescope penetrated to a distance in the profundity of space no less than 497 times the distance of Sirius; so that a stratum of stars of 497 in thickness, each of them as far distant beyond another as Sirius is from our sun, was within the reach of his vision! consequently the most distant stars visible in his telescope must have been at nearly ten thousand *billions* of miles! Of such immense distances we can form nothing approaching to a distinct conception. We can only echo the sentiments of Schneider of Lilienthal, when, with a still more powerful instrument, he had calculated the number of stars visible by it in the milky way at 12,000,000, the sight drew from him the natural exclamation, 'What omnipotence!'

But what shall we say when this milky way, of which our sun is merely a grain of the gold dust, has come to be suspected to be only one of the 3000 similar galaxies, some of them (as that in Orion) incomparably larger than itself, and soluble into distinct stars; while others more distant, yet dimly visible, only require advanced powers in the instrument of vision to yield, according to every analogy, a similar result! The forms of these *nebulae*, as they are called, are endless and varied; but it is a curious fact, that one in particular, and that, too, situate at nearly the remotest point to which our telescopes can carry us, and which its highest powers have as yet failed to resolve into stars, is supposed to bear a more striking resemblance to the system of stars in which our sun is placed than any other object which has yet been described in the heavens. Sir John Herschel describes it as a 'brother system, bearing a real analogy of structure to our own.' It consists of a bright round nucleus, surrounded at a great distance by a nebulous ring, which appears *split* through nearly the greater portion of its circumference, being the precise aspect in which our milky way would present itself to the inhabitant of an equally distant part of this visible region of the Almighty's creation, which we are pleased to designate the 'universe.'

But in whatever part of creation we survey His operations, we uniformly find the character of *variety* impressed upon all his works. The light of the stars generally is greatly diversified, though, on a cursory view of the firmament, they appear nearly of the same aspect. The rays of Sirius, for example, are not only strikingly different from those of Aldebaran, but from those of many other stars which seem to bear a nearer resemblance. In tropical climates, where the sky is clearer than with us, and almost of a dark ebony colour, the difference is more perceptible. In this respect, as well as others, it is true that 'one star differeth from another in glory.'

But the phenomena of double stars do not seem to have been much attended to, till Sir William Herschel commenced his extensive observations. From some six or eight of these stars, known to a preceding age, that indefatigable observer, and his no less distinguished son, have risen to a distinct list of 3300 double and triple stars from their own solitary observations, which, added to a catalogue by the celebrated Struve of Dorpat of no less than 3000 (to determine which he had to examine minutely 120,000 stars), makes the total number known exceed 6000. To some minds, not accustomed to deep reflection, it may appear a very trivial fact, that a small and scarcely distinguishable point of light adjacent to a larger star should revolve around its larger attendant; but this phenomenon, minute and trivial as it may at first sight appear, proclaims the astonishing fact, that suns revolve around suns, and systems around systems. Prodigious reflection!—that sun should revolve round sun, with all its planetary systems along with it, and the probable distance between them 200,000 millions of miles!

It was predicted, so early as 1783, that probably some day the periods of these revolutions might be discovered; which is now fully realised, and no longer subject of conjecture. More than fifty instances of change of re-

lative position in the two stars have been sufficiently observed to ascertain the fact of circular progressive motion, completed in some cases in a period of 43 years, in others of 342, while some must require 12 or 1600 years. 'On the whole,' says Sir John Herschel, 'we have the same evidence of their rotations about each other, as we have of those of Uranus and Saturn about the sun.'

There is another interesting view which may be taken of these binary systems, as they are called, and *that is the contrast of colours* which some of the stars composing them exhibit. 'Many of the double stars,' says Sir John Herschel, 'exhibit the beautiful and curious phenomena of contrasted or complimentary colours. In such instances the larger star is usually of a ruddy or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green; and it may be easier suggested in words than conceived in imagination, what *variety* of illumination *two suns*, a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue, must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and "grateful vicissitudes" a red and green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, might arise from the presence or absence of one or other above the horizon. Insulated stars, of a red colour almost as deep as that of blood, occur in many parts of the heavens; but no green or blue star (of any decided hue) has, we believe, ever been noticed, unassociated with a companion brighter than itself.'

But wonderful as we have seen *binary* systems to be, triple, quadruple, and multiple stars are now also ascertained to form connected systems. What an idea of the *order* of creation and intelligence of the Creator does this complexity, yet harmony of motions and orbits, give rise to! Millions of bodies, all in regular yet connected motion, pursuing their way without confusion or collision, in spite of the (by man) incalculable disturbing forces of the bodies among which they circulate! What a daily and hourly attestation to the omniscience of Him who first impressed them with their motions and velocities, and by whom, at a glance, all their perturbations were foreseen and provided for!

Hitherto, we have spoken chiefly of the hundreds and millions of heavenly bodies which the progress of science has unfolded to the astronomer's view. But there are stars, 'few and far between,' indeed, which have blazed conspicuously in our firmament but to disappear from it; whether permanently or not, remains to be seen. The following is Dr Dick's account of the most remarkable among them:—

'In the beginning of November 1572, a new star appeared in Cassiopeia, whose appearance was sudden and brilliant, and its phenomena so striking, as to determine the celebrated Tycho Brahe to become an astronomer. Returning about ten to his laboratory, he came to a crowd of country people staring at something behind him, and looking round, he beheld this wonderful object. It was so bright, that his staff cast a shadow; of a dazzling white, with a little of a bluish tinge. It had no hair or tail around it similar to comets, but shone with the same kind of lustre as the other fixed stars. Its brilliancy was so great as to surpass that of Lyra and Sirius. It appeared larger than Jupiter in its nearest approach to the earth; and was seen, by those who had good eyes, at noonday.

In this state it continued to shine, with undiminished brilliancy, during the remaining part of November, or more than three weeks. It gradually diminished, through December, to the size of Jupiter. In January, February, and March 1573, it appeared about a star of the first magnitude, gradually decreasing in brightness, till, about October, it was only equal to one of the fourth, and in January and February 1574, to the fifth and sixth magnitude. In spring 1573, it grew reddish like Mars; in the month of May that year, pale and livid, like Saturn; and, after sixteen months, it finally disappeared in March 1574.

'It is impossible,' says Mrs Somerville, when alluding to this star of 1572, 'to imagine anything more tremen-

dous than a conflagration that could be visible at such a distance.' Whether there were anything in the state of the body alluded to, similar to what we call a conflagration, may be justly doubted; but there was a splendour and luminosity concentrated in that point of the heavens where the star appeared, which would more than equal the blaze of twelve millions of worlds such as ours, were they all collected in one mass, and all at once wrapt in flames.

The supposition of these stars being suns destroyed by combustion, has been favoured by La Place, Professor Vince, M. Mason Good, and the late Professor Robison of Edinburgh, who asks, 'What has become of that dazzling star, surpassing Venus in brightness, which shone out all at once in November 1572?'

Another star, almost similar in brightness, appeared in September 1604, and shone, gradually diminishing, till some time between October 1605 and the following February. The theory of Dr Dick on the subject seems to be, that these are not worlds in combustion, but huge bodies approaching our system in vastly elliptical orbits at fixed periods, and receding in the same manner. As similar phenomena appeared in the same place (Cassiopeia) in 934 and 1264, a period of about 319 years, he supposes this might be the same; and if so, its next return would be about 1891 or 1892. Should this prove the case, astronomers will now have a better opportunity of marking its aspects and revolutions, and determining its size and period.

'Whatever view,' he says, 'we may be led to take of such events, we behold a display of magnitude, of motion, and of magnificence, which overpowers the human faculties, and shows us the littleness of man, and the limited nature of his powers; and which ought to inspire us with reverence for that Almighty Being who sits on the throne of the universe, describing all its movements for the accomplishment of His wise and righteous designs, and for the diffusion of universal happiness throughout all ranks of intelligent existences. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? In the heights of heaven he doth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number. By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens. The pillars thereof tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. Lo! these are but parts of his ways; but the thunder of his power who can understand?"'

### ACCIDENTS IN MINES.

We can scarcely turn up a newspaper which does not record some mining accident. Indeed, combining the great mining districts of this island, it may be safely stated that broken limbs and loss of life are of almost every-day occurrence, involving a vast amount of individual suffering and family deprivation. There is now before us a list of accidents, gleaned from the pages of the *Mining Journal*, for a period of eight months, by which it appears 301 individuals have lost their lives, and 182 received severe and permanent injuries. According to parliamentary report, the annual loss of life in the Bromwich, Tipton, Dudley, and Wolverhampton district, amounts to 110; and it is stated by the Midland Mining Commission, that out of 1122 deaths of colliers, not fewer than 610 arose from accidents. All this points to a fearful amount of individual suffering, as well as national loss; and yet we believe nine-tenths of these calamities are never known beyond the locality in which they occur. In fact, the best authorities allow that scarcely a fifth of the accidents, which happen in connexion with mining operations is recorded in the newspapers, and, proceeding upon this estimate, they calculate that 2500 lives are annually lost to Britain through this cause alone! Occasionally, the public is startled by some dreadful explosion in the collieries of Newcastle or Whitehaven; but such accidents, however distressing, create but a small portion of the total loss; falls of the roof, choke-damp, bursting of old water-

wastes, breaking of apparatus in descending the pit, and other minor causes, insensibly increasing the mortality to its present alarming extent. Such being the facts, the question occurs—Can anything be done to lessen the evil?

Since the better construction of our roads, and the more careful management arising from public competition, stage-coach accidents seldom or ever occur. Experience, public opinion acting upon the pecuniary interests of companies, and legal enactments, have already produced a salutary diminution in railway casualties; and the same influences will also in time diminish the dangers of steam-navigation. In these cases the remedy has been effected by the public taking care of itself on the one hand, and companies looking after their pecuniary interests on the other. But the miner is obscure and comparatively helpless; on his side is dependence for bread, on the side of his master are power and authority. Unless, therefore, a benevolence akin to that which has prevented the employment, in mines, of females, and of children under ten years of age, takes part with the miner, the perils of his occupation run little chance of being speedily abolished. Presuming that such a benevolence were to interfere, nay, that the state were to legislate for its own protection—for the annual loss of so many lives entails a heavy burden upon the community—we see no inherent difficulties in the occupation of a miner which should render it more liable to accident than many other so-called 'hazardous' employments. We have only to glance at the causes of the accidents recorded, to be convinced that their removal or mitigation is within the power of human ingenuity and caution.

Upon investigation, it appears that explosion of fire-damp, choke-damp, falling of the roof, breaking of the rope or other apparatus in descent, fall of stones down the pit, and bursting of water from old wastes, are the chief causes of accident; and none of these appears to present any insurmountable obstacles to its removal or mitigation. In the first place, many of such casualties arise from carelessness or ignorance on the part of the workmen themselves, and might be prevented by the employment of an accredited agent to whom the entire safety-regulation of the mine should be intrusted. Where such overseers are employed, accidents seldom take place; the proper working of the engines, the ropes, ventilation, and locking of the safety-lamps, being the objects of their daily inspection. But even the strictest human vigilance is fallible; and in a matter of such momentous importance as the removal of fire-damp and choke-damp, there ought to be some arrangements of a peculiarly careful nature. Presuming that the most approved safety-lamps are supplied to the miner, the great currents of ventilation ought to be regulated from above, and in connexion with the never-failing source of the atmosphere. Fire-damp is light, and will ascend wherever an egress is afforded it; and choke-damp can always be driven from its lurking places by a superior current of pure air. To the former, an escape can be readily afforded by open shafts or by the boring rod; and where such ventilation exists, in connexion with rarefaction by fire, or with currents produced by the steam-engine, choke-damp must disappear. Falls of the roof should be of rare occurrence where props are liberally supplied, and where an avaricious system of 'harrying' (removing all the coal-supports for the sake of the mineral) is not adopted; and the breaking of the rope and other apparatus in descents would perhaps never happen, were these daily inspected, and properly secured at night from malicious damage. In fine, few of those causes which so frequently prove fatal in mines are beyond human control, if proper means were taken for their removal; but these means, we fear, will continue to be neglected, or at best be but imperfectly applied, till legislative enactment compel their adoption. Depending, as Britain does, for so much of her wealth and comfort upon her mineral resources, it is far from creditable that the lives of her miners should continue to be

exposed to such hazards, whether from their own ignorance, or from the neglect and avarice of their masters. Considerations of self-interest, as well as of humanity, should prompt to this endeavour; for an annual loss of 2500 lives cannot take place without materially adding to the liabilities of an already overburdened community.

#### THE WEATHER FORETOLD BY OBSERVING THE HABITS OF A SPIDER.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots when they revolted against the Stadtholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years. Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with approaching changes in the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connexion between such changes and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form, invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad headache; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head, and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by very severe weather. So often as his headache attacked him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and north-east winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well and the fine weather returned. Further observations confirmed him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and reappearance, their weaving and general habits, were so intimately connected with changes in the weather, that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which led to his release.

When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw, in the early part of the month of December, threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion, and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw. The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication, and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity, that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th January 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quatremer Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.—*Foreign Quarterly Review for January.*

#### ENCOURAGING HINTS.

Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realised. The path of life appears smooth and level; but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one; and, whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to elbow our way through the great crowd, 'hoping for little, yet striving for much,' is perhaps the best plan. Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbour treads over you a little; or, in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favourable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again. Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; they are rotten at the core. From such sources as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you may become used: if you fare as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighbourly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly now as some of your neighbours, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The recent accounts from this colony, which are dated to the 15th August, appear to give indications of a spirit of enterprise having sprung up among the settlers. It is very evident that the first step for the advancement of a new colony must be the establishment of an export trade. No country can flourish which is drained of its specie in payment for imported articles; and therefore, to produce sufficient for its own use, is the most effectual means to prevent the emission of capital, while the production of more than sufficient, which must lead to exportation, will in its turn introduce additional capital. The Western Australians appear to be following this line of policy, and throughout the colony an anxiety seems to prevail to discover exportable commodities, and turn them to advantage. Besides the staple articles of wool, oil, and whalebone, the list of Western Australian exports is likely soon to receive additions in those of wine, live stock, potatoes, timber, flax, and olive-oil; and labour only is wanted to enable the colonists to ship these articles to the neighbouring colonies, and even to England, to an extent which cannot fail greatly to advance the prosperity of their settlement. The governor's speech at the opening of the council on the 21st June last, reports good progress. He alludes to the general state of affairs, and congratulates the council on the solvent condition of their colony, as compared with that of the other Australian settlements. He deprecates the high price of labour; but hopes that some means may be devised for the introduction of immigrants, and urges the colonists to turn every attention to exportation. A long discussion subsequently occurred in the council on the motion of one of its members for the repeal of an act prohibiting distillation in the colony, as it was now thought that the manufacture of brandy, under certain restrictions, would benefit the community. The permission, however, was deferred until vineyard cultivation shall have reached a more advanced stage. The reports of the Western Australian, the Agricultural, and the Vineyard Societies, were very satisfactory; and that of the Western Australian Bank showed that its affairs were prosperous. The new church at Fremantle had been opened with a very interesting ceremony, and several other public works of great importance were rapidly approaching completion. On the whole, the advices from this quarter are pleasing, and indicate an exemption

from the depression so generally felt by the neighbouring colonies, and a gradual progress, retarded by the absence of labour, and consequent high rate of wages, but yet steady and prosperous.

#### INSTINCT OF THE ANT-LION.

Among the instincts which direct animals in the acquirement of their food, few are more remarkable than those possessed by the larva of the ant-lion, a small insect allied to the dragon-fly. This animal is destined to feed upon ants and other small insects, whose juices it sucks; but it moves slowly, and with difficulty, so that it could scarcely have obtained the requisite supply of food, if nature had not guided it in the construction of a remarkable snare, which entraps the prey it could not acquire by pursuit. It digs in fine sand a little funnel-shaped pit, and conceals itself at the bottom of this until an insect falls over its edge; and if its victim seeks to escape, or stops in its fall to the bottom, it throws over it, by means of its head and mandibles, a quantity of sand, by which the insect is caused to roll down the steep, within reach of its captor. The manner in which the ant-lion digs this pit is extremely curious. After having examined the spot where it purposes to establish itself, it traces a circle of the dimensions of the mouth of its pit, then placing itself within this line, and making use of one of its legs as a spade, it digs out a quantity of sand, which it heaps upon its head, and then, by a sudden jerk, throws this some inches beyond its circle. In this manner it digs a trench, which serves as the border of its intended excavation, moving backwards along the circle until it comes to the same point again; it then changes sides, and moves in the contrary direction, and so continues until its work is completed. If, in the course of its labours, it meets with a little stone, the presence of which would injure the perfection of its snare, it neglects it at first, but returns to it after finishing the rest of its work, and uses all its efforts to get it upon its back, and carry it out of its excavation; but if it cannot succeed in this, it abandons its work, and commences anew elsewhere. When the pit is completed, it is usually about thirty inches in diameter by twenty in depth; and when the inclination of its walls has been altered by any slip, as almost always happens when an insect has fallen in, the ant-lion hastens to repair the damage. — *Carpenter's Animal Physiology* — *Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science*.

#### HOW TO CLEAN A FOWLING-PIECE.

Sir Astley Cooper seemed to be innately philosophically disposed, and always had some object of practical utility in view. In his scientific inquiries, he had remarkable facility of applying his knowledge to the daily concerns of life, and delighted in suggesting improvements for matters which might almost appear too trifling to attract his notice. I remember upon one occasion saying in his hearing, 'I must send my gun to town to have it cleaned, for it has become so much loaded that it is unfit for use.' 'Pooh!' said he; 'send it to London! there is not the least occasion for it. Keep a few ounces of quicksilver in the gun-case, and then you can easily unlead your gun yourself. Stop up the touch-holes by means of a little wax, and then, pouring the quicksilver into the barrels, roll it along them for a few minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam, and leave the gun as clean as the first day it came out of the shop. You have then only to strain the quicksilver through a piece of thin wash-leather, and it is again fit for use, for the lead will be left in the strainer.' I have since adopted this plan, and with perfect success. — *Life of Sir Astley Cooper*.

#### HONG KONG.

The island of Hong Kong, lately added to our possessions by the Chinese treaty, is comparatively a small patch of land, deriving its main importance from the facilities afforded by its situation. It is from four to five miles in width, and is traversed by a range of granitic hills from 500 to upwards of 1000 feet in height. The climate is not essentially different from that of Macao, on the mainland of China; and there is abundance of good water at all times of the year. The soil is decomposed granite; and there are about 300 acres under cultivation, chiefly rice. The vegetable productions are mangoes, lichees, langans, oranges, and pears; rice, sweet potatoes, yams, and a small quantity of flax. The animals are deer, armadillo, land-tortoise, and snakes, not known to be venomous; and a quantity of fish are captured and cured at the village of

Chick-choo. As a station, it is reported to be by no means healthy. The most prevalent diseases are intermittent and remittent fevers; and dysentery is common throughout the year, particularly after sudden changes of weather. The natives suffer from these complaints as well as Europeans.

#### EXPORT EXTRAORDINARY.

There is an export house whose establishment is in Manchester, which, from the magnitude of its business, is perhaps unparalleled—that is, in the same business—namely, exporters of cotton twist and piece-goods. The firm referred to is known to pack no fewer than 25,000 to 30,000 bales per annum, each pack weighing half a ton; this latter quantity gives 62 bales a day, equal to 41 tons, or 287 tons weekly—or nearly 15,000 tons a year. The carriage or freight paid by this house is really astounding. The present charge to Hull is L.2 per ton, and which, at this rate, amounts to L.500 per week, presuming that the bales take this route, which, no doubt, nine-tenths of them do. The annual payment on this head will therefore be within a fraction of L.30,000. The statement will no doubt cause much surprise, but there is every reason to believe that it is based on facts. — *Leeds Mercury*.

#### SUBMARINE PLOUGH.

A submarine plough for removing sand-banks in shallow waters is said to have been constructed by Dr Eddy of Cincinnati, somewhat on the principle of the Archimedeum screw, boring up the sand at one end, and passing it through the screw to be discharged at the other extremity.

#### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;  
  
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlour wall;  
  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true hearted,  
Come to visit me once more:  
  
He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!  
  
They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more!  
  
And with them, the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.  
  
With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine;  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.  
  
And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.  
  
Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.  
  
O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

— *Longfellow's Poems (American)*.

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## BEGGING.

PERHAPS no social feature of our country has been more changed since George III. was king, than that of begging. In my early days, this profession was practised only by a humble set of people, generally old and disabled: some went on crutches, some sailed along in things like bowls, a small select number were carried on from door to door in hand-barrows—and a precious set of tyrannical old men of the sea these were by the way, for, if a servant grumbled at their weight, or stopped too long to rest from it, they never scrupled to make hearty use of both tongue and stick; nor were they ever known to give any thanks for the trouble taken with them. There were, indeed, a very few of a respectable sort of beggars, who came half as volunteer guests, and were of such delicacy and propriety of behaviour, that they frequently sat with the master and mistress. Generally, however, the beggars of former days were a poor, humble, and despicable sort of people, trusting to their very wretchedness for a means of exciting the compassion of the public. Now, when everything has been so much improved, begging has been improved too, only in a far greater degree than anything else. In fact, begging has taken its place amongst the political and economic arrangements of our land. The greatest people resort to it, and the most wonderful things are done by it.

It is very remarkable how a science of such capabilities should have been allowed to slumber so long in an undeveloped state amongst the mere outcasts of society. Some one has remarked of printing, that it remained as Guttenberg made it for the first four centuries, but then took a sudden start, and went through a series of splendid improvements, terminating in the four-cylinder machine, all in the short space of thirty years. Somewhat similar has been the history of begging—a poor snivelling employment for the first six thousand years of the world's history, but at length expanded to one of magnificent system and detail in the course of about half an ordinary lifetime. Both facts form striking proofs of the dormitive condition of the human mind down to a recent period. Men dreamed long ago. They are now awake. There lies the difference. It would be absurd, however, to suppose that begging is even yet a perfect science, or one generally understood. It is going on well, but it is not at all what it might be made in the hands of thoroughly skilled and active men, women, and young ladies; and there is a vast portion of society who know as little of it as they do of printing. With a view to promote the advance of the science, I beg to submit a few of its fundamental principles to general consideration.

The first great principle concerned in begging is, that one has always a chance of obtaining a thing by seeking

it. Few things fall swoop into one's mouth like Beau Tibbs's friends. Most things require to be asked for, sought for, ~~and~~ grasped at; but when this trouble is taken about them, they are very apt to be got. So truly is this the case, that, theoretically speaking, there is scarcely anything in this world which may not be had for the asking—that is to say, had in some sort of way or degree—the sleeve, if not the gown. Many rebuffs, many failures, much grumbling and groaning, may be encountered in the course of the requisition; but some share of success will also be sure to accrue. The world, let my readers depend upon it, is divided among those who seek it. Nor is it, after all, difficult to see how this should be. First, the seeker is the man ready to take: he catches what occurs; while others, not on the outlook, let things pass. Then it is far more pleasant for any one who has, to give to one who seeks, than to one who does not seek, for it is surer of being appreciated, and is always getting quit of a trouble in the person of the petitioner. Modest merit, sitting quietly behind backs, ought no doubt to be encouraged: everybody owns that; but then modest merit *can* wait, and does not get angry for being put off a little longer. So c'en let the pestilent fellow have what he wants, and be done with him. And thus he takes the spoils of fortune, whose only claim upon them is his making his claim so pertinaciously, while simple worth sits quietly by, with only the empty reward of good opinion.

A second great principle is the habit of the courtesies of society. An honest unthinking gentleman, who pays his bills, reads the newspapers every day, goes occasionally out to dinner, and performs in a decentish way all the other duties of a respectable person, is informed in his dressing-room, between ten and eleven one morning, that two ladies have called for him, and are sitting in the parlour. As soon as he can get himself properly trimmed, he goes down to see them, and finds two very gentlewoman-like persons in possession of his two arm-chairs. They rise at his entrance—he greets them, and desires them to be seated. The beauty of the morning, and the unpleasantness of the weather of Thursday last week, are fully admitted on both sides. He thinks they may be wishing to inquire respecting the character of a servant, or something of a similar nature: no matter, he is by habit a gentleman, and of course converses civilly. At length, after a few remarks on miscellaneous subjects, one of them draws forth a book from her muff or reticule, and, addressing him on the merits of a scheme for furnishing shoes and stockings to the women of the Blackfeet Indians, begs he will have the goodness to subscribe to it. Now really, he thinks, this is a most preposterous affair; but, on the other hand, these poor ladies have no personal interest in it; on the contrary, under the pure influence of charitable feelings, they are taking a great deal of trouble, and exposing themselves



to many collisions of a disagreeable nature, in order to promote an end which they think good. He cannot, then, but still treat them kindly, however annoying he may think their application. He therefore enters into an amicable argument with them, and, in the politest terms, endeavours to excuse himself from a subscription. There are feet requiring shoes and stockings nearer home. He has so many things to subscribe for—only yesterday, he put down his name for a sovereign to the three burnt-out families. He really cannot afford much in these days of reduced interest. He had a monument last week—has just himself been getting up a testimonial for a friend—and is looking for the soup-kitchen every day. How can he be expected in these circumstances to disburse for the female Blackfeet? Well, they hear his objections, but they never appear one whit affected by them; for always, after allowing that what he says is true, they immediately glide back to the matter of their book, and at him again. At length, it becomes a fair matter of calculation. A crown buys him off genteelly. The alternative is coming to a harsh or rude point with these fair petitioners. Being a man of courtesy, he prefers keeping up his usual tone with them, strangers as they are; and so he twitches out his five shillings with the best grace he may. They then rise to take leave; he sees them to the door; good morning on both sides—all ends well. The Blackfeet women get the shoes and stockings, and the gentleman has preserved his self-respect. The whole affair shows, in a forcible manner, the importance of good genteel appearances in begging. A really poor object—half fed, half clad, half sarkit (to use Burns's vigorous words)—gets only a copper, though he would require at least three or four to purchase him a supper and bed, and keep him off the streets for the night. But two well-dressed ladies are quite another thing, albeit their object be one almost vanishing beyond the horizon of human sympathies. With them polite observances must be kept up, while a growl is but a proper accompaniment to the copper. In this respect, begging is like business in general. The bare-footed waitress of a wayside alehouse is well rewarded with a penny; but the elegantly-dressed attendant of a first-rate hotel would be underpaid with a shilling. The dress and address in these matters is everything—and this brings us to the

Third principle, which is simply that faculty of our sentimental system called love of approbation, or desire of standing well with our neighbours. People in general do not like to be thought shabby, or even suspected of shabbiness; therefore they give. They like to see their names in a respectable subscription list, and that for a respectable sum; and therefore they give, and that liberally in comparison with their means. The application is always felt as a thing involving two interests—first that of the object of the application, second and chief, the personal feelings of the party applied to. What will be expected of me? What will look fair as my donation? These are questions asked almost before the necessity of the case is thought of. Even Byron, with all his enthusiasm for that Greece in whose cause he lost his life, wrote to a friend that, with regard to the Philhellenic subscription, he did not think he could get off under four thousand pounds. There are, indeed, some of a sufficiently stoical constitution to be able to resist all such weak impulses: these are the men who 'never give—upon principle'; but, like the wise in all ages, they are but a limited exception to a great rule. You are tolerably sure of a man when you can bring him under the compulsion of his wish to stand well with the world, or even the individual applicant.

Lastly, there is such a thing as a favourable disposition to particular objects calling for contributions. Each man has some bent or prejudice on behalf of which he will yield easily, when the application is properly made. Every man may be said to have his mendicible side—call it his weak one or not as you choose. Some are tender of heart towards widows and orphans; others delight in total improvements, and will subscribe for pieces of new

causewaying, when their hearts would be found already paved if attacked on any softer subject. Oppressed patriots interest some: they will bleed for nobody who has not been tried for his life, or suffered at least a year's imprisonment. It is necessary for a petitioner to know the parties who have predilections in behalf of the matter in question; for if he were to speak of widows and children to a patriot, or of captive martyrs to a man who only delights in getting streets widened, and pavement laid down where no pavement was before, or only a bad pavement, he would probably be wasting his charms upon the deaf adder. On the contrary, when he assails the proper persons, all is easy and smooth, and he accomplishes his task in a surprisingly short space of time. Not that he should be scrupulous in addressing only favourably-disposed parties, if there be any need to go further; for even amongst the disaffected, he has always the first three principles to come and go upon, and possibly upon one of these he may strike down his bird; but it certainly is true, that it is by far the kindest work when you have the prepossessions of the party in accordance with your object. It is taking things with the grain.

By favour of one or other of these principles, or of all together, it is wonderful how potent a thing is begging. Few persons have as yet the faintest idea of it; it is a Great Power known only to, and practised by, some scattered individuals, who themselves, notwithstanding their success, are perhaps not fully aware of the virtue which resides in it. I almost fear to go farther in developing the philosophy of this great subject, like the wife of Sawney Bean, the Forfarshire cannibal, who said that if people were generally aware of the delicious nature of human flesh, they would all wish to eat of it, and of nothing else. It seems much to be apprehended that, the puissance of the Mendicatory Principle becoming better known, we shall find more persons taking advantage of it, and the world made almost intolerable for quiet people. But again I consider that perhaps the time for such fears is past, and the only hope for those who at present do not beg is to begin to beg too. It seems as if we must all become beggars together, merely to stand on equal terms with our neighbours. On this ground, it cannot be anything but right and proper that the principles of mendication should be generally understood, as by no other means can any one cope with and defend himself from those around him. And, clearly, when once it comes to a fair stand-up fight of box against box, book against book, we may all expect to be comfortable once more. A man will then take his subscription paper with him when he walks out, as he takes his umbrella or great-coat, or as gentlemen long ago took a pistol or bludgeon in their pockets. It will be his *decus et tutamen*, at once his safety and his distinction. Young ladies in bonnets and veils, cruising about with book in muff for money to furnish school-books to the slave children of South Carolina, will come to know that such and such a gentleman has one for a silver cup to the chairman of the county committee for the fox hounds, and will give him a wide berth accordingly. People will come to have a respectful dread of each other's ruled-paper blunderbusses, and none will then become prey but the silly fools who have not the sense, or won't take the trouble, to keep weapons offensive and defensive of the like nature.

Viewing the matter in this light, I believe I am doing nothing but good service to mankind in impressing upon them the great power of begging, and instilling into them a knowledge of its fundamental principles. They may be assured that it is a science as yet only in its infancy. Thirty years ago, it thought of nothing above copper. It afterwards rose through silver to bank notes. Now it collects its hundreds and thousands, or occasionally, by way of a great stroke of work, its hundreds of thousands. Once it was a solitary ragged vagrant; then it became a single lady or gentleman; now it is a regiment. But begging may yet be an occupation for an army, a crusade, and for hundreds

of thousands it may yet gather its millions. Only organise a proper force, and it might rival taxation in its results. There may yet be a central office in London for a mendicatory mission which overspreads the world, collecting alike from the Esquimaux and the Terra del Fuegians, the Japanese and the Kafirs. The way is clearly open for these and other such operations, for man is not only a begging, but a beggable animal. He is formed by nature to give to him who strenuously seeks; to give for the sake of fair reputation, and for the sake of doing good. He therefore lies fairly exposed to the Begging Power, ready to yield it the richest crops whenever the proper means are taken, just like a field which has as yet been in a state of nature, but could give seventy tons of turnips per acre if properly tilled and drilled. Some inconvenience may be experienced by individuals while things are going on to this pass, for some will naturally be less ready than others to take up the new weapons; but at length all will be fully armed and accoutred, and of course on a perfect equality in point of mendicatory redoubtability; so that no one will have anything to complain of beyond his neighbours, while the funds so realised will be producing effects of a kind heretofore undreamt for the general interests of mankind.

## LEGENDS RESPECTING TREES.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

Our former selection of legends from Loudon's 'Arboretum' concluded with a quotation from an old Christmas carol in praise of holly, assigning to it a chief place in the hall, while ivy is made to stand without door, being 'full sore a-cold.' This suggests, as an appropriate beginning for our present gleanings, the mythological allusions to the latter evergreen.

*The Ivy* was dedicated by the ancients to Bacchus, whose statues are generally found crowned with a wreath of its leaves; and, as the favourite plant of the god of wine, its praises have been sung by almost all poets, whether ancient or modern. Many reasons have been given for the consecration to Bacchus of this plant. Some poets say that it was because the ivy has the effect of dissipating the fumes of wine; others, because it was once his favourite youth Cissus; and others, because it is said that the ivy, if planted in vineyards, will destroy the vines, and that it was thus doing an acceptable service to that plant to tear it up, and wreath it into chaplets and garlands. The most probable, however, seems to be, that the ivy is found at Nyssa, the reputed birthplace of Bacchus, and in no other part of India. The ancient Greek priests presented a wreath of ivy to newly-married persons, as a symbol of the closeness of the tie which ought to bind them together; and Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, ordered all the Jews, who would abjure their religion, and attach themselves to the superstitions of his country, to be branded with an ivy leaf. The ivy is symbolical of friendship, from the closeness of its adherence to the trees on which it has once fixed itself; hence, also, it has become a favourite device for seals—some of the best of which are, a sprig of ivy with the motto, 'I die where I attach myself'; and a fallen tree still covered with ivy, with the words, 'Even ruin cannot separate us.' Ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon.

*The Jasmine* is no less celebrated for the delicacy of its odour and flowers, than for the pretty love legend connected with its European history. The custom which prevails in some countries, of brides wearing jasmine flowers in their hair, is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—A grand-duke of Tuscany had, in 1699, a plant of the deliciously-scented jasmine of Goa, which he was so careful of, that he would not suffer it to be propagated. His gardener, however, being in love with a peasant girl in the neighbourhood, gave her a sprig of this choice plant on her birthday; and he having taught her how to make cuttings, she planted

the sprig as a memorial of his affection. It grew rapidly, and every one who saw it, admiring its beauty and sweetness, wished to have a plant of it. These the girl supplied from cuttings, and sold them so well, as to obtain enough of money to enable her to marry her lover. The young girls of Tuscany, in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves on their wedding-day with a nosegay of jasmine; and they have a proverb, 'that she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmine, is as good as a fortune to her husband.'

*The Mountain Ash* has long been considered in Britain as a sovereign preservative against witchcraft. Lightfoot, in his *Flora Scotica*, observes, 'It is probable that this tree was in high esteem with the Druids; for it may to this day be seen growing more frequently than any other in the neighbourhood of those Druidical circles so often seen in the north of Britain; and the superstitious still continue to retain a great veneration for it, which was undoubtedly handed down to them from early antiquity. They believe that a small part of this tree, carried about them, will prove a sovereign charm against all the dire effects of enchantment and witchcraft. Their cattle, also, as well as themselves, are preserved by it from evil; for the dairymaid will not forget to drive them to the shealings, or to the summer pastures, with a rod of the rowan-tree, which she carefully lays up over the door of the sheal-booth, or summer-house, and drives them home again with the same. In Strathspye, they make on the first of May a hoop with the wood of this tree, and in the evening and morning cause the sheep and lambs to pass through it.' This superstitious belief was recently, or is still, prevalent in Wales and the north of England; and the compiler of this article has seen, within the last ten years, a bundle of rowan-tree rods wrapped round with red thread, and placed over the door of a Lowland cottager's byre, on the ground that

Rowan-tree and red thread  
Put the witches from their speed.

It is remarkable that nearly the same belief should exist also in India. 'I was amused and surprised,' says Bishop Heber, 'to find the superstition which in England and Scotland attaches to the rowan tree, here applied to a tree of similar form. Which nation has been in this case the imitator? or from what common centre are all these notions derived?'

*The Myrtle* was an especial favourite among the ancients, by whom it was held sacred to Venus. The name is said to have been taken from that of Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, a favourite of Mineva, who, suffering love to overpower her wisdom, was changed into a myrtle by her offended mistress, and taken pity on by Venus. Others say that Venus, when she first sprang from the bosom of the sea, had a wreath of myrtle round her head. The temples of this goddess were always surrounded by groves of myrtle; and in Greece she was adored under the name of Myrtilla. Pliny says that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their arms under a myrtle tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. Wreaths of myrtle were the symbols of authority worn by the Athenian magistrates; and sprigs of it were entwined with the laurel wreaths worn by those conquerors, during their triumphs, who had gained a victory without bloodshed.

*The Rose* has been a favourite subject with the poets in all countries and in all ages; and in mythological allusions it is equally fertile. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and reviving fragrance; and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms, and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus; hence it was adopted as symbolical of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guests, that what was said

in moments of conviviality should not be repeated; from which what was intended to be kept secret was said to be told 'under the rose.' The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red—according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis, and according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself. The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung. Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favourite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, Vertumnus gave its perfume, Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its diadem of flowers. A beetle is often represented, on antique gems, as expiring surrounded by roses; and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury—the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses, that the smell of them will cause its death.

Among the Romans, the rose was an especial favourite. They garnished their dishes with it; wore garlands of it at their feasts; strewed their banquetting apartments with its leaves; and their ladies used rose-water as a perfume. Throughout the East, it was still more extensively celebrated; the poetical allusions and legends relating to the rose being numerous enough to fill an ordinary volume. That which represents the nightingale as sighing for its love, is perhaps the prettiest, and has given rise to some of the most exquisite verses both in our own and in the Persian language. The origin of the fable is thus told in the *Language of Flowers*:—'In a curious fragment by the celebrated poet Attar, entitled *Bulbul Nameh*—the Book of the Nightingale—all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest, by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth all the night in a sort of phrensy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned, and acquitted by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge.' The Persians also assert, that 'the nightingale in spring flutters round the rose bushes, uttering incessant complaints; till, overpowered by the strong scent, he drops stupified on the ground.'

The Catholic Church has also added considerably to the legendary history of the rose. A golden rose was considered so honourable a present, that none but crowned heads were thought worthy either to give or to receive it. Roses of this kind were sometimes consecrated by the popes on Good Friday, and given to such potentates as it was their particular interest or wish to load with favours; the flower itself being an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the gold of which it was composed of the immortality of the soul. The custom of blessing the rose is still preserved in Rome, and the day on which the ceremony is performed is called *Dominica in Rosa*. The rose was always considered as a mystical emblem of the Catholic Church, and enters into the composition of most of their ecclesiastical ornaments. As a symbol of beauty and innocence, it was customary, in some countries, to award a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in their native village—a custom which, till lately, was annually performed in some districts of France. In the middle ages, the knights at a tournament wore a rose embroidered on their sleeves, as an emblem that gentlemen should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valour. About this period, the rose was considered so precious in France, that in several

parts of the country none but the rich and powerful were allowed to cultivate it; but in later times, we find it mentioned among the rights of manors, that their owners were empowered to levy a tax, or tribute, on their tenants, of so many bushels of roses, which were used not only for making rose-water, but for covering the tables with, instead of napkins. The French parliament had formerly a day of ceremony, called *Bailliee de Roses*, because great quantities of roses were then presented.

Shakspeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and the white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from a quarrel in the Temple Gardens between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

'In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts;'  
adding,

'Let him who is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a *white* rose with me.'

To which Somerset replies,

'Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a *red* rose from off this thorn with me.'

Their respective followers gathered the different coloured roses; hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster during the civil wars which afterwards desolated the country for more than thirty years. The York-and-Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one-half of the flower red and the other white, was named in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. of Lancaster with Elizabeth of York.

The *Rosemary* is mentioned as emblematic of that constancy and devotion to the fair sex which was one of the characteristics of the days of chivalry. Garlands and chaplets were formed of myrtle, laurel, and rosemary, and put on the heads of the principal persons in feasts. It was formerly held in high estimation as a comforter of the brain and a strengthener to the memory; and on the latter account is considered as the emblem of fidelity in lovers. Formerly, it was worn at weddings, and also at funerals; and is still grown for that purpose in many parts of the continent. Many allusions have been made to both customs by the poets, and also to its being a symbol of remembrance; thus Shakspeare makes Ophelia say, 'There's rosemary for you; that's for remembrance.'

The *Rue*, like the rosemary, being an evergreen, and retaining its appearance and taste during the whole year, is considered an emblem of remembrance and grace. It was anciently named herb grace, or herb of grace; and it is to this day called *ave grace* in Sussex, in allusion, doubtless, to *Ave Maria, Gratiâ Plena*. Warburton says, that rue had its name, 'herb of grace,' from its being used in exorcisms. Among the ancients, it was also used in several superstitious practices:—'You are not yet at the parsley, nor even at the rue,' was a common shying with the Greeks to those persons who, having projected an enterprise, had not begun to put it into execution. In ancient times, gardens were edged with borders of parsley and rue; and those persons who had not passed these borders, were not accounted to have entered a garden; hence, says Reid, in his 'Historical Botany,' the proverb originated.

The *Laurel*, or sweet bay, was considered by the ancients as the emblem of victory, and also of clemency. The Roman generals were crowned with it in their triumphal processions; every common soldier carried a sprig of it in his hand; and even the despatches announcing a victory were wrapped up in, and ornamented with, leaves of bay. The aromatic odour of these trees was supposed by the ancients to have the

power of dispelling contagion; and during a pestilence, the Emperor Claudius removed his court to Laurentine, so celebrated for its laurels. Theophrastus tells us that superstitious Greeks would keep a bay leaf in their mouths all day, to preserve them from misfortune. In later times, it was supposed to be a safeguard against lightning; and Madame de Genlis mentions the device of the Count de Dunois, which was a bay tree, with the motto, 'I defend the earth that bears me.' It was the custom in the middle ages to place wreaths of laurel with the berries on round the heads of those poets who had particularly distinguished themselves; hence our expression, poet-laureate. 'Students,' says Mr Phillips in his *Sylvia Plurifera*, 'who have taken their degrees at the universities, are called bachelors, from the French *bachelier*, which is derived from the Latin *baccalaureus*, a laurel berry. These students were not allowed to marry, lest the duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits; and in time all single men were called *bachelors*.'

The Yew, so celebrated in our own country for its churchyard associations, and from its being employed in the manufacture of bows—the weapon principally used by our warrior ancestors before the introduction of fire-arms—has fewer legends connected with it than one would be led to suppose. The custom of planting yew-trees in churchyards has never been satisfactorily explained. Some have supposed that these trees were placed near the churches for the purpose of affording branches on Palm-Sunday; others, that they might be safe there from cattle, on account of their value for making bows; others, that they were emblematical of silence and death; and others, that they were useful for the purpose of affording shade or shelter to those places of worship when in more primitive form than they now appear. Other writers have entered more philosophically into this question, and presume that the yew was one of those evergreens which, from its shade and shelter, was especially cultivated by the Druids in their sacred groves and around their sacrificial circles; that when Christianity superseded Druidism, the same places were chosen as the sites of the new worship; and that in this manner arose the association of the yew-tree with our churches and churchyards. It was also employed in funerals—'by shroud of white, stuck all with yew': in some parts of England dead bodies were rubbed over with an infusion of its leaves, to preserve them from putrefaction; and many of our poets allude to its connexion with ideas of death—

Cheerless unsocial plant, that loves to dwell  
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms.

#### STRIFE AND PEACE.

FREDRIKA BREMER, the Swedish novelist, was first made known to the English public through the faithful translations of her works by Mrs Howitt. The extensive celebrity which she has attained, is to be traced to her unostentatiously truthful pictures of Swedish and Norwegian life. Though Miss Bremer draws occasionally from the usual resources of novelists, yet she most frequently rivets attention by more legitimate and simple means. Her sketches are seldom founded on exciting events, and she expends but little ingenuity in contriving such plots as tend to awaken the expectation and wonder of her readers. She copies life and nature, not in their wild and unaccustomed aspects, but as they daily appear to all eyes, and as they ordinarily address themselves to all sympathies. This has given her works a charm of their own which has been extensively felt, and caused her name to take its place amongst the most successful of our own fictionists.

The scene of the novel before us\* is an estate called

\* New Sketches of Every-Day Life, &c. Strife and Peace. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mrs Mary Howitt. Longman and Co. 1844.

Semb, situated on the banks of a river which intersects a branch of the great valley of Hallingdal, in Norway. There may be said to be only three characters in the narrative (for the others are extremely subordinate), and they are thus introduced on the scene. 'On a cool September evening, strangers arrived at the Grange, which had now been long uninhabited. It was an elderly lady, of a noble but gloomy exterior, in deep mourning. A young blooming maiden accompanied her. They were received by a young man, who was called there the Steward. The dark appareled lady vanished in the house, and after that was seen nowhere in the valley for several months. They called her there the Colonel's Lady, and said that Mrs Astrid Hjelm had experienced a very strange fate, of which many various histories were in circulation. At the estate of Semb, which consisted of the wide-stretching valley of Heimdal, and which was her paternal heritage, had she never, since the time of her marriage, been seen. Now as widow, she had again sought out the home of her childhood. It was known also and told, that her attendant was a Swedish girl, who had come with her from one of the Swedish watering-places, where she had been spending the summer, in order to superintend her house-keeping.' This girl, Susanna Björk, is the heroine, and is portrayed with admirable skill.

'Barbara Susanna Björk was not handsome, could not be even called pretty (for that she was too large and strong), but she was comely. The blue eyes looked so honestly and openly into the world; the round and full face testified health, kindness, and good spirits; and when Susanna was merry, when the rosy lips opened themselves for a hearty laugh, it made any one right glad only to look at her. But true is it, that she was very often in an ill humour, and then she did not look at all charming. She was a tall well-made girl, too powerful in movement ever to be called graceful, and her whole being betrayed a certain want of refinement.'

Susanna, it appears, was the daughter of the burgo-master of Uddevalla in Sweden, but she had been reared almost without education, and thrown upon the charity of relations while still a girl, and she had thus experienced none of those influences which improve by soothing our nature. One fine feeling alone had been cultivated in her bosom—an attachment of the deepest kind to an infant half-sister, by name Hulda, for whose sake she wished to acquire an independence, that she might be enabled to afford the child a home, in which they should dwell together in the enjoyment of the purest of affections. It was for this reason that she had embraced the situation of a waiting-maid.

Harald Bergman, the young steward, was in all respects the reverse of Susanna, and this discordance led them to take opposite views of many things. On some points there had been disputes, but to the loss of temper on her side only; and much of the beauty of the tale lies in the means which he took for correcting this fault. 'The spirit of contention did not always reign between Harald and Susanna. At intervals the spirit of peace also turned towards them, although as a timid dove, which is always ready soon to fly away hence. When Susanna spoke, as she often did, of that which lived in the inmost of her heart; of her love to her little sister, and the recollections of their being together; of her longings to see her again, and to be able to live for her as a mother for her child—then listened Harald ever silently and attentively. No jeering smile nor word came to disturb these pure images in Susanna's soul. And how limningly did Susanna describe the little Hulda's beauty; the little white child, as soft as cotton wool, the pious blue eyes, the white little teeth, which glanced out, whenever she laughed, like bright sunshine, which then lay spread over her whole countenance; and the golden locks which hung so beautifully over forehead and shoulders, the little pretty hands, and temper and heart lively, good, affectionate!

Oh! she was, in short, an angel of Heaven! The little chamber which Susanna inhabited with her little Hulda, and which she herself had changed from an unused lumber-room into a pretty chamber, and whose walls she herself painted, she painted now from memory yet once more for Harald; and how the bed of the little Hulda was surrounded with a light-blue muslin curtain; and how a sunbeam stole into the chamber in the morning, in order to shine on the pillow of the child, and to kiss her little curly head. How roguish was the little one when Susanna came in late at night to go to bed, and cast her first glance on the bed in which her darling lay. But she saw her not, for Hulda drew her little head under the coverlet to hide herself from her sister. Susanna then would pretend to seek for the little one; but she needed only to say with an anxious voice, "Where—ah! where is my little Hulda?" in order to decoy forth the head of the little one, to see her arms stretched out, and to hear her say, "Here I am, Sanna! here is thy little Hulda!" And she had then her little darling in her arms, and pressed her to her heart; then was Susanna happy, and forgot all the cares and the fatigues of the day. At the remembrance of these hours Susanna's tears often flowed, and prevented her remarking the kindly glow which sometimes lit up Harald's eyes.\*

In one of their moments of 'peace,' Susanna and Harald got permission to join a Christmas fête at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and this gives occasion for a charming picture of the simple society of Norway. 'When, after a drive of about six miles, they approached the parsonage-house, they saw from all sides the little sledges issuing from the passes of the valleys, and then hastening forward in the same direction as themselves across the fields of snow. Steaming breath came from the nostrils of the snorting horses, and merrily jingled the bells in the clear air. Susanna was enraptured.'

No less was she enraptured by the cordiality with which she saw herself received at the parsonage—she, a foreign serving-maiden—by wealthy and respectable people. Susanna was, besides this, very curious to see how things looked, and how they went on in a respectable parsonage in Norway; and it was therefore very agreeable to her when the kind Madame Middelberg invited her to see the house, and allowed her to be conducted by her eldest daughter, Thea Middelberg, everywhere, from the cellar even to the garret. Susanna conceived great esteem for the arrangements in the parsonage-house; thought that she could learn various things from it; other things, however, she thought would have been better, according to her Swedish method. Returned to the company, Susanna found much to notice and much to reflect upon. For the rest, she was through the whole of this day in a sort of mental excitement. It seemed to her as if she saw the picture of comfort and happiness, of which she had sometimes dreamed, here realised. It seemed to her that life amid these grand natural scenes and simple manners must be beautiful; the relationship between parents and children, between masters and servants, appeared so cordial, so patriarchal. She heard the servants in the house of the clergyman call him and his wife father and mother; she saw the eldest daughter of the house assist in waiting on the guests, and that so joyously and easily, that one saw that she did it from her heart; saw a frank satisfaction upon all faces, a freedom from care, and a simplicity in the behaviour of all; and all this made Susanna feel quite light at heart, whilst it called forth a certain tearful glance in her eye.

"Have you pleasure in flowers?" inquired the friendly Thea Middelberg; and when Susanna declared that she had, she broke off the most beautiful rose which bloomed in the window and gave to her. But the greatest pleasure to Susanna was in the two youngest children of the house, and she thought that the heartful "*mora mi*" (my mother) was the most harmonious sound which she had ever heard. And in that

Susanna was right also; for more lovely words than these "*mora mi*," spoken by affectionate childish lips, are not in the earth. The little Mina, a child about Hulda's age, and full of life and animation, was, in particular, dear to Susanna, who only wished that the little romp would have taken a longer rest upon her knee. Susanna herself won quite unwittingly the perfect favour of the hostess, by starting up at table at a critical moment when the dinner was being served, and with a light and firm hand saving the things from danger. After this she continued to give a helpful hand where it was needful. This pleased much, and they noticed the young Swede with ever kinder eyes; she knew it, and thought all the more on those who thought of her.

Towards the end of the substantial and savoury dinner, *skål* was drunk, and songs were sung. Susanna's glass must clink with her neighbours, right and left, straight before her, and crosswise; and, animated by the general spirit, she joined in with the beautiful people's song, "The old sea-girded Norway."

Amidst the strife and peace which alternately marked the companionship of Harald and Susanna, the steward's sister, Alette, arrived to pay him a visit, and the three friends soon after went together to a rural *fête* of a kind peculiar to Norway, called the *Halling*, which takes place in a glade in a forest, and is attended by the young of both sexes in appropriate dresses. The description of this scene has novelty and interest. 'Never had Susanna looked so well and so happy; but then neither had she ever enjoyed such pleasure. The lovely evening; the tones of the music; the life of the dance; Harald's looks, which expressed in a high degree his satisfaction; the delighted happy faces which she saw around her—never before had she thought life so pleasant! And nearly all seemed to feel so too, and all swung round from the joy of their hearts; silver buckles jingled, and shilling after shilling\* danced down into the little gaily-painted Hardanger fiddle, which was played upon with transporting spirit by an old man, of an expressive and energetic exterior.'

After the first dance, people rested for a moment. They ate apples, and drank Hardanger ale out of silver cans. After this there arose an almost universal cry, which challenged Harald and another young man, who was renowned for his agility and strength, to dance together a "*lås Halling*." They did not require much persuasion, and stepped into the middle of the circle, which enlarged itself, and closed around them.

The musician tuned his instrument, and with his head bowed upon his breast, began to play with an expression and a life that might be called inspired. It was one of the wild Maliserkund's most genial compositions. Was it imagined with the army, in the bivouac under the free nightly heaven, or in—"slavery," amid evil-doers? Nobody knows; but in both situations has it charmed forth tones, like his own restless life, which never will pass from the memory of the people. Now took the Hardanger fiddle for the first time its right sound. Universal applause followed the dancing of the young men; but the highest interest was excited by Harald, who, in the dance, awoke actual astonishment.

Perhaps there is no dance which expresses more than the *Halling* the temper of the people who originated it, which better reflects the life and character of the inhabitants of the North. It begins, as it were, upon the ground, amid jogging little hops, accompanied by movements of the arms, in which, as it were, a great strength plays negligently. It is somewhat bear-like, indolent, clumsy, half-dreaming. But it wakes; it becomes earnest. Then the dancers rise up and dance, and display themselves in expressions of power, in which strength and dexterity seem to divert themselves by playing with indolence and clumsiness, and to overcome them. The same person who just before seemed fettered to the earth, springs aloft, and throws himself

\* About a farthing.

around in the air as though he had wings. Then, after many break-neck movements and evolutions, before which the unaccustomed spectator grows dizzy, the dance suddenly assumes again its first quiet, careless, somewhat heavy character, and closes as it began, sunk upon the earth.

Loud shouts of applause, bestowed especially upon Harald, resounded on all sides as the dance closed. And now they all set themselves in motion for a great *Halling-polska*, and every "Gut" chose himself a "Jente." Harald had scarcely refreshed and strengthened himself with a can of ale, before he again hastened up to Susanna, and engaged her for the *Halling-polska*. She had danced it several times in her own country, and joyfully accepted Harald's invitation.

This dance, too, is deeply characteristic. It paints the Northern inhabitant's highest joy in life; it is the Berserker-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then he catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate; then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were, in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence.

Thus felt also at this time Harald and Susanna. Young, strong, agile, they swung themselves around with certainty and ease, which seemed to make the dance a sport without any effort; and with eyes steadfastly riveted on each other, they had no sense of giddiness. They whirled round, as it were, in a magic circle, to the strange magical music. The understrings sounded strong and strange. The peculiar enchanted power which lies in the clear deeps of the water, in the mysterious recesses of the mountains, in the shades of dark caves, which the skalds have celebrated under the names of mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-women, and which drag down the heart so forcibly into unknown, wondrous deeps—this dark song of Nature is heard in the understrings\* of the *Halling's* playful, but yet at the same time melancholy tones. It deeply seized upon Susanna's soul, and Harald also seemed to experience this enchantment. Leaving the wilder movements of the dance, they moved around ever quieter, arm in arm.

"O, so through life!" whispered Harald's lips, almost involuntarily, as he looked deep into Susanna's moistly beaming eyes; and, "O, so through life!" was answered in Susanna's heart, but her lips remained closed. The pleasure infused into Susanna's heart by this incident was not destined to be of long continuance. Alette had formed an unfavourable opinion of her with reference to her irritable temper, and thought it necessary to remonstrate with Harald on his evidently growing attachment. Susanna chanced to overhear her words, and returned from the dance with the most agonised feelings.

Obstructions arise from this cause to the progress of the loves of these young persons; but they are ultimately overcome. Not long after the *fête*, Mrs Hjelm was induced to undertake a dangerous journey over snow-clad mountains, to clear up the mystery which had long impended over the family. Her faithful servants accompanied her, and but for the energy and courage of Susanna, would have perished in the snow. The mission was accomplished, and Harald discovered to be his mistress's nephew. A new strife then arose in Susanna's mind; she feared that Harald's rise in station would make him esteem her the less on account of her own humble birth. She then bethought

her of her dear little Hulda, and resolved to fly from her present situation, and return to that unfailing object of affection. A kind contrivance of theirs prevented her from leaving them. When she had fully determined to do so, she sought her chamber, opened the door—entered—and stood dumb with astonishment. Were her senses confused, or did she now first wake out of year-long dreams? She saw herself again in that little room in which she had spent so many years of her youth—in that little room which she herself had fitted up, had painted and embellished, and had often described to Harald; and there, by the window, stood the little Hulda's bed, with its flowery coverlet and blue muslin hangings. This scene caused the blood to rush violently to Susanna's heart, and, out of herself, she cried—"Hulda! my little Hulda!"

"Here I am, Sanna! Here is thy little Hulda!" answered the clear joyous voice of a child, and the coverlet of the bed moved, and an angelically beautiful child's head peeped out, and two small white arms stretched themselves towards Susanna. With a cry of almost wild joy Susanna sprang forward, and clasped the little sister in her arms.

Susanna was pale, wept and laughed, and knew not for some time what went on around her. But when she had collected herself, she found herself sitting on Hulda's bed, with the child folded in her arms, and over the little light-locked head lifted itself a manly one, with an expression of deep seriousness and gentle emotion.

"Intreat Susanna, little Hulda," said Harald, "that she bestow a little regard on me, and that she does not say nay to what you have granted me; beg that I may call little Hulda my daughter, and that I may call your Susanna my Susanna!"

"O yes! That shalt thou, Susanna!" exclaimed little Hulda, while she, with child-like affection, threw her arms about Susanna's neck, and continued zealously, "Oh, do like him, Susanna! He likes thee so much; that he has told me so often; and he has himself brought me hither to give thee joy. And seest thou this beautiful necklace he has given me; and he has promised to tell me such pleasant stories in winter. He can tell so many, do you know! Hast thou heard about Rypan in Justedale, Sanna? He has told me that! and about the good lady who went about after the Black Death, and collected all the motherless little children, and was a mother to them. O Sanna! do like him, and let him be my father!"

Susanna let the little prattler go on, without being able to say a word. She buried her face in her bosom, and endeavoured to collect her confused thoughts.

"Susanna!" prayed Harald, restlessly and tenderly, "look at me! Speak to me a kind word!"

Then raised Susanna her burning and tear-bathed countenance, saying, "O! how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"How?" said Harald, "by making me happy, Susanna; by becoming my wife."

Susanna stood up, while she said with as much candour as cordiality, "God knows best how happy I should feel myself, if I could believe—if words were spoken for your own sake, and not merely for mine. But, ah! I cannot do it. I know that it is your generosity and goodness—"

"Generosity? Then am I right generous towards myself; for I assure you, Susanna, that I never thought more of my own advantage than at this moment; that I am now as completely egotistical as you could desire."

"And your sister Alette," continued Susanna, with downcast eyes; "I know that she does not wish to call me her sister, and—"

"And since Alette once was so stupid," said now a friendly female voice, "therefore is she here to deprecate it." And Alette embraced heartily the astonished Susanna, whilst she continued—"O Susanna! without you, I should now no longer have a brother. I know you

\* The understrings of the so-called Hardanger fiddle are four metal strings, which lie under the sounding-board. They are tuned in unison with the upper catgut strings, whereby, as well as by the peculiar form of the violin itself, this gives forth a singular strong, almost melancholy sound.



better now, and I have read in the depths of his heart, and know that he can now no longer be happy but through you. Therefore I implore you, Susanna, implore you earnestly, to make him happy. Be his wife, Susanna, and be my sister."

"And you, too, Alette," said Susanna, deeply moved; "will you, too, mislead me with your sweet words? Ah! could you make me forget that it is my weakness—that is, I who, through my confession, have called forth—But that can I never; and therefore can I not believe you, ye good, ye noble ones! And therefore I implore and adjure you—"

"What fine speeches are making here?" now interrupted a solemn voice, and Mrs Astrid stood before the affectionately contending group, and spoke thus with an assumed sternness. "I will hope that my young relatives, and my daughter Susanna, do not take upon them to transact and to determine important affairs without taking me into the council! But, yes, I perceive by your guilty countenances that this is the fact; and therefore I shall punish you altogether. Not another word of the business, then, till eight days are over; and then I demand and require, as lady and mistress of this house, that the dispute be brought before me, and that I have a word to say in the decision. Susanna remains here in the meantime in safe keeping, and I myself shall undertake to watch her. Dost thou believe seriously, Susanna," and Mrs Astrid's voice changed into the most affectionate tones, while she clasped the young maiden in her arms—"dost thou believe that thou canst so easily escape me? No, no, my child! thou deceivest thyself there. Since thou hast saved our lives, thou hast become our life-captive—thou, and with thy little Hulda! But supper is laid under the lime-trees in the garden, my child; and let us gather strength from it for the approaching strife." It was thus that all strife ended, and the two lovers were at length made happy in the approved method.

#### RECENT POLYTECHNIC EXHIBITIONS IN LIVERPOOL AND LEEDS.

It has become common of late years, especially in the English manufacturing districts, to open what are called Public Exhibitions of works of art, models of machinery, antiquities and curiosities, natural history, philosophical apparatus, specimens of various manufactures, and objects illustrative of several operations in the useful arts. These exhibitions have, in general, been held in connexion with mechanics' or other educational institutions, to whose benefit the proceeds are applied. In many instances considerable sums have been realised, and thus a twofold advantage is derived by the public—first, in the pleasure and instruction obtained from the exhibitions, and afterwards from the appropriation of the funds to the diffusion of knowledge at a cheap rate. All these exhibitions are essentially *public* in their character. The articles contributed being lent by the public, their management is intrusted to a public committee; and the benefits resulting from them, both in money and otherwise, are reaped by the public.

To give some idea of the nature and extent of these exhibitions, we propose to describe three that have recently been held in Liverpool and Leeds, and to give some account of the institutions in connexion with which they were opened.

Liverpool, it is well known, contains the largest *Mechanics' Institution* in the kingdom. The directors of this establishment have gone far beyond the original idea of a *Mechanics' Institution*; for while they have most fully carried out the plan of lectures, evening classes, and a library, they have also established day schools,

under the names of the Lower and the High School, for the instruction of children of the working and middle classes. These schools have hitherto been attended with much success, and contained, according to the last report, 846 pupils. The number of members in March 1843 was 3375, of whom 404 were ladies, and 674 apprentices. The evening classes are conducted by thirty-one masters, and the average attendance is about 400 each evening. Lectures are delivered regularly twice a-week to audiences of from 600 to 1300. The library contains upwards of 11,000 volumes; and sometimes more than 500 volumes are taken out in one day. In the large and commodious lecture room, a powerful concert organ, built by Hill of London, has lately been erected, for the purpose of giving increased effect to the musical lectures, and adding to the attractions of the institution. This organ is played regularly on lecture evenings for about half an hour before the lecture commences, and while the members are taking their seats. The institution also possesses a museum and a sculpture gallery, which contains a large collection of statues, casts, &c. and to which many valuable additions have recently been made.

The exhibition which was held in June and July 1842 occupied twenty large rooms. The first that the visitor entered contained a number of looms for weaving fringes, silk, &c. at which workmen were regularly employed. In the next, letter-press and lithographic printers were at work, printing various documents relating to the institution; while the processes of book-binding and engraving in all their branches were at the same time going on. In the third apartment, the walls of which were hung round with specimens of costly carpets, were workmen employed in stocking-weaving and lace-making. Passing from this, the visitor entered a long room containing an extensive collection of philosophical apparatus, models of ships, of steam-engines, &c. A portion of the philosophical apparatus was kept at work, and such parties as chose, received shocks from electrical machines and small galvanic batteries. Under this room was another, which contained a working steam-engine and a collection of machinery. There was also a canal surrounded by a railway, on which a model of a locomotive engine was shown at work. Contiguous to this apartment, the processes of glass-blowing and likeness-cutting were exhibited, as also a potter's wheel, on which were fashioned wares, &c. according to any form which visitors suggested to the workman. On ascending to the upper floor of the building, the visitor found himself in the natural history museum, which contained upwards of 200 specimens, all tastefully and neatly arranged. Adjoining this was a room in which were displayed about 250 autographs, many of them very rare and curious, and among which were twenty-one of English kings and queens, and eight of foreign princes. The next room contained architectural models and specimens of papier maché ornaments, after inspecting which, the visitor was introduced to the picture-gallery. This was ninety feet in length, lighted from the roof, with its walls completely covered with paintings. It contained 276 pictures, among which were Haydon's well-known painting of the Anti-Slavery Conference, Maclise's *Bohemian Gipsies*, and many others of great merit. In a line with this room were the museum and sculpture-gallery. In the latter, the visitor found himself surrounded by specimens of the great works of the ancient sculptors, while in the centre there was a fountain, surrounded by plants, which cast up jets of water, thus imparting a coolness and fragrance to

the gallery, and rendering it a delightful promenade. Two rooms next to this contained a collection of nearly 1000 antiquities, curiosities, &c. many of which were very valuable. A single article—a musical clock, with railway carriages passing in front, and two vases of flowers—was valued at 100 guineas. An apartment on the same range contained a collection of between 300 and 400 engravings and water-colour drawings, and the room next to it was filled with paintings by Liverpool artists, and portraits of Liverpool men. In the large lecture-hall, exhibitions of dissolving views, &c. by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, took place twice a-day. The play-ground of the High School was roofed in to accommodate the extensive collection of North American Indian curiosities, &c. belonging to Mr George Catlin, the celebrated traveller. The exhibition was open for six weeks, and in a statement published after its close, it was calculated that, during that time, the total number of visitors could not be fewer than 97,000. About 20,000 pupils belonging to the different charity schools of the town were admitted once gratuitously, as were also the police and military forces, and 380 domestic servants. The total sum realised, after paying expenses, was stated to be £2000.

The Liverpool Collegiate Institution was established in 1839, by a number of influential and wealthy gentlemen, for the purpose of affording to the higher, middle, and working-classes a secular education, combined with religious instruction founded on the tenets of the church of England. The building is one of the most handsome and magnificent in Liverpool. The foundation-stone was laid by Lord Stanley on the 22d December 1840, and the institution was opened in January 1843 by Mr Gladstone, now president of the Board of Trade. The cost of its erection was about £38,000. It contains upwards of forty class and other rooms, and has extensive play-grounds adjoining. The lecture-room is capable of accommodating about 2700 persons, and is fitted up with two galleries, a large platform, and orchestra. There are three day-schools open in the institution, called respectively the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower Schools. They are conducted by a principal, two vice-principals, and twenty other masters. There are also various evening classes, conducted by fourteen masters. No official report of the numbers attending the various schools has yet been published; but it was stated by the Rev. J. Brooks, senior rector of Liverpool, at the distribution of prizes at Christmas 1843, that the numbers at both day and evening schools were then 1030. Lectures are delivered regularly twice a-week, and the charge of admission to them is different to different parts of the lecture-room.

The exhibition in connexion with this institution was held in June and July 1843. It occupied no fewer than forty-one rooms, including the large lecture hall. In various rooms were exhibited the processes of book-binding, paper-ruling, letter-press, copperplate, and lithographic printing, fringe weaving, manufacture of tassels, stocking weaving, fustian cutting, ivory carving, and pin making. There was also a shawl-loom from Paisley, at which a workman was constantly employed, weaving shawls according to a pattern made expressly for the occasion; and the process of hearth-rug weaving was shown in the production of a rug embodying a view of the institution. There was an extensive collection of models of ships, and one of a ship-launch. Another of a steamer, propelled by the Archimedean screw, was exhibited at work in a circular basin of water, towing a full-rigged model of a merchantman. The processes of hatching eggs by means of hot water, and of cooking meat by gas, were also exhibited. There were also a cutter of likenesses, and a potter constantly at work. One of the rooms was completely occupied by a large and beautiful model of Hobart Town, in which, it was stated, every street and house was accurately represented. The harbour and bay consisted of 'real water,' and vessels were observed riding at anchor in the roadstead, unloading at the quay, and stranded

on the shore. The walls of the room were hung with panoramic views of the same town. In one of the apartments there was a type-composing and distributing machine, invented by Captain Rosenberg, at which two boys were constantly employed. This machine, from its ingenuity and novelty, formed a very interesting part of the exhibition. Another room was completely filled with Chinese curiosities, all arranged with the utmost neatness. Other rooms contained collections of miscellaneous antiquities and curiosities, philosophical apparatus, and models of steam-engines. The picture gallery was considered to be the largest and most handsome exhibition of paintings that had ever been opened in Liverpool. It was 218 feet long, but its breadth and height were not in proportion to this length. It was lighted from the roof, and contained 420 paintings by eminent British and foreign artists. At each end of this gallery was a small room containing statuary; and a number of paintings and engravings were distributed over the other rooms. At the top of one of the staircases there was a fountain surrounded with plants. Two large mirrors were placed near it, which, by multiplying the objects, added greatly to the effect. In the lecture-hall, concerts of vocal and instrumental music were regularly held, and dissolving views and a panorama of the Eglinton tournament were exhibited twice each day.

Amongst the objects presented on both occasions in Liverpool was 'Allart's Happy Family,' a collection of mild and fierce animals, which live together on the most amicable terms in one cage. The hawk and the starling were seen feeding from the same piece of meat; the cat permitted mice and rats to repose on her body without molestation; and the pigeon might jostle the drowsy owl without danger of being attacked.

The Leeds Mechanics' Institution was established in 1825, and continued to exist on a very small scale until 1839, when the proceeds of an exhibition enabled the directors to purchase a building consisting of a lecture-hall, capable of accommodating about 400 persons, and several smaller apartments for class-rooms. A Literary Institution was established in Leeds in 1834, whose objects differed very slightly from those of the Mechanics' Institution. In 1842 the members of these institutions thought that the objects of each would be better obtained if they were united; and a union accordingly took place in 1842, which was celebrated by a grand soiree, at which Earl Fitzwilliam, Thomas Wyse, Esq. Professors Buckland and Liebig, Drs Daubeny and Playfair, &c. attended. It has been found that the institutions work harmoniously together, and that they are more effective now than they were when separate. The last report is dated January 1844, and from it we find that the number of members and subscribers was then 770, of whom 178 were under eighteen years of age. The evening classes are seven in number, and the average attendance is between 40 and 50 each evening. The library contains above 5000 volumes, and circulates, on an average, about 100 volumes per day. Courses of paid lectures are delivered as often as the funds of the institution will permit; and a regular series of papers, on interesting and instructive subjects, are read by gentlemen connected with the institution, and are always followed by a discussion. The attendance at paid lectures is from 350 to 500, and at papers about 150.

The exhibition in connexion with the Leeds institution was opened in July 1843, and remained open for four months. It was on a much smaller scale than those at Liverpool. It occupied six rooms. The picture-gallery was 71 feet long and 18 broad, and contained 128 paintings by distinguished artists. Ranged round the sides of this room were collections of natural history, curiosities, &c. A small circular room adjoining this was tastefully fitted up with 141 small paintings and water-colour drawings. The largest room, called the Saloon, was about 53 feet long and 36 broad. At one end there was an organ, which was played at various

times, and, on some occasions, by the celebrated Dr Wesley, organist of the parish church, Leeds. In the centre of this room there was a fountain throwing up jets of water; a circular canal, on which floated models of ships and steamers; and a circular railway, with a tunnel, on which models of locomotive engines were frequently made to work. Models of various kinds of engines were also exhibited in action. The processes of lithographic printing, likeness-cutting, silvering glass, and electrotype engraving, were also exhibited; and lectures were regularly delivered on chemistry, galvanism, pneumatics, hydrostatics, &c. illustrated by many interesting experiments. The walls were decorated with paintings. An adjoining room contained a large collection of ancient armour from the Tower of London, a great quantity of coins, autographs, curiosities, &c. There were 412 English coins arranged in chronological order, beginning with the first ancient British coins of lead and tin, and ending with those of Queen Victoria. There were also 56 Scotch coins, beginning with a penny of Alexander II., and ending with some coins of Queen Anne's reign, which were the last coined at the royal mint in Scotland. A room was set apart for machinery, and in it were exhibited a steam-engine of six-horse power, and other machines, at work. Another apartment was occupied with a diving-bell, which accommodated four or five persons. During the time that the exhibition was open, between 5000 and 6000 persons went down in the diving-bell, each of whom paid sixpence, and was furnished with a certificate, 'serving,' said the catalogue, 'as a record of the courage of the parties.' In the same room were exhibited dissolving views by the oxy-hydrogen microscope. The total amount realised by this exhibition, after paying all necessary expenses, was about £400.

It would be superfluous to enter into any disquisition on the various good effects that such exhibitions must produce. From the necessarily rapid and cursory sketch which has here been given of them, it will be seen that few could attend them without receiving much pleasure of a pure and elevating kind. The trains of thought into which the various objects exhibited naturally led the mind, the healthy curiosity which they excited, and the expansion of ideas which such a collection of the beautiful and useful in nature and art is fitted to produce, must have had a very beneficial and stimulating effect. But in forming an estimate of the value of these exhibitions as means for elevating the character of the people, there are many circumstances which diminish, in some degree, the influence that on a first glance might be attributed to them. The collection of articles is so large, and the time generally occupied in exhibiting them so short, that the knowledge and pleasure which they produce are necessarily evanescent. If they were to be permanent, the case would be different; but this is rendered impossible by the manner in which the articles are contributed. In an exhibition made up of articles from private collections, it is not to be expected that all departments will be as complete, or arranged with as much accuracy and care, as they would have been if the exhibition were opened for any particular scientific purpose. The arrangement is generally made more with the view of obtaining neatness and compactness, than scientific order; and thus, though more pleasure may be communicated to the eye, there is less instruction imparted to the mind.

The importance of these exhibitions cannot for a moment be compared with that of the institutions in connexion with which they have been opened. The former are showy and temporary; the latter are solid and permanent. The exhibition, while open, may be more popular and lucrative; but the institution is more beneficial, and its interests ought on no account whatever to be sacrificed, even in the smallest degree, for the sake of a temporary gain. The exhibition may be said to represent the holidays passed in cheerful pleasure, as agreeable as it is temporary; while the institution re-

sembles the regular school session passed in calmness and quiet, and in the attainment of solid and useful instruction, by whose aid the journey of life is to be performed.

#### DR GUILLOTIN.

WITH the machine to which the above physician was the unwitting sponsor, is associated the wholesale decapitations which took place during the French Revolution. It has thus conferred an unenviable notoriety on a man who appears to have possessed a large share of humanity, and whose gravest fault was the bad vanity which he expressed about his invention—that invention being after all not certainly his, as similar instruments had been used long before in Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and even France itself. It is only recently that the true history of this man, and of the machine which bore his name, has been completed; first, by the discovery (in 1835) of some documents in the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and next by a pamphlet, written by M. Louis du Bois, published last year.\*

We learn from the Biographie Universelle, that Joseph Ignace Guillotin was born in 1738 at Saintes, an ancient town on the lower banks of the river Charente. After having received the rudiments of education, he composed an essay to obtain the degree of master of arts from the university of Bordeaux. This composition produced a lively sensation; and the Jesuits, who invariably tried to connect every person of talent with their order, persuaded him to enter the fraternity, and Guillotin was appointed a professor in the Irish college at Bordeaux. After a few years, however, ambition prompted him to quit the religious habit, and he went to Paris to study medicine. There he soon distinguished himself as a diligent pupil of Antoine Petit, the most learned professor of his time. So ardent was he in the pursuit of medical knowledge, that he organised a certain number of his fellow-pupils into a society, to render a mutual account of the instruction they had derived from the lessons of their master. At length the good use he made of his days as a student met their reward: he obtained a diploma from the faculty of Rheims, and afterwards carried off, from a host of competitors, the prize given by the Paris faculty, which was the title of Doctor-Regent. From that time he was placed, in the opinion of the public, amongst the first physicians of the capital.

When the famous Mesmer broached his doctrine of animal magnetism, Louis XVI. ordered a commission to inquire into the merits of the theory, and Guillotin was appointed one of its members; but at this time the distant murmurs of the revolutionary storm were heard, and both the king and the royal physician had weightier matters to occupy their attention than mesmerism. Louis attempted to meet the coming tempest by organising a popular assembly under the title of the States General, while Guillotin, taking the general tone of the time, published what was thought a disloyal pamphlet, under the title of 'Petition of the Citizens domiciled in Paris.'† For this he was summoned to the bar of the French parliament to render an account of his opinions. The issue of the affair was favourable to him; and the populace carried him from the parliament house in triumph. His popularity now increased, and after a time, he was elected a member of the States General. In this national assembly Guillotin chiefly directed his attention to medical reform; and it was in

\* Recherches Historiques et Physiologiques sur la Guillotine, &c. Paris. 1843.

† Besides the *Pétition des Citoyens Domiciliés à Paris*, Guillotin published (in 1788) two other pieces, which formed an octavo of thirty-five pages: thus much from the Biographie Universelle—but in a book published in 1796, entitled *Portraits of Celebrated Persons*, we find it denied that Guillotin wrote these pamphlets, having only 'fathered' them, the real author being a lawyer named Harpouin, who was afraid of the consequences of the publication.

a debate concerning capital punishments that a circumstance occurred which, though somewhat ludicrous in itself, handed his name down to posterity in a manner which he bitterly regretted to the latest moment of his existence.

It appears that, under the old system of things, it was a *privilege* of the nobility, when condemned to death, to be beheaded instead of hanged. Singular as it may seem, this was complained of by the malcontents of the day as an odious distinction. To do away with it, Dr Guillotin framed, and, on the 10th of October 1789, proposed in the National Assembly a series of resolutions, the first three of which were—'1. Crimes of the same kind shall be punished by the same kind of punishment, whatever be the rank of the criminal. 2. In all cases (whatever be the crime) of capital punishment, it shall be of the same kind—that is, beheading—and it shall be executed by means of a machine [*l'effet d'un simple mécanisme*]. 3. Crime being personal, the punishment, whatever it may be, of a criminal, shall inflict no disgrace on his family.' These propositions were adjourned, as it seems, without a debate; but on the 1st of December the doctor brought them forward again, preceding his motion by reading a long and detailed report in their favour, to which, unluckily for the history of the guillotine, the Assembly did not pay the usual compliment of printing it, and no copy was found amongst Guillotin's papers. The circumstance which so lastingly attached his name to the beheading machine also proved that his propositions were not very attentively received: the debate finished abruptly, in consequence of a curious expression which he used. He had been, it would seem, describing the proposed instrument as his own invention; and, having argued that hanging was a tedious and torturing process, exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, 'Now, with my machine, I cut off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it!\*' This strange expression produced a general laugh, which ended the discussion. Alas! amongst the laughers there were scores of the after-victims of the yet unborn cause of their merriment.

The unlucky expression of Dr Guillotin passed into a jest, which was indelibly fixed on him by a song that appeared a few days afterwards in a comic periodical supported by the royalist party, and the humour of which turned on his being supposed to wish for a swifter mode of killing than the professional one which he had previously practised.

Guillotin,  
Politician,  
And physician,  
Bethought himself, 'tis plain,  
That hanging's not humane  
Nor patriotic;  
And straightway showed  
A clever mode  
To kill—without a pang—men;  
Which, void of rope or stakes,  
Suppression makes  
Of hangmen.

'Twas thought, and not in vain,  
That this slim  
Hippocrates' limb  
Was jealous to obtain  
The exclusive right of killing,  
By quicker means than pilling.

The patriot keen,  
Guillotin,  
The best advice to have,  
Before the next debate  
Consults *Coupe-tête*,  
*Chapelier* and *Barnave*;†

\* 'Avec ma machine, je vous fais sauter la tête d'un coup-d'œil, et vous ne souffrez point!'

† *Coupe-tête* was one Jourdain (afterwards more widely celebrated for his share in the massacres of Avignon), who derived his nickname from having cut off the heads of Messrs De Fluttes and Variocourt, who were murdered in the palace of Versailles about two months before Guillotin's unlucky speech. Barnave and Cha-

And then off-hand .  
His genius planned  
That machine  
That 'simply' kills—that's all—  
Which after him we call  
'Guillotine.'

This jeu d'esprit became very popular, and the name of Guillotine, which it gave in derision, and by anticipation, clung to the fatal machine when it was finally adopted, and for ever after. It appears that the bad taste of jesting on so grave and solemn a subject did not escape notice, for in the *Moniteur* of the 18th December 1789, appear some 'observations on the motion of Dr Guillotin, for the adoption of a machine which should behead animals in the twinkling of an eye,' and censuring the 'levity with which some of the periodical papers have made trivial and indecent remarks thereon.'

To show how unjustly Guillotin's name has been treated by posterity, it is only necessary to add, that the above is nearly all the connexion he had with the so-called guillotine; for at the time he talked of 'my machine,' it does not appear that he had made either a model or so much as a drawing of it, and it could only have existed as an *idea* in his mind, whether borrowed or original, it is now impossible to determine. The fact is, that the first guillotine was not constructed till three years afterwards, and with the making of it Guillotin had nothing whatever to do!

Though the doctor's propositions were laughed off on the 1st of December 1789, yet every one of them were eventually adopted. That which first came under discussion was the third, by which every stain of disgrace was to be removed from the relations and families of criminals. About the middle of the following month (January 1790), an event took place which shows that, although Guillotin and his ideal instrument found little favour in the Assembly, the third clause of his motion made a great impression amongst the populace. The case, very characteristic in all its circumstances, was this:—There were three brothers of a respectable family in Paris, of the name of Agasse, the two eldest of whom—printers and proprietors of the *Moniteur*—were convicted of forgery of bank-notes, and sentenced to be hanged. Their condemnation excited great public interest, from the youth and previous respectability of the parties. Instead, however, of this sympathy being employed in procuring a mitigation of the sentence, it was expended on the relations and friends of the criminals, whose case was thought to afford an excellent opportunity of carrying out one of Guillotin's ameliorations. In the evening sitting of the 21st of January, the Abbé Pepin hastily mounted the tribune of the National Assembly, recalled to its attention Guillotin's propositions, and stated that the clause relative to the abolition of prejudice against the family of criminals ought to be immediately passed, to meet the case of the Agasses. This was enthusiastically agreed to, and a decree was immediately ratified to meet the case. Three days after, the battalion of National Guards of the district of St Honoré, where the Agasses resided, assembled in grand parade; they voted an address to M. Agasse, the uncle of the criminals, to condole with his affliction, and to announce their adoption of the whole surviving family as friends and brothers; and, as a first step, they elected the young brother and younger cousin of the culprits to be lieutenants of the grenadier company; and then, the battalion being drawn up in front of the Louvre, these young men were marched forth, and complimented on their new rank by M. de Lafayette, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by a numerous staff. Nor was this all: they were led in procession to St Eustache and other churches, and paraded, with every kind of ostentation, to the public gaze. A public dinner of six hundred National Guards was got up in their honour; numerous philanthropic toasts were drunk; and then,

pelier were two of the most violent democratic members of the National Assembly. All these men fell under the guillotine a few years later.

in an enthusiasm of patriotism, the two youths were marched back through half Paris, preceded by a band of music, to the house of the uncle, where the whole family, old and young, male and female, came forth into the street to receive the congratulations of the crowd. While these tragical farces were playing, the poor culprits, who did not at all share in the enthusiasm their case excited, were endeavouring to escape from the painful honour of having this great moral experiment made in their persons; but in vain; their appeals were rejected, and at length they were, on the 8th of February, led forth to execution, and hanged.

After this, none of the questions concerning the execution of criminals mooted by Guillotin were revived till 1791, for meantime the executioner's revolting office was never performed. But on the 6th of October in that year, it was enacted, that 'every person condemned to death should be beheaded'—the especial privilege of the nobility being thus at last abolished. The next question was, as to *how* the fatal operation was to be performed. Hanging would no longer be tolerated, in consequence of the shocking number of 'irregular executions' which had formerly occurred from that mode, when the populace, taking the law into their own hands, suspended obnoxious persons from the street lamps. Guillotin's plan seems to have been almost forgotten; and the general adoption of the aristocratic mode of beheading with the sword possessed many disadvantages. The subject was much discussed for some time, but was at length brought to an issue by the condemnation of one Pelletier, who, on the 24th January 1792, was condemned to capital punishment for assassination. The magistrates of Paris inquired of the minister how the sentence was to be executed; and, after the delay of a month, the minister himself, and the Directory of the department of Paris, were obliged to have recourse to the Legislative Assembly for instructions. The letter of the minister, Duport du Tertre, is remarkable for the reluctance with which he enters on the subject, and the deep and almost prophetic horror he expresses at having had to examine its odious details. 'It was,' he said, 'a kind of execution [*espèce de supplice*] to which he had *felt himself condemned*.' Alas! it was but an anticipation of a fatal reality. On the 28th of November 1793, he was himself really condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and suffered on the 29th by the machine first used under his involuntary auspices, and in company with that same *Barnave*, the first and most prominent patron of revolutionary bloodshedding!

In the midst of the difficulty, M. Sanson, the hereditary executioner of France, was applied to for his opinion, which he gave in a memorial written with good sense, showing the cruelty, uncertainty, and torture of beheading by the sword, then the usual mode. The question was finally referred to M. Louis, secretary to the academy of surgeons, and in his report, dated 7th March 1792, he recommended such a machine as Guillotin had previously described, but without the smallest allusion to Guillotin himself. This proposal was entertained, and Guillotin at last thought of; for, on the 10th of March, we find that Roderer, then the departmental Procureur-General, wrote the following private note to Guillotin:—'Dear sir and ex-colleague, I should be very much obliged if you would be so good as to come to the office of the department, No. 4. Place Vendôme, at your earliest convenience. The Directory [of the department of Paris] is unfortunately about to be called upon to determine the mode of decapitation which will be henceforward employed for the execution of the third article of the penal code. I am instructed to invite you to communicate to me the important ideas which you have collected and compared, with a view of mitigating a punishment which the law does not intend to be cruel.' Whether the proposed interview took place, is not positively stated; and with this letter ends every

tittle that has been recorded of Guillotin's connexion with the terrible contrivance to which, three years before, his name had been given, and which bore it ever after. In proof of this, it is only necessary to follow up the narrative of what occurred in reference to the machine.

All the time this discussion was going on, not only Pelletier, but several other malefactors, lay in the provincial jails awaiting execution. In this difficulty, an officer of the criminal court of Strasburg, named Laquiente, made a design of a beheading machine, and employed one Schmidt, a pianoforte maker, to execute a model. Meanwhile, Louis's proposition was acted on at head-quarters, and the Legislative Assembly empowered Roderer to get an instrument made; but whether or no his 'ex-colleague' Guillotin assisted him in the task, is not stated. Roderer applied to one Guidon, who was the contractor for furnishing wood for the use of the criminal executive (*pour la fourniture des bois de justice*), for an estimate of the expense. On the 5th April 1792, Guidon sent in his estimate; no less than the sum of L.226. When expostulated with on the exorbitancy of the amount, he replied that it arose from his workmen demanding 'enormous wages, from a prejudice against the object in view.' On which Roderer remarks—'The prejudice, indeed, exists; but I have offers from other persons to undertake the work, provided they should not be asked to sign contracts, or in any other way to have their names exposed as connected with the object.' This is very remarkable, as showing that even operative carpenters dreaded the sort of notoriety which Guillotin inadvertently courted on the 1st of December 1789, by talking of '*my machine*.' In the end, Guidon's offer was rejected, and Schmidt made, for L.38, the instrument that was finally adopted. One was immediately ordered and made for each province or department.

After a great many delays, an execution by this mode took place on Monday, 23d April 1792, Pelletier being the first victim. The new machine performed its duty with complete success, and, shocking as it may appear, became so popular, that it afterwards served as a model of ornaments for women, and of toys for children! Some attempt was made to give it the name of the Louison, from the share M. Louis, the surgeon, had in bringing it forward; but the epigram had fixed Guillotin's name on it too firmly, and it was never popularly known by any other.

During the horrible anarchy which followed, Dr Guillotin hid himself in such close secrecy, that it was believed he had fallen a victim to his so-called invention. This was so current an opinion, that we find Mr Todd, in introducing the word guillotine into Johnson's Dictionary, states it as a fact. Guillotin did not, however, wholly escape the fury of the time, as he was for a certain period imprisoned on some slight pretence. When order was in a degree restored, he was liberated; and being heartily tired of performing the character of a politician, he returned to the practice of his own profession, overwhelmed, it is stated, by a deep sense of the great, though not wholly undeserved, misfortune which rendered his name ignominious, and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. 'It is astonishing'—we quote the *Biographie Universelle*—'that Guillotin did not solicit from the authorities permission to change a name which thenceforward must have been hardly supportable to him.' In spite of it, however, he enjoyed, up to the latest moments of his life, the esteem of all who knew him. His love for his profession suggested to him the idea of a medical society, which still exists in Paris under the name of the Academy of Medicine, where he associated with his old companions. He lived just long enough to see the Restoration, and died in his bed on the 26th May 1814, aged seventy-six years. A funeral oration was made over his remains by one of

this oldest friends, Dr Bourru, and was published shortly after his death.

Never was a man more severely punished for a little inconsiderate vanity than Dr Guillotin, who, apart from the merit or demerit of his invention, seems to have been a truly estimable member of society.

### BOOK TITLES.

IN Butler's *Remains* it is remarked, that 'there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.'

Generally speaking, this is correct. But the optician who should happen to purchase a book entitled *A New Invention; or a Paire of Cristall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly containe shall be discovered in one* (1644), would find, to his surprise, that it has nothing to do with his business, but relates to the civil war. So also might mistakes very readily occur with regard to Horne Tooke's celebrated *Diversions of Parley*, which a village book-club near our own city actually ordered at the time of its publication, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games, very likely to be serviceable in putting over the long winter nights, when in reality it is one of the most abstruse treatises which exist on a subject altogether beyond clownish wits—etymology. There is a scarce and curious tract, entitled *Merryland Described, containing a Topographical, Geographical, and Natural History of that Country* (1741): a person with a taste for geography might suppose that it related to the well-known colony (now state) of that name in North America; but in reality it consists entirely of facetious matter. A mistake of this kind actually did occur at the time of the first publication of the now well-known *Essay on Irish Bulls*, when, we have been assured—though no Irishman can ever be induced to admit the fact—no fewer than a dozen copies were ordered forthwith by the Farming Society of Dublin! In like manner, we can imagine a juvenile naturalist being disappointed in finding nothing relative to botany in *A Treatise of Hebrew Roots*. It is said that a French writer, mistaking the meaning of the title of *Winter's Tale*, translated it by the words *Conte de Monsieur Winter*, or *Mr Winter's Tale*—a mistake extremely natural, we must admit, to one unacquainted with our national idiom. It may be added, that a medical man's curiosity might perhaps be gratified by Oberndorff's *Anatomy of the True Physician and Counterfeit Mountebanke, disclosing certain Stratagems whereby London Empiricks oppugne, and ofttimes expugne, their poor Patients' Purses* (1602); but he would find himself stepping somewhat out of his course to peruse Hutton's *Anatomy of Folly* (1619), Nash's *Anatomy of Absurdity* (1589), *The Hospitall of Incurable Fools* (1600), &c.

A love of quaint titles has been shown by our literary men from the earliest times of publishing, but generally in a more conspicuous manner two centuries ago than at present. Not even royal wits could then dispense with this attraction; witness King James's *Counterblast to Tobacco*, which, by the way, is a far more sensible production than is generally supposed, or than its whimsical title would imply. Shakspeare himself was not superior to this whimsicality, and we accordingly find it shining in the titles of most of his comedies, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *As You Like it*. Apropos of King James's pamphlet, we may advert to a poem by his contemporary Sylvester, entitled, *Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered about their Ears, who Idly Use so Base and Barbarous a Weed*. It would seem that some of these odd old titles have suggested the writing of certain remarkable modern works. Thus Barnaby Rich's *Souldier's Wish for Brittain's Welfare*, a *Dialogue between Captain Skill and Captain Pill* (1604), may have suggested Leigh Hunt's *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*. A little work published in 1679, entitled *Unfortunate Heroes, or Adventures of*

*Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Agrippa, Cypion, &c.* reminds us of the chapter on literary men in Thomas Carlyle's recent work, *Hero-Worship*.

Some titles are agreeably short, and others wonderfully long. A few years since, a work was issued with the laconic title of *It*, and for days previous to its publication, the walls of London were placarded with the words, 'Order It,' 'Buy It,' 'Read It.' The old naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford in 1661, entitled *Panzoologicomineralogia*, which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais' proposed title for a book; namely, *Antipericatametaparahngedamphicibrationes*.

Titles are occasionally remarkable for their modest pretensions; for example, *Did You ever see such Stuff? or, So-much-the-better, being a Story without Head or Tail, Wit or Humour* (1760); *A Satire for the King's Birthday, by no Poet-Laureate* (1779); Barnaby Rich's *Faults, and Nothing but Faults*. On the other hand, the titles of some books implore us to read them, and crave indulgent criticism, while others taunt and threaten us if we will not read them. In illustration, we may cite, *Oh! Read over Dr John Bridge's Martin Mar-Prelate, for it is a Worthy Work, Printed over-sea in Europe, within two furlongs of a bounsing Priest, a rare work against the Puritans* (1588); Roy's *Read me, and Be not Wrath*; *Tourneur's Laugh and Lie Down, or the World's Folly* (1605); *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*; and Rowland's *Look to it, or I'll Stay ye*.

According to Stowe's Chronicle, the title of *Domesday Book* arose from the circumstance of the original having been carefully preserved in a sacred place at Westminster, called *Domus Dei*, or House of God.

Books have been frequently likened to store-rooms and other buildings; hence the titles of *Magazine of Zoology*; *Repository of Arts*; *Treasury of Knowledge*; *The Jewel-house of Art and Nature*; *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* (1565); *Primanday's Academy of Manners* (1586); *Parkinson's Theatre of Plants* (1640); *Boysteau's Theatre of the World* (1574). The comparison of a book to a looking-glass or mirror is also very common and natural. Thus we have a black-letter book called, *A Chrystal Glass for Christian Women, Exhibiting the Godlie Life and Death of Katherine Stubs of Burtoft-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire*; *Snawssell's Looking-Glass for Married Folks, wherein they may plainly see their Deformities* (1631); *Spooner's Looking-Glass for Tobacco Smokers* (1703); *The Mirror of the Worlde* (1481); *The Mirror for Magistrates* (1559); and several periodicals have lived and died with the name of Mirror.

Some titles are remarkable for their satirical character. Thus, a work relative to a large class of the literary world was entitled, *The Downfall of temporising Poets, unlicensed Printers, upstart Booksellers, trotting Mercuries, and bawling Hawkers* (1641). Printers are brought into strange company in another book entitled, *A History of Filchum Cantum, or a Merry Dialogue between Apollo, Foolish Harry, Silly Billy, a Griffin, a Printer, a Spider Killer, a Jack-Ass, and the Sonorous Guns of Ludgate* (1749). The Latin poetasters seem to have their merits called somewhat in question by the title of John Peter's curious and very scarce work, *A New Way to make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary capacity that only knows the A. B. C., and can count nine, though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainly taught to make thousands of Hexameter and Pentameter Verses, which shall be true Latin, true Verse, and good Sense* (1679).

The ancient and still frequently mooted question about the mental equality of men and women, has elicited many works with quizzical titles. Thus, in 1620, appeared *Hic Mulier, or the Man-Woman, or a Medicine to Cure the Staggers in the Masculine-Feminines of our Times*. This was answered by another work with as curious a title, *Hec Vir, or the Womanish-Man to Hic Mulier, the Man-Woman*. Some sixty years later, in 1683, a rare little book came forth, entitled, *Hec et Hic, or the Feminine Gender more worthy than the Masculine, being a Vindication of that ingenious and innocent Sex from the*



biting Sarcasms wherewith they are daily aspersed by the virulent Tongues and Pens of malevolent Men.

Whether married or single, it is impossible not to feel interested in such titles as the following: *A Caution to Married Couples, about a Man in Nightingale Lane who beat and abused his Wife, and Murdered a Tub-man* (1677); *The Art of Governing a Wife, with Rules for Bachelors* (1746); *Braithwait's Boulster Lecture, or Art thee Asleep, Husband?* (1640); *A Certain Relation of the Hog-Faced Gentlewoman, Mrs Tannahin Shinker, who can never recover her shape till she be married* (1640); *A Discourse concerning having many Children* (1695); *A Relation of several Children and others that prophecy and preach in their Sleep* (1689); *Chickens Feeding Capons, or a Dissertation on the Pertness of our Youth in General, especially such as are trained up at Tea-tables* (1731); *Pap with a Hatchet, or a Fig for my God-son.*

The ancient costume of men and women called forth various singular literary attacks, as we learn from Bulwer's *Man Transformed, or the Ridiculous Beauty, Filthy Finesse, and Loathsome Loveliness of most Nations in altering their Bodies from the Mould intended by Nature* (1650); *Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen, or a Glass to view the Pride of vain-glorious Women, containing a Pleasant Inveective against the Fantastical Foreign Toys daylie used in Women's Apparell* (1595); *England's Vanity, or the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders, and a Hundred other Fooleries* (1683).

The titles of religious works are frequently somewhat droll. A little book of consolation, published in 1630, is entitled, *A Handkerchief for Parents' Wet Eyes upon the Death of Children*. Dr Sibbs published a religious work called *The Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax* (1627), which led to the conversion of the celebrated Baxter. As humorous titles of the same class, we may instance—*The Coalheaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats, and a Reviving Cordial for a Sin-Despairing Soul* (Manchester, 1741); *The Rev. James Murray's Sermons to Asses* (1768), in three volumes; *Os Ossorinum, or a Bone for a Bishop to Pick* (1643); *Primatt's Cursing no Argument of Sincerity* (1746); *A Relation of the Devil's appearing to Thomas Cox, a Hackney Coachman, who lives in Cradle Alley, in Baldwin's Gardens* (1684); *Ka ka, and I'll Ka thee* (1649), a dialogue against the impious arrogance of persecuting people who happen to differ from us in matters of faith.

Some titles amuse by being alliterative, as in *A Delicate Diet for Daintie Droonhard's* (1576); *Henry Butt's Diet's Dry Dinner* (1599); *St Austin's Christian Catholic Catechised, Pexmed for the Private Benefit of the Parish of Little Kimbell, in Buckinghamshire* (1624). Some are agreeably tautological, as in *A Most Learned Speech, in a Most Learned House of Commons, by a Most Learned Lawyer, on a Most Learned Subject* (1722); *The Most Wonderful Wonder that ever appeared to the Wonder of the British Nation, being an Account of the Capture of the Monstrous She-Bear that Nursed the Wild Boy in the Woods of Germany* (1726), a rare and curious poem; *The Egg, or Memoirs of a Right Honourable Puppy, with Anecdotes of a Right Honourable Scoundrel*. Some play upon the same termination of different words, as in John Taylor's *Verry Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage* (1622); and in *A Chemical Collection to Express the In-gress, Pro-gress, and E-gress of the Hermetic Science* (1650). Some try to please by antithesis, as in *St J. Harrington's New Discourse of a Stale Subject* (1596); *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance.*

Rhyming titles are occasionally met with, as in Thomas Heywood's—

Reader, here you'll plainly see  
Judgment perverted by these three—  
A Priest, a Judge, a Patiencee (1641).

A little black-letter volume, without any date, has the following four lines for its title:—

I praise Pierre, which cannot flatter,  
A Plow-man, men me call;  
My speche is foul, yet mark the matter,  
How things mayhap so fall.

In 1559 appeared a book entitled, *The Key to Unknown Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,*

Which if you do open,  
To cheapen and copen,  
You will be unwilling,  
For many a shilling,  
To part with the profit  
That you shall have of it.

Thomas Lupton, in 1587, published

Too Good to be True,  
Thought so at a vire;  
Yet all that I told you  
Is true, I uphold you:  
So cease to ask why,  
For I cannot lie.

Later still, in 1730, we find this rhyming title—

The Rival Lap-Dog, and the Tale  
(As ladies' fancies never fail),  
That little rival to the great,  
So odd, indeed, we scarce dare say't.

In cases where it was thought prudent to conceal the names of the printer and publisher, and the date of certain books, the title-page often exhibited some odd fictitious reference. A scarce little book, entitled *The Earl of Essex's Amours with Queen Elizabeth*, was printed 'at Cologne, for Will-with-the-wisp, at the sign of the Moon in the Ecliptic.' William Goddard published some satires, 'Imprinted at the Antipodes, and are to be bought where they are to be sold.' This sort of concealment is burlesqued by Brathwait in his *Solemn Jovial Disputation on the Laws of Drinking* (1617), which is published at 'Oenozthopolis, at the sign of the Red Eyes'; and also in his *Smoking Age, with the Life and Death of Tobacco, dedicated to Captain Whiffe, Captain Pipe, and Captain Snuffe* (1617), printed 'at the sign of Tear-nose.' A little old French work, *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, purports to be 'Imprimé cette Année' (printed this year).

The mottoes on title-pages are often very curious. The following is from a book called *Gentlemen, look about you* :—

Read this over if you're wise,  
If you're not, then read it twice;  
If a fool, and in the gall  
Of bitterness, read not at all.

Another from that very delightful old book, Geoffrey Whitney's *Emblems* (1586):—

Peruse with heed, then friendly judge, and blaming rash refrain:  
So maist thou reade unto thy good, and shalte requite my paine.

The famous and learned Robert Record was very fond of mottoes on his works. His *Pathway to Knowledge* (1551), a treatise on geometry, displays these four lines:—

All fresh fine wits by me are filed,  
All gross dull wits with me castled;  
Though no man's wit reject will I,  
Yet as they be, I will them try.

The title-page of his *Castle of Knowledge* (1556) displays a device of several figures and a castle, on which we read—

To knowledge is this trophy set,  
All learned friends will it support,  
So shall their name great honour get,  
And gain great fame with good report.

A good motto, well chosen, and thoroughly applicable, acts as a bright lamp to show the contents within. When Colonel David Stewart was printing his *Sketches of the Character and Manners of the Highlanders of Scotland* (1822), Sir Walter Scott suggested as its most appropriate motto the following lines from Shakespeare:—

'Tis wonderful  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To loyalty unlearned; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from others; valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sowed.

Ere now, the titles of books have furnished materials for the punster. Thus, in a newspaper announcement of the death of Oliver Goldsmith, April 4, 1774, we read, '*Deserted is the Village; the Traveller has laid him down to rest; the Good Natured Man is no more; he Stoops but to Conquer; the Vicar has performed his sad office; it is a mournful office from which the Her-*

mit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman* fortitude.' Better still was the reply of the young lady, when asked if she was at all literary. 'Yes,' said she, 'I am a *Spectator* at church, an *Idler* at school, a *Rambler* at Vauxhall, a *Connoisseur* at the milliner's, an *Adventurer* at the lottery, a *Tattler* at the tea-table, and a *Guardian* to my lap-dog.'

### OUR FISHERIES.

Of the numerous resources appertaining to this island, the maritime are undoubtedly the least attended to. Indeed no branch of our fisheries is one-half developed—partly from imperfect modes of curing and preparing, but chiefly from the paltry and unskilful manner of capture. The natural supply is unlimited, and without tax or rental: all that is necessary, therefore, is a larger outlay of capital, and the adoption of more skilful modes on the part of the fisherman; for we are certain that the demand would increase twentyfold, were the article only presented at a steady and reasonable price.

To begin with Salmon-fishing. This, though conducted with great labour and assiduity in some of our rivers, is at best a very primitive affair, and thus the salmon is only a delicacy at certain seasons for the tables of the wealthy. We have, as yet, no cheap mode of preserving on a great scale; there is little or nothing done seaward with the drag-net, although this fish be continually traversing between our estuaries; even the legal season of capture is so imperfectly arranged, that some half-dozen bills have been framed, re-framed, and abandoned, since 1840. This is scarcely creditable to a country possessing the finest salmon-grounds in the world; the average annual returns from which, even under their present imperfect management, and the damage done to them by the erection of factories, amounts to more than a quarter of a million.

Again, though a large amount of capital be employed in the Herring-fishery, yet, considering the shoals which throng our seas, and the hungry thousands we have inland, this department is far from receiving that attention which it deserves. Granting that the price should never rise beyond one penny per dozen, nay, that one hundred should be purchased for that sum, there are other uses to which herrings could be profitably applied—even as a manure, so long as other substances are selling for this purpose at from L.10 to L.14 a ton. The boats, nets, and crews of the present day, are vastly superior to those of the last century; but still it is an improvement in point of size merely. The same style of capture is adhered to with all its tediousness and danger; the fisher beats or rows his way seaward, and he toils in the same slow manner back to his station. Three-fourths of his fishing-time is consumed in journeying, and that, too, at the expense of the finest shoals, which were here to-day, but are sixty leagues off by the morrow. Now, by the aid of steam-tugs or cruisers, one-third of the present fishing-time would produce the same amount of fish; while it would enable a much greater number of nets to be carried to sea, and afford greater security to the lives of the fishermen. Besides, it is well known that what is called the *deep-sea-fishery* (that carried on by vessels from thirty to eighty tons, and in which the herrings are pickled and stowed for the time being) is a steadier and more certain source of profit than the *boat-fishery*—partly from meeting in with the earliest and best fish, and partly from the shoals being less fickle in their movements than when closer in-shore. The means which we suggest would embrace these as well as the other advantages alluded to; would afford our own population a more abundant and cheap supply; and would readily double or treble our annual exports. Our exports rarely, if ever, reach 150,000 barrels—a very small demand, compared with that which cheapness and superior curing would create; and the total capture, we believe, has never reached 600,000 barrels—certainly a mere fraction of what our seas can supply, and of what our needy population could consume.

The same remarks apply to the White-fishery (that of cod, ling, and haddock), which is at present not one-tenth developed, and which brings prices so irregular and high, as almost to preclude the consideration of these fish as part of the national food. We have seen on the east coast of Scotland a fleet of sixty sail making seaward for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and taking about eighteen hours to the 'run;' while one steamer would have gone over the same distance in a third of the time, carried out more lines, and would not have required one-tenth of the number of hands. A well-equipped fishing-boat requires a complement of six men, and, with her nets, will cost, at an average, from L.60 to L.80; a small steamer, with two or three cobs, would do the duty of at least twenty ordinary boats, and that too more regularly and securely. The same may be said of our Shell-fish—such as lobsters, crabs, oysters, cockles—and which exist in vast quantities along the rocky portions of our sea-line. The methods of entrapping, dredging, and otherwise gathering these, are attended with little labour, and in most cases with no outlay of capital. Unless in the case of oysters, none of the other shell-fish are supplied to our markets with regularity; not from want of demand, but because few direct their attention to these matters as a branch of industry. Lobsters, crabs, cockles, &c. will always command a market in our populous towns; and we would therefore urge this on the attention of our fishers and others of the poorer classes, who might obtain an honest livelihood by reaping from the endless supply of shell-fish with which nature has furnished our sea-coasts.

The above is a mere glance at a subject on which volumes might be written with benefit to the country. Our purpose, however, will be obtained, if these observations shall be the means of directing attention to a source of employment and wealth at present so unaccountably neglected—the more so since our railways are opening up a facility of transport, which may be said to place our sea-port and inland towns on an equal footing as regards a fresh and abundant supply of our maritime produce.

### LIVING IN A HURRY.

Perhaps the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England at present is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railroad is merely typical of the headlong hurry with which all the affairs of life are transacted. In business, men are in a hurry to get rich: they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year's patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek by bold speculative combinations, by anticipations of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar themselves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season for some hundred years, but by shooting in the north of Scotland and yachting in the Channel during the same week, visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and milliner 'drudges, the gangs of night and day labourers relieving each other in printing offices and coal-pits—all the unintermitting, eager, 'go-ahead' pressure of society—are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox only in form to say that we are in such a hurry to live that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hurried through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in chariot, cab, or bus; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the committee, or the opera, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got

through impatiently, with frequent startings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored. And the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now peoples these islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down and run over, and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex, men cannot rest. In the young societies of our colonial empire (and this is not their least recommendation), men might live more leisurely if they chose; but the gigantic bankruptcy of New South Wales shows too clearly that even in our antipodean provinces this foolish effort to accomplish everything at once is epidemic. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste: the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart are taking its place. Even the moralisers on this universal race for the sake of running, hurry along with the rest, and pant out their reflections as they run.—*Spectator*.

### THE RAILWAY.

A SONG.

TUNE—King of the Cannibal Islands.

'Twas on a Monday morning soon,  
As I lay snoring at Dunoon,  
Dreaming of wonders in the moon,  
I nearly lost the Railway.  
So up I got, put on my clothes,  
And felt, as you may well suppose,  
Of sleep I scarce had half a dose,  
Which made my yawns as round as O's;  
No matter, on went hat and coat;  
A cup of coffee, boiling hot,  
I poured like lava down my throat,  
In haste to catch the Railway.  
Racing, chasing to the shore,  
Those who fled from every door,  
There never was such haste before  
To catch the Greenock Railway.

The steam was up, the wind was high,  
A dark cloud scoured across the sky,  
The quarter-deck was scarcely dry  
Of the boat that meets the Railway;  
Yet thick as sheep in market pen,  
Stocked with the Sunday-watering men,  
Like growling lions in a den,  
With faces inches five and ten;  
Some were hurrying to and fro,  
Others were sick, and crying, oh!  
Whose wooden pegs that on my toe?  
In the boat that meets the Railway.  
Rushing, rushing up and down,  
Tipping the cash to Captain B—n;  
O what a hurry to get to town  
Upon the morning Railway.

When arrived at Greenock quny,  
What confusion—only see—  
Each selfish wight so quickly flee  
In hopes to catch the Railway.  
High and low, and thick and thin,  
Trying who the race shall win,  
Creaking boots and hob-nailed shin,  
All determined to get in!  
People laughing at the shore;  
Merchants smiling at each door;  
Those running who ne'er ran before,  
And all to catch the Railway!  
Fleet through Greenock's narrow lanes,  
Over mud and dubs and stanes,  
Careless o' their boots and lances,  
And all to catch the Railway.

See the rear-guard far behind,  
Out of temper, out of wind,  
Out of patience, out of mind!  
For fear they lose the Railway.  
Last comes old Fatsides with his wife,  
Waging a real hot-mutton strife;  
'Such scenes in Scotland sure are rife;  
'It's very hot upon my life!'  
'Alack, there'll be no room for us;  
Let's get into the homestead.'  
'O pray, my dear! don't make a fuss  
We should lose the Railway.'  
Blowing, glowing all the way,  
Crying upon the train to stay,  
'We'll never get to town to-day  
Upon the morning Railway!'

Now the crowded station gained,  
Rain be-drenched and mud be-stained,  
Melting-browed and asthma-pained,  
Hurrying to the Railway!  
A boat has just arrived before,  
Which later left a nearer shore,  
And fills a full-sized train and more,  
Which is a most confounded bore;  
But coach to coach are quickly joined—  
Which surely is surpassing kind;  
And off we fly as fleet as wind  
Upon the Greenock Railway!  
Thus the sports of railway speed  
Nought on earth can now exceed,  
Except my song, which all must read,  
About the Greenock Railway.

The moral of my song I add,  
To make you married ladies glad,  
Who lately were a little sad—  
Before the Greenock Railway.  
So now dispel each moppish frown,  
And don your most attractive gown,  
Your loving husbands can get down,  
In one short fleeting hour from town;  
While vessels waiting at the quay,  
Conduct them swiftly home to tea,  
Or to a drop of barley bree,  
So certain is the Railway!  
Then let us steal a march on time,  
And echo forth this ranting rhyme,  
Which street Rubints think sublime,  
About the Greenock Railway.

—*Park's Songs for All Seasons*. Glasgow. 1843.

### EXPENSES OF THE LAW.

The case of *Ranger v. the Great Western Railway Company* involved, upon the question of amount, almost as important results as were embraced in the great case of *Small and Attwood*. We are able to lay before our readers some of its statistics. The first bill was 812 folios, the amended bill 1157. The first supplemental suit bill 341 folios, the second supplemental suit bill 525 folios. The first answer 1299 folios, the second 132 folios, the third 212 folios. The documents admitted upwards of 800 folios. The plaintiff's evidence 1865 folios, the defendant's 405 folios. Total of folios upwards of 6736, for which an office-copy charge was made of 10d. per folio, besides voluminous affidavits. Short-hand notes on collateral arguments 2200 folios. Observations 30 brief sheets. The total brief embracing these copies for counsel would be nearly 960 brief sheets. Sir William Follet's fee was 300 guineas, and 100 additional, with sundry other fees, making L.500. Mr Stuart had 220 guineas, and 100 additional; Mr Richards 220 guineas; Mr Stevens 150 guineas, and 50 additional. In the early stage of the cause, the counsel had fees as follows:—First counsel 150 guineas; second do. 125 guineas, third do. 80; besides numerous other smaller fees, making a total in counsels' fees alone of nearly L.2000. The vice-chancellor has already ordered the plaintiff to pay a great part of the costs of these matters. The case was five years in progress, and the same solicitors were for the company that were engaged in *Small and Attwood*; namely, Messrs Swain, Stevens, and Co., Frederick Place, London. The short-hand writers' bills amounted to nearly L.400! Thus it will be seen that going to 'law' is a rather expensive amusement.—*Railway Times*.

### BUTTONS FROM CLAY.

The principle of forming Mosaic tessellæ by the pressure of dry powder, has been applied to the manufacture of various kinds of buttons. They are called agate buttons, and are made of kaolin, or China-clay, brought from the neighbourhood of St Austell, in Cornwall. This kaolin is the same as the celebrated pottery-clay of the Chinese, which is obtained from disintegrated granite. The buttons are pretty and clear in appearance, and very hard. They are manufactured in all shapes and sizes, plain and ornamented; and as compared with the cost of mother-of-pearl, are said to be about one-third the price.

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## THE FIRST OFFENCE.

In the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor-friend Stevenson, a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time, as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency. Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them. The majority appeared to lean to the side of 'crush all offences in the bud,' when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed, 'Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offence being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed; that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible. For instance, a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place; her honesty has never yet been put to the test. Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptation to which she is exposing a fellow-creature, is in the habit of leaving small sums of money, generally copper, lying about in her usual sitting-room. After a time, she begins to think that these sums are not always found exactly as she left them. Suspicion falls upon the girl, whose duty it is to clean the room every morning. Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite convinced before she brings forward her accusation. She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing. No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident. Well, what does her mistress do? Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice; cannot, in conscience, give her a character; tells all her friends how dreadfully distressed she is; declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her wicked—yes, it is wicked—thoughtlessness in thus constantly exposing to temptation a young ignorant girl; one most likely whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness, has only an imperfect twilight knowledge whereby to distinguish right from wrong. At whose door, I ask,' continued he, growing warmer, 'will the sin lie, if that girl sink into the lowest depths of vice and misery? Why, at the door of her who, after placing temptation in her very path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constituted her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and that without one effort to reclaim her—without affording a single opportunity of retrieving the past,' and re-

gaining by future good conduct the confidence of her employer.'

'There is, I fear, too much truth in what you say,' remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation; 'and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate.' There was a general movement of attention; for it was a well-known fact, that no manufacturer in the town of — was surrounded with so many old and faithful servants as our friend Stevenson.

'In the outset of my business career,' said he, 'I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and, according to a rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate of his character. This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him. After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith. My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as, on this occasion, it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, "did you receive this money?" He replied, "From Mr —," naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. "But this money is incorrect, and it is the first time I have found it so." He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered, with tolerable composure, "that it was as he had received it."

"It is in vain," replied, "to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavour, to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am

willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly confess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavour, by your future good conduct, to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you." The poor fellow was deeply affected. In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded. "I cannot now," he continued, "prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me: time alone can show that it has not been misplaced." He left me to resume his duties.

Days, weeks, and months passed away, during which I scrutinised his conduct with the greatest anxiety, whilst at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interests—marked his business habits; and this without any display: for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable. At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain-dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored, that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted towards him. Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow-creature from a continued course of vice, and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend. For years he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty was so well known, that "as honest as Smith," became a proverb amongst his acquaintances. One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry, learnt that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account. His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack, he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope of his recovery. For some days he continued in the same state: at length a message was brought me, saying that Mr Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding, that Mrs Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said: "My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessing of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it, that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. O God!" he continued, "Thou who hast said, 'blessed are the merciful,' bless him. According to the measure he has meted, to others,

do thou mete unto him." Then turning to his family, he said, "My beloved wife and children, I intrust you, without fear, to the care of that heavenly parent who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them, as you have been to me—guide, protector, and friend." That, continued the kind old man, looking round upon us with glistening eyes, 'though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent, and upright, respecting and honouring, as much as they loved their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort from the belief that she should meet him again in that world where

"Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;"

when I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow-men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonoured life, perhaps a shameful and violent death—had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express. We are told that there is more joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. With such a joy as we may imagine theirs, did I rejoice over poor Smith, as I closed his eyes, and heard the attendant minister in fervent tones exclaim, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life, to "temper justice with mercy."

Such was the story of our friend. And I believe not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow-creatures, and, as far as lay in his power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling 'that it is more blessed to save than to destroy.'

#### DR D. B. REID ON VENTILATION, WARMING, AND LIGHTING.

DR D. B. REID, while pursuing the profession of a teacher of chemistry in Edinburgh, constructed a classroom for his own use, in which he exemplified the best principles of ventilation, in combination with heating and lighting, at the same time that the communication of sound was specially provided for. The success attained by him on this occasion was submitted to the personal examination of Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and other eminent persons, and proved the cause of his being selected to superintend the ventilation, heating, and lighting of the Houses of Parliament. In that office he has for some years devoted himself almost exclusively to considering and experimenting upon various modes of ventilating and warming, besides being employed to reduce his plans to practice in the houses of some of the principal nobility and gentry of England, as well as in various public buildings; so that he may now, we believe, be esteemed as at the head of this department of architectural economy. The skill which he has acquired by experience, may be presumed

\* It may not be superfluous to remark, that this little paper describes events of actual occurrence.

to have qualified him in a peculiar manner for producing a standard work on these subjects, so nearly concerning the health and comfort of the public.

Such a work Dr Reid has produced in the form of a goodly octavo, illustrated by several hundreds of wood engravings, and embracing all desirable information, not only on ventilation, but every other kindred subject, as fully noted below.\* He commences with a chapter on the importance of a constant supply of pure air for respiration, and the injurious consequences of breathing a vitiated atmosphere. 'It is not generally understood,' he says, 'that in innumerable public and private assemblies, churches, theatres, schools, &c. an atmosphere is often breathed continually which is as foul and offensive, compared with the air that is congenial to the lungs, as the water of the Thames at London Bridge contrasted with a pure mountain spring. It is no exaggerated statement to affirm, that the greatest scourge with which this and so many other climates is affected, namely, consumption, owes its origin more to ignorance of the laws of health connected with the peculiarities of exposure to alterations of air and temperature, and to the severity of local draughts, than to any disadvantages connected with the local state of the atmosphere, which cannot be met with proper care and attention.' He adds that, in some ill ventilated hospitals, cases have 'presented themselves where the apparently lifeless corpse, subdued and oppressed far more by the atmosphere with which it was surrounded than by the disease to which it was supposed to have fallen a victim, has actually been known to revive after removal to the dead-room, a separate apartment, where a wholesome atmosphere played unrestrictedly upon it.'

Dr Reid states, that the breathing of a bad atmosphere has a great effect in depressing the appetite, and of this fact he presents an illustration which will probably be read with a smile. Let us first mention that our author constructed, in connexion with his classroom, a chamber which he designed as a model of all that a private room ought to be in respect of ventilation. Fresh air was constantly flowing into it through apertures in the floor, and by a draught out of the ceiling it was made certain that no one should ever breathe the same air twice. He could by these means throw any sort of odour into the room which he pleased, as that of a lavender field, an orange grove, &c. One evening, calling at the class-room, we found a multitude of young men rushing into it from this chamber in a state of great risible excitement. What was the cause? Nothing but this. Their master had been giving them a treat of strawberries and cream, followed by some light negus; and, during the feast, he had regaled them with a succession of the most delicious perfumes. At last, when it was time to disperse, he had thrown in a *drug smell* so intense and intolerable, that the hint could not be mistaken; and the party broke up in the admired disorder which we had witnessed. This anecdote will serve to introduce the following remarks from our author's volume:—

'It appears to be universally admitted, that a low diet diminishes the necessity for much air; and that, on the other hand, where there is little air, there cannot be a great appetite for food. There are no periods, accordingly, if we except a period of severe bodily exercise, where the constitution demands such a variety of supply as immediately before and after dinner; and, in the present state of society, a large share of the evil, not unfrequently attendant upon a dinner party, does not always arise so much from individuals having taken more than their constitution requires, but rather from the vitiated air with which the system is usually surrounded at such periods. Some years ago, about fifty members of one of the Royal Society clubs at Edin-

burgh dined in an apartment I had constructed, where, though illuminated by gas, the products of its combustion were essentially excluded, as they were all removed by a ventilating tube connected with, but concealed in, the drop of the Gothic pendant in which the central lights were placed. Large quantities of a mild atmosphere were constantly supplied, and passed in quick succession through the apartment during the whole evening, the effect being varied from time to time by infusing odiferous materials. Nothing very special was noticed during the time of dinner by the members; but Mr Barry, of the British Hotel, who provided the dinner, and who, from the members of the club being in the habit of dining frequently at his rooms, was familiar with their constitutions, showed the committee that three times the amount of wines had been taken that was usually consumed by the same party in a room lighted by gas, but not ventilated—that he had been surprised to observe that gentlemen, whose usual allowance was two glasses, took, without hesitation, as much as half a bottle—that those who were in the habit of taking half a bottle, took a bottle and a-half; and that, in short, he had been compelled twice to send hackney-coaches for additional supplies during dinner, though he had provided a larger supply than usual, considering the circumstances under which the members met.

Minute inquiries afterwards assured me that no headache nor other injurious consequence had followed this meeting, nor were any of the members aware, at the moment, that they had partaken more heartily than usual, till Mr Barry showed them what had taken place. The meeting included individuals of all ages, and of extreme variety of occupations, among whom there were judges and members of Parliament, medical men and members of the bar, naval and military officers, whose different ages varied as much as their very various professional occupations.

Though the illustration now detailed is important, in placing in an extreme point of view the power of a pure atmosphere, supplied freely without offensive currents, the facts illustrated must be more or less familiar to all who have paid any attention to the influence of the air upon the appetite. The operations of a vitiated atmosphere are nowhere, he says, *seen more distinctly* than in numbers of the refreshment-rooms in which this great metropolis abounds. Many a hard-worked clerk too often imagines he has had enough for his support, because he has taken all that his appetite permitted; whereas the saturated atmosphere in which he dines may have reduced his appetite by a half, and made him contented with an inadequate supply.'

The ventilation and heating of the Houses of Parliament have already been described in this journal: they are, as is well known, combined in one system, by which heated air is caused to pass continually into the room through the floor, and out at the ceiling, by means of a fire-draught in an adjoining chimney. The system appears simple, but, in reality, it is surrounded with difficulties, as will appear from the following explanations. 'In directing the ventilation [of the House], great difficulty is often experienced in ascertaining the feelings of the members. These necessarily fluctuate with every change of circumstances in the state of the internal or external atmosphere that is not immediately controlled, independent of the extreme diversity of temperament that may be expected to prevail where so many are assembled in the same apartment. The first remark made after the House of Commons met, subsequent to the alterations, was—"The temperature was rising; we shall be suffocated immediately." This was addressed to me by a member walking from the bar to the door, and he had no sooner passed, than another followed him, hurriedly stating as he passed, "I am shivering with cold; I can bear this house no longer." I went to the lobby, and stated to each what the other had said, when a conversation ensued as to the most desirable temperature, as it was obvious that, unless a peculiar atmosphere were prepared at each place, it would be impossible to

\* Illustrations of the Theory and Practice of Ventilation, with Remarks on Warming, Exclusive Lighting, and the Communication of Sound. By David Boswell Reid, M.D., F.R.S.E. London: Longman and Co. 1844.



do more than give an average quality, particularly when some members demanded a temperature of 52 degrees, while others required a temperature of 71 degrees.

The House is heated to 62 degrees before it is opened, and maintained in general at a temperature between 63 degrees and 70 degrees, according to the velocity with which the air is permitted to pass through the House.

Attendants on the ventilation take the temperature periodically during the sittings, and are constantly ready to receive instructions as to the alterations required when they may not have anticipated them, though this they are in general enabled to effect. But as no one can ever be an exact judge of another's feelings, and from the great diversity of requests at times communicated to them, and the fact that extreme constitutions are necessarily most prone to demand changes, while their indications are less likely to conduce to the general comfort, it is not unfrequently difficult for them to decide as to complaints; communications, therefore, as to the ventilation, are usually addressed to the sergeant-at-arms, whose knowledge of the general expression of opinion is always a safer guide than that of individual members. In some cases, where the debates in both Houses have continued for a long period, and the fluctuations have been great, both in the state of the weather and of the numbers attending, I have occasionally, in studying details as to the action of the ventilation, made, with advantage, from fifty to one hundred variations in the quantity or quality of the air supplied in a single night.

Since the alterations were made in 1836, the atmosphere with which the right honourable the speaker is supplied has been placed under special control. Before this was done, it was impossible to give the kind of atmosphere generally desirable in the House, and, at the same time, to meet the very different circumstances which always require attention in a case where the peculiar duties, and a sitting extending so frequently to ten or twelve hours, or to a longer period, necessarily demand special modifications. The same has been done, also, in respect to that provided for the sergeant-at-arms.

The atmosphere in the House of Commons never being quiescent for a moment, the effect produced by it is very considerable on a constitution accustomed to air comparatively stagnant. It sustains a continuous evaporation, both from the lungs and from the surface of the body; and no cold currents descending from the windows, coughing has almost entirely disappeared, compared with the extent to which it has sometimes been observed before the present system was introduced. Members who have come down to the House of Commons unwell, have occasionally been relieved by exposing themselves for a short time to a blast of hot, cold, or tempered air in the air-channels.\*

It would be out of place here to advert particularly to any of the plans brought forward by Dr. Reid for ventilation in the various cases to which it is to be applied. Sufficient it is for us to state, that here the whole subject is elaborately and skilfully treated, so that, for any conceivable circumstances, the appropriate modes may be learned from this book. We shall conclude with a few remarks of Dr. Reid on the subject of communication of sound, one which he has made his own, even in a greater degree than ventilation. 'Much interesting illustration is,' he says, 'accessible to those who inhabit hilly countries, where the endless variety of forms, scenery, and outline, is continually presenting new features of observation, especially where different individuals arrange so as to communicate with each other under a great variety of circumstances. Some of the acoustic arrangements introduced at the House of Commons were founded on facts that were first presented to my notice during excursions with my pupils, who were studying the examination of soils, minerals, and mineral waters, with portable apparatus, such as enabled them to apply their knowledge practically on the open field,

wherever they were directed to enter on any examination.

In the open air, in calm weather, and on plain ground, no difficulty was experienced in conversing without effort at the distance of 400 to 800 feet. At night, the surface of the ground being free from the currents produced by the action of the sun (a circumstance which Humboldt found to produce a great interruption to the communication of sound), and the hum of insects being stilled, the voice extended much farther, and satisfied us that the accounts given of its being heard at the distance of miles, in the stillness of the polar regions, could be no exaggeration. In the morning, before sunrise, the voice, and occasionally the laugh, of the sailors on board the war-ships at anchor off Spithead have been heard at a place at Portsmouth, distant two and a-half miles in a direct line. The sound of a military band at the hour of roll-call has been heard at the distance of twenty-one miles from Edinburgh castle. In one of the illustrations I laid before a committee of the House of Commons, I explained the circumstances under which Admiral Stoddart and his officers heard (at sea in the Baltic), as they proved afterwards by a very interesting chain of evidence, the sound of cannon, for a whole day, at the distance of 300 miles.\* Colonel Dod, with several hundred troops, was on one occasion under arms all night, it being considered on shore that there was an engagement at sea; but the noise heard was afterwards found to have proceeded from a volcano at the distance of 400 miles. It has been stated, that there are despatches in the government offices detailing supposed engagements heard by ships at sea, and that the sound came in reality from a volcano at a distance of 900 miles from the position where the sound was heard.

But there are few localities where numerous facts might not be accumulated, such as have been adverted to in regard to the communication of sound, illustrative equally of the power of the voice and of the air in a still atmosphere. And the general conclusion appears to be, that few buildings have yet been constructed too large for the human voice to fill, where excessive reverberation can be subdued, where the audience maintains a careful silence (for the breathing of multitudes sometimes produces offensive noise), and where the unity of the atmosphere is preserved.

## VOYAGE IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

I CAN hardly give any reason for the act, but I suppose it must have been the mere romantic phrensy of youth, that induced me some eighteen months ago to throw up an excellent mercantile situation in Manchester—where my prospects were of the highest order, and where I enjoyed the perfect confidence of my employers—for the purpose of pushing my fortune in the wilds of America.

As my means were exceedingly small, and as, at any rate, I wished to enter into the feelings and situation of an emigrant, I took the advice of a man with whom I formed a casual acquaintance, and who had crossed the Atlantic before, and engaged a berth in the second cabin of the fine ship *Julius Macgregor*, sailing from Liverpool to New York, for £2, 15s., being the price paid by many of the steerage passengers. My next step was to go with my aforesaid friend to an emigrant's store, in order to buy a stock of provisions and tin vessels—a very necessary preparation, but one which requires some caution. The goods in such places are merely made to sell. It is ten chances to one that your water-can will leak out half your allowance, and your

\* The cannon were fired at a foundry where the men were proving cannon all day, and when the fleet met at a future period, it was found that it had extended over a line of 300 miles. All the ships heard the cannon sounding, and some sailed opposite the foundry at the time they were fired.

sauce-pan go to pieces the first time you use it, and put out the fire; in which case you will not only lose your dinner, but become the butt for the spare maledictions of the rest of the passengers. With regard to myself, by something little short of a miracle, my cooking utensil reached New York with little more damage than the loss of the lid and the handle. As for the hole in the bottom, I stopped it up regularly with oatmeal every time I used it. While hinting, however, at the evanescent nature of the tin materials, I cannot urge the same fault against the provisions. The tea had evidently been upon more than one voyage; and if I had had the slightest idea of the dearth of leather in Canada, I should have carried my cheese thither to serve for boot soles, for which purpose it was eminently well adapted. On examining a package marked 'sugar' on my list, I found it to contain a very curious compound of sand and timber, with a few faint traces of saccharine matter, but sufficient to give a slightly sweet taste to the mixture. The result of my experience is an advice to all emigrants to buy everything they want from some respectable tradesman in the town, whose interest it is to sell good articles in order that he may retain his business, and not from one who has the idea uppermost in his mind that he is never to see his customer again.

I required to lay in a complete stock of provisions; but within this last year a regulation has been made by which the captain is bound to supply all the passengers with liberal rations of bread stuff and potatoes; though, if any other provisions are wanted, the parties must supply themselves. Oranges and lemons are very much relished by sick persons, as well as all kinds of drinks; and I should advise that a large quantity of turnips and cabbages be taken, as, if kept dry, they will serve during the voyage, and are not only very palatable, but, from their antiscorbutic nature, very necessary, if much salt meat is eaten. The choice of other articles will, of course, depend upon taste; but I should advise them to be chosen with special reference to their facility of digestion.

It was an excellent practical joke, on the part of the captain, to give our apartment the name of *second cabin*; but, like all practical jokes, it was enjoyed only by one party. The place was simply one end of the steerage, boarded off with deals so far apart, that the parties on either side had ample opportunities of inspecting each other's accommodations. Although the cost of passage in the so-called second cabin was greater, the place was neither so light nor so well ventilated as the steerage, the only advantage it possessed, and I must confess it was a great one, being the superior character of the occupants, who consisted mostly of respectable mechanics and farmers. Before proceeding further, however, let me advise all who have thoughts of crossing the Atlantic, to choose one of the regular line of packets, which always sail on the appointed day if the weather permits. The Julius had never carried emigrants before. When I engaged my passage, the broker told me to hasten on board, as she would sail in a couple of hours; and as she was already a week behind the day advertised, I thought it probable he might be correct. I was therefore in great fear of her sailing before I was ready, which would involve the loss of my passage-money. However, I found afterwards that I might have saved myself a great deal of anxiety, for she did not leave port for three days after, putting the passengers, many of whom had been on board for a fortnight, to great expense for food, as fires were not allowed on board.

Nothing could be more dreary than the life on board ship while we were in dock. It was impossible to see the town; for in Liverpool it *always* rains; and even if it were possible, the fear of the vessel's sailing would have prevented it, the mate invariably declaring, when questioned on the subject, that we should haul out of the dock in an hour and a quarter exactly. I had plenty of provisions on board, but could not cook them; and

as I did not wish to lay out money in what seemed a supererogatory way, I was obliged to make alternate meals of bread and cheese, and bread and butter; and when I got tired of that, I ate both butter and cheese together by way of a change. I went on deck the first morning I came on board, when they were cleaning the ship; but one of the sailors speedily contrived to throw a bucket of water over me by accident, and the boatswain swore that if I did not keep below while the decks were wet, he would throw me overboard; and so below I went, wet and shivering, with a resolution to remain there as much as possible until the vessel should sail.

The centre of the cabin was taken up by the passengers' luggage. Around the sides were the berths, beside each of which were placed the occupants' boxes containing their provisions and cooking utensils. The berths were a double row of shelves made of rough planks, each capable of holding two persons, although, upon a push, three, and sometimes four, are packed upon them. In our case, however, as we had only about 150 passengers, three tenants were the utmost allowance for one shelf. Mine contained only two. There was no separation for the sexes; neither was there any division between the berths—an arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, which surprised me at first, and seems, on after-reflection, very far from what is desirable; yet it is equally surprising how soon myself and all the other passengers, the females included, became reconciled to it.

After my rebuff on deck, I changed my clothes, and went through the form of a dinner, feeling all the while very cold and miserable, and thinking of a fable that I had read at school about the squirrel which went to see the world. A faint idea now arose in my mind that it was possible I might be acting foolishly in quitting my comfortable office, and my snug two pair back, for a perilous voyage and a country of which I was perfectly ignorant. I began to think that if America was as some travellers have described it, I should have a very slight chance of ever coming home again; and if the truth must be known, I also bethought me how a certain Mary would feel when she heard that I had been blown up in one of their high-pressure lightning-speed steamers, or lost in the profundities of a Canadian forest. But it was too late to turn back; so, clearing my throat, I manfully began to shout forth, in a manner that astonished and delighted all my auditors, a song, the only part of which I now remember is the end of every verse, which is, 'And we'll hunt the buffal-o!'

After this, feeling a little more comfortable, I got out my bed and bed-clothes, and having as yet no companions, I put them on the sleeping shelf next the vessel's side, very wisely considering, that if she should lurch much in heavy weather, my companion being outside, would be ejected first, and thus break my fall. I then lashed my boxes, and got all my things in order for the voyage; having done which, I scrambled up into the berth, and looked down upon the busy scene before me. It was a perfect Babel of noise and confusion; but among much calculated to excite laughter, there was one scene that made my heart ache to look at. Immediately opposite to me, a man and his wife were eating their frugal meal. The woman had an infant on her lap, about as pretty a child as I ever saw; and although only a few hours on board, it had become a general favourite, and was a source of continual contention to all the young ladies on board; indeed its fame had already reached the remoter districts of the steerage. The man, whose name I afterwards learnt was Eccles, was a Spitalfields weaver, whom hard times and want of employment had compelled to sell off his little stock of furniture, in order to settle in America. Both he and his wife were young, and had evidently been good-looking; but care, anxiety, and sickness, had all contributed their share to drive everything away but their affection for one another and for their child. Indeed I never saw two countenances so bereft of all ex-

pression of hope, so heart-broken, so wo-begone; but amidst all this they were patient and uncomplaining. They seemed as if they knew that they were marked out as the prey of misery and misfortune, and had resolved to bear without a murmur what they could not prevent or remedy.

However, there must be an end to all things; and one fine day in the month of June 1842, we hauled out of dock, and dropped anchor in the stream. After a few hours' delay, we took the captain and pilot on board, the steam-tug dropped alongside, and we were just going off, when two men came on board, and requested the captain to stop for a short time. After looking along the deck, where we were all assembled, they walked up to the place where Eccles and his wife were standing. It seemed that he owed one of the men some ten shillings for certain work that had been injured when he was ill. In vain he promised to pay the sum when he got to New York and met his brother, whom he expected to see there. The creditor was inflexible. By this time a considerable crowd had gathered around them, when an Irishman, after hearing all, instinctively put his hand in his pocket; we all followed his example, and the next moment the amount was paid. But although the creditor thus received his due, he made little advantage by his visit. The waterman who put him on board, and who had been listening very attentively to the squabble, refused to take him on shore for less than *ten shillings*; and to this he was actually obliged to yield, rather than submit to be ferried across the ocean!

At last the captain gave the word, and we were off. The moment the first motion of the ship was felt, all on board, with one accord, gave three mighty cheers, and then suddenly became silent. We had been longing for the hour of sailing; and now, when it had arrived, we would have delayed it if possible; and when the afternoon came, and the pilot left us, how we strained our eyes to catch a distant glimpse of the Welsh coast, perhaps for the last time in our lives. When the moon arose, we were alone in the world—nothing could be seen around us but the clear sky and the sea agitated by a gentle breeze. I remember leaning against the bulwarks and giving way to the soothing influence of the evening. I was thinking of the past, when I was a happy thoughtless child: I was thinking of my friends, then far away, and wondering if they were now gazing at that fair heaven and holy moon: I was thinking of one who—but at the moment it occurred to me that those wretched apples that I ate in the morning must have disagreed with my stomach, and I suddenly dived into the cabin. Every soul there, however, seemed to have eaten of a similar fruit, and one unfortunate wretch, in his agony, was bitterly cursing Columbus for having discovered America. The atmosphere was close, the noise far from musical, and the smell decidedly unamiable; but, nevertheless, I managed to climb into my roosting place, when I covered my head with the clothes, and was soon asleep.

About three o'clock in the morning I awoke, and was surprised, and at first alarmed, at the different aspect affairs had taken. When I went to sleep, we were gliding along at the rate of some four knots an hour, with a very slight motion, and all was quiet below, except those who were sick; but now we were plunging fearfully, and at each deeper plunge a half-suppressed scream would break from the women. The creaking of the beams and the dashing of the waves sounded to my unpractised ears as the signs of a storm, and hastily dressing myself, I went on deck; but there the scene was different. A few of the lighter sails certainly were taken down, but the sailors were still lounging about the fore-castle, half-asleep—the moon was still bright, and the sky cloudless; and with the exception of the wind being rather more fresh, and the water rougher, all was the same as before.

Having got over my first little qualm, I began to enjoy myself exceedingly; and my appetite returning with

tenfold vigour, I began to look out for the means of cooking. On each side of the ship, beside the long-boat, there was placed a long grate, wherein whoever felt disposed for his breakfast in the morning, kindled a fire; and I verily believe that, from seven o'clock in the morning until sunset, when the fire was extinguished, there was not a vacant place at either of these grates. Indeed such was the demand, that there were constant squabbles for priority, not to talk of three pugilistic encounters, in one of which, I am sorry to say, a young man with a name very similar to mine made himself rather conspicuous. Besides eating, the steerage passengers have few amusements. We generally lounged on the long-boat, or lay down in the lee of the bulwarks, reading while our little stores lasted, or speculating as to the probability of our reaching New York in a month; now hailing as a treat the appearance of a school of porpoises; now watching some gigantic blackfish slowly swimming round the ship, and flinging up *jets d'eau* for our amusement.

There was a melancholy attempt made to get up a debating club; but it fell to the ground, the first speaker being unable to proceed further than the preliminary, 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' and no one else being gallant enough to follow him in his break-down. We also tried a convivial meeting; but the only one who would sing was a man from Glasgow, who persisted in roaring the adventures of a Yorkshireman in London with the accent of the Saltmarket. It was intensely comic at first, but after two or three repetitions, grew rather tedious. The only persons who seemed to enjoy themselves were a young farmer and a rather pretty girl, both, I believe, from Derry. They were never at a loss for a subject, but, unluckily, kept all their conversation to themselves. I ventured one evening, when they were sitting together on the fore-castle, to ask them how they managed to procure materials for such long conversations, when the damsel told me with a smile that they were engaged in a discussion about the Union. It occurred to me that politics must be a mighty pleasant study.

At length, after having seen all the sights that are generally seen by voyagers, and which have been so often described, and after having been seven weeks at sea, we took the pilot on board; who, on account of the competition among his trade, had come out 150 miles from land in his little piratical-looking schooner. When he came alongside we received him with three cheers. All that day he was the lion of the ship. He was a neat-looking dapper youth, more like a linen-draper's apprentice than a man intrusted with the lives of so many human beings. The women wondered how his mother liked to trust him in such a little boat, and the opposite sex seeming to derive not a little encouragement from the idea that men must be scarce in New York, since they employed boys as pilots. However, the following night, after sitting up very late, straining our eyes since it had been dark, we saw the light-house on Sandy Hook, and the following morning we were at anchor at the quarantine ground opposite Staten Island. When we first saw land, it had a singularly dreary aspect; nothing appeared but a sandy beach, backed by a seemingly interminable forest; but gradually the scene changed. The sun was shining brightly on the dazzling white farm-houses and prim churches of Long Island; the country was chequered like a piece of patchwork with fields of every colour. The sea around us was swarming with shoals of small fish, and we could hear the birds singing gaily in the distance. It was a very cheering sight; and a stout farmer standing by me, dressed in his Sunday clothes, rubbed his hands joyfully together, and chuckled out, 'Ah, this will do; this is something like.' All were in high spirits; and even Mrs Eccles got up something like a smile. Curious-looking machines, which the pilots called steamboats, were sailing about in every direction; they looked like factories that had broken loose, and taken to the water, with the beam of the steam-engine working up and down through the roof.

After sending a poor man ashore who had been brought to the very gates of death through sickness, we fastened ourselves to one of these small factories, and in a couple of hours anchored in the North River, a hundred yards from the wharfs of the city of New York. Just at that moment the guns of a large frigate lying astern of us thundered out a salute in honour of some great personage who was going on board, and the battery on shore took up the echo. The moment we were steady in the water, fifty boats that were lying in wait pounced down on us, and in a moment we were boarded by a herd of tavern touters, luggage porters, and transportation agents, as they with great frankness called themselves. They were all slenderly-built men, very pale or sallow, looking as if they had passed their lives in a coal-pit. Their thin hair, which was either very black or very sandy, was neatly parted on one side. With the exception of two Irishmen, who evidently had not been long in the country, they were all much better dressed than their class in England, and certainly much more foppishly so. They all either smoked cigars, or chewed; and one or two indulged in both at the same time. Almost every word they spoke was couched with an oath; and one or two boys, who dressed and talked like the men, and seemed to be considered as such by them, made up for the inferiority of their years by the originality and frequent use of expressions that would shock even a Billingsgate fish-woman of the *ancien regime*.

I was standing with a young man, who had been my messmate and bedfellow, beside our boxes, when a melancholy-looking individual, dressed in a green jacket, with a small glazed cap perched on his head, and his shirt-collar turned down smoothly over his black silk neck-cloth, sauntered past, looking, as if accidentally, at the superscription on our trunks. In a minute or two he came up again in great haste, with a smile on his face, and a pocket-book in his hand. 'Wall,' said he, 'it is queer that I did not recognise you before;' but looking first at his book, and then at me, and breaking into soliloquy, 'I guess that's the very article. Your name ain't Brown, is it?' I briefly assured him that he had hit my distinguished patronymic to a nicety. 'And your'n Mr Inglis?' turning to my companion, who answered him in the affirmative. 'Wall, I thought I should find you out; in fact, sir, it takes me to do it—rather. I was told to be pretty particular with you two gents, and I've come to see what I can do for you. The truth is, sir,' said he, with a confidential whisper, 'I am ashamed to say that some of these citizens ain't over and above good characters; they'd cheat a feller out of his eye-teeth while he was opening his mouth to take a chew. Now, here's the way we'll fix it; just stand where you are, and don't let them touch nothin', and I'll get a man to help to tote your plunder to the boat.' Well, thought I, that is pretty cool—plunder, indeed! 'Set down the traps instantly, and tell me why you take us to be swindlers.'

'Swindlers!' said he, staring; 'who on airth said you were swindlers? Traps! Plunder is traps, and traps is plunder.'

While he was gone, we had some leisure to look around us. We seemed to be the only persons who were doing nothing. A matron beside us with five children, and a great quantity of baggage, was alternately charging her juveniles not to stir from the spot where they were standing, and darting down into the cabin, as if with an insane conviction that something was left behind. The tavern touters, by way of saving the trouble of choosing, quietly lifted up such luggage as they had a mind to, and walked off with it to their respective establishments, treating the remonstrances of those who did not wish to avail themselves of the hospitality thus forced on them with a philosophical indifference. The gentlemen of the press, in the meantime, were thrusting themselves in everywhere, eagerly asking questions about the voyage and the number of passengers. Mrs Eccles was bustling about, introducing her brother to everybody,

and asking every soul on board to spend a week with her, if they should ever come to Canada. At length our new friend rejoined us, attended by an Irishman. 'This man,' said he, 'will go with you, and I'll follow myself in little less than no time. It's a splendid location he is goin' to take you to, and dirt cheap. You'll live like fightin' cocks; you won't be able to get thin no way you can fix it; the smell alone will make you fat; and it's all first chop—class A. No. 1. Nothin' mean about it—all chicken fixins and uncommon doins. Your friend said he wouldn't have you miss goin' there for no money.'

I was just about to ask him the name of my friend who was so solicitous about me, but of whom I had not the slightest knowledge; but as he was already gone to the other end of the ship, and as the Irishman was shouldering our trunks, I deferred it till a better opportunity; and, with some anxiety as to the nature of 'chicken fixins,' and some misgivings as to the cheapness of dirt, I brought up the rear, stopping every now and then to gaze around me, and forget my own little affairs in the feeling inspired by a new and remarkable scene. At first view, New York strikingly reminded me of a French town, with its narrow dirty streets—houses painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and signboards plastered over the walls up to the very attics—the word 'pension,' however, being changed into 'boarding,' and written upon every second house. Carters, dressed in French blue frocks, with French caps on their heads, were driving their cars furiously in every direction, uttering, by way of encouragement to their horses, certain mysterious words that might easily be mistaken for French. There were the same *cabarets*, and indeed in one place having a sanded floor with a little stove in the middle, purporting to be a 'grocery.' I was at first almost positive that I saw my old friend Monsieur Jardin of Passy serving out *petits verres* to some soldiers. We endeavoured to get the Irishman into conversation, but in vain; he seemed to be very sullen; and on our remarking that America appeared to be a good country for emigrants, he merely grinned; and when we asked his opinion of the government, replied that he had no opinion about it at all, at all. While wondering at the man's taciturnity, we arrived at our destination, which, as we were informed by a sign hung on a post before the door, was the 'Freeman's Refuge.' It was a two-storey wooden habitation, painted white, with green blinds and door, which, by the way, was the style of the greater part of the houses. The street door opened into the bar-room, the distinguishing characteristics of which were the extreme neatness of the bar, and the great plentifulness of spit-toons. The moment we appeared, every person in the room, which was pretty full, rose up, and giving a hasty glance at us, with one accord turned round and made for a door beside the bar, excepting the landlord and one unfortunate individual who happened to be drying himself with a towel after having washed, and who necessarily took a few seconds to drop the article before he made his escape, wiping his hands with his coat-tails as he fled. While we were staring aghast at these proceedings, the landlord, who was a young man, not distinguishable in dress or appearance from the others, came up to me and said, 'I guess you're come in the Julius Macgregor? Wall, I expect you'll be for having dinner; the bell's jist rung.' 'And is that the reason why these gentlemen made off so suddenly?' said I, inexpressibly relieved by this announcement. 'Sartinly,' replied he; 'come on, or you wont be in time for the first table. But stop; I guess we'll have a sling first,' walking behind the bar. To his great astonishment, however, we declined a sling, and following him, we walked to the dining-room. It was a long room, with a table about a yard shorter than itself, leaving space at each end for two black waiters to pass. Around the table were seated about twenty gentlemen (which is the designation of every person of the male sex in America, coloured persons excepted), and three or four of the softer sex. The

table was covered with fowls, roast sucking-pigs, hot joints, pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, and each person helped himself *sans ceremonie*. This would have been a pleasant sight at any time; but after having lived on salt junk for the last two months, it seemed to me to be a peep at Paradise. Even while sitting down, however, a shade of anxiety crossed my mind, as I considered how 'uncommon doings' would suit the state of my finances; but for all that, I was soon as busy as the rest. The company seemed to be divided between their anxiety to finish their meal in the shortest possible space, and the desire to obtain all the information they could from me. For the first two minutes nothing was said, the dead silence that reigned around being broken only by the rattling of the knives and forks. At length a young cadaverous-looking gentleman, of perhaps seventeen years, who sat next me, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, guessed that it was a pretty considerably warm day; and the ice being thus broken, another hazarded the conjecture that I had come from England lately; while a third decidedly opined that I would realise a great difference in America from what I had been used to. This was received with great unanimity, many declaring with an oath that they *rather* expected so. However, they had now spun out their dinner to the unreasonable length of a quarter of an hour, and so the gentlemen dropped off one by one, and left me alone with the ladies. Now, thought I, I shall have some quiet, and I helped myself to the wing of a fowl. But I was doomed to experience the vanity of human expectations; for a pretty little girl of sixteen, who, I afterwards learned, was on her bridal tour with the youth mentioned above, taking upon herself to be the spokeswoman of the party, began to question me, and to such good purpose, that as I had not, in those days, either the wit to elude or the nerve to decline answering, in a very short time she possessed herself not only of my own history and prospects, but also of the private memoirs of my ancestors for the last two or three generations. And this was not all; for at nearly every reply I gave, an old lady from Massachusetts cried out, 'I want to know!' And thinking she had as good a right to the information as the other, I retailed it over again for her peculiar benefit. At last, however, I escaped; and hastening, in some perturbation, to pay for my dinner, that I might judge of the progress of my expenses, I found, to my agreeable surprise, that the damage was only a shilling! which, I may add, would have been the same even if I had indulged in a 'sling'—namely, a drag—both before and after dinner. As I was putting on my hat to go out, the landlord asked me if I would not like to 'wash up.' I thanked him for his attention; but not exactly comprehending the proposal, I thought it safest to decline.

I hardly know how the afternoon was spent between this hour and bed-time. I have only a dim recollection of wandering about for a considerable time, my steps still unsteady with the motion of the ship, my head swimming with the undulation of the sea, my fancy turned topsy-turvy with the novelty around me, and my heart agitated with fear and regret on the one hand, and the longings and courageous hopes of youth and inexperience on the other. When I returned, it was time for bed; and thankfully accepting an invitation of the youth who sat next me at dinner, given to the assembled company, who consisted of about twenty, and in these words—'Gentlemen, let's liquor,' but declining any further hospitalities for the night, I retired to my apartment.

This was a bare-looking uncarpeted room, with six uncurtained tent bedsteads ranged along the wall, each with one chair and two lodgers. My thoughts, however, were busy with my own position. Here I was in America without a single friend, and with only a very small number of pounds in my pocket. The die was cast: I had wilfully severed myself from all who cared for me, and plunged alone and helpless into what was to me, indeed, a New World. There was no room for me in

this crowded city, and I longed to escape from it. It was my design, as far as my money would carry me, to flow on with the tide of emigration; and already the wilds of Canada lay vast and dreary before my mind's eye. I was restless and feverish for a time; but when the light was at length extinguished, and the deep breathing of my eleven comrades proclaimed that they were already unconscious of the world and its anxieties, my cogitations became gradually indistinct. I was still in the Freeman's Refuge, but tossing in it on the vasty deep. Forests of trees sprung up among the forests of houses around me, and the noises of the street were mingled with the whoops of Indians. When I fell asleep, these incongruities were continued in my dreams; and when, at an early hour next morning, I started from my uneasy pillow, it was some time before I could comprehend where I was, or that I was really an outcast and a vagabond in America.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### MANIA FOR SAXON WORDS.

Of late years there has been a mania for Saxon words, or at least a strong advocacy of that kind of speech, as if there were some especial and inimitable virtue in this portion of our language. Swift and Cobbett are praised in many quarters for the predominance of Saxon phraseology in their writings; and Southey goes so far as to express himself in the following terms:—'Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a French or Latin phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for high treason against his mother-tongue.' Is this preference of one element of our speech over the rest justifiable on any rational grounds? We suspect not; for we have never seen a single reason presented for the preference—nothing but the preference itself, which may be a mere freak or conceit. It strikes us as rather curious, that those who express the preference do not the less on that account use the ordinary quantity of Latin and French words in their writings: Mr Southey, for instance, employs eight words belonging to these languages in the above two short sentences—one of them, at least, being a substitute for an equally appropriate Saxon term (tolerate, for bear with), so that, if his own law were to be acted upon, he must have been hanged, drawn, and quartered himself. But the fact is, there is no need for discountenancing the use of French and Latin words by these or any gentler means. Our language was originally Saxon, and that kind of speech served, while we were a simple people, like the Saxons themselves. But as the ideas of our nation were improved and extended, it was necessary to obtain appropriate words from other sources, and they were drawn from French, Latin, and Greek, because these sources were the most convenient. Confine ourselves to Saxon! we might as well try to live in wigwags, with no government or courts of law but the wittenagemot. We cannot dispense with French and Latin now, although we were never so willing. Nor is it desirable. An English word, of French or Latin origin, *provided it be moulded into the form of our speech, and does its duty of expressing the idea which it represents*, is quite as good as any Saxon one.

### STEAM NAVIGATION.

When steam navigation was struggling into existence about the years 1814, 15, and 16, it was the subject of loudly-expressed contempt amongst nearly all men who enjoyed, or had ever enjoyed, any command at sea. It struck the minds of our bold captains in much the same light as Baillie Jarvie's craft that of Rob Roy—as a poor mean mechanical thing, unworthy of the least consideration; and the ability of a 'steamboat' (such was the name then employed) to outstride an angry sea, or perform any exploit above the paltriest coasting and



ferrying, and that in fair weather only, was so utterly scouted, that even the friends of the invention did not venture to pretend to it. Now, it is unnecessary to remind the reader there is steam navigation to America, the West Indies, and even Hindostan, conducted on a scale approaching the magnificent; and many men who have been employed in the proud sailing navy of England, are content to steer these mechanical barks through the broad waters. What a triumph is there here over professional prejudice and the *It-will-never-do* spirit! More than all this, however, let the original scoffers at steam navigation read the following description of a gallant action recently performed by it, and blush.

On Friday, the 23d February (1844), the Newcastle, a fine new vessel bound from Newcastle for Aberdeen with coal, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and driven during the night in a disabled state to a place about a mile and a-half off the Girdleness, where she obtained anchorage. Here, on Saturday, the people at Aberdeen harbour saw her to be in a condition in the highest degree critical, and an effort was made to take off her crew by means of the life-boat, but in vain. It was found utterly impossible to navigate the boat through the breakers in the teeth of so violent a storm. The subsequent transactions are thus graphically described by the *Aberdeen Journal*:—"The storm continuing with undiminished violence, and night drawing on, it was determined to make another effort in behalf of the storm-tossed mariners. The tug-steamer, Samson, was thought of, and, as the atmosphere appeared likely to continue comparatively clear and calm, it was resolved that she should be employed on the hazardous enterprise. The use of this vessel was promptly and generously granted by Captain Robinson, her owner; and accordingly, about 4 P.M., when the tide was nearly at full, the Samson was seen tearing her way through the swelling surf, under the direction of her master, Captain Robinson; Captain Guthrie, of the Duke of Wellington, steering the vessel, which was manned by as gallant a crew as old ocean ever bore on her bosom, comprising the following experienced shipmasters; namely, Captain Guthrie, of the Duke of Wellington steamer; Captain Lawson, of the Edinburgh packet; Captain Cadenhead, of the Falcon; Captain Low, of the Preceptor; Captain Petty, of the Commerce; Captain Daniel, of the Brigand; Captain Sangster, of the Dwina; and Captain Cook, of the Joseph; who nobly volunteered their services on the occasion. The news had widely spread of the daring enterprise which was contemplated, and the piers were crowded with thousands of our citizens, eagerly yet fearfully awaiting the issue. As the Samson struggled along between the piers, she was saluted with three hearty cheers, expressive of the deep-felt wishes of the assembled multitude that she might return in safety and with success from her short but perilous voyage. She experienced little difficulty until she reached the bar, over which the infuriated billows were careering in ceaseless succession, threatening destruction to all that dared to come within the range of their maddened fury. Here the struggle commenced—man's strength and skill seeming all too feeble to meet the elemental war; wave after wave came rushing on, breaking over the frail bark, while her quivering hull was for a moment lost to the eye. But the tight little steamer held her course, showing a gallant front to the breakers; sometimes tossed like a nut-shell on their terrible crests, and again grappling successfully with the full stretch of their might, scornfully showing her keel as she dashed triumphantly forward; buried occasionally in the foam of the wrathful ocean, but again and again emerging buoyant from the struggle. Once beyond the breakers, she lay kindly enough to the swell of the sea, and, to the inexpressible delight of all on shore, she was seen to reach the Newcastle. After some time, she succeeded in getting under the lee of that vessel; a boat was lowered, and at two trips the whole of the passengers and crew, including a

female, were transferred to the steamer; which then made for the harbour with her interesting freight, bearing them gallantly through the infuriated surge, and landing the whole in safety at Waterloo Quay, to the delight of the assembled thousands."

There cannot, of course, be the slightest doubt that, but for steam navigation, the lives of all on board the Newcastle must have been exposed ere long to the mercy of a tempestuous wintry sea, a mile and a-half from land—that is to say, must have perished.

#### FLOATING OF THE PERSON.

In the storm alluded to in the preceding note, a South Shields vessel was driven out of her course for London, and stranded at a dangerous place in St Andrews Bay. The crew, consisting of nine persons, took to their boat, which made for land amidst circumstances of the greatest peril. It reached a dangerous half-sunk rock—the people on shore expected next moment to see it upset—but, by mere accident, it was carried over the point of danger by an unusually high wave. To this happy chance the preservation of the lives of these nine persons is attributed.

Now, it cannot be too strongly insisted on, that there was no need for this lucky accident to save the lives of the men. In the circumstances they were in, supposing their boat to have been upset, they would have in all probability been saved had they been furnished each with a safety belt to keep them afloat till help was obtained. Modern science and ingenuity have placed in our power the means of floating the person in the water for an indefinite length of time, at the cost of a few shillings. Why should not every seaman possess one of these useful articles, ready to be employed on any such exigency as that described? Mr Carte's invention, composed of cork, and not exceeding a small dressing-case in its whole bulk, costs twelve shillings. Belts of inflatable Mackintosh, equally efficient for floating, but less certain to resist damage, can be had at about the same expense. Then there is Mr Carte's admirable *Life Buoy*, which, on an emergency, could support four persons in the water; besides other ingenious appliances for the same purpose. Already, these inventions of Mr Carte, although but partially introduced, are ascertained to have saved twenty-eight lives. Considering their proved efficiency, their convenience, and cheapness, it seems little less than mindless folly for men accustomed to be at sea to want them; a folly as great as it would be to despise having linch-pins in a carriage, or a hearthstone and fender to save a house from taking fire.

#### MR LAING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

ABOUT a year and a-half ago, the proprietors of the Atlas newspaper proposed to give a prize of a hundred pounds, fifty pounds, and twenty-five pounds, for the first, second, and third-best essays respectively, on the causes of, and remedies for, the existing distress of the country. To insure impartiality in the award of merit, Sir David Brewster; Herman McFivale of Balliol college, Oxford; George Pryme, professor of political economy in the university of Cambridge; Thomas Tooke, of the Statistical Society, London; and John Wilson, professor of moral philosophy, Edinburgh, were appointed arbiters. The announcement of the offer, as well from its novelty as liberality, excited considerable attention at the time, and the result was awaited with a curiosity befitting the importance of the subject. The adjudicators have at length discharged their onerous and laborious task, some idea of which may be learned from the fact, that they examined the productions of 157 competitors, each of whose essays contained from four hundred to five hundred pages of closely-written manuscript. The highest prize was awarded to Samuel Laing, Jun. Esq.



late fellow of St John's college, Cambridge; the second to the Rev. Joseph Angus; and the third to Edward Baines, Esq. editor of the Leeds Mercury, and author of the History of the Cotton Manufacture. How far the award has been founded on a correct estimate of the merits of the respective productions, is a point which we are not prepared to discuss, as one only has yet come under our notice. The proprietors of the Atlas having commenced issuing the prize essays in weekly detachments, we are enabled to lay before many thousands of our readers, who will never see the essays themselves, a sketch of the leading arguments and conclusions of at least the production which has borne the highest premium.

Mr Laing, who belongs to a family in which ability appears to be hereditary, has executed his task with considerable skill, and no doubt with much labour, along with a conscientious conviction of its importance. Unfortunately, however, by entering on his task in what must be called a spirit of morbid philanthropy, and with an ardent desire to make out his case, he fails, as we think, in presenting that faithful portraiture of our times which the reader of such an essay has every reason to expect. As we proceed, we may perhaps attempt to show the want of comprehensiveness in his views, and the unsoundness of his opinions; and that consequently his conclusions, logical though they be from his premises, are not so uniformly correct as we could wish to see them. The subject divides itself into three parts, which he has treated seriatim—Part 1. Nature and extent of the existing distress, extending to six chapters; 2. Causes of the existing distress, extending to four chapters; and, 3. Remedies for the existing distress, in nine chapters.

Mr Laing sets out with observing that the complaints of national distress point more to an organic malady in the framework of society, than anything which can be brought within the domain of recognised rules. 'At former periods of history we have heard complaints of national distress, and witnessed instances of national decay; but these have been occasioned by causes, and accompanied by symptoms, very different from those which characterise the present phase of social existence in England. For instance, invasion of foreign enemies, loss of national independence, decay of energy and martial spirit, domestic discord, religious persecution, financial embarrassment, sudden changes in the accustomed course of commerce, are all recognised causes and symptoms of the decline of nations. Of none of these do we find a trace in the present condition of England. On the contrary, never, perhaps, was there a period when national prosperity, judged of by these outward historical tests, stood higher. England stands, without dispute, the first naval and commercial power in the world. Ships and money, the two great elements of superiority in modern warfare, she commands to an almost unlimited extent, and by the application of steam, her relative superiority over other nations is daily increasing.' There is likewise nothing like internal convulsion; party rancour is abated; public opinion is becoming more healthful. The prospects of our vast colonial empire afford more room for gratulation than apprehension. In the West Indies, instead of 800,000 dissolute and discontented slaves, we have as many civilised Christian fellow-subjects, bound to the mother-country by ties of gratitude and interest. At home, abroad, and in the colonies, England is great and prosperous. Her public credit never was higher. Her resources are stupendous. The united annual incomes of the people are estimated at from £290,000,000 to £310,000,000, little more than two years of which would pay off the whole national debt. Accumulated savings can scarcely find an outlet. In the course of about six years, 1700 miles of railway have been completed at a cost of £54,000,000. The length of navigable canals in England exceeds 2200 miles. The number of inhabited houses in Great Britain is 593,911, being nearly double the number in 1821. The value of British produce and manufactures

annually exported has risen, in the course of the last fifteen years, from about £35,000,000 to upwards of £50,000,000. In 1840, there were consumed 35,127,000 lbs. of tea, 22,779,000 lbs. of tobacco, 7,000,000 gallons of wine, and 3,825,000 cwt. of sugar. In the same year there were used 39,814,000 bushels of malt, and 25,190,000 gallons of British spirits. On the 1st of January 1841, the United Kingdom owned 21,983 vessels, having a tonnage of 2,724,104; upwards of 3,000,000 tons of this shipping leave port annually. Since 1820, upwards of £60,000,000 of British capital have been invested in foreign loans.

'It would be easy,' observes Mr Laing, 'to accumulate facts of a similar nature; but those above cited are sufficient for our present purpose, which is simply to show that the country exhibits, as yet, no decided symptom of declining wealth, and that whatever may be the evils which afflict society, the want of a sufficient capital to set industry in motion, and to sustain the national burdens, is certainly not among them. Where, then, is the distress? If neither the political circumstances, the financial condition, nor—considered with reference only to the amount of wealth—the economical state of the country, show any indications of decay or danger, how is it that so many serious men shake their heads with gloomy apprehensions, and at times feel tempted to doubt whether the amount of evil in the present social condition of England does not preponderate over the good? *It is in the condition of the labouring classes that the danger lies.* Amidst the intoxication of wealth and progress, and the dreams of a millennium of material prosperity to be realised by the inventions of science, the discoveries of political economy, and the unrestricted application of man's energy and intelligence to outward objects, society has been startled by a discovery of the fearful fact, that as wealth increases, poverty increases in a faster ratio, and that in almost exact proportion to the advance of one portion of society in opulence, intelligence, and civilisation, has been the retrogression of another and more numerous class towards misery, degradation, and barbarism. To speak more specifically, the leading facts to which the evils that, in one shape or other, are continually forcing themselves upon the attention of society, may be reduced, appear to be—1st. The existence of an intolerable mass of misery, including in the term both recognised and official pauperism, and the unrecognised destitution that preys, like a consuming ulcer, in the heart of our large cities and densely-peopled manufacturing districts. 2dly. The condition of a large proportion of the independent labouring class, who are unable to secure a tolerably comfortable and stable subsistence in return for their labour, and are approximating, there is too much reason to fear, towards the gulf of pauperism, in which they will be, sooner or later, swallowed up, unless something effectual can be done to arrest their downward progress.'

To fortify these propositions, Mr Laing accumulates a large body of facts from parliamentary evidence, statistical reports, &c. With respect to destitution, he shows that the number of avowed paupers in England is 1,300,928, or 8½ per cent. of the population, which is nearly one person out of every twelve. But this gives no idea of the real amount of destitution and misery, particularly in the large towns and manufacturing districts. 'An enlightened and philanthropic foreign writer, in describing the results of his personal observation in England, says, with equal force and truth, that by the side of an opulence, activity, elegance, and wide-spread comfort, of which the world has no example, every great city contains "a real Ghetto"—a cursed quarter—a hell upon earth, where the reality of misery, depravity, and every hideous form of suffering and degradation, surpasses anything that the imagination of a Dante ever conceived in describing the abode of devils.' Here follow some details respecting the dens of Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other cities; hideous and revolting; yet so real, so dangerous,

that the most fastidious are bound, from even the inferior motive of self-defence, to look them in the face. One or two facts speak emphatically as to the social deterioration. In Manchester, in 1839, as many as 42,964 persons, or nearly a sixth of the population, were admitted at different medical charities; and more than one-half of the inhabitants are either so destitute or degraded, as to require the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world. In Glasgow, in the five years ending in 1840, as many as 62,051 persons were attacked by typhus fever, a disease generally produced by filth, intoxication, and vice. In Liverpool, from 35,000 to 40,000 of the lower population live in cellars, without windows or any means of light and ventilation but the door. Out of 6571 cellars lately examined, 2988 were found either wet or dirty. In towns not connected with manufactures, similar horrors are disclosed. Edinburgh possesses alleys and courts vile as those of Manchester; and in Brighton, the abode of royalty and fashion, there are districts which, for wretchedness and degradation, may dispute the palm with the wynds of Glasgow or the cellars of Liverpool. The ratio of mortality for all England is 1 in 48 annually; but in the lowest quarter of Leeds it is 1 in 24, in Whitechapel 1 in 26, in Glasgow 1 in 31, &c.—the greater mortality being traceable to poverty, bad ventilation, want of cleanliness, vice, and intemperance.

The chapters towards the conclusion of the first part relate to the condition of the hand-loom weavers, and other classes of not highly skilled operatives; also the agricultural, the mining, and the fishing population. It is, says our author, established, by incontrovertible facts, that a large proportion of the dense masses of population, crowded together in the low districts of our large towns, have absolutely no regular and recognised occupations, and live, as it were, outlaws upon society. The most unfortunate class of operatives is the hand-loom weavers, of whom, in 1841, there were upwards of 800,000. It was found, by inquiry at Huddersfield, that the average earnings of 402 weavers, maintaining 1655 persons, was 5s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per week, or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day for each individual. At Ashton-under-Lyne, the average family earnings were 4s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per week. At Wigan, the average of 113 persons employed gave 3s. 11d. per week for each. In the more favoured branches of hand-loom weaving, a wage of about 7s. 6d. was realised; but to earn this, or even an inferior sum, labour was protracted to seventy hours per week. The employment, in most instances, was also irregular; and, all things considered, it was manifest that the bulk of the 800,000 persons depending on this precarious employment existed on the verge of extreme destitution. Nearly the same remark might be applied to a large proportion of persons employed in the great national manufactures. Of two and a-half millions of individuals engaged in the woollen, linen, and silk trades, there are, in ordinary circumstances, about one-third plunged in extreme misery, and hovering on the verge of starvation; another third earning something better than the agricultural labourer, but under circumstances very prejudicial to health, morality, and domestic comfort; and finally, a third earning high wages, amply sufficient to maintain them in respectability and comfort. Since these facts were elicited, wages have fallen 15 or 20 per cent., and distress has spread upwards, invading the condition of the highly-paid workmen connected with machinery. From all credible investigations, it appears that the English agricultural labourer is in circumstances only a degree better than those of the poorest paid town operatives, and worse than those of the higher class of mechanics. His condition is also gradually deteriorating; with the best elements of mental improvement, he is subsiding into intellectual darkness and moody distrust and discontent. He is, in fact, almost abandoned to wild desperation. 'He has absolutely nothing to look forward to; nothing to fall back upon.' The mining

population are among the best paid and most regularly employed workmen; but, except in Cornwall, they are generally deteriorating in habits, uninstructed, and too often intemperate. The fishing population is not in a condition of so much deterioration as many others.

Here Mr Laing closes the first part of his essay, having made out, as he thinks, a case of distress and demoralisation which deserves to be called national, and alarming from the very contentment which prevails among the most debased of the population. Without disputing a single fact which he produces, we fear he has exposed himself to the charge of keeping out of view whatever circumstances go to prove an *advance of mind, morals, and physical comforts among the classes whose condition he has pictured as so deplorable*. Strangely enough, he does not think it necessary to compare past with present misery, an oversight so serious as to weaken the whole of his subsequent conclusions. For example, allowing that in England 1 in every 12 persons is a pauper, what was the proportion forty, sixty, or a hundred years ago? Is it only a *new* fact that our large towns contain a vicious population, or that agricultural labourers are in distress? It may be true that the proportion of deaths is as great as 1 in 24 in Leeds, and 1 in 26 in Whitechapel; but is it not equally true that in London, at the middle of last century, the average for the whole population was 1 in 20; which argues a far greater intensity of poverty, vice, and misery, than is at present in existence. Sixty years since, every road in the kingdom was haunted by highwaymen, and it was quite customary to hang dozens of robbers and burglars in a morning at Newgate. All parts of the country are now freed of these pests; and capital offences, with capital punishments, are comparatively rare. In the same golden age of sixty years ago, the lower classes sought amusement in cock-fighting, duck-pelting, bull-baiting, and other brutal sports; the same classes of persons now resort to mechanics' institutions, libraries, reading-rooms, lecturing halls, and other places of an improving tendency. In the matter of intemperance, the people at large are also wonderfully improved of late years; and the increase of prudence and decent economy may be learned from the fact of there being now many thousands of benefit clubs, sick and annuity societies, and something like twenty-five millions of pounds sterling lodged in the Savings' Banks. We are sorry that Mr Laing has not chosen to soften the darker shades of his picture by these and similar bright streams of light, and so far he fails in presenting a truthful portraiture of our times. With this caveat against his preliminary assumptions, we shall proceed in another paper to analyse the second part of his essay.

#### CODES OF ETIQUETTE.

IN one of his colloquies, the sage Erasmus tells his pupil—'A gentleman ought to behave himself like a gentleman. As often or whenever any one that is your superior speaks to you, stand straight, pull off your hat, and look neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, malapertly, nor unsettledly, but with a staid, modest, pleasant air in your countenance, and a bashful look fixed upon the person who speaks to you; your feet set close by one another, your hands without action. Do not stand titter totter, first standing upon one foot and then upon another, nor playing with your fingers, biting your lips, scratching your head, or picking your ears. Let your clothes be put on tight and neat, that your whole dress, air, motion, and habit, may bespeak a modest and bashful temper. When you are at a feast, behave yourself cheerfully, but always so as to remember what becomes your age. Serve yourself last; and if any nice bit be offered you, refuse it modestly; but if they press it upon you, take it, and thank the person; and cutting off a bit of it, offer the rest either to him that gave it you, or to him that sits next you.' Some of these regulations are worthy to be followed; but Fashion—who, though the most changeable, is the most arbitrary of

codifiers—has very considerably altered the rules of etiquette since the great Reformer's time. It is, for instance, no longer a point of politeness for persons, young or old, to say 'no' when they mean 'yes,' or to halve a *bonne-bouche* with its donor. Nevertheless, some of these maxims held their sway for a very long period, for we find them repeated in that popular compendium of elementary instruction, 'Vyse's Spelling-book,' published at the beginning of the present century. Others are added in the same work, which serve to show what mathematically correct young gentlemen the school-master of that day sought to produce. In the chapter on 'Behaviour at Home to your Parents,' he directs his pupils thus:—'Having come softly up to the door, and knocked at it once, and not too loud, as soon as it is opened, go in. Take off your hat as soon as you are entered, and don't touch it again till you are going out. As soon as you come into the room to your parents and relatives, bow, and stand near the door till you are told where to sit.' The process of commencing a conversation is to be extremely elaborate. After you have taken care 'how you speak to those who have not spoken to you,' the scholar is to wait till the person he wishes to address is at leisure, and then to 'stand up, that he may see you want to speak. When his eyes are upon you, walk softly to him, and speak so gently, that others may not hear. Before you speak, make a bow or curtsy, and when you have received your answer, make another, but with discretion.' These formulae instruct the pupil in the whole art of appearing what the naughty boys of the present day call 'sheepish'—and, happily, they are not at present followed. We, again, of the modern school of etiquette, deem it a very bad sign when young ladies or gentlemen never suffer themselves to speak above a whisper. To be continually bowing, also, however much discretion is used, we have ceased to consider convenient or graceful. Concerning behaviour in company, Mr Vyse is uncommonly particular; he even prescribes the exact position in which young gentlemen are to sit. The posture is to be 'easy and genteel,' of which his idea is as follows:—'Put one hand in the bosom of your waistcoat, and let the other fall easily at your knee.' The rigid disciples of Mr Vyse's principles, when many of them were seated in company, must have presented a curiously uniform effect. Further on, singing, whistling, yawning, and 'biting your nails,' are strictly prohibited; but with these regulations modern society has, as far as we have observed, never as yet interfered.

It is not to be regretted that many of the unnatural restraints formerly prescribed for the young have been abolished. The arbitrary imposition of rules of conduct by masters, where nature, and the example of parents and teachers, are the best guides, while it checked the natural flow of animal spirits, taught the pupils hypocrisy; to say one thing when they meant another, and to be continually acting contrary to their inclination. Hence they too often took their revenge, when out of sight and relieved of restraint, by running into excesses of a worse nature than those which the codes of politeness imposed on them were designed to prevent. The effect of such rules was to bring them into such habits of constraint, that nature and reason had no play whatever; whilst in a well-regulated house, where every influential member of a family instinctively, and, as a matter of course, does just what has been held to be most convenient for moving in society with ease and propriety, children become far better mannered than those who were formally drilled and lectured into good behaviour. That example is better than precept, is as strikingly exemplified in what have been called the minor morals, as in those of greater moment.

France, the head-quarters of European politeness, has been far more prolific in treatises on etiquette than England in all ages. One of the most extensively used has the date of 1838 upon it, and is entitled, 'Rules for Jeune Politesse; to Instruct the Young in Good Behaviour, and Gracious Demeanour.' It is, considering the

subject, a work of some pretension, containing thirty-five chapters. This code is a vast improvement on that of Mr Vyse. In, for instance, describing the proper mode of carrying on a conversation, the author tells young people 'not to be of that number who talk incessantly, and who do not give others time to say what they think. Should any one speak, allow them to finish what they are going to say; listen attentively, without interrupting their discourse. Speak neither too loud nor too softly; let your discourse be low, but distinct and familiar, without affectation, as much in what you say, as in the manner of saying it.' In the matter of personal carriage, the French authority is also far in advance of Mr Vyse. He, however, instructs chiefly by negatives:—'Do not stoop,' he says, 'as if you had a pack on your shoulders; but hold yourself upright, and accustom yourself to that posture.'

Another French guide to gentility, exactly contemporary with the last, is entitled, 'New and Complete Manual for Good Society, or Guide to Politeness and Good Breeding.\*' It contains 350 closely printed pages, and addresses itself minutely to all sorts and conditions of men, showing them how they ought to act in every possible variety of circumstances. It would appear that a different style of conduct is expected in France from different professions; hence physicians, clergymen, lawyers, soldiers, and even authors, are each instructed in the proper behaviour towards persons with whom they come in contact. Madame Celnart wisely advises professional men to talk as little as possible of their own professions. She recommends the doctor to converse about law, and the lawyer to inquire particularly into the state of his client's health; the military man must be eloquent on ships, and the sailor communicative concerning campaigns. Her reasons for forming a code of politeness for authors are both strong and flattering:—'Why, it will be asked, should not authors belong to the ordinary category of society? But I inquire in turn, Do those men, absorbed with high and noble thoughts, live a common life?—they, who are constantly seeking for the secret of the beautiful—agitated by passions, wandering in dreams, and strangers to the common-places of the world? No, no. There is an existence apart; one of delights which the world cannot appreciate; one which is concealed from vulgar apprehensions.' For gentlemen so constantly in the clouds, a long course of instruction has been deemed necessary; and all authors who may wish to distinguish themselves in company, are imperatively called on to learn by heart from the seventy-first to the seventy-eighth page of Madame Celnart's Manual. Passing over 'The Art to Shine in Society, or Manual for the Man of the World,' &c.† we leave the French books of etiquette, to mention one of the many which have made their appearance in philosophical Germany; for it is quite erroneous to suppose that the metaphysical character of the Germans prevents them from paying every possible attention to ceremonious usages. In all the minute details of etiquette, that grave people are unequalled; and Kotzebue satirises this propensity of his countrymen to refine upon formalities in his novel of 'Die Komödiantin aus Liebe' [the Comedians from Choice]. 'My uncle, the court-marshal,' says one of the characters, 'is an author. He has written a large volume on the shoulder-straps of pages, and another on the art of arranging card-tables. He is now occupied on his grand work, in eight volumes, and three hundred and forty chapters, on etiquette. One of the chapters contains excellent rules as to the manner in which we should behave towards the prince's pointers.' The German code‡ of etiquette, entitled 'The Rules of Politeness,' exemplifies Kotzebue's sarcasm. It

\* Nouveau Manuel Complet de la Bonne Compagnie, ou Guide de la Politesse et de la Bienéance, &c. Augmented and revised by Madame Celnart. Paris: 1838.

† L'Art de Briller en Société, ou Manuel de l'Homme du Monde, &c. Par P. C. et A. L. R., Membres de la Société Royale Académique des Sciences et de Plusieurs Sociétés Littéraires. Paris: 1838.  
‡ Die Regeln von Höflichkeit. Vienna: 1838.

is simply a list of titles, with proper directions for addressing their owners, accompanied by a detail of such formalities as are practised at the various imperial courts and petty dukedoms in Germany. Whenever the Germans take up a subject or a custom, they never enter upon it by halves; they are the most profound philosophers, the deepest dreamers, the most inveterate smokers, and nicest observers of ceremony, in Europe.

Italy has produced but few works on the subject of etiquette. The truth is, the essence of ceremony is self-restraint, which the Italians practise but little. Their standard work on the subject, therefore—'The New Gallant'\*—is the very opposite of the German production. Instead of being made up of formal rules, it is a grave philosophic treatise on the principles of politeness, by an eminent political economist, and is applicable to all ages and countries alike. Indeed both English and American writers on the subject have borrowed largely from it.

We now pass to such of the innumerable English books on etiquette as have fallen under our notice, with the view of remarking on some of the curious laws which they lay down. In all of them, much stress is placed on the manner of saluting our friends. Following the authority of 'Hints on Etiquette,'† it is not necessary in England to uncover, unless to a lady. 'Never,' says the author, 'nod to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied with touching your hat, but take it off; it is a courtesy her sex demands.' On the continent the hat is removed indiscriminately to either sex; and in some parts of Germany the act is performed *after* the parties have met; that is to say, should they encounter opposite number ten of a street, one hat is taken off somewhere about number fifteen, and the other at number five—a peculiarity which gives rise to the adage, 'Better late than never, like a German bow.' Doctors differ even in etiquette; and another regulator of salutations insists that taking off the hat is *not* essential on meeting a lady. You may sometimes—kiss your hand to her;‡ but this can only be proper to 'persons with whom you are intimately acquainted.' Ladies, according to an American authority,§ are to bow in the street, and on no account to attempt the curtsy. 'It is,' he adds, 'a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.'

And this brings us to a point which does not appear to have received the attention it deserves from any of the authorities we have consulted. This is the difficult one of promiscuous recognition. In foreign codes of etiquette, that department of the science is scarcely noticed; for the reserve and caution which raise the point are only peculiar to the English. Abroad, a 'regular introduction' is not absolutely necessary to noticing persons in the street, or to conversing with them in public places; while here, such a preliminary is so strongly insisted on, that we have seen an anecdote in a French publication, which, though declared to be a fact, is a little too extravagant for implicit belief. An English gentleman, as the story goes, while hunting in a remote country, perceived one of the party had been thrown from his horse, and was struggling for his life in a horse-pond. On being asked why he had not helped the sufferer out of his danger, the precise formalist replied, that he did not like to take the liberty, 'for he had never been regularly introduced to him!' This is an extreme exemplification of English reserve, modified instances of which are constantly occurring. To avoid embarrassments on this score, we would humbly suggest two rules. *First*, Never bow to a person unless you are perfectly sure you know him. But what constitutes knowing him? You may have

met him in private or public assemblies, in watering-places or steamboats; you may have conversed with him there on general topics, and be perfectly cognisant of his person, name, and station; still, that does not convert him into a recognisable acquaintance in the street; and were you thrown together again in similar places, though your intercourse might be repeated, it would only be as strangers. It is related of George Selwyn, a celebrated leader of fashion in the latter part of the last century, that, when at Bath, he got upon this sort of conversational terms with an elderly gentleman, whom he afterwards met in London. Selwyn endeavoured to pass him unnoticed, but his pump-room friend insisted upon stopping him with the exclamation, 'Why, don't you recollect me? We became acquainted at Bath, you know.' To this Selwyn replied, 'I remember perfectly, and when I next go to Bath, I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again.' As, however, some dubiety must exist about what constitutes acquaintance, the *second* rule—applicable to those who pass bows unnoticed—provides for all contingencies. It is this:—Return every bow that is offered you. Charles II. and George IV., who, on the point of exterior manner, have always been considered models, saluted every person in the street who saluted them, whatever his grade. This is also the case at the present day with the dignitaries of the church; and the mark of respect is paid them without the smallest pretence of acquaintanceship.

The books before us are copious in their information on the sciences of eating dinners, drinking tea, making visits, sending invitations, &c.; but on these matters very little literal instruction can be available; for what is convenient, and considered etiquette in one grade of society, and in one part of the empire, is not so in others. It is, therefore, much safer to trust to observation, and acquire experience; for, after all, the grand comprehensive basis upon which true politeness stands, is acting naturally, and doing as other people do—not deranging society by strange, eccentric, or conspicuous actions.

The improvement which has of late years taken place in the tone of general society is fast abolishing mere etiquette, and such works as we have mentioned will doubtless be looked upon, a few years hence, as literary curiosities. What is now aimed at is a pervading politeness founded on benevolence, and which persons of normally constituted feelings readily acquire amongst well-bred friends. It is something considerably different from mere etiquette, and in many instances opposed to it. It enables us to perform the little courtesies of life easily and naturally, without that kind of flourish and formality which a strict adherence to the rules of etiquette produces. Byron's dictum is more efficacious than all the rules and regulations that ever were imposed; it is, that those persons only are truly agreeable and popular in society, who are

'at ease,

And, being natural, naturally please.'

It is that effort and hypocrisy exhibited by individuals who aim at manners which are not the result of general habit, which is real vulgarity. A clown in the most refined society is not really vulgar, be he ever so clownish; it is only when he tries to become genteel that he is so. Let us hear on this point the philosophy of the most amusing clown, real or fictitious, this world ever produced. 'Provided,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'I have plenty, I can eat more to my satisfaction standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor.' And if the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be on a bit of bread and an onion, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, and to abstain from sneezing and coughing; therefore I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me.' Far,

\* Nuovo Galateo, de Melchiorre Gioja, &c. Milano: 1827.

† Hints on Etiquette and Usages of Society, &c. London: 1838.

‡ Instructions on Etiquette. By James Pitt, professor of dancing and fencing.

§ The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society. By a Gentleman. Philadelphia: 1830.

therefore, from thrusting himself into society whose customs differed from his own, and struggling to be mate-fellow of the great and rich, Sancho, with the naturalness and good-breeding of his peculiar station, wishes to decline the honours intended for him. He knew that, were he to attempt an imitation of the ceremonies of the great, he would become essentially vulgar. This is a good lesson for tuft-hunters—precisely the sort of persons among whom mere etiquette is chiefly in vogue.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

A CONVERSATION WITH CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

On the 11th July 1793, I went to the National Convention to assist at the debate which it was expected would take place on the motion for outlawing Lanjuinais, who had miraculously saved himself by flight from the arrest under which he had been placed by an order of the Committee of Public Safety, in consequence of his having, on the 2d of July, denounced at the tribune Marat and his followers for their murderous deeds. In fact, Barrere proposed in a long speech, and Robespierre seconded in a few words, the project of a decree for outlawing that individual; but the very instant that Condorcet rose to address the members on the subject in question, St Just having made a sign to the *sans culottes*, with whom the Committee of Public Safety daily filled the space allotted to the public, a tremendous uproar began, and numerous stentorian voices were heard to exclaim—'Outlaw the traitor! Down with the royalists! To the guillotine with the friends of Brissot and the federation!'

Turning my eyes towards that ferocious band, I perceived with sorrow amongst them a rather stout and tall female, dressed in deep mourning, who, however, disgusted, and probably horror-stricken at so dreadful a scene, soon endeavoured to open for herself a passage, and left the house. The unusual presence in such a place, and the sudden departure of the unknown but decent female, made so powerful an impression on my mind, that I immediately resolved to leave the Convention and follow her, to find out, if possible, who she was, and what extraordinary motive could have incited her to visit a place in which so many horrors and crimes were perpetrated under the mask of justice, and in the name of liberty.

Fortunately, the woman who had so strongly excited my attention was walking rather slowly towards the Tuilleries, so that I not only overtook her, but, as she seemed absorbed, and unconscious of my presence, I was able to examine her countenance very minutely. The more I looked at her, the more anxiously I sought an opportunity of engaging her in conversation, without committing a breach of politeness towards a female apparently so modest and dignified.

We had scarcely arrived at the entrance of the garden of the Tuilleries, when, by good fortune, a shower of rain suddenly overtook us. Having an umbrella, I spread it, approached, and offered her a share of it. With a dignified but kind expression she replied, 'Thank you, citizen; I accept your offer, and beg you to accompany me to a shelter.' On reaching Rue St Florentia, we found shelter under the gateway of the house of Robespierre. Then my fair companion said, 'I am truly thankful, citizen, for your kindness.' Reanimated by these words, I attempted a gallant and complimentary reply; but, as if taking alarm at my freedom, she abruptly, almost angrily, interrupted me by saying, 'Who are you? If a spy, I scorn your baseness, and warn you to respect both my sex and my virtue.' 'Pardon, pardon, citoyenne, I resumed, in the most respectful tones; I am not a spy; I meant no offence by my words; they were the natural expression

of an Italian mind. I will candidly explain to you why I am now in your company. I observed you, a female, alone, amidst that horrible multitude assembled in the Chamber; and I was so much surprised to see you there, that I followed you with the intention of asking what motive had brought you into such company. Believe me, citoyenne, I am not one who would willingly offend you. I came to Paris five years ago in search of instruction and amusement, but the political events made me a republican, and the friend and admirer of Brissot and Lanjuinais. For this reason I had gone to the Convention.'

While I was speaking thus frankly, her eyes, which she had fixed upon my countenance, seemed to penetrate my inmost mind; afterwards, resuming her natural air, she said, 'Well, well, young citizen, I believe you; and agree that you must have been justly surprised at seeing a female alone amongst those strange beings; but I had strong reasons for being there. I am glad to learn that you were a friend and admirer of Brissot. May I ask if you have known the noble Citoyenne Roland?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I knew her in her days of prosperity, and do not now shrink from visiting her during her adversity.\* She always treated me as a friend.'

'Hast thou ever met Barbaroux at her house?† demanded she.

'Oh yes, many a time. He is one of the men I esteem, and whom I think unjustly persecuted. He is an able and pure-spirited republican. Very often he has confided to me his projects, his apprehensions—'

'Enough!' cried my companion, with a pleased look; 'I now guess that you are the foreigner whom I have heard Barbaroux speak of with affection as the friend of his party.' She gazed for a minute upon me; then turned her eyes towards the sky, as if to see whether the rain would soon cease; but I perceived by her countenance that her mind was powerfully agitated by different emotions; for at one moment she flushed, and then became again pale and melancholy.

However, after a few minutes' meditation, she said, 'Now that I know thee, I will ask you a favour. I am a stranger in Paris, and have come purposely from the country to obtain an interview with Marat, for I have some important secrets to reveal to him. Could you tell me how I can succeed?'

'Citoyenne,' I answered, 'Marat is at present very ill, and during three weeks has been unable to attend at the sittings of the Convention; nay, it is with difficulty that he goes sometimes to the Committee of Public Safety; but you may write to him, and request an audience, and he will probably grant it to you. I would, however, advise you to address yourself to Fouquier-Tinville.'

'No, no,' she exclaimed; 'I know Fouquier-Tinville well; but he is the public accuser, and the agent of Marat; though, probably, in a short time I shall have business with him also. I want to speak first to the man who rules at his will over France.'

'But have you ever seen Marat?'

'No, I have never seen his person, and am told it is repulsive; but I know him so well by his acts and deeds, that I earnestly wish to have an interview with him for the sake of my country.'

'May you succeed in your patriotic project!' I replied. 'You will find, citoyenne, that it will be rather difficult to obtain any good in that quarter.'

'Well, well, we will see; but I fear the rain will continue some time longer, and I must go home on pressing business. Will you fetch a chariot for me?'

'May I dare to ask your name?' said I with much anxiety.

'No, you must not,' she replied with a resolute

\* Madame Roland was now in confinement amongst other victims of the Jacobin party.

† Barbaroux was that member of the proscribed Girondist party who had conversed with Charlotte Corday at Caen, and whom she most admired. He had furnished her with a letter for a friend in Paris, without being aware of her design.—Ed.



air; 'but rely on what I tell you—very shortly both my name and project will be known to you and to the whole world. Now, go and fulfil my wishes.'

I obeyed her orders, fetched the chariot, and, when she entered it, I kissed her hand in token of respect and admiration; when she, apparently not displeased at my Italian compliment, said, with a sweet smile, 'Adieu, citizen, adieu.'

After her departure, I remained for some time absorbed in thought, and invented a thousand schemes to guess what she could have to reveal to Marat; but at last finding no solution to the enigma, I returned home. Next morning I had almost forgotten the strange female, notwithstanding having passed upwards of an hour in conversation with her.

But two days afterwards, when the almost incredible news of the assassination of Marat was spread with rapidity and terror all over Paris, I remembered my meeting; and as it was reported that a young lady had stabbed him in the heart, I no longer doubted that, as she had manifested such an anxiety to see Marat, the deed had been committed by the fair unknown whom I had met in the Convention. Consequently, the day that she was tried I was present at her examination, and with heart-felt sorrow I recognised my new acquaintance in the handsome and modest heroine of France, Charlotte Corday. She wore the same dress in which I had seen her. Amidst the assemblage of corrupted judges and jurymen, and in the presence of that monster, Fouquier-Tinville, her countenance presented no marks of fear; nay, she appeared to me more lovely and more majestic than when I saw her first. She acknowledged and gloried in having murdered the man whom she considered the greatest enemy of her country, and of a pure republic; and when the sentence of death was passed on her, while I and many others shuddered, her countenance remained calm, and her angelic smile shone triumphant. And I am told that, on the 17th, during her long journey from the Abbaye to the scaffold, she preserved the same equanimity.\*

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE appears in one of those small country papers† to which we recently adverted, the following admirable letter by Mr Carlyle, author of 'Past and Present,' 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' and other well-known publications. 'It was addressed,' says our authority, 'to a young man who had written to Mr Carlyle desiring his advice as to a proper choice of reading, and, it would appear also, as to his conduct in general. It is now, we believe, printed for the first time; and we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers, as containing advice of the most valuable and practical description, and pregnant with truths with which they cannot be too well acquainted. The young are too much inclined to be dissatisfied with their actual condition, and to neglect their immediate duties in vain aspirations after others beyond their lot; and they need the monitions of such a kind, but vigorous and emphatic adviser as Mr Carlyle, and to have it impressed on their minds, that

To do  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom.'

Dear Sir—Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

\* For an account of Charlotte Corday's assassination of Marat, see the present volume of the Journal, No. 6.  
† Cupar and St Andrews Monthly Advertiser.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities'; that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what is for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is your true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True nature, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spices and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement!—it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain, yours sincerely,  
THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHICHESTER, 13th March, 1843.

#### RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

During the panic of 1825, a woman, who had long attended the Bristol market as a vender of vegetables, walked into Stuckey's banking-house on the quay, and making her way direct to the cashier's desk, thus addressed Mr M——: 'How d'ye do, sir? I do hope you be charming: I've got a bit of a favour to ax you. They do tell I that things be agoing on but queerish like up in Lunnnon, and it so happens that I've a saved by a five-pound bank o'



England note, and I should be 'bliged to you if so be as how you'd be so kind as to give I gold for it.'

'My good woman,' replied the cashier, 'I'm sorry I can't do what you ask. We are not in the habit of giving change to strangers.'

'Lord love 'e, I be'ant no stranger; I've a served Madam M—— wi' garden-stuff for many a long day; she do know I pretty well I should think, or she wouldn't have ax'd me to find out a decentish wholesome young woman to nurse your last dear beautiful babby. So now you do know all about it; and I'm bound won't refuse to give change for this nice clean-looking Lunnon bank-note.'

'I tell you again I cannot,' was somewhat snappishly replied; 'I am too busy to listen to you just now, so it's no use your staying.'

'I ax pardon, sir, but I won't keep 'e a minute; if Madam was here, she'd get it for me in less than no time; she said only last Saturday as ever was, she never tasted such beautiful gold runnets as the lot I was pleased to sell her the week afore.'

The cashier evinced strong symptoms of impatience; these were not lost upon the applicant, who, in a most winning tone resumed—'Well, now, I'll tell 'e what—since you won't give I gold, maybe you'll be so uncommon kind as to change this here bank o' England for one of your own notes of the same vally? I'd a precious sight rather have that, 'cause I do know there be no fear o' your breaking all to bits, though they do say a mortal sight o' banks have done so lately.'

'Certainly, ma'am,' blandly responded Mr M——; 'I'll do that with a great deal of pleasure.' The proposed exchange was made.

'Thank 'e kindly, sir; you be as civil a spoken gentleman as a body may wish to meet, and sartain sure I'll tell Madam so the next time she do come to my standing.'

Thinking the business concluded to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, the cashier turned on his heel, and was about to ensconce himself behind his desk, when the dealer in greens suddenly checked his progress by audibly reading—'Promise to pay five pounds on demand.' Oh! ye do, do ye? Then I say, Mr M——, I don't mean no offence, or to say anything unpleasant like, but I'm langed if I don't have gold now, or I'll stick myself up at the door, and cry out, "The bank be stopped!"

Need we say this unsophisticated child of nature carried her point?

#### SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

The oft-told tale of the actor who, in Richard III., instead of adhering to the text, and repulsing the intrusive Gloucester with, 'My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass,' addressed him in cockney dialect, 'My lord, stand back, and let the pass'un cough,' is not a solitary instance of the perversion of sense and inversion of language sometimes heard upon the stage. We were present at the first representation of a lively interlude, the name of which escapes us at this moment; but Farren personated a sort of English Dominic Sampson, grafted upon Doctor Syntax; and the mysterious discovery of an infant constituted the mainspring of the plot. The unseen baby was much talked about. Blanchard, who played an irritable old man, in the course of the piece called for a lantern, having resolved to search the grounds despite a heavy storm, rendered audible to the audience by the mechanism employed behind the scenes to imitate rain and wind. The servant, who was supposed to be in the confidence of the parents, endeavoured to throw an obstacle in the way of the old man's determination, and *should* have said, 'Going out, sir? Why, 'tis pouring with rain!' instead of which he substituted, to the great amusement of the audience, who appeared deeply interested in the fate of the innocent child, 'Going out, sir? Why, 'tis roaring with pain!' We have also heard a provincial Shylock gravely ask, 'Shall I lay surgery upon my pole?' though *perjury* upon his *soul* was the correct reading. And have been told of a Haymarket King of Denmark loudly desiring his attendant nobles to 'Suck them a plunder!' though plucking asunder Hamlet and Laertes at the grave of the fair Ophelia should have been his majesty's direction.

#### EFFECT OF MANUFACTURING PRESSURES.

Manufacturing pressures tend to increase improvements in machinery. Driven to threadbare profits, the manufacturers seek every means of reducing the cost of production; and hence it has occurred that, during the last five or six

years, there has been more improvement in machinery than had taken place for twenty-five years before that period. We believe we are correct in stating that, some eight or nine years since, the maximum capability of the spinning-mule did not exceed the power of turning above 640 spindles. There are self-acting mules now in use that will turn upwards of 2000 spindles! A mill of the present day, with improved machinery, is capable of turning off a given quantity of work at about one-third less expense than it could have accomplished seven years since: in other words, a factory, which in 1836 required an outlay of £600 per week for wages, can now throw off the same quantity of work for £400 per week. We heard one respectable manufacturer declare that if his forty-inch cotton was made fast to a vessel at Liverpool, and the vessel allowed to make the best of her way to Canton, he could make the cotton as fast as the ship could sail away with it, or he would consent to have nothing for it. Now, allowing the ordinary voyage of four months, and calculating the number of miles the ship would sail, it would require about *twenty-four millions of yards of cloth* to keep pace with the ship, or above 8,330 yards per hour, working the whole time, night and day. The same machinery would, in seven months, make a belt round the earth 40 inches wide. Now, we would ask, if one manufacturer can do this, what could the whole machinery of England alone accomplish? Could it not make sufficient cloth in a few years to cover the whole surface of the inhabited part of the globe?—*I'oor-Law Guide.*

#### TO A WILD BIRD.

SWEET is thy gurgling song,  
Wild Bird, that flittest by on gladsome wing  
The hedgerow boughs among;  
Which thou, with thy most sweet companion, Spring,  
Dost make a bower of beauty and of song.

Say, in thy little heart  
Doth joy or tenderness the master prove?  
What to thy notes impart  
Their pathos? Is it mingled joy and love  
Give them a magic unapproached by art?

Where is thy little nest?  
In the snug hollow of some mossy bank?  
Or shall we make our quest  
Where tall weeds dip their tresses long and dank  
Into the brooklet, at the wind's behest,

That, in a frolic feat,  
Bends down their sleepy heads, and rushes by;  
A perfumed music, wild as it is sweet,  
Mocking the drowsy streamlet's lullaby:  
But, birding! tell me where is thy retreat?

Doth the dark ivy throw  
The beauty of her berries round thy porch;  
Which the bright moon peers through,  
And the sun gleams on, but lacks power to scorch?  
Or are the bursting May-buds screen enow?

As yet, no little voice,  
Whose feeble 'chink' eats into pity's heart  
(Though it bids thine rejoice),  
To curious ear the secret doth impart,  
Of where are treasured all thy hopes and joys.

Happy, uncareful thing,  
No thought of the dim morrow mars thy mirth—  
Each day its store doth bring;  
Thy enter God, thy garner the wide earth;  
Oh! wise were we like cares aside to fling.

The bee is come abroad,  
And 'mid the golden flowers is busy singing;  
The lark springs from the sod  
In raptured soarings. Hark! heaven's arch is ringing;  
Say, does he all unconscious praise his God?

Birding, the Power Divine  
That thus with gladness girds his creatures round,  
Will watch o'er thee and thine;  
For to his meanness does his care abound;  
And, thus assured, I all to him resign!

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## FALSE POSITIONS.

MAN is never an isolated or independent being; he is in every case connected by unseen, but powerful and tenacious ties, with thousands of surrounding things, with which it is necessary for him to be in harmony, in order that he may have a fair chance of being happy. He may in this respect be likened to a plant, which must be in certain circumstances of soil, climate, and exposure, in order that it may thrive: alter but one of these, and the plant at once finds itself in a false position, and soon shows symptoms that all is not well with it. Should the unharmony or falsity of position be of sufficient moment the poor plant perishes. And so, also, in certain extreme cases, false social position will nip human existence. One law presides over all these matters, however diverse they may appear; namely, that every phenomenon of animated nature depends on certain appropriate conditions, without which its perfect development and healthy being are not to be expected. A northern exposure for a tender shrub, a low temperature in the nursery of an infant, and a biting sorrow in the heart, are all strictly analogous things, not more to the fancy of the poet, than to the reason of the philosopher.

Such being the case, it becomes evident that a true position forms an important consideration in the economy of human life, and that to attain or to retain this advantage, is an object entitled to our utmost care. This is a fact of which few are cognisant; indeed the idea of truth or falsity of social position is a novelty to a vast majority of even the reflecting part of mankind. But however unperceived, the principle operates not the less powerfully; and it is the fate of many who seem to have all the grosser elements of well-being, to pine from this cause, like children who know not their ail. Let us endeavour, as far as our limited space and abilities permit, to give an indication of the subject, adding a few hints which may be serviceable for practical guidance.

A false position in society may be defined as consisting in a discrepancy between some of the chief conditions of the social being. The position, for example, may be one which, according to the customs of the world, demands the keeping up of good appearances, while there are no adequate means of doing so. Whether it is the native rank of the party, or his official character, or the style in which he has originally pitched himself, which calls for these appearances; and whether the inadequacy of means may be owing to misfortune, or an undue pressure of temptation, or a want of care and prudence, it is all one as far as the effect is concerned, which is invariably a dire struggle between wants and wishes, a forfeiture of all the true comforts of life for the sake of the show only, a reduction of existence to the character of a shabby drama, tending, of course, to a fifth act of

ruin and misery. Acts of economy, which persons of well-assured circumstances readily adopt when they think proper, are beheld with dread by the 'poor gentleman': to him the idea of a saving is as alarming as a compulsory expense would be to most other men. Every thing is considered by him with a reference to the besetting evil of his life, the disparity between his pretensions and his powers; at one moment he is devising plans for skulking from positions where his professed equals are to appear; at another he is frantically overdoing what he does enter into, in order to avoid the suspicion that he has the least thought of economy: see him afterwards, and he is groaning in spirit over a recollection of the unenjoyed expenditure. What vexations will men incur, rather than confess an honest truth! How true, that many of our evils arise less from what we are, than what we wish to appear to be!

A sudden reverse of fortune, which there is no concealing or denying, and which it is impossible immediately to remedy, is usually productive of very decided falsity of position. It may be said to set the whole social man ajar. A week ago, he was the pleasantly-received equal of many resembling himself in worldly circumstances; was esteemed and respected; had frank greetings in the market-place, and more invitations than he could well accept. Now, he is rather shunned than sought, and the best feeling which his old friends entertain for him is pity for his misfortunes, which neither relieves nor soothes, perhaps is only offensive. The circumstantial man being entirely changed, he is no longer what he was, but a new being, appropriate to some totally different grade of social life. The falsity of position hence arising makes it almost impossible for the unfortunate person to live any longer agreeably in the same place. He is not perhaps unwilling to move in a lower social sphere, but it is painful to do so within view of that from which he has declined. He is not perhaps unwilling to make some humbler ventures in industrial life, conformably to his reduced means; but it is painful to do this under the immediate observation of those who have known him in his better days. If he make the attempt, constant distraction and uneasiness of mind is the almost certain consequence. But in a different place, and amidst new associates, he may be as humble as is necessary without any such discomfort. This is well exemplified in the colonies, where men and women, accustomed to elegance and delicacy of living at home, find they can readily adapt themselves there being no onlookers—to drudgeries which they would have shrunk from at home. They are in a true position, and are consequently happy. Change of scene may therefore be prescribed as a specific for the whole of this class of false positions. In a new field, amongst new associates appropriate to the new circumstances, let renewed exertions be made, without one moment's

reflection on the past prosperity, except to indulge in the hope of renewing it—this is the conduct worthy of a wise and virtuous man of the world, and the only course which is likely to save him from complete ruin.

The same remedy may be prescribed for a large class of false positions in which natural qualities are concerned. It often happens that a very good intellect is dwarfed and stunted by its too near neighbourhood to others which are superior. There are even instances of highly endowed minds which are prevented from taking their proper course of action, by being placed in connexion with certain others of narrower scope, which exercise an undue influence over them, 'freezing the genial current of the soul.' For the troubles hence arising there is no cure but flight. Such persons may be counselled to emigrate to Australia—New Zealand—any where—rather than dwindle out a wretched life of restraint, with a denial of all the happiness arising from a harmony with circumstances.

The evils of false position are also seen to beset the man who takes an upward course in life. In this case, the newly affluent and dignified circumstances are perhaps irreconcilable with homely manners too long practised to be readily changed. He is in a false position, because often expected to make a show of refinement and taste which it is not in his nature to exemplify. There is always, too, an uncertainty about his conduct towards his new associates; every act and manifestation being liable to be estimated with a regard at once to his present position, and also that out of which he has emerged. He is expected at once to be what he now actually is, and yet to have a large infusion of his original self; a requirement which unusually-constituted men may be able to fulfil, but which must be quite beyond the reach of most of the children of Adam. Supposing him a person of average sensibility, he is liable to still greater perplexity from the old associations. Here, too, he must be two men in one—at once the man he now is, and the same man which he once was; that is to say, with the improved tastes of affluent circumstances and an extended intellectual nature, and with the habits which change of position in a manner forces upon him, he must also preserve all the sympathies, and retain all the tastes and feelings, proper to the state in which he no longer lives, in order to be all that his old friends expect of him, and which his own benevolence would prompt him to be. The fact is, no man can be two things so different; and one or other of them must therefore be in a large measure fictitious—a part sustained with difficulty and a constant sense of uneasiness. This cannot but be productive of a considerable subtraction from the advantages supposed to attend the smiles of fortune.

There are many special cases of false position which I cannot pretend even to enumerate, much less to treat fully. The greatest possible, is that of the pretender to a throne—at once a king and not a king—keeping up state appearances for the chance of these being in time changed to realities, but this with wretched means, and the haunting sense, of its insubstantiality and its hopelessness. To act a king at Rome, Avignon, or Gratz, and this during a whole life—never for one hour of existence to be a real man—not even to be a real man to one's wife or children, but a ghastly show, and thus lose some of the sweetest realities of life, merely in order to preserve a paste and tinsel covering, which neither warms nor truly decorates—what a fate! The Stuarts endured it for a hundred years—no trifling expiatory sacrifice for the errors of a shorter period of true regality. Another is that of a political man who has changed his opinions and friends, or who is by the unhappy tyranny of situation obliged to act a political part out of harmony with his actual sentiments. It is a painful consideration, that the ambition or injudicious wishes of parents often lead their children into false positions, pregnant with distress to both parties. To elevate the new generation into a superior rank, naturally appears a great good, and

this end is sought by education and other means. The parent does not reflect that a child so elevated is apt to become more or less alienated from the parental bosom. I have heard of a case, no doubt extreme, yet characteristic, where a young cottage-born student, in the course of being educated (as often happens in our part of the island) for the clerical profession, caused his meals to be served for him apart from the rest of the family. Few cases approaching to this exist; but some degree of the separation of taste and sympathies which it indicates, must take place wherever the mental and social grade of the child becomes much superior to that of the parent. For these and other reasons, it becomes a procedure of very doubtful propriety for a person in an elevated station to adopt, or even bestow any considerable amount of friendly patronage upon, the child of comparatively humble parents. I shall suppose a case in which a young person of interesting appearance or hopeful abilities is translated into the home of a lady of rank. Few persons in humble life but would grasp at such a fortune for one of their offspring: they see only the material advantages; the dangerous moral consequences are hidden from their sight. I shall suppose that the girl receives a highly ornamental education, and is admitted to live in the same style as her patroness. The refinement thus acquired makes her of course a very different person from what she would have been in her original station. It cannot be reasonably expected of her—seeing she is human, not angelic—that she will both possess this refinement, with all its attendant tastes and feelings, and have precisely the same sentiments respecting her parents which she entertained when living with them. They must appear to her coarse and homely; their conversation, turning upon the humble necessities of their station, things in which she can take no interest, will disgust her; she will be ashamed to be known amongst her new associates as having such humble relations. Thus, even on the supposition that her new station is secured to her, she must needs endure many of the evils of false position; and it is easy to imagine how much more certain of happiness she would have been, if never removed from her native home, or taught to have a dainty or ambitious thought. But the patroness may have limited her design to getting her young protégée well married, or, failing that, devoted to an employment presumed to be superior to any she could have otherwise aimed at; but, even if successful here, will the case be much improved? In the event of a marriage in the new sphere, what vexations must needs be incurred in the vain attempt to amalgamate the husband with his wife's plain relations! If she has any good feeling, she will deplore being cut off from them, the more so if she knows that they pine under the idea of having, as it were, lost their child. If otherwise, their complaints of being neglected and overlooked, well or ill-founded, will be scarcely less distressing. But the matrimonial scheme may fail, as is indeed most likely, and suppose the superior employment is then resorted to. This may turn out well; for it is possible that the young lady has unusual sense and tact, and is somewhat fortunate in her lot as to employers; but there is acknowledgedly great danger of the reverse being the case; for of all the situations in life, that of a governess is the one eminently of false position, inasmuch that it is almost impossible for human wisdom and goodness to make it perfectly a happy one. Our young heroine may then have frequent occasion to envy those who still remain contented in their original station; their condition, while destitute of intellectual pleasures, full of humble drudgeries, and perhaps sordid cares, being at least in harmony with the character of their minds, which that of the aspirant is not, and can never again be. There remains the supposition, that the patroness may have merely acted under the impulse of feeling, and without any definite design. We may suppose a case in which a lady has brought a young person more or less out of her original sphere, thinking she was performing a kind and beneficent

action, never reflecting on the future, or making any provision to insure her protégée from falling back into poverty when deprived of her favour, whether by death or caprice. The revulsion must then be dreadful. Think of an elegant home exchanged for a humble, however honest one—tastes disappointed of their habitual gratification—associates once despised, now forced again upon her, albeit as awkward and cold to her as she is uncordial and constrained to them. Clearly, the patronage in such a case has only done harm. Ten thousand times better for the unfortunate person experimented upon, had she never been moved one step above her original position. There she might have been less a reflecting being, less informed, less elegant and admirable every way; but she would have been in harmony with all associated circumstances, physical and personal, and, unknowing any better, enjoying the all-sufficient blessing of content, she would have been happy instead of miserable.

False positions, it will be seen, are sometimes voluntarily incurred; in other instances, they arise in the course of providence. In the former class of cases, there is generally good intention, but an absence of foresight and of knowledge of the world. It would be well if the possibility of falling into a false position, and the extent of misery to be thereby incurred, were more generally seen and understood, and if the unbending nature of the laws which govern our social economy were at the same time fully appreciated. Thus relations or predicaments calculated to embitter a whole life might sometimes be avoided, at the expense of a submission to slighter existing evils. Where fortune forces poor mortals into false positions, it must of course be left to the good sense and good feelings of individuals—their eyes being opened to the nature of their trouble—to make their way out of it as well as they can.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

##### AN ADVENTURE AT LEGHORN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IN the beginning of 1799 I was intrusted by M. Barras, of the French Directory, with a mission to Leghorn, there to lay out a large sum of money in the purchase of provisions and ammunition for the army under General Bonaparte in Egypt. As at that time the ports of the Mediterranean, and especially those of Egypt, were almost blockaded by the ships of the English and their allies, my business was one of no ordinary difficulty. I was instructed either to employ, for the transport of whatever I could forward to the national army, neutral merchant ships and privateers; or, by offering large premiums, to excite the interest of covetous speculators to undertake the providing of the army at their own risk.

Leghorn is the only city of Italy where a certain degree of religious and civil toleration exists, and, in consequence of its being a free port, and the mart of the Levant commerce, the traveller may there meet with merchants, captains, and sailors of almost all the maritime cities of Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor. At the time I am speaking of, most of the commercial business, and also that of the money market, was in the hands of Jews and Armenians. It was therefore chiefly with these crafty speculators that I had to negotiate; a task, it may well be supposed, of considerable difficulty, but which I had, nevertheless, the good fortune to fulfil to the satisfaction of not only Barras, who was my friend, but also that of Seyes, then at the head of the Directory.

On the morning of the 16th June, I went by appointment to meet at his residence Jacob Solomon, who was then the Rothschild of Italy, and lived in a splendid villa about three miles from town. On my return towards home, observing at the side of a deep ditch a

great mob of the lowest class, some fighting, some haranguing, and others throwing all sorts of missiles at an object whose lineaments I could not clearly discern at that distance, I ordered my coachman to drive thither, when, to my surprise and disgust, I found that this base populace were in the act of stoning to death a poor Turk or Arab, whom they had previously thrown into a pit of deep and tenacious mud. Grasping my pistols, I alighted and made up to the spot, where, partly by remonstrances and partly by threats, I succeeded in dispersing the assemblage; after which, with the aid of my servants and a couple of stray sailors, who procured a ladder, I extricated the poor victim from his miserable situation. The wretched man was still breathing; but he was covered with bruises and wounds, and so sadly disfigured with gore and mud, as scarcely to bear the aspect of anything human. Placing him in my carriage, I drove home as fast as possible, and had him put under proper medical treatment at my hotel. When Dr Speroni had examined him, I asked what likelihood there was of his recovery, and learnt there was but little, for, besides having in his fall into the ditch dislocated his collar-bone, and broke three of his ribs, he had received a severe wound on his frontal bone, besides two of less consequence on the back of the head. I could only instruct the doctor to spare no pains in endeavouring to effect the poor man's recovery, and assure him that I should willingly recompense him for his trouble.

That very evening I received a letter from Colonel Menard, who had arrived in France from Naples, with General Championnet's despatches for Barras, and who requested me either to come to see him, or, if I had any official communications for the Directory, to forward them to him, that he might carry them along with those of Championnet. I deemed it necessary to go in person to Florence; but, before starting, I strictly recommended the suffering Arab to my housekeeper, and renewed my injunctions to the surgeon.

Returning about a week after, I found that the patient had recovered his senses, but was still so weak, that he could hardly speak loud enough to be heard, and he was extremely dejected in spirits. However, next morning I entered into conversation with him, and learned that his name was Abd-al-Ali, that he was the mate of an Algerine brig, and that on the day when I first saw him, he had been sent by his captain with some papers to the country house of Jacob Solomon. He was returning to his ship, which was to sail next day, when he was beset by a senseless mob, whose first dispositions seemed to be those of petty mischief, but who, when he resolutely defended himself, were provoked, and from less to more, came to throw him headlong into the ditch, where they fell a-pelting him with stones. His senses had then left him; but he had no doubt that, but for my interference, he would have lost his life upon the spot. He then bewailed his hard fate; for even if he recovered, what was he but an outcast in a strange land, without money or friends, and with but faint reason to hope that he would ever again see his native country. I here interrupted him with words of comfort, bidding him entertain no fears on that account, as I should certainly provide him with the means of returning to his country whenever he should be fit for the voyage. The depression of the poor wretch was wonderfully relieved by these words; indeed they acted upon him like a medicine; and from this time he evidently improved more rapidly in health. In about six weeks I had the pleasure of learning from Dr Speroni that the Arab was no longer in any need of his services.

According to the poor man's wishes, I procured for him a passage in a Sardinian merchant vessel bound for Algiers, and early in August he sailed for his destination, amply furnished with provisions and money. I shall never forget the scene that took place when the grateful Arab was to take leave of me. He threw himself on his knees, and, clasping my legs, with tears streaming from his eyes, expressed eloquent thanks for my kindness, which he felt to be the greater as being shown to one differing from myself in country, in nation, and in faith—concluding thus solemnly—“May Allah grant me, noble sir, the opportunity of showing that, though an Arab, I have a grateful heart, inasmuch as to be ready to sacrifice my life for your welfare?” I could not help being considerably affected by the looks, words, and gestures of my humble protégé, who now left me to go on board the vessel in which he was to sail. The impression of these events was, of course, vivid at the time, but in a few months the affair of the poor Arab and his gratitude had waxed faint in my memory, taking its place there beside the thousands of other casual things with which I had been connected in the progress of my life.

Years passed on: the Directory gave way to the Consulate, that again to the Empire, and at length came the restoration of the old state of affairs in Europe, in consequence of the events of 1814. I now returned to my native city Naples, thinking to spend the remainder of my days in peace. The stormy and dangerous part of my life is now, thought I, past. I have outridden the tempests of the Reign of Terror, and glided smoothly through all the subsequent revolutions. Surely I am now safe for life. Alas! I had completely miscalculated; and it soon appeared that a man of my ardent temperament was most in danger under a quiescent government. The rule of the restored Ferdinand, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, was so atrocious, that it was sure to be conspired against. In 1816, I joined a sect of politicians who combined with a view to freeing our country from a thralldom so execrable. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but without revealing the name of any one of my associates. My mother, supported by her numerous and influential relations, appealed to the mercy of the king, but was unsuccessful. She then contrived, by great sacrifices, the means of my escape, and on the day previous to that intended for my execution, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me, professedly to take her last farewell of a son whom she had so much loved and cherished. When we were alone together, she informed me of her plans, and told me that she had obtained from Prince Canosa, then minister of police, permission for the renowned Franciscan, Father Antonio de Dio, to visit me under the pretext of affording the spiritual consolation desirable in my situation; and I was to do all that the father should direct me to do, trusting that, when escaped from the Castel Nuovo, in which I lay, I should find all proper arrangements made for my further proceedings.

About nine o'clock in the evening my anxiously wakeful ears caught the sound of “Chi vive?” to which the names of the father and a companion were answered. In a few minutes the guard in attendance unlocked the door, and introduced two Franciscan monks of the most venerable aspect, having long beards, sandalled feet, and other appropriate parts of costume. When the door was again closed, he who seemed to be Father Antonio desired me in a loud voice to kneel and make confession of all my crimes; which I immediately proceeded to do, not for a moment doubting that I saw a real monk. Presently, however, the man before whom I knelt told me with a changed voice that he was no more a monk than myself, but an actor who could personate almost any character, and who had undertaken to procure my release at the solicitation of my mother. I now found, to my inexpressible delight, that the other figure was that of my faithful valet Joseph, who told me that I was to change dresses with him, and leave him to occupy my place, while I should make the best

of my way out of my troubles. At first I positively refused to place the worthy fellow in such jeopardy; but when assured that counsel had been consulted, who gave it as their opinion that only a short imprisonment could be bestowed upon him as a punishment, I at length consented. Joseph immediately went to bed; I put on his dress and beard; and Father Antonio having in an elevated voice bidden me farewell, with a promise to see me again in the morning, we immediately left the prison, passing through the whole of the guards without challenge.

A few minutes after, I found myself in the presence of my mother, who, transported with joy, could only call on me to thank Providence, and enter the chariot which she had provided for me. My mind was too bewildered to admit of my saying what I ought to have said to either her or the clever personator who had done me so important a piece of service. There was, however, no time to be lost; so they pushed me into the carriage, which instantly drove to a place at some distance along the shore, where a large fishing-boat lay ready to receive me. Here I recognised the pretended Father Antonio, who informed me that I was to be conveyed towards the Isle of Capri, in order to be taken up by an Algerine merchant vessel, which had that day sailed from Naples, and which was appointed to await me there. In fact, at five in the morning I was received into this ship, which immediately hoisted sails, and proceeded on her destined way, the boat with my friend Antonio returning to land in the direction of Sorrento. We at first encountered rough weather, but in due time approached the end of our voyage, and on the 18th of August I stepped upon the quay of Algiers.

My provident and generous mother had not only, through the English house of Bell and Company, rewarded the captain for his future services to me, but sent into the ship two large and heavy boxes containing things intended for my use, but which, to prevent suspicion at Naples, had been directed to his Excellency C. S. Blankley, Esquire, British Consul-General at Algiers. The reader will presently see what important consequences flowed from this innocent and well-meant little stratagem.

I took up my abode in the house of Ben Isaac, a Jew, who was the agent of Bell and Company. For the first six days I seldom left my room, and when I did go out, it was always in the evening, and in company with some member of the family of my landlord, who seemed anxious to pay me all proper attention, and even to sympathise in my misfortunes. But on the afternoon of the sixth day I was unexpectedly arrested by orders of the mufti, having been denounced as an English spy. The fleet under Lord Exmouth was now coming within sight of this den of pirates, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained by the government on that account. I was immediately carried before the atrocious Dey Omar Pacha, who, in the most savage manner, told me I had been plotting in favour of the English, that Ben Isaac had himself seen two boxes in my possession which belonged to the English consul-general, and in consequence of this treason I had forfeited my life. To exculpate myself, I related the story of my captivity in, and escape from, my native land, and accounted for the inscription on my boxes as a stratagem of the negotiators of my release, an English commercial house at Naples. The accusation, I said, had arisen only from the cupidity of Jacob, who had observed me to possess some money. All, however, was in vain. The dey gave orders that I should be kept in chains in a state dungeon, and if the English fired a single shot against his fleet or city, I was to be immediately impaled. When I attempted once more to address him, the mufti prevented me by giving me in charge to four janissaries.

In passing through a gate on my way to the dungeon, I observed a chief of the Mamelukes staring at me with great attention, as if he earnestly wished to recognise in me some one whom he had seen long before. He addressed some words to a bystander, evidently referring

to me, but I did not know their import. After having descended some flights of steps, and passed along several subterraneous corridors, I was ushered into a small dark cell, chained to the ground, and left to meditate on my deplorable situation.

Amidst the mental vicissitudes of a life spent amongst all kinds of men, I had never once, before this fatal moment, been shaken in my dependence upon a supreme eternal Providence guiding the affairs of men, and operating for the good of the innocent and the virtuous. But now this faith began to give way; and as I hopelessly tugged at the fetters upon my limbs, and surveyed the dense walls which intervened between me and freedom, I felt more inclined to believe that there is an evil destiny presiding over the lot of man. My feelings in Castel Nuovo had been quite of a different kind, for there I was sustained by the reflection, that my late design and my contemplated death tended to promote the good of my country; but here to perish miserably and obscurely, at the bidding of a reckless savage chief, for an imaginary offence—this was a thought at which my nature recoiled with horror.

Some time passed in this desperate state of feeling, and when I heard my door unlocked and opened, I fully expected to see some barbarous emissary enter to put an end to my misery. Something at the very first assured me that my visitor was of a different character. It was the same tall Mameluke whom I had passed under the gate as I came to my dungeon. As he approached me, and brought his lantern near my face, he said, 'Fear nothing from me, stranger; but tell me if you have ever been at Beggorn?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'several times;' and now a flash of hope, though arising from no defined source, entered my mind. 'Were you in that city in the month of June 1799?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I was there at that time.' 'Allah be praised,' he said. 'Do you remember doing a kind action to a countryman of mine at that time?' At these words I felt an inexpressible consolation overspreading me. 'I remember,' said I, 'doing the duty of a man to a poor Arab named Abd-al-Ali.' The eyes of my visitor filled with tears, as he said, 'And have you ever thought of him since that time?' 'No,' I replied; 'when I do a good action, I make no endeavour to remember it, because doing so can be of no use; it is different when I commit a bad one, for then one may hope to atone for and repair it.' 'Oh, my generous saviour!' exclaimed the Mameluke, kneeling before me, and clasping my legs; 'behold before you Abd-al-Ali, who owes you his life and his present elevation, and who most sincerely thanks Allah, the god of all mankind, for having afforded him an opportunity of showing you his gratitude, and of fulfilling the promise he made to you, that he would gladly sacrifice his own life for your welfare.'

Having then unlocked my chains, he raised me, bade me lean upon his arm, and led me from my dungeon, and out of the Casouba, when, having confided me to one of his servants, he embraced me affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'Allah be praised, you are saved, and I have fulfilled my duty.' At the same instant, seizing his right hand, I said, 'And will you not escape with me? Are you not afraid of the dreadful consequences, were it discovered that you have saved me?' 'Yes,' answered he calmly—'yes, I am almost certain of my fate; but, Allah be praised, I must perform my duties even at the risk of my life. To-morrow my lord and master may require my services in assisting him to defend our faith and our national independence; I therefore return to my post.' So saying, he returned towards the Casouba, and I followed my guide, by whom I was conducted to the house of an Arabian marabout, where I was to remain concealed until means were found of effecting my escape from Algiers with safety and comfort.

The next day, however, Lord Exmouth having entirely annihilated the barbarous arrogance and despotism of Omar Pacha by bombarding his city, and destroying almost the whole of his fleet, I had no longer any need

to conceal myself; and on the 29th of August I called on the English consul-general, who, now restored to liberty, had resumed his diplomatical functions, and acquainted him with my situation: through his protection and interest I soon obtained the effects that were at the residence of that specimen of Iscariotic perfidy, Ben Isaac.

Would that I could end this interesting incident of my life with a joyous recollection! But no; my mind is even now distressed in informing the reader that, on making inquiries about my grateful friend Abd-al-Ali, I found that, early in the morning of the 27th, having been denounced by a Mameluke for saving me, he had been immediately beheaded at the place where, three hours after him, the high admiral and minister of the Algerine navy had met with the same fate.

#### WEATHER PROGNOSTICATION.\*

BOTH ancients and moderns have been much addicted to looking into futurity as to the weather. Providence, however, seems to confine our knowledge of this kind within narrow bounds. An author (Dr Johnson) who makes no pretensions to meteorological science, has boldly affirmed, that on the morning of one day we cannot tell for certain what will be the weather of next morning. One may guess, and guess rightly at times; still it is but guess work.

Many years' diligent observation, and the perusal of all the treatises he could find on the subject, have led the writer to be of opinion, that the appearance of the heavens is the only thing to be depended upon as prognosticating change of weather; and the utmost certain observation to be obtained in this way extends but to a few hours previous. It often happens, indeed, that the transition from one state of the atmosphere to another is so sudden, that no notice whatever is given beforehand.

The phases of the moon are a favourite subject for the weather-wise. Our almanacs contain regular tables, inferring to every quadrature a different kind of weather; whereas the truth is, a whole lunation may pass without any change of the least importance. From close examination, these tables may be pronounced to be useless for any practical purpose. That they are always wrong, is indeed impossible; for even the most random conjecture will often prove right. This is the great source of delusion to the common people, and even to those who should know better, that if they now and then see a very distinct change with a new or full moon, they conclude such may always be depended upon.

It has been proved, indeed, that the position or phases of the moon have some influence on the weather; and Toaldo, an eminent Italian astronomer, has given a table of this kind, deduced from about forty years' observations; but his calculations amount to mere probabilities, and often remote ones, so that the information he presents is not of any great value. It may be noticed also, that, taking Britain altogether, the same phases may apply to Scotland, and not to the south of England, as there may be a rainy tract in the one part of the island, and it may be quite fair in the other. Another difficulty occurs in speaking of a change—that the weather is sometimes in such an anomalous state, that we can hardly say whether a change has taken place or not.

\* We think it proper to state that this paper is handed to us by a gentleman of our city, who has given daily attention to the weather, and kept tables of both the barometer and thermometer, since the year 1797. As concentrating the results of so much observation on the part of a mind of much natural sagacity, we consider it as an article of more than usual value.—Ed.



The aspect of the heavens is, however, worthy of our most careful observation, as here we have something like certainty in the warning it gives us. The clouds have been accurately classified into three great divisions:—1st. The *cumulus*, having a swelling roundish appearance, somewhat like wool; 2d. The *stratus*, which is quite flat, and sometimes divided into oblong divisions with sharp edges; 3d. The *nimbus*, or rain cloud. There are also diminutives of the two first. The *cirrocumulus*, which appears like a chain of small woolly-looking clouds, and the *cirro-stratus*, which extends like long streaks.

Every one knows that a gradual accumulation of dark clouds is commonly a pretty sure indication of rain. But though one would think the *nimbus* is more like the *cumulus* than the *stratus*, the latter more certainly denotes the approach of rain, though at some hours' distance. For instance, in the evening, *stratus* of a dark colour extending lengthways, somewhat like fishes with very little motion, are pretty sure harbingers of rain. On the other hand, *cumuli*, though rather dense and opaque, if sailing along quickly with the wind, have very little moisture, and, at the most, emit now and then a trifling shower. The case is different, however, if they move against the wind, for then they very soon assume the appearance and properties of the *nimbus*.

A haziness in which the sun, if in the daytime, or the moon and stars at night, get gradually dimmer, and at length disappear, in summer and harvest denotes rain; the air is then usually calm, and the rain lasts about five or six hours. The heaviest rains of the whole year probably fall in the latter part of summer and harvest. The wind is then commonly easterly, and the clouds, as far as we can observe, are low and misty, flying with the wind; but the real *nimbus* is probably in a higher region of the air, and moving slowly from the south. Mists in the spring seldom lead to much moisture; but in the autumn, and latter part of the season, they are often followed by a tract of very wet weather. Country people, too, distinguish between white and black mists, the former being indications of dry, and the latter of wet weather. This may be easily explained by the former having no clouds above them, and the latter being shaded by dense masses of vapour. The barometer assists in pointing out a difference between clouds which otherwise is not readily discernible. Thus, with a high barometer, the heavens may be covered with dark clouds of the *cumulus* species, yet not threatening rain; but with a low barometer, the smallest cloud, in passing, has its sprinkling of wet.

Of thunder storms, however violent, we have often but very short previous knowledge. The air is commonly still; the clouds move slowly from the south; are exceedingly dense and dark. Sometimes their motion is confused, as if running against one another. Thunder is usually, though not always, accompanied with very heavy rain; and the weather, if hot before, becomes much cooler. In the autumn evenings we have sometimes a great deal of lightning, without thunder. In this case it appears under a great many fantastic shapes, but seems to have little effect on the weather.

The *aurora borealis* prevails chiefly in the latter part of the season. When its coruscations are very bright, it indicates a stormy, moist, and unsettled state of the atmosphere. Rainbows merely indicate a moist state of the atmosphere. Lunar halos, if distinct, seem to announce a strong wind rising.

Prognostics of change of weather from plants and animals are not of great value, though they fill up pages in treating of this subject. It is true enough that both plants and animals are sensitive to these changes; but the notice they give is very short, while the appearances of the heavens are still more accurate, and within everybody's observation. For instance, the low flying of the swallow is supposed to announce rain; but it is not easy to define their low flying, they take so many altitudes. Ducks and other aquatic birds are usually noisy and active in wet weather; but to take warning from their

quacking is unnecessary, as we have more certain notice otherwise.

There have been calculations, also, how often dryness or wetness in one season affects those following; but the experience of many successive years only shows an uncertain degree of probability that such may be the case. The prevalence of particular winds certainly leads more or less to similar tracts of weather. Westerly winds prevail almost two-thirds of the year, and easterly one-third. From February to the end of June, east winds occur oftenest, and west winds during the rest of the year. This renders our winters often mild, but our springs severe, so that our fruit crops are always precarious. In the spring, the east wind is mostly dry and sharp; but in the end of summer or autumn, it is sometimes accompanied with the heaviest rains of the year. The direct west wind is usually dry, with rather a mild temperature; but, veering to the south, it inclines more or less to moisture. The north wind is always cold, and usually, but not always, dry. Coming after a tract of very wet weather, it generally clears the air.\*

A great deal has been said about prognostication from the barometer. Important as this instrument is in many respects, the experience acquired by long observation leads to the conclusion, that its indications are rather of the present than of the future state of the weather. No doubt, if we look over a well-kept register, we find tracts of fair and wet weather corresponding with a high and low state of the barometer. Still, when the mercury is low in the tube, can we foresee when it is to rise, or when high, when it is to fall? The barometer, indeed, in all kinds of weather, is continually rising and falling; but it is a decisive rise or fall that announces a real change, and even then we cannot foresee how long that change is to continue. The most certain sign of a complete change from wet to dry weather is when the rise is quick, and to a great height; but even then the wind and the appearance of the atmosphere give this notice also. The mercury rising during heavy rain is also strongly indicative of a return of fair weather. It is well known, too, it does not fall so much with heavy rain as with high winds. When high, its motions are slow and gradual; and when low, rapid, and its fluctuations more remarkable. In winter, its ranges are both higher and lower than in summer, and in tropical regions it keeps still nearer to the medium. At sea, the barometer has been found useful; for its sinking quickly gives notice, though but a short time before, of a coming gale, and in that case even half an hour is of value to the mariner.

An instance of the absurdities to be found in treatises on this subject, may be given by a quotation from a tolerably respectable work. 'Persons who have occasion to travel, are recommended to look at the mercury in the tube some hours before they set out; if rain threatens, it will be concave; if otherwise, convex or protuberant.' This no doubt shows the present state of the weather, but as to the future, the writer will give his own experience. One fine clear evening he observed the barometer rising quickly, and so late as eleven o'clock the convexity was most distinct. About seven next morning, however, upon looking out, he found it had been raining heavy for some time; still the barometer was correct, at least as to the present, for the mercury had fallen sensibly, and the surface was quite concave. This state of matters, too, is not unusual. In a late precarious harvest, therefore, a farmer would be to blame if, upon the authority of a rising barometer and bright sky, he should

\* In this climate, the mean temperature of the same month in different years varies much less in summer than in winter. In the summer and early autumn months, the mean of the thermometer hardly differs more than 5 or 6 degrees in one year from what it does in any other year. The case is different in the winter and early spring months, when the same range of mean temperature in different years extends to 11 or 12 degrees of Fahrenheit; for instance, the mean of the thermometer in July of any year ranges hardly more than from 58 to 64 degrees; while in January it extends to from 31 to 49, and in December from 36 to 48 degrees.

leave off clearing his fields at seven or eight in the evening, depending upon next morning being favourable; whereas the weather may change by three or four in the morning, and here would be a loss of seven or eight valuable hours, to the great detriment of his crop.

If we err at times in the anticipation of good, the same thing happens occasionally as to the threatening of bad weather. The season of 1816 is well known to have been cold, wet, and unproductive. The harvest was only getting general about the end of September. About the beginning of October, the weather previously being very moist, the crop, already cut, was lying out in the worst condition. On the 10th of October everything had a most dismal appearance. It had rained till mid-day; the afternoon and evening, though fair, were still and dark, and the air seemed loaded with moisture; the weathercocks, too, were occupied by numbers of crows: in short, everything indicated a continuance of bad weather. That very afternoon, however, was the commencement of a fine seasonable tract, by means of which a large part of the crop, indifferent, indeed, as to produce, was secured in good order.

If the barometer gives us but short insight into the future, its indications at the exact time as to storms or earthquakes at a distance, are sometimes very remarkable. The effects of these, as far off as 2000 miles, have been distinctly observed. The great earthquake at Lisbon, November 1755, affected our barometer in a striking manner. On the 13th of January 1843, we had a storm in the English and Irish Channel, denoted at Edinburgh by a fall of the barometer to  $27\frac{1}{4}$  inches, lower than it had been for some years before. That afternoon, at Edinburgh, hardly a breath of wind was perceptible, while at this very time such a storm raged in the English and Irish Channel, that 180 vessels were wrecked, and nearly 500 lives lost.

An illustration of the nature of the barometer may be given by a case of very frequent occurrence. One morning the mercury was observed to sink very much, towards mid-day the clouds appeared heavy, and the general talk was, that all this denoted much rain. This threatening ended, however, in a slight shower or two. But the whole affair was very soon explained. That morning it had rained heavily thirty or forty miles to the westward, and the clouds we saw coming from that quarter had nearly exhausted their moisture before they reached us.

That there is such a thing as a cycle of the seasons—that is, a return of years at regular periods with the same kind of weather—is an opinion which has been broached by respectable writers on the subject, but is really very little authorised by any accounts we have on record. The nearest approach to an illustration of this theory, was the circumstance of three very bad seasons recurring at nearly the same intervals. The cold and wet season of 1766 was followed by those of 1782, 1799, and 1816, the distance of each being 16 or 17 years. But, allowing these years to have resembled each other pretty closely, the order of the intervening ones, more or less favourable in the above periods, was not all similar. Thus 1799, very wet and cold, was followed by 1800, remarkably dry; but 1816, very like 1799, was followed by 1817, also wet and cold, though much less so than 1816. It is to be kept in view, also, that we have no accounts of such a cycle before 1766, though no doubt meteorological registers before that period are quite defective. The year 1740 is known to have been very cold, but hardly any one between it and 1766. Since 1816, it is certain we have had nothing of the kind. In the spring of 1833, the talk was, that 17 years had elapsed since 1816, and that we must look for a bad season; but it so happened that 1833-34-35-36 were all good seasons. There was a falling off in 1837, and 1838-39-40-41 certainly proved more or less unfavourable; still, reckoning by the price of grain, 1838, the worst of them, was not nearly so bad as 1799 or 1816.

In short, though all seasons have necessarily a general resemblance, each has its own peculiar features, like the

human countenance in individuals. For instance, in the course of the last fifty years, we have had no winter nearly so severe as that at the commencement of 1795. For more than two months, from Christmas 1794 to March 1795, the snow lay many feet deep round Edinburgh. There was no coach travelling for some weeks, and it required the labour of a great number of men to cut a road to the nearest collieries. We have had occasionally deep snow in different years since; but on the occasion of January 1814, which was next in severity to 1795, the snow, about one foot deep, hardly lay one month.

On the other hand, the summer of 1826 was warm beyond example in any person's remembrance. The harvest, too, was unprecedentedly early. Near Duddingstone, a large field was completely reaped by the 16th July; that is, about a fortnight sooner than what is reckoned an early harvest.\* The Decembers of 1842 and 1843 seem to have had no precedent as to mildness for more than forty years. The mean temperature of both these months, taken at nine A.M., was very nearly 48 degrees, which is quite equal to that of a very mild April. The mean heat of September 1843, too, was about 60 degrees, of equally rare occurrence; but the difference between that and the ordinary mean is not so striking as that of the two Decembers.

From the observation of many years, we can ascertain the average temperature, moisture, and also the prevailing winds, of each month; and this is of importance, as giving us the general character of our climate, and its peculiarities. But this calculation gives little information as to the winds or weather of any particular month. Thus in May, the average amount of east wind exceeds that of any other month, yet it will happen occasionally that the whole month may pass without a single day of wind from that quarter.

In the business of life, we must be on our guard against dependence upon probabilities. And the farmer and the mariner, whose avocations are so much connected with the winds and weather, require to keep this in view, and not to allow their vigilance to be relaxed by flattering appearances. In the words of Paley, 'The seasons are a mixture of regularity and chance. They are regular enough to authorise expectation, while their irregularity induces, on the part of the cultivator of the soil, a necessity for activity, vigilance, and precaution.'

## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

### CAEN—HAVRE—CONCLUSION.

LITTLE remains to be told. It was my intention to make a deliberate journey through the Channel Islands, but news of a distressing nature from home induced me to abandon the project, and proceed to England without any undue loss of time. Being anxious to take Caen in our route, as well as to shorten the voyage by sea, we now determined to cross the peninsula of Normandy to Havre, in preference to going direct to Southampton. It was not without a degree of regret that we thought of bidding adieu to Jersey on so short an acquaintance, for no place in the course of this or any previous excursion had ever charmed us so much with its rural beauty and fertility, its appearance of good management, prosperity, and happiness. Nor do I believe any territory on earth offers greater advantages as a place of agreeable residence to persons of moderate desires, but with leanings towards the usages and free government of Britain. When the day for our departure arrived, we selected a steam-vessel bound for Granville, between which port and St Heliers there is now a regular communication at least once a week.

\* Seasons such as 1795 and 1826, occurring, at most, not oftener than once in fifty years, afford additional proof of the fallacy of the seventeen or nineteen year cycle.

Granville, though not found in every map, may be called the chief port on the coast of Normandy between Cherbourg and St Mulo, and is the most suitable for the intercourse kept up with this part of the French coast by the Channel Islands. Parties proceeding from Southampton to Avranches, by way of Jersey, also come this way; and not a few of our fellow-passengers were of this latter class. Granville, which we reached after a pleasant and short voyage of only three hours and a-half, is partly situated on a bold headland, conspicuous with its lofty church-spire at a considerable distance in the bay. Latterly, it has been furnished at a great expense with a capacious harbour, sheltered by a long and substantial pier; but it contained only a few small vessels, not half enough, as we thought, to employ the corps of douaniers who obligingly wait upon travellers as they enter the port. In times past the town made some figure in history; but now it has retired from public life, and chiefly recommends itself by its excellent sea-bathing. The interior of the town, like that of all old walled cities, is gloomy and comfortless; and its hotels are among the worst in France. Were I disposed to make up a case of hardship, I dare say a good deal could be said respecting one with a high-sounding name at which we spent the night; but why speak of such trifles in a world wherein there is so much to please, when viewed as well as used in a right spirit?

Our route from Granville conducted us by way of Coutances and St Lo, through one of the prettiest and most interesting parts of France; but almost every portion of Normandy is superior in appearance to the other provinces. In proceeding through it, we are impressed with the resemblance between the cottages and fields and what one sees in the south of England, while the bushy hedgerows and patches of plantation indicate a more than usual attention to rural beauty. This part of France, whence proceeded the host of adventurers who accompanied William of Normandy to England, is likewise remarkable for its number of cathedrals, the very flower of pointed architecture, and the objects of attraction to travellers during the last three centuries. A brief stay at Coutances afforded us an opportunity of gazing with admiration on the cathedral of that town, the most unique and beautiful in Normandy. Standing on an elevated ground, the elegant pointed towers of this superb monument may be seen at Jersey, a distance of thirty miles, and they indeed serve as a conspicuous landmark from Cape la Hague to nearly St Malo. The edifice is fortunately entire, and, from the central tower and front to the chancel, abounds in the most elaborate and tasteful sculpture. At St Lo and Bayeux we saw cathedrals of lesser dimensions, but also striking from their finely pointed architecture. Early in the afternoon we arrived at Caen, a town situated in the centre of an extensive plain, inclining to a valley, the whole land, for many miles around, recently shorn of its grain crops. Through the middle of this fertile stretch of country winds the river Orne, on the left bank of which, and at the distance of ten miles from the sea, Caen is agreeably placed. The situation is also in some respects advantageous for commerce; for to this point the Orne is navigable for small vessels, and its quays do not seem destitute of traffic.

Caen is, on the whole, a well-built and handsome town. I am told that it is also cheap and agreeable as a place of residence, and on that account it has been selected by many English families, who are willing to forego the comforts of a native for a foreign home. The streets, generally spacious, and tolerably well paved, are lined with tall buildings, many of an ancient fashion. There are also some pleasant open squares, and elegant public buildings, and a fine choice of old and venerable churches. Chancing to spend a Sunday in the town, we had an opportunity of seeing it in its holiday dress; or filled with a concourse of country people in their picturesque costumes, performing the

double duty of attending church and market. Spread out before the great door of St Peters was a rich array of rural produce—rows of basketsful of the finest fresh eggs, poultry cackling from cribs, bunches of vegetables, and a vast gathering together of fruits. And there, looking somberly down upon the lively scene, was the magnificent Gothic edifice, out of and into which poured a fluctuating stream of peasants—devotion, as it were, mingling with merchandise; the forms of religion, and, I trust also, its spirit, uniting with the ordinary cares of life. St Peters was full of kneeling worshippers, who, with the politeness we have always experienced on such occasions, made way for us in our tour of the various sculptures, altars, and pictures throughout the edifice. The interior is in some parts extremely rich in mouldings and pendent figures, but of different eras and styles. The exterior of the tower, which rises to a height of 242 feet, is, however, the grand attraction, being, like that of Coutances, one of the most perfect of the Gothic models. It dates from 1308.

The church of St Peter, though the finest in Caen, is less an object of attraction to strangers than that of St Etienne. This edifice, situated in the western part of the town, away from the hum of commerce, was built by William of Normandy in 1077, as a place of rest for his remains, and here his body was finally interred in front of the grand altar, and about the centre of the building. Originally, and for ages attached to a monastic institution, the Abbaye Aux Hommes, which has been transformed into a college for education, the church is now one of the ordinary places of worship in the town; and, on visiting it, we found its ancient aisles attended by a small congregation of persons apparently of a humble order. The architecture is of the rounded form of arch, and is distinguished for its imposing severity and plainness. Some portions are of a date more recent than the era of the Conqueror, and are of the pointed and more elegant form; but the impression generally conveyed is not particularly pleasing. With little to occupy us in the vast and gloomy expanse of the building, we looked with some degree of interest on the spot in the centre of the choir, where William's body was entombed (1087), and over which a monument of gold, silver, and precious stones, had been erected by his son Henry I. Local historians mention a remarkable circumstance connected with the place of interment. When the body was in the course of being lowered into the vault prepared for its reception, the ceremony was suddenly arrested by a person named Ascelin, who claimed the ground as the property of his family, and protested against its present use till paid for by the representatives of the deceased. Whether from the justice of the demand, or a wish to avoid a controversy at such an unpropitious moment, the claimant was pacified by a payment of sixty sous, and the ceremonial was finished in the usual form. This story has been investigated as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, and it appears, from the records of the abbey, that some ground actually was purchased from the Ascelins, though in what manner is not mentioned. William's tomb was opened in 1522 by three Italian prelates desirous of verifying its contents, and the body was found in such excellent preservation, that a portrait of the countenance was taken. Forty years later, in 1562, during the unhappy war of religious acts in France, the church of St Etienne, like most others, was ravaged by the reformers, who utterly destroyed the monument of the Conqueror, tore his remains in pieces, and scattered them about with insulting derision. After this gross outrage, the church remained in a half-demolished state till 1626, when it was restored as a place of worship by prior Jean de Baillehache. Having by his researches recovered a thigh-bone of the Conqueror, this pious ecclesiastic, in the year 1642, replaced it with religious honours in the tomb, over which he put the short inscription it now bears. Yet this last relic of William of Normandy was not doomed to decay in peace. During the revolutionary troubles of

1789-90, a mob again rifled the grave of the Conqueror, and for some years the church was degraded into the condition of a stable for republican cavalry. A period of tranquillity again restored the edifice to its proper character; but Normandy can now show no more than the empty tomb of its greatest hero.

We visited some other public structures of lesser interest in Caen, and enjoyed the pleasure of strolling in its beautiful environs, observing here and there groups of neatly-dressed women occupied at their doors in making lace, an article which is produced to a considerable extent in this simple domestic manner throughout the greater part of Normandy.

Advancing eastwards from Caen, the country becomes still more varied in outline, and ornamented with woods, while it is apparent that the farming is also on a more than usually large scale. Proceeding leisurely from Caen by Pont L'Évêque, a small town prettily situated in the vale of the Touques, we did not reach Honfleur till the close of day, the sun only affording sufficient light to show that we were descending through a long and stately avenue of trees towards the margin of the Seine. It was too late to cross the estuary of this fine river, which is here about as wide as the Firth of Forth at Edinburgh, and we therefore took up our abode at a small inn in the town. Honfleur occupies a pleasing situation under the shelter of a woody hill, close upon the shore of the Seine, and enjoys a considerable trade, though under the embarrassment of a constant blocking-up of mud from the confluent tides. Latterly, it has fallen off as a port, and its commerce has gradually been crossing the water to Havre, which is nearer the open sea, and much more readily entered by vessels. In a clean and handsome steamer we had the pleasure of being carried to Havre in the morning, in the space of little more than an hour.

In approaching Havre, it becomes apparent that we are about to reach a scene of life and industry. The face of the hills overlooking the Seine is dotted over with villas and cottages, in the midst of gardens and pleasure-grounds. On the shore beneath, large accumulations of sand and shingle have added to the breadth of available soil, and at the extremity of this low-lying tract of ground is situated *Le Havre*, as it is now termed by the French, instead of its original name of Havre Le Grace. In spite of that pest of the French coast, drifting gravel and sand, which seems almost to have a malignant intention of blocking up every port from Brest to Dunkirk, Havre has increased from small beginnings in the sixteenth century, to be one of the principal sea-ports in France. At present, it possesses about 30,000 inhabitants; but many thousands live beyond the walls, in the town of Ingouville, a kind of suburb spreading up the hill behind. Havre owes no little of its importance to its being the port for Rouen, Paris, and other towns in this direction. Napoleon used to observe that Paris, Rouen, and Havre, formed only one town, of which the Seine was the street; and besides the river communication, the intercourse between these cities will be soon greatly augmented by a railway, which has already connected Paris with Rouen. Havre, by its various extensions, now possesses nine or ten basins of considerable extent, occupied with shipping of various kinds, and surrounded by well-built quays, the scene of mercantile bustle. Several streets are spacious, and possess shops of the best kind, showing a large array of fancy articles. In the street facing the outer quay or harbour, one is amused with the vast display of foreign birds of gay plumage, monkeys, marmosets, and other animals, exposed for sale in cages. One shop we noticed was filled entirely with parrots, macaws, and cockatoos, of I daresay every imaginable variety and power of speech, ready for the patronage of any fond fancier of the species. Equally large stores of brilliant coloured shells, and other articles, the produce of tropical countries, were laid out in a way quite dangerous for ladies smitten with the rage for chimney-pieces and drawing-room ornaments.

Havre has latterly become the principal port for tra-

vellers from England to Paris, and is now frequented by numerous large steamboats sailing daily in connexion with London and Southampton. In one of the vessels for the latter port we were fortunate in making a tolerably pleasant voyage in about twelve hours, and once more were landed safely on the shores of Old England.

#### LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE WEST.

EARLY in the spring of 1842, I was descending the Trinity river, Eastern Texas, in company with several brothers in arms, in a large and commodious eight-oared cutter. The low banks of the stream were clothed in delightful verdure; groves of cedar, sycamore, and other forest trees, lined it in places, while, at the height at which we now were, not a solitary habitation presented itself. We had been hunting beyond the settlements on the eastern bank, within the territories of the Shawnee Indians, then perfectly friendly and well-disposed. It was towards evening, and we were pulling with great energy to reach the hut of Edmund Bent, on the extremity of Mulberry Creek, where it falls into the Trinity, with the intention of taking up our quarters there for the night. We had as yet some distance to go; but eight oars well manned, and a stiff current in our favour, promised the speedy termination of our day's journey.

Edmund Bent, the owner of the rude cottage in question, was a very favourable specimen of a Yankee settler in Texas. A little more than four years previous to the time of which I speak, he had landed at Galveston with a rifle, an axe, a few tools, and three hundred dollars in cash. In addition to these materials of success, he brought with him a brother, who, though younger than himself, was infinitely more valuable than all else besides. In a new country, physical force is almost everything. The old Kentuckian who crossed the Red River with seven sons, all grown men, was far richer than those who came to the young republic with their thousands of dollars. Edmund Bent's first act was to procure a boat. This he easily found in the shape of an old flat, in which were placed all his worldly treasures above-mentioned, and a small supply of flour, tobacco, seeds, and sweet potatoes, and an ample provision of powder and lead. This done, the brothers entered their craft, pushed off from Galveston Island, gained the mouth of the Trinity river, and commenced ascending it in search of a 'location.' The first hundred miles they journeyed on without other stoppage than was required to circumvent a proper amount of game, cook their meals, and pass the night. The hundred miles, however, passed, they began to look about them, entering every tributary, examining each likely location; for a long time, however, in vain. At length, after a weary month, they reached Mulberry Creek, falling into the Trinity from the west, and on the upper bank pitched their tent. To men inured from childhood to the duties of a border life, the erection of a log hut, the planting and sowing of an acre of prairie land, were matters of no great difficulty. Still, time is required to bring the simplest human devices to perfection, and six months elapsed ere the farm wore anything like a homely and comfortable appearance. At the end, however, of that time, a rude log hut, rather larger and more roomy than ordinary, a second crop of sweet potatoes, a field of maize, a number of swine, and a couple of cows bought and driven up by the younger brother, occupied the place so recently desolate and abandoned. Edmund Bent gazed upon all this with pride and satisfaction, examined every corner to seek for deficiencies, and finding none, shook his brother by the hand, shouldered his rifle, entered the old flat with all their available cash, and returned to Galveston. Here the settler wrote a letter, which he directed to Mr William Bent, Lexington, Kentucky, and having duly delivered it to the clerk of the steamboat plying between the United States and Texas, turned round and commenced laying out his dollars.

His first act was to buy the land which he had already located; his next to sell his boat and purchase one larger and more commodious, which he loaded with every necessary required by a retired settlement. Edmund had brought down a small cargo of deer-hams and sweet potatoes, with which he bartered to great advantage at the sea-port of Galveston, where provisions are always dearer than elsewhere in Texas. This done, Edmund Bent, feeling that idleness was the parent of more vices than halfpence, borrowed a canoe, and each day of his residence at the new settlement roamed in and about the bay, now fishing, now fowling, and once upon a time or so taking to the land in search of deer, which were in those days far more plenty than at present. The time thus passed rapidly, and on the fifty-seventh day after the departure of Bent's letter to Kentucky, there arrived in Galveston harbour the United States schooner, *Star of the Republic*, with several parties of emigrants on board. Young Bent was on the schooner's deck ere another boat had left the shore, to welcome his father, mother, sister, and bride, who had come thus far to seek their fortunes in the wilderness of Texas, then the *El Dorado* for all the restless spirits which swarm in the great republic of the north. The very next day Edmund Bent and Mary Bryan were married, and on that following the whole party entered the boat, which contained their all, sailed merrily over the bay, and up to Liberty on the Trinity, where the trees having deadened the wind, the old and young Kentuckians took to their oars. The stream being strong against them, much time was consumed in reaching their destination. At length, however, Bentville, as in true American fashion the emigrants had designated their location, hove in sight; the solitary young guardian came forward to greet his relatives, and the whole family were once more gathered together in one spot, henceforth to be their home. From this day prosperity threw its mantle over the Bents; the men laboured hard, cut wood, fenced fields, drove home such cattle as were required, scoured the timber for game, went down to Galveston with hams, pork, eggs, poultry, Indian corn, and potatoes; and, in short, did all that was considered necessary for the insurance of future stability and independence. The women meantime made the family clothes, tended the poultry, and kept the house neat and clean. In a word, both males and females were models of backwood perseverance and propriety. When we passed on our way up, the log hut had given way to a neat frame house, out-offices had been erected, thirty head of cattle, and twice as many swine, owned their sway; while a couple of horses and a plough gave sign of a very flourishing state of things. Three children, one an infant, were by no means the least pleasing part of the picture.

Our anxiety to reach the hut on Mulberry Creek has now, I hope, been satisfactorily explained. There was not a man of us but was eager to taste a specimen of Mrs Bent's cookery for supper; though, sooth to say, the company of the ladies—female society being a rare acquisition in Texas—had as much to do with our anxiety as anything else. Walcot, a young hunter, who had left Bentville to conduct us 'up the country, and who owned to a liking for the sister of Edmund Bent, was not the least eager at the oar. I have said our progress was rapid. Eight oars and a favourable current work wonders. I was at the helm, and consequently was the only person whose face was turned towards the desired spot. The rest, too much engaged at their somewhat fatiguing work, took no note of passing events. For some minutes after turning a bend in the river, and entering upon a long open reach—my eye had been engaged in scanning the appearance of the sky above the trees—I thought, though at first I felt doubtful as to the fact, that I caught sight of a column of smoke rising in the direction of Bentville. I imparted the cheering news to my friends, who were about to answer by a shout, when the distant crack of a rifle came upon our ears, and a column of vapour, black, dense, and appal-

ling, rose, where first a thin smoke had alone appeared. 'The Indians!' cried Walcot, as with one accord the party ceased rowing. A brief council was held. We were three miles from Bentville, which it was manifest was on fire. The distant report of rifles proved the contest was not over. In another instant our arms were ready, the oars in use, and the boat gliding swiftly along the water. As the current took us three pulling six miles an hour, twenty minutes would bring us to the scene of action. Unfortunately, darkness was rapidly coming on; and Walcot stood up in the bows to give me directions how to steer, the river being filled with snags and sawyers. The scene was eminently, nay, fearfully picturesque. The now blazing house in the distance, the dull gray light, the boat gliding swiftly past under the friendly shade of the west bank, Walcot in the bow, I at the helm, and seven eager and manly oarsmen bending in unison with the strokesman, the whispered 'starboard a little—port—steady so—now you clear it—keep away' of the look-out, the rifles and musket reports each moment more distinct, the doubt, the uncertainty, the terrible nature of the enemy we had to deal with, all united to make that evening the most wildly-exciting of all my adventurous hours in the far-off west. Presently we slackened our efforts, shipped our oars, and prepared for action. At the distance of some five hundred yards lay the blazing house; in its rear, close to the river, intrenched behind a huge pile of fire-wood, were the emigrants, discovered only by the crack and flash of their rifles, as they poured volley after volley upon their invaders. The enemy,—Indians of course—were posted behind an out-house, replying with guns and arrows to the quick discharges of the western rifle. They were, it appeared from the light cast by the blazing house, in considerable force. We hesitated not a moment; but, as soon as we were near enough, taking advantage of a moment when a general volley from those behind the wood-pile had rendered the Indians for a moment incautious, gave them the benefit of our nine rifles, adding, gratis, a sort of imitation war-whoop, got up extempore for the occasion. In two minutes more we were behind the wood-pile. To the very great satisfaction of the whole party, the emigrants, who welcomed us as criminals do a reprieve, were found whole in numbers, though all the men, and Mrs Bent, were wounded. We found, upon inquiry, that early that morning the attack had commenced, the enemy being Caddoes, Tawackanies, and other Indians; the same gang of outcasts from every tribe which had already caused such serious detriment to life and property amid the out-lying parts of the young republic. They had been discovered, stealthily approaching the house, by Mrs Bent, who had risen before dawn to seek milk for one of her children who was ailing, and, being fired upon, had retreated. A successful defence had, from that time, been made from the house, until by arrows, to which were attached blazing cotton, the house had been set on fire. A vain attempt at extinguishing the flames had been succeeded by a retreat to the wood-pile. 'They have burnt my all,' said Edmund Bent with a grim smile; 'but I care not. God has spared our lives. It is but to begin again.'

The women and children were transferred to the boat, while all the males of the party prepared to renew the contest. The Indians, however, had retreated, and were heard of no more that night, which we all passed under the lee of the wood-pile, a guard being mounted, who kept strict watch. Before dawn, we were reinforced by eleven men from Doun river, whom the blaze from the house had attracted; and, after a hasty breakfast, Edmund Bent taking the command, we hurried in pursuit of Blackbird and his party, for such the intruders were. The trail of the Indians was plain and broad, as if they feared not the vengeance of those whose home they had made desolate. Other feelings, however, besides revenge, actuated the party. Blackbird, a half-breed, was a notorious robber, who, having been compelled to fly off account of some villany or other from Canada, had



assembled in Texas a band of desperadoes from every Indian tribe, and for some time had rendered the frontier a scene of terror and alarm. The opportunity was favourable for crushing his power and depriving him of the means to do harm. About two hours before sunset, our scouts intimated that we were close upon the Indians, who, fortified in an island of timber, awaited our approach. In the attack which instantly followed, Blackbird defended his post with courage and skill. His force, larger than ours, was well posted; but the dogged valour of the backwoodsman, the superiority of the western rifle, and ample ammunition, were odds far greater than numbers, and a rude mound of earth is all that now chronicles the fate of the prairie roamer. Thrilling and exciting though the subject be, it was a scene of blood, over which a veil is best thrown.

Edmund Bent and his enterprising family, nothing daunted by the disasters which had befallen them, were not to be driven from the home they had selected. Though their house had been burnt about their ears, logs were easily got, planks were cheap, labour abundant; and, when we left, the whole family remained behind, busily engaged in rearing over their heads another residence, determined that Bentville should not be erased from the map of Texas. I could not but admire their constancy and courage, and so much was I interested in them, that, a short time previous to my leaving the country, I took the steamer, and was, in a brief space, again amid the old familiar scenes. I obtained a hearty welcome—my opportune arrival some twelve months before being not forgotten—and remained two days with my friends. The house was rebuilt, the offices neat and clean, the fields in prime order; in fact, not a trace remained of the visit of Blackbird and his gang. The only changes my careful eyes could note were two new faces, another little Bent and a little Walcott. Such is life in the wilderness, with its many serious drawbacks: perseverance, however, finally overcomes everything.

#### LIFE AND POETRY OF MR HAYNES BAYLY.

THE songs of Mr Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow,\* we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of a solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatising stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntarily-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr Bayly. Afterwards, 'his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathised, and "pity is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel —, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another.' Mr Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, 'Oh, no! we never mention her'; also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;  
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;  
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,  
Nor turn from thee unfeeling with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;  
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's bright array;  
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,  
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee;  
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me;  
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,  
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;  
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough;  
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow,  
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,  
By smiling faces, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.  
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,  
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gayer residence in Dublin, re-established the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning in 1824 to his father's house of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a new attachment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate in the event. "He was introduced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs Hayes, whose soirées at Bath were frequented by the talented, the young, and the gay. Mrs Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the ballad of "Isabel,"

\* Songs, Ballads, and other Poems. By the late Thomas Haynes Bayly. Edited by his Widow. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1844.



expressed the greatest anxiety to see its author; the friend just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors, was requested by her mother to convey an invitation for her next party to the *beau idéal* of her daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss Hayes—and, on conversing with Mrs Hayes, discovered that she and his own mother had been friends and school-fellows in their young days. This circumstance laid the foundation of an intimacy which ceased only with his life. His friend was then little aware that he was introducing to her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her future husband; for so it proved.

‘He came, he saw, but did not conquer at once; for the young lady, though she could not but acknowledge that Mr Haynes Bayly was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing, therefore, that he was “*épris*” without her having any intention of captivating him, she persuaded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and take her to Paris. Mrs Hayes reluctantly complied, as she much wished her daughter to encourage Mr Haynes Bayly's suit; but when she found her daughter's mind was set on going abroad, she wisely allowed her to do so; for Miss Hayes, when absent from the poet, missed his witty and delightful conversation and his attentions, which were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her mother's wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained in Bath. Mr Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure—as appears from the poem addressed to her, of which the following is a specimen:—

Oh! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet;  
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,  
Alas! there are none who can make us forget  
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,  
Are encased by the payment of custom-house duties.  
Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent  
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* (midst the many who sighed  
To solicit your *Avour*)—one favourite bean?  
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,  
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—“*No*?”

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been thronged,  
With smiles they approach you, in tears they depart;  
Indeed it is said that a man who belonged  
To the *Tenth*, sighed in vain for a tithe of your heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found  
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?  
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,  
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own  
The form we have worshipped as if 'twere divine?  
No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,  
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of all the poet's songs. ‘A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered,

hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manoeuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, “*I'd be a butterfly*.” He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of his solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

*I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,*

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

‘It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after-years. On the same evening he composed the *ark*, to which Mrs Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again.’

For several years Mr Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity: he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*, which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal-mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song:—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the Ark:  
The world was a desert, the future all dark;  
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,  
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.  
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,  
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth  
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth;  
Again I can smile with the gay and the young;  
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung;  
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong;  
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife:—

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove;  
My heart were truly desolate,  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound!

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been,  
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?  
Ah no, that smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me  
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
Of sorrow summons forth;  
Though known in days of past delight,  
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed  
So much in friendship's name;  
Yet calmly pause to think how best  
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn;  
They'd make me loathe mankind.  
Far better lessons I may learn  
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,  
I feel they cannot take.  
We'll pray for happier years to come,  
For one another's sake.

From this time Mr Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, inasmuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labour, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk in 1839 under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—'He was a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman.' Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realise his own playfully-expressed wish:—

What, though you tell me each gay little rover  
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!  
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,  
To die when all fair things are fading away.  
Some in life's winter may toll to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay—  
I'd be a Butterfly; living, a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away!

The poems and songs of Mr Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humour scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both in its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connexion with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his various compositions. As a specimen of his humorous powers in a walk in which he is little known to the public, take the following, descriptive of the realised consequences of 'love and a cottage':—

Some months the bride, with fortitude unshaken,  
Endured the dull routine of beans and bacon;  
Preserved each precious morsel on the shelf,  
And ate the puddings that she made herself:  
By daily repetition well she knew  
How to provide but just enough for two;  
Learnt to economise in every way,  
And hash the mutton of a former day.  
Before her spouse she laboured to conceal  
Her secret horror of the vulgar meal;  
Boldly contented with domestic ills,  
And studied the amount of bakers' bills.

Her bridal garments soiled, with wondrous skill  
She turned, and washed, and made them useful still;  
Corrected and revised her old array,  
And neatly darned each symptom of decay;  
Contrived to make the last year's bonnet do,  
And said it looked almost as good as new;  
Dyed her old gown, its splendour to recall,  
And sighed in secret—if she sighed at all.

The bridegroom gazed upon his lovely wife,  
Talked of domestic joys and rural life;  
Genteelly acquiesced in all she said,  
And drank her currant wine both white and red.

So far 'twas well; but ere two years were past,  
Their matrimonial sky was overcast;  
And Ellen then, in tone not very sweet,  
Complained their mansion was not quite complete.  
'Tis such a bore,' said she, 'in rainy weather,  
In this small room to sit all day together,  
Which serves for drawing-room and parlour too;  
And there's no study set apart for you;  
You're never out of hearing—and it feels  
So strange to have you always at my heels;  
We're very loving—but it is too much  
To sit so close—our elbows almost touch.  
And then our maid (alas! we have but one)  
Does only half of all that should be done,  
For Nelly acts as cook and butler both,  
And she who scrubs the kitchen lays the cloth;  
With arms all crimson, and a flaming face,  
She bustles on, sole handmaid of the place;  
And frequent must my occupations be,  
Since all ~~the~~ falls to do—is done by me:  
Oft am I plagued with closet, drawer, and shelf—  
In fact, I'm maid-of-all-work to myself.  
My dear, before I married you, I vow  
I wish I'd been as wise as I am now.'

These Edward heard, and he at times gave vent  
To equal murmurings and discontent.  
'What you assert, my love,' he cried, 'is true;  
I think our cottage quite as small as you;  
But then, my charmer, what can you expect,  
Your portion brought me nothing, recollect;  
"Nothing can come of nothing," pounds and pence  
In calculations make a difference.  
I hate our paltry dinners, where the meat  
Is only just as much as we can eat;  
If sick of mutton roasted, we arrange  
To have it boiled next day, by way of change;  
And boiled or roasted, it might do, I own,  
Had I some good old port to wash it down;  
But as for currant wine, say what you will,  
That home-made stuff is apt to make one ill.  
In tedious tête-à-tête our time is past—  
Each day a repetition of the last;  
And in this nutshell, as we sit alone,  
I hear no human voice except your own.  
We used to read, but who can pass his life  
In reading doleful ditties to his wife?'

This was his constant theme: thus months were spent  
In bitter matrimonial argument.

'Love and a Cottage' was their former boast—  
The Cottage still remains, but Love is lost;  
And when for man and wife it proved too small,  
No wonder Love could find no room at all.  
Thus wise at length—though haply wise too late,  
By mutual consent they separate:  
And by a written paper we are told—  
'This Cottage either to be let or sold.'

As a specimen of his serious or sentimental manner, few pieces could be more appropriate than the following, which expresses, indeed, the whole soul of that softened kind of tragedy which he saw beneath the gay *externe* of modern society:—

Oh! do not suppose that my hours  
Are always unclouded and gay;  
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers  
That fortune has strewn in my way:  
When seen by the cold and unfeeling,  
We smile through the sorrows we feel;  
But smiles are deceitful—concealing  
The wounds which they never can heal.

The world is a changeable ocean,  
And sunbeams and shadows abound;  
Where the surface seems least in commotion,  
The rocks of misfortune are found:  
And man is the pilot, who, steering,  
Of every billow the sport,  
Sees the gale of prosperity veering,  
Which promised to waft him to port.

Our hopes are the gales that serenely  
Waft onward our sails as we float;  
Our tears are the whirlwinds that keenly  
O'erwhelm our poor pettish boat;  
And reason's the beacon that gives us  
Its light through life's perilous way,  
But folly's the ray that deceives us,  
And leads us too often astray.

Our moments of mirth may be many,  
And hope half our sorrow beguiles;  
But, believe me, there cannot be any  
Whose features are always in smiles.  
The heart may be sad and repining,  
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,  
As a goblet with gems may be shining,  
Though bitter the potion within.

A glittering volume may cover  
A story of sorrow and woe;  
And night's gayest meteors may hover  
Where dangers lie lurking below;  
Thus oft, in the sunshine of gladness,  
The cheek and the eye may be drest,  
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness  
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

## MR LAING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

## SECOND PART.

MR LAING, in the preliminary part of his essay, having shown, to his own satisfaction, by an ingenious but one-sided exhibition of evidence, that the lower departments of society are at present in a much more demoralised, impoverished, and dangerous condition than they ever were before—all comparison with the past, however, as we said, being kept cautiously out of sight—proceeds in his second part to an elucidation of the causes which have produced so unhappy a posture of affairs.

Commencing with an attack on political economy, Mr Laing blames the writers on that science for confining themselves too rigorously to the doctrines of capital, rent, labour, population, and the like; 'the necessary consequence of the abstract and mathematical nature of their definitions and reasonings being,' he says, 'simply this—that the true solution of the problem of national wealth is to be found in the systematic application of the principle of *laissez-faire*; in other words, of leaving things to adjust themselves by the free unimpeded operation of the individual self-interests involved. All interference on the part of legislation or public opinion, and especially all interference founded on moral considerations, is,' he adds, 'stigmatised as erroneous.' There is here, it appears to us, a mixture of truth and injustice. Political economy professes nothing beyond an exposition of the laws which regulate the production of wealth. This is very much a matter of convenience with its students, as it is with students of other sciences to confine their views in like manner. But a political economist, while laying down any of the principles of his science, does not deny that there may be moral and political, or even accidental considerations, tending to modify his conclusions in practice. He regards interference as generally calculated to be injurious to the production of wealth, and with the exposition of this truth he rests content. A result of the leave-alone system, Mr Laing argues, is the present singular condition of affairs—wealth increasing in vast masses, while misery, like an inseparable shadow, follows, and increases with it, and for which no remedy has yet been provided. In short, the distress now deplored arises from the unequal aggregation of wealth, which is again a result of society proceeding on economical and mechanical principles, without moral considerations.

Mammon-worship, our author says, has been the vice of modern English society, along with an undue depreciation and neglect of the duties, obligations, and influences of an unseen and spiritual world. 'The prevalence of this spirit in modern English society is,' he says, 'a fact too obvious to admit of dispute, or to require demonstration. The very expressions of our common familiar conversation testify to it. A "respectable" man has come to signify a man who lives in a manner which denotes the possession of a certain income; a "successful" man means a man who has succeeded in realising a certain fortune; a "good match" is synonymous with a marriage to a man of handsome means. The practical working faith of most people for the last century seems to be, that to get on in the world, and realise a certain

amount of money and social position, is the *one thing needful*. The sense of duty, which is in its nature infinite, has resolved itself into a sort of infinite duty of making money. Our whole duty of man is, in the first place, to be rich; or, failing this, in the second place, to appear rich. On all hands the gospel is zealously preached and practised, that "poverty is disgraceful, and that hard cash covers a multitude of sins." Now, to the prevalence of this spirit may be directly traced a large portion of the evils of which society complains. For instance, what has been the history of manufacturing England? The inventions of Watt and Arkwright effected an entire revolution in domestic industry. The spinning-wheel was supplanted by the spinning-jenny, the hand-loom by the power-loom, and by the application of capital and machinery on a large scale, enormous additional power was obtained over the products of nature for the use of man. But the power thus obtained was not obtained by the working man; he was a mere link in the machine, helpless without the capitalist who set the gigantic factory in motion. Hence manufacturing society came to be organised on a new footing. Factories sprung up like so many baronial castles, where great cotton or woollen lords reigned supreme over the happiness and welfare of hundreds of retainers. The master manufacturer was placed there by the hand of Providence, as the feudal baron was in days long past, to be the head and leader of a little community whose welfare was, from the nature of the case, intrusted in a great measure to his keeping. How did he fulfil this trust? With some noble exceptions, we may say that the capitalists and master-manufacturers of England have not only not fulfilled the trust committed to them in any tolerable degree, but have rather acted with a deep unconsciousness that they had any trust or duty to fulfil beyond that of getting rich as fast as they could.' Our author acknowledges that the landed aristocracy, gentry, and farmers, have been equally neglectful of those to whom they gave employment.

This may be said to state Mr Laing's case; for the universal neglect he reprobates 'lies,' says he, 'at the bottom of the disease of which society complains.' We cannot consent to this doctrine. Allowing that the lower classes are demoralised, and that society is getting into what our author considers to be a state of rottenness, dangerous to its existence, is the whole blame imputable to the employing classes? We most decidedly deny such a sweeping proposition. In a question of this kind, it becomes necessary to state explicitly what is the nature of individual and social responsibilities. According to our notions, man is a responsible being, bound to exert himself in well-doing, and to take the consequences of any neglect of his obligations and duties. To assume that he must be constantly attended by neighbours, propped up by advisers, coddled by patrons, nursed and watched over by employers, is destructive of all moral independence, and would reduce our population to a level with the automatic serfs of Austria and Russia, or the government-ridden nonentities of France. Mr Laing says that the factory owner is a species of feudal baron, and implies that he is bound, as such, to watch over the lives and fortunes of those under him. The factory owner, however, occupies no such position. The relation between him and those in his employment is temporary, and purely commercial. The connexion is only a little more close than that between a shopkeeper and his customer. It is generally from week to week, and is nothing more than the sale of so much labour for so much money. We acknowledge that, acting his part in the spirit of a genial and universal philanthropy, and even calculating his own self-interest, he ought to adopt every reasonable means for preventing disorder in his establishment, and giving opportunities of well-doing. That, however, he is to conduct himself as the owner of his servants, as the baron was of old, and to be made responsible for their misbehaviour—to keep them from lapsing into crime, intemperance, poverty, misery, and utter degradation—

is an expectation almost too absurd for remark. Every employer, great and small, has responsibilities of his own, which occupy the bulk of his time; the duty of scheming to find constant employment for his hands, of keeping his place as a competitor in the general market, independently of all other claims, being usually sufficient for any single individual. Clearly, if there be any deficiency in the moral tendency of the large masses of new population brought into existence by the factory system, it ought to be supplied by a systematic arrangement calculated for the purpose, and which shall be satisfactory to the representatives of the nation in parliament—not left to the casual and imperfect efforts of individual masters, or of any individuals whatever. But the essayist seems scarcely aware how much, under many disadvantages and embarrassments, has been done by employers to those in their service. Examples of neglect, of course, abound; but nothing can be more evident than that the tendency of the age, affected by a thousand improving influences, is to draw closer the sympathies of employer and employed, the higher, the middle, and the lower classes. Every city abounds in institutions in which the most opposite ranks may be seen vying in objects of social improvement and benevolence. The very pains taken by statisticians to gather facts respecting the condition of the lower orders, argues an increased care of the rich for the poor. A few days ago, we attended a private meeting relative to the establishment of baths for the working-classes, at which there sat round one table, without any perceivable distinction, two lords, a baronet, five or six private gentlemen, and a dozen operatives. And this is only one out of many instances in which a kindly feeling is manifested in the right direction, without one class encroaching, by undue interference, on the independence and self-respect of another. We would only, indeed, fear that there is some danger of leading the humbler classes to trust too much to those above them. It is the law of nature that each man must look chiefly to himself for the protection and advancement of his own interests; for no other can do it so well. Each person is also bound to take some care of his own conduct; for it is impossible that he can be safely conducted in moral leading-strings all his days. Are the millions of brains amongst the working-classes to take no active or independent part in these respects, but to trust entirely to the smaller number of superior rank? There is surely some absurdity here. We are bound, no doubt, to exercise a moral influence over each other, and to be ready to promote each other's interests to some extent, but assuredly not to the extent of taking an entire charge and responsibility.

Mr Laing is happily alive to the danger of the lower classes sinking to that condition of destitution which produces an accelerated increase of population. It is now proved that 'misery up to the extreme point of famine and pestilence, instead of checking, tends to increase population;' and from this the practical inference is to be deduced, 'that the only means of regulating the progress of population in a country, is to begin by taking effectual means to raise the condition of its poorer inhabitants.' A humane and properly-worked poor-law, we apprehend, is the best apparatus for preventing the utter destitution which is productive of these results.

Our author's third chapter is a return to an attack on the factory system, not with regard to any evils in itself, but on account of the consequences which arise from the hopeless condition of the operatives. Yet he admits that the factory system has been a vast benefit to the nation. 'If we are not at this moment a department of the grand empire, receiving laws from a *préfet* of Napoleon the First or Second, we may thank the factory system for the creation of the money-power which enabled us to contend successfully with the overwhelming military force of France. We may thank the factory system also, in a great measure, for the general diffusion of wealth throughout English society, and for the great development of a middle class of tradesmen, mechanics, and

artisans.' But the factory system has destroyed the old process of domestic manufacture, with all its decent habits and virtues. In the present state of things, 'the prospect of being able to rise a step in the social scale, and to secure a more permanent and respectable position than that of the journeyman or day-labourer, is cut off, and the consequence is too often seen in reckless improvidence and dissipation, even among workmen whose money wages are comparatively high.' The extensive employment of infant and female labour is also lamented by Mr Laing as a serious evil. We agree with him that, in excess, it is so; but, above a proper age, it is in reality anything but an evil for boys and girls to be employed for a certain period every day, and there can be no doubt that, but for the employment given to young persons in factories, the poverty and wretchedness of the lower orders would be greatly aggravated. A general law, to put juvenile labour on a proper footing, seems all that is desirable at present.

The essayist afterwards acknowledges with truth, that to mourn over the continued existence of the factory system, is now quite in vain. The only question is, how is it to be regulated? 'The domestic system,' he proceeds, 'is gone, and cannot be revived, and the only hope now lies in a complete transition to the opposite system. There is the most distinct evidence that the intermediate system between the two works ill, and that all the worst abuses of the present manufacturing system are found in connexion with moderate establishments belonging to capitalists of limited means. As a general rule, the larger the capital invested, the more chance is there of an intelligent and humane superintendence being exercised for the good of the operative. Many causes contribute to this result: the large capitalist is better able to withstand fluctuations in trade, better able to prosecute the ultimate interests of the concern, which are generally the same for all parties; and, what is still more important, he is generally better educated, more of what is called a gentleman; more liberal in money matters, and more accessible to moral influences. The more capital is concentrated in a few hands, and becomes stationary in a few families and companies, the more are these influences likely to operate, until, by degrees, we have a real manufacturing and trading aristocracy, capable of acting as the patrons, protectors, and guides of a manufacturing and trading population. One effect of such a concentration of capital will probably be the destruction of the ruinous spirit of unlimited competition, which, if allowed to operate unchecked, will clearly always end in reducing profits and wages to a minimum, and deluging all the markets of the world with articles at a price which gives neither a return to the capitalist nor a subsistence to the operative. When production once gets into the hands of a few intelligent men of immense capital, they will find it for their interest to regulate supply by demand, and to keep up a high standard of wages among their operatives, so as to prevent unprincipled competition. But is not this monopoly? some will ask. Yes, it is monopoly. We do not hesitate to avow that in monopoly, provided it is fairly brought about by the force of circumstances, and is properly watched and regulated by an active and conscientious legislature, we see the best prospect of an escape from the devouring bottomless gulf of unlimited competition. The greatest improvement of modern times, the introduction of railways, is the establishment of a gigantic monopoly: the evident tendency of the extension of steam-navigation is to run into monopolies. Why should we make a bugbear of a word which expresses a great fact in the march of modern science and industry? There is no question now-a-days of narrow exclusive monopolies conferred by jobbing governments on rapacious favourites, or secured to selfish orders by iniquitous enactments; the question is of such an infusion of the principle of monopoly by the concentration of capital, as will restore the natural relations of buyer and seller, producer and consumer. The operative,

who forms part of the great machine of manufacturing production, needs to be protected against the effects of inordinate competition, as much as the villain or serf of the middle ages needed protection against the inroads of the Hun and Tartar.' These views are, as far as known to us, quite new; but what strikes us most about them is, that Mr Laing should not see that whatever evils attach to the system at present, must be only increased when the system is perfected. Undoubtedly, in the state of things he describes, the bulk of the people must be reduced yet lower in pupilage than they are now—there will be less of the sustaining agency of hope—and the self-abandonment of large hordes of people must be greater and more pernicious in its consequences.

In the fourth chapter our essayist treats the subject of foreign competition, which he does not consider as a proximate cause of distress. 'The real effect of foreign competition,' he says, 'has been this:—Combined with commercial restriction, it has not only prevented us from extending our trade with the most wealthy and civilised nations of Europe, but has gradually excluded us from their markets, and driven us to seek for others at a disadvantage; and it greatly complicates the problem of extricating ourselves from the difficulties which the manufacturing system has brought upon us, by making cheap production necessary to the existence of our export trade.'

And so ends Mr Laing's recital of the causes of the distress and demoralisation of the working-classes. Not a word on the imperfection of the moral machinery of the land; not a word about the responsibility of individuals for their own conduct; not a word in condemnation of that self-inflicted and supreme vice, which eats into the vitals of the humbler classes, and makes desolate every hearth which it visits. We shall not further pursue the subject at present; but in a third paper make our readers acquainted with the remedies which Mr Laing considers necessary for assuaging the national distress.

#### EUROPEAN JOURNALS.

It has been estimated that at Rome there is one journal to every 51,000 persons; at Madrid, 1 to 50,000; Venice, 1 to 71,000; London, 1 to 10,600; Berlin, 1 to 1070; Paris, 1 to 3700; Stockholm, 1 to 2600; Leipzig, 1 to 1100. Taking, instead of cities, kingdoms, the estimate is—in Spain, 1 journal to 364,000 individuals; in Russia, 1 to 674,000; in Austria, 1 to 376,000; in Switzerland, 1 to 66,000; in Prussia, 1 to 32,000; in England, 1 to 46,000; in Holland, 1 to 10,000; in Prussia, 1 to 43,000. Comparing the number of subscribers with the population, the proportion is, in France, as 1 to 437; in England, as 1 to 181; in Holland, as 1 to 140.

#### GLASTONBURY THORN.

The Glastonbury Thorn, alluded to in the Journal (No. 3, new series, p. 44), is a variety which blows twice a-year; at the usual time in the spring, and about Christmas. At the latter season, the blossoms and young foliage are but thinly scattered over the tree. The tradition of the monks of Glaston was, that Joseph of Arimathea ceased from his wanderings at the spot where their abbey (dedicated to him) was afterwards built, and that there he stuck his staff, cut from a thorn-tree in the Holy Land, into the ground; it took root and flourished, and from it the variety has been propagated in the west of England, where plants of it may be purchased in the nursery gardens.

#### TREATMENT OF BURNS.

It is stated by the Medical Times, that a Mr Peppercorne has cured several cases of severe burns of the hand by the application of a single layer of lint soaked in a saturated solution of carbonate of soda. Mr Peppercorne conceives that, besides acting as a direct sedative upon the nervous system of the skin, it may possibly relieve pain by neutralising the acrid quality of the perspiration as it issues off through the irritated skin. Whether the pro-

posed remedy should have the effect here ascribed to it or not, it is, at all events, worthy of a trial, as the solution can be readily procured, and as readily applied, without the possibility of doing any harm. The carbonate of soda is one of the ingredients of soda and acid salts powders; it is also used in many culinary operations; and scarcely any one need be at a loss to obtain it.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY OAK.

In the annals of the Agricultural Society of Rochelle there is the following description of an oak-tree, which, on account of its age and extraordinary size, may be justly regarded as the king of European forests. It grows in the court of a modern mansion about six miles south-west of Saintes (in the Lower Charente), near the road to Cozes, and still promises to live for many centuries.

Diameter of the trunk at the ground, from 27 to 30 feet.

Diameter at the height of a man, from 19½ to 22½ feet.

Diameter at the base of the principal branches, from 3 to 6 feet.

Diameter of the whole head, from 120 to 129 feet.

The height of the trunk, 24 feet.

The general height of the tree, 66 feet.

By removing the interior dead wood of the trunk, a room has been formed, measuring from 9 to 12 feet in diameter, and 9 feet high, with a circular seat cut out of the solid wood. When wanted, a round table can be placed in the centre, capable of accommodating twelve guests. This novel apartment has a door and window which admit light, and its floor is adorned by a living carpet of ferns, mosses, and lichens. Upon a plate of wood taken from the trunk, about the height of the door, 200 concentric annual rings have been counted, whence it results, by taking a horizontal radius from the exterior circumference to the centre of the oak, that there must have been from 1800 to 2000 of these rings, which makes its age nearly two thousand years!

#### PASSENGER PIGEONS.

The number of pigeons to be met with in some parts of America is almost incredible, and the quantity of food daily consumed by them is prodigious. M. Audubon, the celebrated naturalist, makes the following curious estimate respecting them:—'Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in the minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.'

#### ANCIENT LUNATIC ASYLUM.

One of the earliest notices of the establishment of an asylum for the insane, is in the life of St Theodosius, who was born in the year 423, and died in 523. He established, near Bethlehem, a monastery, to which were annexed three infirmaries—one for the sick, one for the aged and feeble, and the other for such as had lost their senses—in which all succours, spiritual and temporal, were afforded with admirable order, care, and affection.—*Ends's Lives of the Saints.*

#### Correction.

In the Journal, No. 505, p. 292, it is stated 'that the town of Grasse alone, situated on the Mediterranean near Nice, sends annually to Paris for upwards of eight millions of articles of perfumery—for the Mediterranean trade, we presume.' Now, the fact is, that the town of Grasse is celebrated for the manufacture of perfumery, with which it supplies not only Paris, but, we believe, great part of Europe, and other parts of the world besides. It is situated in the midst of gardens, or rather hothouses, of all kinds of sweet-scented plants, with which, in their flowering season, the air is perfumed for a considerable distance: roses, hyacinths, tuberose, lavender, and many other plants, may be seen cultivated by acres.

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## DID SHAKSPEARE VISIT SCOTLAND?

A GREAT poet lived in England two hundred years ago; and all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him is, as one of his editors has remarked, 'that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married, and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote plays and poems—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.' A hundred years after his death, an attempt was made to write a life of him; but a few dubious traditions were all that could be obtained in addition to these facts. Already had the first man of James I.'s reign become almost as much a mythic being as Homer or Ossian. So has it continued till our time, when an effort of a very original and ingenious kind has been made to biographise Shakspeare, by describing all that he must have been in connection with—all that could operate in forming such a mind at the time—the scenes and persons amidst which he lived; leaving us, as it were, to read the man in the reflection of his necessary circumstances. This book—a beautiful and most interesting one—is the production of Mr Charles Knight, the well-known publisher. We cannot, on the present occasion, enter upon a general description of 'William Shakspeare: a Biography;' that may be done at some future time. Our attention is now to be especially devoted to a question, which Mr Knight treats fully in one of his chapters, and on which he has thrown some remarkable light. 'Did Shakspeare visit Scotland?'—this is his query; and it is one in which for several reasons we feel much interested. First, it would be a gratification to us as Scotsmen, could we associate the idea of the bodily presence of Shakspeare with any of the beautiful cities and romantic natural scenes of our native land. Secondly, this association would give us a new and interesting view of one of Shakspeare's most admirable productions, the tragedy of Macbeth, as well as of Shakspeare himself as a literary artist; for, as Mr Knight remarks, 'if we can trace Shakspeare's accurate observation of the things which were around him, in recent events, in scenery, and in the manners of the people, during a brief visit to a country so essentially different in its physical features from his own—of which the people presented so many characteristics which he could not find in England—we may add one more to the proofs which we have all along sought to establish, that Shakspeare was the most careful of observers and the most diligent of workers; that his poetical power had a deep foundation in accuracy; that his judgment was as remarkable as his imagination.'

During the earlier years of Shakspeare's career as an actor, theatre-owner, and play-writer in London, the throne of Scotland was occupied by James VI., who, in March 1603, succeeding to Elizabeth, became king of

England also. There was then no stage in Scotland; the severe spirit of the national clergy was opposed to it; but the king and his courtiers had no disinclination to such amusements. Accordingly, in 1589, 1593, and 1599, companies of players visited our northern region: any of these might have included Shakspeare, but there is no evidence for or against the presumption. Again, in 1601—in the autumn of the year—there was a company of English players in Scotland. Their visit to Aberdeen is noticed in the council books of that city: they came recommended by a special letter from the king, whose 'servants' they are called; they performed several times, were presented with a small gift of money by the magistrates, and entertained by them at supper on one of the evenings of performance. Amongst the company, and probably its head, was Lawrence Fletcher, whose name happens to have been specially preserved, in consequence of the council having thought proper to confer upon him the honour of making him a burghess (being the highest in their power), in company with eleven other persons, amongst whom are included a travelling French nobleman and several Scottish gentlemen of consideration. Fletcher's name is entered in the council books with the addition, 'comedian to his majesty.' Now, this Lawrence Fletcher is associated with the name of Shakspeare in a remarkable document issued eighteen months after this time—namely, the patent granted by James (then king of Great Britain) in May 1603, licensing the Globe company of players. This is headed, 'For Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, and others,' and authorises the performances of 'Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Henings [and four other persons specified by name].' That the company now licensed was that which played at Aberdeen in October 1601, there is tolerably good evidence. The Globe company, it must be observed, had in England been hitherto considered as the lord chamberlain's servants, not the queen's. But, in the patent of May 1603, James speaks of them as his servants, not the lord chamberlain's, although there is no trace of any authorised change of their status in the ten days' interval. Now, the reason of this might be, that James had constituted them his servants in 1601, when they were in Scotland: they are plainly called *the King's servantes* in the Aberdeen council book, while in the same place Fletcher is *comedian to his majesty*. So constituted by James in his capacity of King of Scots, he would of course continue so to consider and style them when he acceded to his new dominions. There can therefore be little doubt that the company was the same in the two cases. Granting that it was so, the precedence allowed to Fletcher's name in the patent shows that he might, as head of the company, be selected for the honours of the Aberdeen guild, leaving undi-



tinguished, *although present*, that Second Man, whom the world has since made, by such a mighty interval, the First. Nor is there anything positively known which forbids the supposition that it was the chamberlain's servants who visited Scotland, or that Shakspeare was one of the company on the occasion. The official record of the performances of the lord chamberlain's servants notices none at this time. 'Shakspeare,' says Mr Knight, 'had buried his father on the 8th of September of that year. The summer season of the Globe would be ended; the winter season at the Blackfriars not begun. He had a large interest as a shareholder in his company; he is supposed to have been the owner of its properties or stage equipments. His duty would call him to Scotland. The journey and sojourn there would present some relief to the gloomy thoughts which the events of 1601 must have cast upon him.'

This is one department of the evidence in favour of an affirmative answer to the question, 'Did Shakspeare visit Scotland?' Another kind of proof is to be sought for in the tragedy of Macbeth, which Mr Knight has justly described as 'altogether one of the most remarkable of Shakspeare's plays, not only as displaying the highest power, but as presenting a story and a machinery entirely different in character from any of his other works.' Macbeth, although its date is not certainly known, was unquestionably produced after the succession of James to the English crown, seeing that it contains things pointedly complimentary to that monarch, and which, beyond all doubt, Elizabeth would not have permitted, jealous as she was on the subject of her cousin's pretensions. Now, Macbeth, while in the main following the story of the chronicles then popular (those of Hollinshed), shows a much more correct attention to details of Scottish geography than could have been at that time expected, *without personal observation and acquaintance*, from almost any English writer, and particularly from one who, in the Winter's Tale, had placed a sea-port in Bohemia. A Scottish reader of this play never finds himself outraged by any of those gross inaccuracies which are so rife in English authors even of later date, who have occasion to describe transactions in Scotland. In details, he even improves upon his authors; for while Hollinshed described Macbeth and Banquo as meeting the witches in a *laund*, which is a meadow amidst trees, our poet made the rencontre take place on the far more poetically appropriate ground of a black and blasted heath, such being the actual character, to this present day, of the country which we pass over in going to Forres. Was this entirely imaginary on the part of the poet? or may he not rather be presumed to have known that the country near Forres was a wild muirland, and seized the fact accordingly as suitable for his purpose? Again, following Hollinshed in placing the scene of Duncan's murder at Inverness, do we find him attributing to that place anything of a similar character? Does he present the place with any of those uninviting features which an Englishman of that day, and perhaps many of the present also, might be expected to attribute to a spot so far north? On the contrary, *and in perfect consonance with truth*, there is a very inviting reference to Macbeth's residence:—

*Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Banquo.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, doth approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells woefully here: no jutt, filise,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

Now, it is ascertained that Macbeth's castle stood upon a eminence a short way to the east of Inverness; and the character of the spot is entirely what the poet has ascribed to it. It is also remarkable that the fourth scene of the first act is 'Forres—a room in the palace,' and that the scene of the play is at Forres of a castle which might be

popularly considered as a palace, seeing that an earlier king than Duncan is said by tradition to have been killed in it; but how, before the age of popular geographies and guide-books, was Shakspeare to know this fact, unless he had been at or near the spot in person?

The general character of the scene of the last act—the castle on the top of Dunsinnan hill, and the wood on Birnam hill, where Malcolm's army rested the night before the attack—were described to Shakspeare by Hollinshed. The actual distance between the two places is twelve miles. Shakspeare speaks as if he had thought them nearer; and there is here, therefore, some ground for a presumption against his having seen the place. But, on the other hand, Birnam is actually visible from Dunsinnan, and distances in such circumstances are deceiving. The poet has also, as Mr Knight remarks, 'a particularity which the historian has not:—

Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

This minuteness,' he says, 'sounds like individual local knowledge.' There is another circumstance showing local knowledge, which Mr Knight does not advert to, and which has been pointed out to ourselves by a gentleman connected with the district. Macbeth, when contemplating the advance of Malcolm against his castle, and confident of their not being able to make any impression upon it by a siege, exclaims,

Here let them lie,  
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Now, the ague was then a prevalent disease, and apt to fall upon an army lying long in the fields, so that this allusion might have been on general and conjectural grounds only. Yet it is very remarkable that, in past times, the plain near Dunsinnan hill was noted, above all other places in the district, for its frequent and severe visitations of the ague; insomuch that any intelligent person, contemplating the possibility of a besieging army being placed there, would have been instantly struck with the idea that they could not fail to be eaten up by the ague in a short time. This, too, then, looks like individual local knowledge. It may here be observed, that an exception against Shakspeare's personal acquaintance with this district has been taken on the ground of his accenting the name differently from the common pronunciation—

When Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane.

But, in fact, there is one instance of his giving the accent in the ordinary way—

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

And the pronunciation is given both ways by the Scottish poet Wyntown, showing it to be a matter of indifference. There is also some reason for believing that Dunsinane was formerly the popular pronunciation.

It has been remarked that the witches of Macbeth are a very peculiar creation. Witchcraft was not then rife in England: there were but sixteen executions from the reign of Henry VIII till the civil war. The witches of contemporary English authors are mean and vulgar beings comparatively. Was Shakspeare's imagination here aided in any degree by materials of an actual or historical character? To this query a lengthened and elaborate answer is given by Mr Knight, showing that, when Fletcher's company was in Scotland in 1601, the country must have been ringing with a great number of witch cases of recent occurrence, the details of which are of a character calculated to interest the imagination of a great poet, and in many instances the almost undeniable prototypes of ideas introduced in Macbeth. Commissions for the trial of witches sat at Aberdeen in 1596 and 7, and put to death twenty-one of these poor wretches, besides banishing and otherwise punishing many more. The record of the trials has been lately published by an amateur printing society. Isabel Oig is accused of laying the wind by aid of Satan: another, Violet Lays, from revenge for her husband having been paid off from

a merchant ship belonging to the port, had haunted the vessel ever since with bad winds, so that 'either the master or merchants at some times, through tempests of weather, were forced to cast overboard the greatest part of their lading, or then to perish, men, ship, and gear.' How well might such facts have suggested the second conversation of the witches of the play, so irrelevant to Macbeth's story:—

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched—  
'Give me,' quoth I:  
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger;  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind, &c.

This speciality of going to sea in a sieve might have been suggested by the evidence in an Edinburgh witch case of 1591, where it was testified that several hags went all together to sea, 'each one in a riddle or sieve,' the object being to drown the king on his return from Denmark with his queen. Some passages of the trials which recall passages in the play may be overlooked, as the superstitions concerned were also English, and might therefore have been known to Shakspeare otherwise. Others are of a nature which seems quite peculiar and local. 'Banquo,' says Mr Knight, 'addresses the weird sisters—

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to us.

This,' he adds, 'may be metaphorical, but the metaphor is identical with an Aberdeen delusion. In the indictment against Janet Wishart, there is this item:—"Indicted for passing to the green growing corn in May, twenty-two years since or thereby, sitting thereupon timeous in the morning before the sun-rising, and being there found and demanded what she was doing, thou answered, I shall tell thee; I have been feeling the blades of the corn; I find it will be one dear year—the blade of the corn grows withershin [contrary to the course of the sun]; and when it grows sungates [with the course of the sun], it will be good cheap year."

'The witches' dance,' Mr Knight remarks, 'can scarcely be found in any superstition of the south. In Macbeth, the first witch says—

I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round.'

Now, the Scottish trials of this time present many instances of the Evil One piping to make his haggish followers dance. The Aberdeen sisterhood danced in the morning upon St Catherine's hill, and at midnight round the Fish Cross of the burgh. Marion Grant is thus accused:—"Thou confessed that the devil thy master, whom thou termost Christsonday, caused thee dance sundry times with him, and with Our Lady, who, as thou sayest, was a fine woman, clad in a white wylicont, and sundry others of Christsonday's servants with thee, whose names thou knowest not, and that the devil played on his form of instruments very pleasantly unto you." 'Here,' says Mr Knight, 'is something like the poetry of witchcraft opening upon us.' He goes on to show that Hecate, apart from the appearance given to her on the stage as only a superior kind of hag, is a lofty sort of supernatural being, communing with spirits who wait for her in the clouds, and bringing music and dancing amidst the gloomy solemnities of the witch incantations—unquestionably meant to be an evil spirit, but a brilliant and beautiful one. Some such being pervades the Aberdeen evidence as the Queen of Elphame. Andro Man, for instance, is thus indicted:—"Thou art accused as a most notorious witch, and sorcerer, in so far as thou confessest and affirmest thyself, that, by the space of threescore years or thereby, the devil thy master came to thy mother's house in the likeness and shape of a woman, whom thou callest the Queen of Elphen." This queen and her companions rode upon white horses; they had shapes and clothes like men,

yet were but shadows; and they had playing and dancing when they pleased. 'Thou affirmest that the Queen of Elphen has a grip of all the craft; but Christsonday is the good man, and has all power under God; and that thou kennest sundry dead men in their company, and the king who died at Flodden and Thomas Rhymer is there.' 'Shakspeare,' says Mr Knight, 'certainly could not have found more exact materials for drawing a fairy queen.' Finally, there is a curious passage in the trial of Marjory Mutch, laying to her charge that 'Thou, having discord for some wrongs he [William Smith in Tarsorhill] did you, for the revenge of which thou camest to his plough, he being ganging and tilling the land as use is, and then thou cast thy witchcraft on his oxen, through which they instantly ran all wood [mad], brake the plough; two thereof ran over the hills to Deer, and two other thereof up Ythan side, which could never be taken nor apprehended again.' She also 'ran wood and furious, that no man durst look on them, for fear and danger of their lives.' How strikingly like is this to the conduct attributed to Duncan's horses on the occasion of his death, which,

Benetuous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

Mr Knight enters into a curious comparison between the play account of Duncan's death, and some circumstances attending the celebrated Gowrie conspiracy, in order to show a likelihood of Shakspeare having been at Perth in 1601, and there heard a recital of the singular events which took place in the town during the preceding year. The resemblance is certainly considerable, in as far as in both cases the visit of the king is unexpected, and is announced by a hasty messenger; while the conduct of Alexander Ruthven, in wiling the king to Gowrie house, is as much marked by a dismal abstraction as was that of Macbeth when Banquo exclaims, 'Look how our partner's rapt.' But here we think the speculation comparatively fails, for all that was to be learned respecting the Gowrie conspiracy had been published in London, and was therefore accessible to our poet otherwise.

There is something to us much more striking in the traits of an acquaintance with Scottish matters in Othello, which was acted before the queen in 1602, being probably a composition of that time. Iago's song,

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

is altered from a verse which occurs in a Scotch one—

In days when good King Robert rang—

(only leaving unaltered one rhyme which becomes false in English, namely, *crown* with *loon*—the Scotch manner being *croon*, which answers exactly). Before 1603, when there were scarcely any Scotch in London, and Scotch songs were as yet unprinted there, there was no ready source from which we can imagine Shakspeare to have obtained this snatch of northern lyrical humour, if he did not get it by a visit to the country itself.

Finally—

That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,  
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love.

This remarkable passage finds a curious reflection in the Aberdeen trials. In the information against Isobel Strachan, it is alleged that 'the said Isobel came to Elspeth Mutrie in Woodhead, she being a widow, and asked of her if she had a penny to lend her, and the said Elspeth gave her the penny; and the said Isobel took the penny, and bowit [bent] it, and took a clout and a piece of red wax, and sewed the clout with the thread, the wax and the penny being within the clout, and gave it to the said Elspeth Mutrie, commanding her to use the said clout to hang about her craig [neck], and when she saw the man whom she loved best, take

the clout, with the penny and the wax, and stroke her face therewith, and she so doing, she should attain into the marriage of that man whom she loved.' Also—'Walter Ronaldson had used to strike his wife, who took consultation with Scudder [alias Strachan], and she did take pieces of paper, and sew them thick with thread of divers colours, and did put them in the barn amongst the corn, and from henceforth the said Walter did never strike his wife, neither yet once found fault with her, whatsoever she did.' He was subdued 'entirely to her love.'

Everything considered, it seems to us that there is evidence for a considerable probability that Shakspeare visited Scotland. That he actually did so, is far from being proved; but it is at least very likely that he did so. Perhaps in a few years we may see this, and other questions in the biography of Shakspeare, brought into a clearer light; for it is undoubted that the research of the present day exceeds all ever before known; and Mr Collier himself has in the last five years contributed more facts to the life of our great bard than had been previously elicited since the days of Rowe and Pope. However it may be with this particular question, whatever be the conclusion come to about it now or hereafter, we think it will scarcely be denied that Mr Knight has made it a theme for the exercise of much ingenious reasoning, and the effusion of a large measure of high and generous enthusiasm.

*Note.*—Several visits of English players to Scotland, in the reign of King James, are noticed in the books of his treasurer and privy council. In February 1593, he gives to 'certain English comedians the escheat of the Laird of Kilcreuch and his accomplices,' value L.333, 6s. 8d. In October 1599, the king in person bestows L.43, 6s. 8d. upon 'the English comedians;' also L.40 'to buy timber for the preparation of a house to their pastime.' On this occasion the permission given by the king to have plays acted in Edinburgh, was met by the kirk sessions with an act forbidding their flocks to attend; and James found it necessary to issue an act of privy council, commanding, by proclamation at the cross, that the sessions should annul this rash and unadvised order, and that the ministers should publicly proclaim, next Sunday, 'that they will not restrain nor censure any of their flocks that shall repair to the said comedies and plays, considering his majesty is not of purpose or intention to authorise, allow, or command anything which is profane, or may carry any offence or slander with it.' This order was obeyed, which is somewhat of a wonder, considering how the clergy of those days used to brave their sovereign. In December, James gives a farther present of L.333, 6s. 8d. to these English comedians. There is no entry in the Lord Treasurer's books (nor, we may add from personal inspection, in those of the town council of Edinburgh) regarding the party headed by Fletcher in 1601. But in February 1603, the Lord Treasurer notes, 'Giv his majesty's special command and direction, delivered to Mr Cobler and other three comedians, to be ilk one of them coat and broeks, galls of scarlet claitth, 70s.'

## MR LAING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

### CONCLUDING PART.

ALTHOUGH Mr Laing, in the previous portion of his essay, does not impute any of the existing misery or general embarrassment to commercial restrictions, or indeed to legislative arrangements of any kind—confining himself, as we have seen, exclusively to moral considerations—he commences the summary of remedies, in his third part, by stating that the distress in the manufacturing districts arises 'from the increasing difficulty of finding a profitable market for what we produce;' and he adds, 'the obvious practical remedy, therefore, for manufacturing distress, is to extend our markets.' Two things are proposed—extension of trade by removal of existing difficulties; and an increase of means by lowering the price of necessary articles of consumption, so that, with the present employment and wages, the mass of the labouring population may have a larger surplus to spend on clothes and manufactured commodities. In several consecutive chapters our author discusses the principles of free trade in its various practical bearings, and expresses himself favourably regarding them. He next advocates some alterations of taxation, on which it is neither our province to enter; and then arrives

at the perplexing subject of poor-laws. He thinks it would be highly injudicious to attempt a relief of all existing destitution, for that would have the inevitable result, in less than ten years, of swallowing up the free rental of half the kingdom, while a stringent refusal of aid, as in the case of Scotland, would be 'a callous repudiation of the first duties of humanity, until destitution, abandoned to itself, acquires a virulence and intensity which threatens society with ruin.' A compromise between the two principles is desirable; and, with some modifications, he thinks the present poor-law of England to be perhaps the best which it would be possible to work in the present state of affairs.

Amongst preventive measures, he advocates an effective law for enforcing a proper system of sewerage and drainage, and for improving the dwellings of the poorer classes. 'Houses,' he says, 'have been suffered to be built, in which it is physically impossible for human beings to exist without disease and degradation. Every large town may be looked upon as a place of human sacrifice, a shrine where thousands pass yearly through the fire as offerings to the Moloch of avarice. The remedy for these evils is obvious, if the legislature has the courage to apply it. There would be no sort of difficulty in framing strict regulations enforcing drainage, sewerage, the removal of filth and refuse, the construction of proper receptacles, the supply of water, the periodical inspection of houses, and condemnation of such as were obviously unfit for habitation, the licensing and strict regulation of lodging-houses, the separation of sexes, the prohibition of everything that was obviously inconsistent with health and decency. In addition to these regulations, effective provision might be made, as regards future dwellings, for an improved construction; and as regards future streets and towns, for ventilation, drainage, and the preservation of open spaces and places of public amusement. Fever hospitals also might be erected in populous towns, and a strict sanitary supervision enforced, and all public nuisances vigorously repressed.' We have pleasure in concurring with Mr Laing on these points. Legislation is in nothing more desirable than the establishment of proper police and sanitary regulations.

The question of education occupies the succeeding chapter. Our author here takes a middle view between those who expect everything from the barest kind of education—reading and writing—and those who will allow of none except in complete subordination to the national church. He counsels a compromise between opposing views, as the only means of attaining good and avoiding evil in the case; but the point at which he leaves the question seems to us eminently unsatisfactory, the fact being, that there is hardly the glimmer of a hope that either party will make the necessary concessions.

Emigration is treated of as an important means of melioration, if conducted on an extensive scale. Speaking of the English nation, 'its appointed mission,' he observes, 'evidently is to people the boundless regions of America and Australia with a race of men professing the purest religion, inheriting the richest literature and proudest history, and endowed by nature with the largest share of personal energy, perseverance, moral courage, self-command, habits of order and industry, and, in a word, possessing the highest degree of aptitude for practical civilisation, of any race which the world has yet seen. Already the flood of Anglo-Saxon population sweeps westward across the continent of America like a great tide, swallowing up the solitary prairies, and conquering every year from the Indian and the buffalo a wide belt of six or seven miles along the line from the Rio Grande to Lake Huron. Already the outposts of the Australian continent are securely occupied, and the seeds of future empires planted in New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and wherever a favourable situation presents itself to British enterprise. The untidiness and distress at home, the pressure of

population on employment, the wonderful discoveries in science, and even the mechanical tendency, money-making spirit, and restless discontent of the age, are, to the eye of a philosophical observer, so many incentives and aids in the accomplishment of the two great missions of the English race—first, that of filling new worlds with a civilised and Christian population; secondly, that of bringing the religion and civilisation of Europe in contact with the stationary forms of society and religion which have existed for so many centuries in the ancient East. Nor can it be well doubted, that it is in a wise co-operation with these great designs of Providence that we are most likely to find a solution of our social difficulties, and relief from the evils which oppress us. When we descend, however, from these general considerations to practical details, the subject of emigration is surrounded with many difficulties; and it must be at once admitted, that no feasible scheme has yet been suggested, by experienced practical men, for conducting emigration on the extensive and systematic scale which would be required, in order to make a sensible impression on the mass of distress at home. It is certainly true that, as emigration is at present conducted, it has little effect in relieving the pressure on the labour-market. In the ten years ending in 1841, the number of emigrants from Great Britain was 460,278, while the increase of population in the interval, notwithstanding the abstraction of emigrants, was 2,268,381. At the same time, it may be admitted that emigration has at least the recommendation of being a partial relief, while fulfilling an ulterior design of the greatest importance in laying the basis of future great communities.

We now arrive at the 'Conclusion,' which takes the form of a summary. Mr Laing acknowledges that the complexity of the great social problem prevents its complete solution at present; and that, for years to come, it will be necessary to proceed only by way of experiment, and not by any *a priori* road of theory. After recapitulating the evils of our national condition, he says, 'On examining the causes which have led to this state of things, we have been struck by the insufficiency of the economical causes usually assigned, such as increase of population, extension of manufacturing industry, and the like, to account in themselves for evils so extensive as those which now exist. On the contrary, it has appeared to us that every one of these causes might have co-existed, and has actually co-existed elsewhere, with a sound and healthy condition of society, and an advance in the elements of true civilisation. We have been led, therefore, to the conclusion, that the evils complained of are the natural result and retribution of what may be called a decay in the vital warmth of religious feeling and sense of duty, which showed itself generally throughout European society during the eighteenth century, and in this country took the form of a hard utilitarian selfishness and inordinate devotion to money. This spirit appears to have showed itself among all classes, reducing the relations between landlord and tenant, cultivator and labourer, capitalist and operative, more and more into those of hostility resulting from the competition of adverse self-interests. Under these circumstances, the revolution effected by machinery, the vast and sudden increase of wealth and population, the French war with its exorbitant expenditure and rise in prices, the enormous immigration from Ireland, and a variety of other causes, have conspired to increase the evil, and to bring it to a crisis. The labouring population, ground down in the unequal conflict between capital and labour, and demoralised alike by the neglect and by the example of the upper classes, have taken the only effectual method of revenging themselves, that of multiplying their numbers, and threatening society with an increasing mass of misery and want. Distress, spreading more and more widely, is invading fresh classes, and with each recurring paroxysm of trade and period of commercial depression, is threatening to engulf those who have hitherto escaped its ravages. Society, awakening from the dreams

of a new golden age to be realised by mechanical inventions, march of intellect, accumulation of capital and sound political economy, finds itself compelled by a terrible necessity to abandon the system of *laissez-faire*, and to embark in a struggle for life or death with the elements of disorganisation and ruin.'

In these remarks, Mr Laing, as usual, takes a much more gloomy view of national demoralisation than we think justifiable, considering the many symptoms of advancement; and continues to recognise no other cause of disorder than 'the neglect and example of the upper classes,' thereby implying that all individuals below a certain station are relieved of everything like moral responsibility, and to be looked upon as beings incapable of self-reliance. Not seeing clearly, however, how external interference is to be brought into operation, he afterwards hints at the necessity for individual reform, and alludes to the impossibility of legislative enactment, unless with the concurrence of public opinion. 'When we turn,' says he, 'from a contemplation of the disease to a consideration of the remedies, it appears evident that as no specific cause can be assigned, so no specific remedy can be pointed out. The only effectual reform is that in which each person begins by reforming himself; in other words, where a revival of those feelings of duty and moral obligation whose decay has been the primary source of the evil, leads to innumerable individual efforts, and to an improved state of public opinion. Without this, it must be frankly admitted that legislation can do little. In the first place, legislative measures of improvement are, in the present political constitution of the country, impracticable, unless supported by the public opinion of the upper classes. In the next place, even if practicable, they would be inoperative against a continuance of the causes which tend to swell the existing evils, and to make distress, if driven back for a moment, continually recur on a wider scale.'

Our author concludes by expressing his opinion that there is nothing, after all, to justify despair. And here we can again fully concur with him. 'Amidst a great deal,' says he, 'that is unsound and dangerous, we have never failed to recognise a great many elements of good. The energy and worth of the national character are still unimpaired. Wherever individuals have exerted themselves, zealously and disinterestedly, for the improvement of those around them, benefit has never failed to ensue. A little good has invariably gone a long way, and in every grade of society, every department of industry, there are numerous examples which radiate improvement around them, and demonstrate that the most inveterate evils are not incurable. On all hands we see a stir and movement in the public mind; and if nothing more, at any rate a recognition of the necessity of doing something, which, after the protracted lethargy of the last century, is a great step in advance.' In these sentiments we cordially concur. Operated upon by numerous improving influences, the public mind is becoming daily more alive to the necessity of social meliorations. Evils which forty years ago would never have been the subject of remark, are now examined with a care that betokens a wide-spread intelligence and philanthropy. 'Every well-considered measure,' adds our essayist, 'brought forward in a right spirit, not only does good in itself, but makes it easier to do more good. Difficulties which appear insuperable, doubts which cannot now be solved, vanish of themselves when we grapple boldly with the duty which lies nearest at hand. The evils of society, as of the individual, are of our own creation, and are already half conquered when we look them in the face. No society ever yet perished which had the will to save itself. It is only where the will is so enervated, that a community had rather shut its eyes to the dangers which menace it than make the necessary sacrifices to avert them, that its situation is desperate. Let every one, he adds, 'who, in his public or private capacity, can do anything to relieve misery, to combat evil, to assert right, to redress wrong, do it

with his whole heart and soul, and trust to God for the result."

We heartily say amen to these concluding words of our author, and only regret that a man so well-disposed in his views of social melioration should have failed so signally in giving a true picture of society, or in pointing out remedies for those disorders which, notwithstanding all improvements, continue to exist. Although his essay, however, cannot be read without disappointment, we trust it may serve the useful purpose of awakening inquiry and agitating a subject which cannot be too thoroughly discussed.

## JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

ON THE WAY TO ROCHESTER.

[This article is a continuation of one which appeared in No. 15, under the title of *Voyage in an Emigrant Ship*. The writer was there left spending his first night in America, in a New York boarding-house of a humble description, to which he had been conducted on landing.]

I AWOKE the next morning as the clock was chiming seven, and seeing that I was the only person left in the room, jumped hastily out of bed, and, having dressed, threw up the window and looked out. The sun was shining brightly; the birds, perched upon the tops of the houses, chirruped away as merrily as if there were no long winter coming; and altogether it was a complete English May morning, such as makes one long for a ramble in some fine shady country lane. The streets, however, seemed to wear the same bustling aspect they had done the evening before. I had not as yet seen anything that much differed from home; yet one of my boyish dreams was now becoming realised, and I looked out on the streets with a throbbing heart. 'And this,' said I, involuntarily speaking aloud—'and this is America, the vast temple dedicated to freedom, the wonder of the whole civilised world!' 'There's no two ways about that,' said a voice at my elbow; 'that's about as true a thing as you ever said in your life; but I guess you had better come down and get breakfast; the bell's jist goin' to ring.' I accordingly followed the landlord down stairs, and the next minute, answering to the sound of the bell, all the boarders came flocking in. The breakfast was composed of similar materials to the dinner of the day before, with the addition of tea and coffee. I created some little amusement at first by hastily putting aside some preserved peaches, with which an officious gentleman had heaped my plate, as it is the custom all over this country to use preserves to meat. The party were in the highest spirits, having only just received news of a glorious triumph of the loco-focos in the election of a constable. Indeed that subject, together with the progress of the Croton aqueduct, entirely engrossed the conversation, and I was impressed for the first time with the enthusiastic interest excited in Americans of all classes by subjects which in Europe are attractive only to a few.

After I had finished breakfast, I strolled out to see something of the city, and to endeavour to discover some of my fellow-passengers. The first thing that struck me (a cloud of dust that almost immediately filled up both eyes), brought the negligence of the worshipful company of scavengers forcibly under my attention. In summer, it appears, the great quantity of dust is almost insupportable, and in winter the streets are knee-deep with mud. New York is certainly a very fine city; and if this great nuisance were attended to by the municipal authorities, and the principal streets disposed in a more regular order, it would indeed be a credit to the state. Broadway is a fine showy broad street, but, from the irregularity I have mentioned, and

the style of decorating the shops, which partakes of the character of the dresses of the ladies of New York, being more gaudy than tasteful, it is not quite so handsome a street as it might be made. I shall say no more of a city so well known, than that, after a few days of sauntering amongst its public places, I agreed with some of the companions of my late voyage to proceed with them to Rochester, four hundred miles into the interior of the country. They had engaged passages by the steamer for this distance at two dollars; but, by the advice of my host, I agreed only for a passage to Albany, paying for that distance (one hundred and sixty miles) a quarter of a dollar, or a little more than an English shilling.\*

At the time specified on my ticket, five o'clock p.m., I went on board the steamboat; and as it had a very novel appearance to me, a description of it may perhaps be interesting. The boat was immensely long, with very sharp bows. Above the ordinary deck was placed another deck, supported by posts, and running about two-thirds of the vessel's length, which gave the whole a very clumsy appearance, increased by the circumstance of the beam of the steam-engine, which seemed to me to resemble one of Watt's stationary engines, working up and down through the top of the hurricane or upper deck. In some steamboats a vertical high-pressure engine is used, the machinery of which is also exposed. Between the two decks were the ladies' cabin, the office of the clerk of the boat and the bar; which last two, I believe, may be classed among what the Americans call their 'peculiar institutions,' and which, from a reason that I afterwards discovered, were both at that time untenanted. Below these was the saloon, which ran very nearly the whole length of the boat. To walk round it once would have been considered by some people quite a feat of pedestrianism. We did not sail until nine o'clock; but still, when we did move, and while, leaning over the bulwarks, we gazed at the distant wharfs and streets, the lights of which seemed to shoot past like so many meteors, we congratulated ourselves on having got on board so fast a vessel, with the promise of a comfortable bed for the night. The captain, however, presently gave the order to stop, when a schooner and three large flat-bottomed boats were lashed alongside; and for the next hour we stopped every few minutes for a similar purpose, until at last we were slowly dragging after us at least a score of vessels of heavy burden. We were evidently caught in a trap, perhaps to be imprisoned for two days; and as many of us had brought no provisions, we should in addition perhaps have to pay a large sum for meals. However, there was no use in complaining; and on a philosophical gentleman recommending that we should 'take it out in sleep,' we went in a body to the steward to demand our berths, which he, to crown our misfortunes, refused to give without the payment of an additional twenty-five cents, alleging that we were only deck-passengers. After a long and angry altercation, it was resolved *nem. con.*, that rather than submit to extortion, as the night was warm, we should repair to the deck, and there select the softest plank whereon to rest ourselves until morning. In a short time several of my companions were asleep; but to my shame be it said, after having for some time endeavoured to follow their example, I quietly slunk below and paid for a bed. But, verily, I had my reward; for I was not only a subject for the jokes of the rest the next morning, but was also so tormented during the night by a numerous colony of strange bed-fellows, that I could not sleep a wink.

As soon as I had breakfasted next morning, I went on deck, anxious to observe the appearance of the country remote from the large cities. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the prospect, when, gliding through an amphitheatre of mountains, clad to their very summits in verdure, the river seemed to take the appearance of a lake, by losing itself in some abrupt winding, which in its turn would unfold new beauties. The pretty little Dutch villages, too, came in for a share of



my admiration, with their very white cottages, and their stiff, prim-looking churches, that in some cases almost equalled the houses in number.

On the morning which succeeded, I was awakened by the blowing off of the steam, and on going on deck, I found that we were alongside the wharf at Albany. It was still dark, and raining very hard, and I waited with my companions rather anxiously for daylight, as, on account of the heat of the previous day, I was lightly clothed, and the rest of my apparel was in a box in the hold. At length, however, the rain ceased, and the sun rose, and one or two of the shops began to open. After we had breakfasted, a select committee of our party went to see what arrangements had been made for the remainder of our journey, while I with the rest walked out to see the town. Albany is the seat of government of the state of New York. It possesses several very neat-looking streets, paved with bright-red bricks, and planted at regular distances with trees. Having returned to our hostelry, we found the committee awaiting with the intelligence that the canal-boat that was allotted them would not leave until next morning. I went on board, and engaged with the captain for a passage by the Erie canal to Rochester, at the rate of a cent per mile, for which sum I was to have a berth, and to be provided with fuel and water. I engaged to pay him every evening for the distance I had come, and at the end of the journey to pay a few cents for the freight of my trunk. In the meantime we amused ourselves with watching the boats, some of which contained acquaintances, and two or three of which were going off every hour. In shape they are not unlike coffins, the top, or lid, being used as a deck, and without bulwarks or rails. The interior is divided into three compartments, the smallest of which is at the stern, and contains the captain's room and dining-cabin for such as engage for their board; the compartment at the bows is the largest, and is used as the general cabin, having a row of berths on each side; and the division in the middle is the hold. The whole is drawn by two horses, at the rate of three miles an hour. Starting in the morning, we found, at a short distance from the town, that the bed of the canal ascends suddenly, on account of which there are a great number of locks congregated together in about the space of a mile, which caused some detention. My companions now found that they were again to be cheated, for the captain refused to let them enter the cabin, and so they were obliged to walk on deck or on shore during the day, and to luxuriate on some barrels in the hold during the night. I congratulated myself on my good fortune in not having paid more than they, and having such superior accommodations; but I discovered there was a Yankee who had been even 'cuter' than I was. He got up early in the morning, and went on shore with his gun, not returning until night, and would thus only pay for the time that he was sleeping. I soon followed his example, and found it to be a very agreeable mode of travelling. He was a rather companionable man, and so we became very intimate. We generally walked one or two miles in advance of the boat, and when we felt hungry, would either dine in the tavern of some small village, one of which occurred every few miles; or else, if we shot any squirrels, we baked them within a mass of clay at a fire of our own making in the woods. I certainly, at first, felt some foolish prejudices against eating them, but all such scruples vanished after the first meal. Squirrels, similar to those in England, are most common, and there are also black and gray species, which are much larger. The taste of the baked animal is between that of a chicken and a rabbit. If you wish a piquant sauce, rub it over with sorrel or sour apple juice, and, as my Yankee friend observed, 'if it don't go down well, it's a pity.' If you wish a dessert, you can pluck from the fields, in a few minutes, as many wild strawberries as you can eat. There are also wild gooseberries, blueberries, one kind of which is the Scotch blueberry, and the other kind grows on high bushes; and a score of other kinds of

berries. Hickory nuts, a small species of walnut, filberts, and many other kind of nuts, are common, as are also grapes; but, in the wild state, they are seldom good so far north. If we wanted apples or pears, we helped ourselves to those within our reach, and if the proprietor was by, he frequently told us on which tree we would find the best fruit. However, we only did this on roads lying at some distance off the canal, as those farmers through whose grounds the canal passes cannot afford to be so liberal, on account of the great number of passers-by who would be ready to avail themselves of this privilege. As melons are of more value, when we wanted one we offered to pay for it; but the money was very seldom taken. On one occasion, having introduced ourselves to a farmer in this manner, he not only gave us the run of his orchard, but also invited us to his house, and regaled us with squash (a species of pumpkin) pies and cream. In the course of our entertainment, our host and my companion discovered that they had both come from the same part of New England, and of course there was a great deal to say about mutual acquaintances. At last the old farmer insisted that we should stop with him that night; which we agreed to do on his promising to take us about twenty miles up the canal the following morning, which would enable us to overtake the boat. As this was the first insight I had into the life of an American farmer, I will here briefly describe it, and it is a fair sample of the life of the bulk of the inhabitants on what Mr Smith called 'the white side of Mason and Dixon's line.'

Our host had come here some forty years since, when he was about twenty, and brought with him a newly married wife of seventeen years of age. 'Dad' had given him a couple of hundred of dollars, and by his marriage he had acquired a span of horses and a good wagon; and as a brother younger than himself had come to assist him, he might be considered as commencing life in a rather promising manner. The spot that he chose for his location was in the midst of a wilderness, although now the site of a flourishing village; and at the nearest house, which was about thirty miles off, he left his wife, until he himself should have a home for her. He and his brother started off one Monday morning, and blazed a path to his intended habitation, by cutting a notch in the trees at regular distances, which might serve as guide-posts. They carried with them their rifles slung over their shoulders, their axes in their hands, and at their backs a pack containing a change of clothes and sufficient food to last them until the end of the week, when they would return to spend the Sabbath at home. They knocked up a little shanty, or shed, the first day, and the next morning set to work to clear a farm. The elder brother had been intended for the ministry, and his education had prevented him from being much used to chopping, and Tom, the younger one—although he often swung an axe all day, and then danced at a 'break down' till daylight without feeling tired—was not generally considered very spry; but, I guess, if their father could have come suddenly on them, and seen them at work, he would have been surprised. The way those tall beech and maple trees came crashing and thundering down, was a caution. If ever the elder brother, fatigued by his unaccustomed task, felt inclined to suspend his labour, his eye would glance at the four stakes that constituted the boundaries of their future log palace, his mind would revert for a moment to his young bride, perhaps at that moment thinking of him, and immediately his axe would go quivering to its very eye in the wood, and blow would succeed blow, until the big drops of perspiration came rolling down his brow. In a very short time a broad patch of sky might be seen over their heads, and the brothers began already to feel like landed proprietors. And then, when the week was finished, what a mere step the thirty miles seemed to be! No one can tell how that Sunday was enjoyed, unless he has earned his few hours of enjoyment with those dear to him by the hard labour of a week. And



who can paint the happiness of that young pair as they strolled through the fields in those delicious evenings, arm in arm, and chatting so merrily about the future, and building such delightful castles in the air! As for Tom, it remains a mystery to this day how he passed his time. He always went out after dinner, and was not seen again till dark; and, by a strange coincidence, the farmer's youngest daughter was always missing at the same time. Some people hinted that she and Tom were also talking about their prospects, and, as they were afterwards married, it does not seem very unlikely.

Well, when the long hot summer passed away, and the short but most beautiful of the seasons in America, the Indian summer, was gone, and the winter, too, was nearly over, the spot that perhaps had never before been trodden except by wild animals, or men as wild, presented a very different appearance from what it had done the previous winter. There were about forty or fifty acres cleared—the stumps, however, still showing their heads out of the snow. A portion of the land was surrounded by a zig-zag fence made by thick rails of wood piled on each other, and kept together in the part where they overlapped by two other rails stuck in the ground in the form of a St Andrew's cross. Near the centre was a neat log-house, formed of thick squared logs, dovetailed together at the corners. In raising this, all the neighbours who lived within a day's ride came to assist, so that, the materials being ready, it was built in a day. In addition to this assistance, which is a general custom in the backwoods, and before the house was made, they were sure to have some visitor every week; some restless spirit who, as a relaxation from the labour of his own farm, would come and work hard for the strangers for two or three days, and would, moreover, bring his own food and his bed, consisting of a bear's skin or a buffalo robe. The house was at first made to form one large room, one end of which was afterwards cut off and divided into two small bed-rooms. The principal room, into which the outer door opened, was used as 'parlour, kitchen, and all,' at the end of which, opposite the bed-rooms, was the huge fireplace, with its chimney made of clay and sticks; and there was more wood burnt in it in a week than would suffice two or three families in this part of the world for a year. There was also a room above, that was reached by a very uncivilised flight of stairs by the side of the fireplace. Its ceiling was the rafters and shingles that formed the roof of the house, and only in the middle high enough to admit of standing. It was used as a store-room, and also as a bed-room in cases of emergency. The inhabitants of cities who could not be without carpeted rooms might perhaps despise such a dwelling as this; but still it was a very comfortable house, warm in the winter; and if the wind should come in between the chinks of the logs, what was easier than to stop the hole up with clay? The young farmer thought it the most comfortable house he had ever seen in his life; and when he looked at his young wife, and an imitation of himself on a small scale with which she had lately presented him, he felt as happy as the President himself.

Gradually, however, as our host became rich, both in money and children, the scene changed. The old log-house, which at one time had been the ultimatum of his wishes, gave way to a handsome-framed building, and was delivered over to the cows; this in its turn was superseded by a showy brick edifice, which still remained at my visit, but which, when necessary, had been from time to time enlarged by the addition of wings. All his children, with the exception of one son, were married, three sons having imitated the father's career a couple of hundred miles farther to the west. One grandson and two granddaughters, none of whom were married, lived with him. The little valley in which he dwelt, that used to be so gloomy and solitary, was now the site of a bustling village, which, from the fact of having been the first settler, was originally called by his name, Jonesville; but afterwards, when

the classical fever began to rage, it was changed into the longest name that could be found in the Greek topographical dictionary. It now possessed three meeting-houses, a loco-foco and a 'coon' tavern, and a temperance house, and was therefore a place of considerable importance, at least in the eyes of its inhabitants. So much for the history of our host.

We employed ourselves during the afternoon in wandering round the farm and looking at the cattle, and feeling very much edified on Mr Jones informing us that the grandfather of Black Bess had beaten the celebrated Blue Peter in a trotting match. A field of Indian corn is a very pretty sight, from the large handsome ears of the grain and the long green leaves. The ground is hoed or ploughed into hillocks, in each of which two or three grains are dropped; and between the hillocks there are generally planted melons, squashes, or other vegetables of the pumpkin tribe, and sometimes potatoes. In America generally, and more especially in the back settlements, where land is cheap, farming is carried on in a very slovenly careless manner; there is very little attention paid to the rotation of crops or manuring. Wheat is often sown on the same land until it absolutely refuses to reproduce; it is then allowed to stand a year or two, and the same system is carried on again. A good 'old country' farmer\* could get as much from twenty-five acres as many here only raise from a hundred. Green corn-stalks contain a great quantity of saccharine matter, which probably is the reason that they are so fattening for cattle. Mr Jones took advantage of this fact to make an important addition to his income, by adding to his other vocations that of a sugar-planter and boiler. He raised every year a field of the corn that he found most suited to the purpose, and cut it down when the flower was commencing to blossom, when it was pressed between iron rollers, and the expressed juice boiled down until sugar was obtained, which was of a pretty good quality. Mr Jones had also a maple bush, or a small wood containing sugar maple trees, from which in the early spring he collected the sap by boring a hole in the tree near the ground, and allowing it, by means of a stick, or other conductor, to trickle into small tin or wooden buckets placed under. It was then treated on the same principle as other kinds of sugar are. It forms a very pleasant sweetmeat; a slight bitterness rendering it, like many other things in life, more agreeable and less palling.

We had supper about six, which consisted of fried fish taken from a small lake in the neighbourhood, fried ham, potatoes, apple and other 'snaces,' wheat and corn bread, buckwheat cakes, and tea and coffee. There were several more people present than I had noticed before, all of them, I believe, relations of the family. I was particularly struck with the appearance of the host's eldest granddaughter, a young lady of eighteen, who was dressed in white, and appeared to be in a state of modest confusion. Suspecting, from the jokes with which Mr Jones was very liberally indulging himself, that she was going to be married, I inquired of my companion, in a whisper, if such were the fact? but he told me, with a knowing wink, that it was 'only sparring.' I did not know what he meant by 'sparring'; however, I thought it best to conceal my ignorance, and endeavour to find it out for myself. After supper, Mr Jones with his own hands carried a quantity of firewood into a small room entered from the dining-room, and the young lady and her sister speedily followed him, leaving the rest of the company silent, and on the watch, as if expecting some event. After we had remained in this manner for a quarter of an hour, the outer door opened, and a young man stalked in, rather good-looking, and dressed very gaily. He evidently endeavoured to assume an air of nonchalance, but made

\* The Americans always call the British islands the 'Old Country,' and I have heard many New Englanders also talk of them as 'home,' or rather 'hum.'

a most miserable failure; for, finding that there were more persons present than he probably expected, and that a score of eyes were turned towards him, he became very red, and stammered out a salutation. He was greeted very cordially, however, and a general conversation commencing on the state of the crops and the markets, he speedily recovered his equanimity. In a short time the youngest of the granddaughters came out of the mysterious chamber and whispered something to him, on which he bade the company good night, and was ushered into the room by the young lady, who, however, did not go in herself. As the mystery was still as deep as ever, I resolved to puzzle myself with it no longer, but at bed-time to confess my ignorance to my companion, and request a solution. During the rest of the evening I entertained them with descriptions of the Thames, the palaces, the Queen, &c. on which subjects their ignorance was so great, as to make me suppose at first that I was the butt of their wit. I found out afterwards, however, that they were neither better nor worse informed than the generality of what, for the want of a better word, I will call the peasantry of the districts through which I travelled. One lady believed that a scaffold always stood on Tower Hill, and that her majesty superintended the executions in *propria persona*. All of them—even Mr Jones, who was a pretty well educated man—had imbibed the most extravagant notions of the wealth and prerogatives of the Queen, and were surprised, and perhaps disappointed, when I told them that she did not possess so much real power as their President; and when I added that the Queen was not so rich as some of her subjects, and did not, except on state occasions, dress splendidly, and was in the habit of riding on horseback in public without being surrounded by a regiment of horse-guards, although their politeness prevented them from saying so, they evidently thought that I was availing myself rather liberally of a traveller's license.

As we both slept in the same room, my Yankee friend explained to me, when we retired for the night, the cause of what had so much excited my curiosity. An American considers that 'time is money,' and is no more inclined to spend any portion of his working hours upon such trifling matters as love-making, than to purchase, with cash (like the suitor in Boccaccio), an interview with his mistress. The night, therefore, is devoted to courting, and it is at those hours, when the rest of the family are asleep, that the aspirants for the holy estate of matrimony become acquainted with each other's minds; as for their persons, which might be better viewed by daylight, they are of less consequence—at least I never heard beauty put forward in the conversations of the young men as the cause of attraction. Good temper, industry, neatness, skill in cookery and butter-making—these are the charms of a transatlantic mistress. In Holland, one lady is half a ton handsomer than another; in America, she is handsomer than her rival in dough nuts and corn dodgers. When, after due deliberation, and having consulted his parents and female relations, the young farmer has determined on the favoured fair one, he dresses himself in his 'go-to-meetin's,' and proceeds to the house some time after supper—or tea, as it would be called in England. He converses on general subjects like any other guest, and without mentioning the object of his visit. At bed-time, which is generally nine o'clock, if the old folks inform him of their intention of retiring, and give him a pretty strong hint that he had better go home, it is considered as a sign that his suit is rejected. If, however, they betake themselves to bed, bidding him and the young lady good night, it is a favourable omen, and the latter pair sit up by the fire-side till morning, talking on subjects calculated to bring out each other's tastes and character, and perhaps forming plans for the future. Whenever another interview is desired, the young man gives notice to the parents, so that, as in the case I witnessed, they might be prepared for his reception. Sparking, however, is

not considered as a proposal; and if it be discontinued, neither party suffers in the eyes of 'the world'; it is merely considered that there are some points of disagreement which prevent them from becoming suitable partners for life.

#### NOTES BY A 'CONSTANT READER.'

THE words, 'a constant reader,' are associated with newspaper letter-writers, who adopt the designation with a reference to the particular publication into whose pages they desire admission, knowing well that, to most editors, there can be no greater recommendation. But this is a narrow and accidental application of a term which properly belongs to that great range of individuals in whom habit has created a craving for something to read, and which craving is so strong at certain periods of the day, that it induces them to peruse whatever comes in their way, good, bad, or indifferent. As people, when hungry, cease to be epicures, so 'constant readers' care not what food is supplied to them, when that which would instruct and benefit does not happen to be at hand: certain parts of the day are set aside for reading, and read they must. They are to literature what loungers and men about town are to society at large; as the one has no settled occupation, so the other never follows up any special branch of study or course of reading, but skims over every subject which comes in his way.

The habits of the constant reader are pretty uniform. In the morning, his first and greatest want is the newspaper: breakfast is a secondary matter; for without the daily journal, the finest viands would not be relished. Advertisements, debates, leading articles, foreign intelligence, police-cases, accidents and offences, are glanced over with eager satisfaction; hence, when he rises from his heterogeneous repast, the constant reader's brain is pretty much in the same condition as the stomach of a gourmand after a fashionable dinner, being filled with a mass of information which, from its variety and discordance, is jumbled in his mind in a way that makes it detrimental rather than healthful; for if he attempt to reflect on what he has read, his thoughts have all the incoherent character of cross-readings. The pleasure of this sort of reading, therefore, only endures as long as the act of perusal lasts; for little can be remembered even of that which is worthy of recollection. Nothing short of a very striking circumstance remains in the memory. The murder must be very atrocious, the speech very fine, or the advertisement very singular, which stands out in sufficient relief from the phantasmagoria of confusion which passes before the mind's eye of the constant reader, to rest even for a day in his memory. For this reason, when you find him conversing with more careful-reading quidnuncs, he is betrayed into the most ludicrous mistakes; such as attributing the speech of one member of parliament to another; stating circumstances which happened in Amsterdam to have taken place in New York; misquoting anecdotes; commencing a good jest with tolerable effect till he comes to the point of it, and then breaking down from sheer forgetfulness, or from confounding it with some other story of which he has forgotten the beginning, but remembers the point.

At the constant reader begins his day, so he finishes it: the space between dinner and bed-time is, more or less, filled up with a book. At this time his favourite reading is magazines and reviews, or works in one volume: for anything which requires a long stretch of attention, is less pleasing than short articles which he can see his way through during one evening. When his taste is captivated by a long work, he takes it in easy stages, breaking the continuity of the journey by snatches from periodicals, which he has recourses to between the chapters of the *magnum opus*.

In spite, however, of the heterogeneous nature of the constant reader's literary acquisitions, you will find him, in conversation, an amusing person. He has a fund

of small information, which he has generally the tact to bring in at the right places. Knowing the heads of nearly every science, he is an excellent leader or conductor of table-talk into interesting channels, and more solidly-informed persons take up the discussion at the moment he gets out of his depth—which is very soon; yet though he knows nothing completely, he is skin-deep in an enormous number and variety of things, and often serves as an index to direct more healthy students to books and authorities they are at a loss for. In spite of his superficiality, however, he gets, in *very* general society, the character of a man of extensive information; for he is never at a loss, and does not trouble his hearers with severe demands on their reasoning and thinking powers.

Incessantly occupied with the thoughts of others, the constant reader has but little opportunity of thinking for himself. He imagines that new ideas occasionally pass through his brain; but he is greatly mistaken. Like the lady in one of Moore's satires, he only 'thinks he thinks'; for, could he trace the thoughts he calls his own to their origin, he would find them to be the ideas of some forgotten author. Hence, when he ventures into print, his success is indifferent, even though he soar no higher than that newspaper letter which has made the 'constant reader' so widely celebrated. When he ventures a higher flight, and makes a dash at a magazine article, you will generally find it amongst those leaves of the periodical which nobody has had the courage to cut open, especially if they have read the first page. There is, however, one department in which he is certain to excel; in proportion to the completeness of his failures in printed or public literature, so are the greatness of his successes in private or manuscript literature. No man writes a better or more amusing letter; and his commonplace book never fails to afford a treat to whoever is so fortunate as to get a sight of it. This is readily accounted for: if he seize and record any idea with which his reading has furnished him, and group it with relative facts and ideas from the heterogeneous store with which his mind is filled, it will necessarily follow that his notes must be amusing, perhaps instructive. As an old member of the fraternity, this has been my habit, and, undismayed by the repeated failures of my brethren when venturing to meddle with type, I now produce portions of my note-book for the entertainment of a wider range of readers than I have hitherto been able to command.

**I. SOCIAL CONVERSATION.**—This subject has recently been forced upon me both by reading and observation. There appears to be an occasional misapprehension of the true objects and advantages of social conversation; one set of persons deeming its end and aim to be solely instruction, and another class simply amusement. The instructive talkers accuse the amusing ones of flippancy and uselessness; the latter set down the instructors as bores. It is obvious, however, that regard should be had both to solid information and to amusement. On the one hand, when several persons are assembled for social conversation, their object is not exclusively the acquirement of knowledge, but frequently to neutralise the effects of previous intellectual or physical application to study or to business. To force, therefore, subjects upon them with which they are too little conversant to be interested, is manifestly not answering the true end for which they are met—namely, relaxation. On the other hand, those who undertake to instruct their companions, should be fully certain they are competent to do so; and even then it is dangerous; for the attempt is calculated to give rise to a suspicion, that it is made less with a view to benefit hearers than to display the speaker's own acquirements, especially when he is the eager volunteer of his information. Again, one frequently hears conversation designated 'scientific' and 'intellectual,' which, in point of fact, is not so. Many a talker pours forth streams of information which mostly concern science and intellect, and is so perfectly tame, that every hearer is quite as well aware of it as

he is; yet politeness induces him to listen. Even the conversation of highly accomplished and learned men can be out of place, simply because it may want originality, and consist of discourses on subjects which have been previously discussed in books, so that it falls upon the ear with the dryness of pedantry. Now, to my humble taste, the exercise of intellectual ingenuity which is necessary even to the making of an indifferent jest, answers the purposes of social converse far better than the recondite but second-hand facts poured forth by the mere scholar. It is seldom the case, however, that persons who dabble in science in promiscuous society, are very deep in its mysteries; for the truly scientific man confines his conversation to those who he knows will sympathise with, and appreciate it. 'If,' writes a fellow constant reader, 'an individual cultivate science merely as a matter of taste, let him confine his studies to the closet or to the lecture-room; but pray, save me from being bored with it after dinner, to the detriment of my digestion; especially when his science proves to be quite as flimsy as my jokes.'

On the other hand, inasmuch as conversation must have some solid basis to be interesting and amusing, subjects of too trifling a character are equally to be avoided. Jesting out of season, punning at all times, gossiping remarks on other people's private affairs, and the discussion of such subjects as do not come within the range of the ordinary intelligence of educated persons, are so much time wasted. The best conversationalists are those who instruct without effort, and amuse without buffoonery; who argue without disputation, who make good use of their memory for their facts, and employ imagination to illustrate and to put them into an attractive form; and who change the subject when it is found that only one or two of the company are able to take a part in it. 'Conversation,' says the *Encyclopédie Moderne*, 'is not a regular attack on any particular point, but a ramble at hazard through a spacious garden, in which parties sometimes approach and sometimes avoid each other; in which they meet and pass, but never jostle.'

That the subject of conversation is worthy of grave consideration, is proved by its importance in our social relations. 'Recollect,' says the author of the *Art of Conversation*, 'how great and essential a part conversation acts in life and society; how much of our happiness, how many of our joys, result from pleasant, lively, and agreeable discourse; consider how often we have seen it alleviate pain, sorrow, and affliction, and soothe the bed of sickness; and then smile, if you can, at this attempt to give its better influence a wider range. Does not cheerful conversation exhilarate and expand the heart, make the blood circulate freely through the veins, brighten and give elasticity to the spirit, and cast over the whole frame that glow of healthy satisfaction physicians deem it the greatest proof of skill to call forth? It thus acts beneficially on the body even, and is one of the best medicines that can be administered.'

**II. OUT OF EVIL ARISES GOOD.**—In Landor's 'Pentameron and Pentalogia,' is the following pleasing illustration of this axiom:—'It is not from the rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and bitter leaves and petals.'

**III. THE SECRET OF WARM FEET.**—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep those extremities constantly warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a 'slight cold'; and at the risk of being thought trifling, and of telling people what they know already, I beg to remind them of the following simple rules:—Firstly, *Never be tightly shod*. Boots or shoes, when they fit closely, press against the veins of the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the feet too tightly, the blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stocking are filled up with a comfortable supply of warm air. Those who have handsome feet will perhaps be slow to adopt

this dictum; but they are urgently recommended to sacrifice a little neatness to a great deal of comfort and safety, by wearing what the makers call 'easy shoes.' The second rule is—*Never sit in damp shoes.* It is often imagined, that unless they be positively wet, it is not necessary to change them when the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for, when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule; and his feet will certainly feel cold and damp after a few minutes; although, on taking off the shoe, and examining it, it will appear to be perfectly dry. Did every one follow these rules, there would be no more cold feet.

IV. SHAKING HANDS.—From the feet to the hands is a natural transition, and I pass to a passage which occurs in the Swedish novel of 'Strife and Peace,' by Miss Bremer. 'I receive an especial impression of the sort of person by the manner of taking the hand, and cannot avoid drawing deductions therefrom—more, however, by instinct than by reason, since my reason refuses to be led by outward impressions, which may be merely accidental; but I cannot alter it. A cordial shake of the hand takes my heart; a feeble, or imperfect, or cold one, repels it. There are persons who press the hand so, that it is painful for a good while afterwards; there are also those who come with two fingers—from these defend us!'

The impression conveyed by the pressure of the hand is, I am inclined to think far more definite than Miss Bremer's 'reason' permits her to acknowledge. It is very seldom that the mode of shaking hands is 'accidental'; on the contrary, it arises as much from the temperament and sentiments of an individual, as any of the other outward and visible signs by which the disposition is betrayed. The coincidence between the manner of the performing of this friendly ceremony, and the idiosyncrasy of those who perform it, is generally exact. Let the reader recall his experience of the every-day act, and answer whether he ever remembers a warm-hearted impulsive individual dropping two fingers into his hand, as if he were afraid of contact? or a cold phlegmatic temperament grasping the hand so, that it is 'painful for a good while afterwards?' My own experience goes to prove, that the impressions of character, and of the circumstances which form it, received from shaking hands, are direct and unerring; and that, when the instinct which conveys them to the mind is tested by reason, they will be fully corroborated. All our impressions are of course most vivid in regard to the other sex, and to the fairer portion of the creation I shall first allude.

There is no mistaking the friendly greeting of a young unmarried lady. She presents her hand—not hurriedly, but slowly and timidly—some moments after yours has been outstretched to receive it. You feel no pressure whatever, and the instant after your hand has been closed upon hers, it is withdrawn. Reserve and modesty are the general characteristics of her class, and how expressively apparent are they in her way of shaking hands! But watch her greeting to a friend of her own sex, and see how readily it will be offered, and how cordially made! Here is brought out another general characteristic of the sex, which is the possession of strong sentiments; and where there is no necessity for the reserve which should conceal them, how effectually is that of friendship communicated in such a shake of the hand! If, however, the person form an exception to the rule, and be of a cold unsympathising temperament, the female friend will have a fac-simile greeting to the one you have just received.—The matron has fewer reserves than the spinster, and consequently honours your pressure with a return, especially should you be her visitor, for she wishes by that means to make you welcome. Ladies who are passing through that undated stage of existence designated 'a certain age,' and who

have never known the cares of matrimony, yield their hand the instant it is solicited by the offer of yours, and withdraw it—slowly, to be sure—but without leaving behind the faintest impression.

Among men are observable in their mode of salutation differences as marked and equally characteristic. Some individuals are lavish in professions of regard, but without feeling it to the extent they profess; and these greet you with great warmth, generally with both hands shaking yours very violently, and saying all the while how delighted they are to see you. Yet they are always in a hurry; and, in the midst of their protestations, seem, by the rapidity of their motion, to wish to express a great deal of friendship in the shortest possible space of time. The man whose friendship is to be depended on, goes through his manual exercise in a very different manner. He presses your hand cordially, but with deliberation; he neither grasps it hard, nor shakes it violently. He is not in a hurry to part with it, yet never detains it when, by opening your fingers, you intimate a desire to finish the ceremony. The cautious man, in shaking hands with you, seems to have well considered what he is about: he is slow in presenting his digits, and returns your pressure with a doubtful shake, withdrawing his hand as if he were glad it was over.—It is manifestly the proud, patronising man from whom Miss Bremer wishes to be defended, for it is he who offers the tips of his fingers.

But of all impressions arising from this mode of salutation, the most vivid is that to be derived from a poor, or rather reduced acquaintance. If there have been want, that is never so soon manifested as in the hands; the skin hangs loosely and languidly upon the fingers, and a tale of prolonged privation is conveyed at once to your heart from the touch of the shrunk and livid hand. Then the pressure you receive is so weak and hesitating—the act of presenting and of withdrawing the hand so listlessly performed—that the weakness and bashfulness of uncomplaining want are forcibly depicted.

The custom of shaking hands is practised by all European nations, but more by the English than by any other nation.

V. A CHOICE OF EVILS.—There is something peculiarly amusing in that naïve passage in the nursery tale of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, where the hero and his brothers, after having been lost in the wood, arrive at the ogre's house, into which they are advised not to enter, from the certainty of being devoured by the giant:—'If you do not give us a night's lodging,' says Hop-o'-my-Thumb to the ogre's wife, 'it is quite certain that the wolves in the forest will not fail to devour us; and sooner than that, we would prefer to be eaten by the gentleman of the house.'

#### AFFECTIONS OF ANIMALS.

AFFECTION—that wonderful instinct by which an animated being increases its own happiness by caring for that of another—is partaken of by the lower animals only less conspicuously than by the human family. Amongst them, as with us, existence could not, apparently, be conducted without this generous feeling, and there accordingly we find it, the need being with the Divine Author ever a sufficient cause for the endowment. Nor is there a limited show of the affections in the humbler species; on the contrary, there is hardly one affection of our nature which is not to be plainly traced in some of these our lower fellow-creatures. In one sense, indeed, there is a limitation; some of the affections are not required by the lower animals, in consequence of peculiarities in their economy, and there accordingly these affections are wanting. In some of the very humblest tribes, there is perhaps no kind of affection whatever. It is surprising, however, how far down in the scale we find this beautiful principle operating, and how many of our finest affections are to be observed in a considerable number of species.

Attachments between individuals of the same species, but different sexes—that is to say, attachments in which it can be said that any sentiment exists—are not widely spread throughout the animal world. The pairing arrangement, which forms the natural basis for the matrimonial alliance amongst ourselves, is only practised where the aid of both parents is necessary for the sustentation of the young—the final cause, obviously, of the arrangement. It is particularly conspicuous amongst the birds, the pairs of which usually present in spring a delightful reflection of the fondness, tenderness, and unselfishness which fill the bosoms of a newly-wed pair of our own species. The male exerts himself to obtain food for the female while she is engaged in the duty of sitting upon her eggs; with a gallantry rivalling that of the troubadour, he sits upon a neighbouring bough for hours, pouring forth his lively song to cheer her under the tedium of her situation. In the exclusiveness of his regard, he might form a pattern for the most virtuous of husbands. The mixture, indeed, of kindness and faithfulness shown by the humblest field-bird to his mate, is noways externally distinguishable from those traits of human character which we are accustomed to applaud as moral. In some particular species, this attachment lasts throughout life, and the death of one of the pair is almost sure to prove fatal to the other. There is a species of parrot called the love-bird, in which the passion is of this kind. A pair being confined in a cage, the male is seen to sit fondly beside his mate, feeding her with his bill, and evincing the greatest gentleness and tenderness in all his conduct towards her. Bonnet gives a description of a pair, the female of which falling sick, the other attended her with unremitting care till her death, when he went round and round her in the greatest agitation, trying occasionally to open her bill and give her nourishment. He then gradually languished, and survived her death only a few months.

Mr S. Bowdich gives two interesting anecdotes of this affection faithful till and beyond death. 'When I lived in Paris,' he says, 'there were two remarkably fine ostriches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The skylight over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and in the course of their work let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty; but nought availed, and he literally pined to death.'

'A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes; one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large mirror into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely; the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.'

The connubial feeling, however, sinks far below the parental in intensity amongst the lower animals. Once a mother, the female has for the time no other feeling than that of devoted affection for her offspring, for whose sake she seems cheerfully to sacrifice her own convenience, and to give up all her wonted habits. Wonderful and beautiful is it to contemplate this parental self-devotion in some poor bird, or other humble crea-

ture, reflective as it is of what we never fail to acknowledge as amongst the most pure and holy of all the emotions that animate our own species. The wildest and fiercest tribes are equally remarkable as the gentlest for their affection for their young, provided only that this affection is needed for their protection and nurture. It would even appear as if the felina were amongst the most remarkable for the philoprogenitive sentiment: the lioness is proverbially devoted to her cubs, and we rarely witness more intense examples of the feeling than in the common cat. This latter animal, during the early days of her progeny, gives herself entirely up to them, and then only leaves them for the sake of food. If apprehensive of danger to them, she brings them forth and keeps them in some obscure place, where she will remain unknown to the family till she thinks the lives of her young ones may be safe. Not long ago, a young cat, recently become the mother of a set of kittens, all of which had been destroyed but one, was missed from her home. When she had been absent two days, it was concluded that she was lost, or had met with some fatal accident, and her sole surviving kitten was then taken from the nest and drowned. Soon after, the poor mother made her appearance, with one of her feet nearly cut to pieces by a rat-trap, which had closed upon and confined her in a neighbouring granary. Miserable as she was from this accident, she wandered about the house incessantly for a day in search of her lost kitten, manifesting such an anxiety about it, as could neither be mistaken nor beheld without sympathy. Some cats provide for the family they are about to have by storing up mice for them, and when they have lost their kittens, it is not unusual for them to continue collecting provisions in the hope of their returning. An instance is mentioned of one which, for more than a fortnight after the loss of her young ones, would come in with a mouse, and search over the whole house to give it to them, making a complaining noise.

The extremity of this parental feeling has a remarkable effect in making the most timid animals bold for the time in protecting their young, or in seeking for food wherewith to support them. The quiet hen is seen in a new character of courage and determination when surrounded by her brood. Even feeble birds will then fly fiercely at men or other animals which may have given them any alarm on account of their progeny. 'It is a well-known fact,' says Mr Swainson, 'that a pair of ravens which dwelt in a cavity of the rock of Gibraltar, would never suffer a vulture or eagle to approach the nest, but would drive them away with every appearance of fury. The missel thrush, during the breeding season, will fight even the magpie or jay. And the female titmouse will frequently allow herself to be made a prisoner, rather than quit her nest; or, if she herself escape, she will speedily return, menacing the invaders by hissing like a snake, and biting all who approach her: this we have ourselves experienced. The artifices employed by the partridge, the lapwing, the ring plover, the pewit, and numerous other land birds, to blind the vigilance and divert the attention of those who may come near their little ones, are equally curious. The partridges, both male and female, conduct their young out to feed, and carefully assist them in their search for food; but, if disturbed in the midst of this employment, the male, after first giving the alarm, by uttering a peculiar cry of distress, throws himself directly in the way of danger, and endeavours, by feigning lameness or inability to fly, to distract the attention and mislead the efforts of the enemy—thus giving his mate time to conduct her little brood to a place of security. "A partridge," says White, "came out of a ditch, and ran along, shivering with her wings, and crying out as if wounded, and unable to get from us. While the dam feigned this distress, a boy who attended me saw the brood, which was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox's hole under the bank." The lapwing pushes forward to meet her foes, employing every art to allure them from the abode of



her young. She rises from the ground with a loud screaming voice, as if just flushed from hatching, though probably, at the same time, not within a hundred yards from the nest. She afterwards whines and screams round the invaders, and invariably becomes more clamorous as she retires further from the nest. The ring plover will flutter along the ground as if crippled, and, if pursued, will hasten to a short distance, stretch out its feathers, and appear to "tumble heels over head," till it has enticed its enemy to a distance; while, on similar occasions, the pewit resorts to the same expedient of appearing wounded, as soon as it perceives the approach of a stranger. Sheldrakes are equally ingenious: during the period of incubation, which lasts thirty days, the male keeps watch on some adjoining hillock, which he only leaves that he may satisfy the calls of hunger, or occupy the post of the female while she quits it for food. After the young are hatched, the parents lead, or sometimes carry them in their bills, towards the sea; and, if interrupted in their progress, it is said that they employ numberless arts to draw off the attention of the observer.\*

There are few things more disarming than this anxious fondness of a humble animal for her offspring. It is therefore to be considered as strictly in accordance with the more generous feelings of human nature, that the Israelites were enjoined to respect female animals, as the doe and the ewe, while taking their young. It is painful to think that the spirit of this command is often broken by men from cupidity or wantonness. A striking instance is related in Phipps's Voyage to the North Pole.\* An old she-bear was attracted with her cubs by the smell of a sea-horse, which had been killed several days before, and the flesh of which she carefully divided between her young ones, reserving but a small portion for herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast during the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she got to some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round, pawing them and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and uttered a growl of despair, which the murderers returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Nor does the parental feeling of animals always rest content with merely protecting and cherishing their young. There are some which take pains to give their offspring something of the nature of education. 'Some of the eagles,' says Mr Swainson, 'take out their young before they are fully grown, on purpose to teach them the arts necessary for securing their prey. The female lark conducts hers, to exercise their powers of flight, herself fluttering over their heads, directing their motions, and preserving them from danger. The butcher-bird, or common woodchat shrike, continues her regard for her offspring even after they have attained maturity, while the latter reward her care by assisting her in

providing for the support of all, until the following spring.' The monkeys, too, which are surpassed by no animals in the philoprogenitive feeling, are observed to go through something like a process of education with their young. They keep them under proper obedience and restraint, much after the fashion of human mothers. A set of female monkeys has been observed to suckle, caress, and cleanse their young ones, and then sit down to see them play with each other. If, in the course of their sports, any showed a tincture of malice, the dams would spring upon them, and, seizing them with one paw by the tail, correct them severely with the other.

It has been remarked, that the parental feelings of animals are not reciprocated to any considerable extent by their progeny—a fact in nature for which there is this obvious reason, that it is not necessary, in the economy of the animals, that the young should have any strong attachment to their parents. There are, however, some remarkable instances of strong filial love on the part of the lower animals. Mr Turner, who resided long in America, mentions an affecting trait in the character of the bison when a calf. 'Whenever a cow bison falls by the murderous hand of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the hapless young one, far from attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam with signs expressive of the strongest natural affection. The body of the dam thus secured, the hunter takes no heed of the calf, of which he knows he is sure, but proceeds to cut up the carcass; then laying it on his horse, he returns home, followed by the poor calf, which never fails to attend the remains of its dam.' Mr Turner says that he has seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnati, followed in this manner by three calves, which seemed each to claim of him the parent of whom he had cruelly bereft it. To the same effect is an anecdote of two spaniels, dam and son, who were hunting by themselves in Mr Drake's woods, near Amersham, in Bucks. The gamekeeper shot the mother; the son, frightened, ran away for an hour or two, and then returned to look for her. Having found her dead body, he laid himself down by her, and was found in that situation the next day by his master, who took him home, together with the body of the mother. Six weeks did this affectionate creature refuse all consolation, and almost all nutriment. He became at length universally convulsed, and died of grief.

That the maternal feeling in animals is entirely independent of the intellect, is amply proved by the numerous instances in which particular mothers have not only taken the progeny of others of their own species under charge, but even the young of entirely different animals. A female cat will foster a young dog. A young panther has been nourished by a bitch. A cat has even been known to rear a young bird; and there is one instance of a still more extraordinary kind of fostership. According to Mr Jesse, in his interesting volume, *Gleanings in Natural History*, 'A cat belonging to Mr Smith, the respectable bailiff and agent of the Earl of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably incommoded her. I mention this in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance. One evening, as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard, which was near the fireplace, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full-grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to

\* On the Habits and Instincts of Animals: Cabinet Cyclopædia.



make use of when she is visited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance, that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for this particular mouse, she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. It would appear that the faculty for the love of offspring—the philoprogenitiveness of Gall's system—is excited at the time of parturition, and that the feeling, craving for exercise, is ready to take up with any object capable of gratifying it, if the one primarily contemplated by nature be wanting.

Animals are also possessed of the ordinary social affections. Some are gregarious, which is just another term for the feelings which induce men to form regular societies. Almost all have a liking for company. A cow in a herd appears a happier creature than a cow alone. Enter the paddock of a solitary horse, and it is odds that he comes up and follows you, as if courting your society. The dog attaches himself to man with a devotion which touches every generous nature. The cat, notwithstanding the doubts of many upon the subject, is also capable of the warmest attachment to the human beings amongst whom it lives. Mr Blaine, in his *Canine Pathology*, relates an instance of a dog belonging to a tailor in Tooley Street, Southwark, which haunted the grave of its deceased master in St Olave's churchyard till it died. There are other examples of dogs which have proved quite inconsolable for the death of their owners, and died of grief on that account. Friendships such as those of Damon and Pythias, and Achilles and Patroclus, are rivalled in the animal world. An instance is furnished in the story of two Hanoverian horses, which had long served together in the Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. 'They had assisted,' says Mr Jesse, 'in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement, the survivor was piqueted as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed. A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance, assured me that nothing could be more affecting than the whole demeanour of this poor horse.'

When cut off from friendships with their own kind, animals will form attachments to individuals of different species. Gilbert White tells a curious anecdote of a horse and a solitary hen spending much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creatures but each other. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing itself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. The celebrated horse, the Godolphin Arabian, and a black cat, were for many years the warmest

friends. When the horse died in 1753, the cat sat upon his carcass till he was put under ground; and then crawling slowly and reluctantly away, retired to a hay-loft, where she was soon after found dead. Lions confined in menageries have in numerous instances spared little dogs that had been thrown to them, and formed with these creatures a permanent friendship. St Pierre describes such an attachment between a lion at Versailles and a dog, and concludes by saying—'Their friendship is one of the most touching exhibitions which Nature can offer to the speculations of the philosopher.' The dog has admitted the cat to similar intimacies; and a tame fox has been admitted by dogs to course with them. One of the most extraordinary animal friendships was related to Mr Jesse by a trustworthy person, who had resided for nine years in the American States, in charge of some extensive public works. One of these works consisted in the erection of a beacon in a swamp in one of the rivers, where he caught a young alligator. This animal he made so perfectly tame, that it followed him about the house like a dog, running up the stairs after him, and showing much affection and docility. Its great favourite, however, was a cat, and the friendship was mutual. When the cat was reposing herself before the fire (this was at New York), the alligator would lay himself down, place his head upon the cat, and in this attitude go to sleep. If the cat was absent, the alligator was restless; but he always appeared happy when the cat was near him.

What do all these anecdotes, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, tend to show? That the lower animals possess qualities superior to what in general we are disposed to allow, and might be to us sources of far greater social pleasure than we permit them to be. Man deems his breathing associates in this sphere only fit subjects for the wanton exercise of his self-esteem and destructiveness; and he reaps the proper consequences of such conduct. Did he take a more true and benevolent view of the animal nature, and treat it on the same simple principles of justice and kindness which he is taught to display towards his fellow-creatures, he would find his own interests immensely advanced by it. The docility and social feelings of the animals would be more strongly developed than at present; their services would be more heartily rendered; and man would himself be improved by the reflection of better feelings from these humble creatures.

## OLD TOM MILLER.

### A SUFFOLK TALE.

In the small market-town of Halesworth, in the county of Suffolk, some thirty years ago, lived one Thomas Miller, who had long kept a bookseller's shop, and held the office of postmaster in the place of his abode. He was a tall thin man of some sixty years of age, with long gray locks, which curled round the back of his head, and showed themselves but sparingly on his forehead. His eyes were dark and lively, but generally covered by enormous spectacles, worn as much to hide their expression, and to give him an advantage over those with whom he had dealings, as to aid his sight; for frequently, when anxious to examine any article more narrowly, the spectacles were thrust back upon his forehead. He wore a long dark-gray coat, reaching to the middle of his legs, gray worsted stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles. Old Tom Miller was what is called 'well to do in the world,' besides having saved a considerable sum in trade and by his economical habits; he had inherited, from an elder brother, funded property to some amount, and a collection of curious old books, china, and other articles, said to be very valuable. That this property should have been left to Thomas Miller, was a surprise to the little world of Halesworth, for he had been for many years estranged from his brother, who had adopted an orphan nephew as his heir; but on his death-bed William Miller, who

resided in the neighbouring town of Bungay, sent for his brother—their differences were forgotten, and young William Bullock, the nephew, confided to his care; but, strange to say, after the death of the sick man, a will was found in which he gave all his property to his brother. The date of this document was, indeed, previous to the adoption of the lad, and at a time when he had quarrelled with his mother, the only sister of the testator, in consequence of her having married a Protestant—the Millers being a Roman Catholic family, strongly attached to the tenets of their religion. On his sister's death, however, William Miller had taken charge of her orphan child, and no doubt was entertained by his acquaintance that he would provide for him in after-life, being unmarried, and remaining so till his death. It proved otherwise, as we have seen. Thomas Miller, having by virtue of the will taken possession, returned to Halesworth with his orphan nephew, who was, from that time, a resident in the family of his new protector. But the situation of William Bullock was materially changed for the worse, and he held a doubtful position in his new abode, being required to do the duties of a servant, though in other respects treated as a member of the family. The establishment of old Miller consisted, at the time, of an aged female domestic, named Susan, and a daughter about a year younger than her cousin, the only child of her father by his wife, who had been dead several years. From her childhood, Betsey Miller had been remarkable for her amiable temper and promise of beauty, which increased as she grew up. A sincere affection naturally sprang up between the cousins, to which the circumstances of their daily life continually gave fresh energy. The influence of Betsey over her father was great, and to that influence William was indebted for every indulgence he obtained. Whenever anything was to be asked from the old man, it was through her he sought to gain it: it was this love alone for his cousin which detained the youth in a state of thralldom and inactivity, which became every day more irksome as he advanced to man's estate. But no influence could induce the old man to part with money to apprentice the youth to any of the tradesmen in the town. It was in vain that many of the most respectable of the inhabitants offered to take him at a small premium, and to instruct him in their several employments; for William was a universal favourite, and many were anxious to obtain the services of such a promising assistant. But though his uncle professed no strong affection for him, and seemed to grudge every shilling expended on the necessary articles of his wardrobe, some powerful influence seemed to act upon old Miller, and to prevent him from allowing his nephew to quit his family and immediate guardianship, and he manifested the greatest irritation at any proposal for having William removed from under his eye, appearing jealous of every one who took the slightest interest in his future prospects.

Some years rolled on in this state of uncomfortable dependence and uncertainty as to the future; and nothing but the increasing and mutual affection of the cousins prevented William from leaving his uncle's house, and seeking to provide for himself by the exertion of his talents, which were considerable, and had not been left uncultivated. By Betsey's means he obtained admission to her father's books, which, though not numerous, were sufficiently so to give him the means of self-instruction—the best, if not the chief source of education. The years which had thus passed saw young Bullock advanced to manhood, and Betsey Miller the belle of the small town in which she lived. Many and tempting were the offers of marriage she received; but the damsel remained unshaken in her affection for her cousin, and her father was not inclined to force her acceptance of any of her numerous suitors. He was well aware of the attachment the young couple had formed; but though he never opposed it, he would not listen to any proposition for their marriage. The same strange influence which seemed to have impelled him to keep his

nephew in his family, appeared to weigh with him, and prevent him from prohibiting their mutual engagement; but any attempt to obtain his consent to their union rendered him furious, and even his love for his daughter could not then restrain him from saying the harshest things. 'She wanted,' he would say, 'to get possession of his money, to set him aside from managing his property, to make him dependent on herself and her cousin,' and strictly forbade the subject to be mentioned to him again. His conduct towards his nephew, also, was at times very peculiar; and he seemed, even when asserting a supreme authority over him (which he would not allow for a moment to be questioned), to feel some strange and mysterious fear of the young man; and if called on to defray any needful expense on his account, though he would complain heavily, he never seemed to contemplate the possibility of a refusal; and although the presence of William gave him no pleasure, and, from the moroseness of his manner towards him, would have led to an opinion that he desired to be rid of him, he was evidently resolved not to part with him, and retained him as if performing an imperative but unpleasant duty. Everything in the old man's establishment was regulated with the greatest exactness, and his daily habits were equally unvaried. After his early breakfast, he constantly locked himself up with his books and antiquarian treasures for some hours, and no one intruded on his seclusion. Previous to his dinner at one o'clock he walked in his small garden, which was under the care of William and his cousin, and at such times was much addicted to talk aloud to himself, and seemed lost in thought on some matter which weighed upon his spirits, but of which no one had any idea; for, notwithstanding the strictness and even severity with which he kept all the observances of his religion, from the time of his brother's death he had never been to confession, and he avoided as much as possible meeting with the Roman Catholic clergyman of his district.

At length, one day during their frugal dinner, the old man was evidently in a state of great mental excitement, so much so, that his daughter asked if he was unwell. He said 'no,' but seemed abstracted and unwilling to be questioned on the subject. On the following day after breakfast he was heard making a considerable bustle in his small sitting room, and on his appearance at dinner, was even more abstracted and taciturn than on the previous day. He looked around him with an air of watchful suspicion, at times fixing his attention steadfastly on his nephew, and on his old servant, but made no remark from which any information could be gained as to the cause of his evident discomposure.

The next morning he called William into his room—an event of very rare occurrence—required him to remove various heavy books, and to take down every article from the tops of two old-fashioned book-cases, and from a cabinet of ancient china, an object of the old man's especial idolatry. The search, however, seemed very unsatisfactory; and at length seating himself in his chair, apparently much fatigued, at the same time regarding his nephew sternly through his spectacles, he said, slowly and deliberately—'It is true, then, I am robbed and plundered daily, and that by some one who knows my rooms, and has constant means of access to them.' William regarded his uncle with astonishment, and repeated the words, 'robbed and plundered.'

'Yes, sir,' exclaimed old Miller furiously; 'some one has carried off the most valuable of my china, a box of medals, my silver crucifix, which once belonged to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and I know not how many other articles of value; but I will not suffer this. Be the robber who he may, he shall be punished as severely as may be. He cannot escape detection, for the things are too remarkable not to be easily recognised. To-morrow I shall apply to the magistrates to search into the matter.'

He then sat in stern silence, and when his daughter entered the room, attracted by the elevation of her

father's voice, he did not seem to regard her presence. William related to his cousin the circumstance of her father's loss, which he seemed inclined to consider as a mere imagination, when he was startled by her reply, as she appeared suddenly to remember something in confirmation of the fact. 'It is singular,' she said, 'that, for the last two or three nights, I have fancied I heard some one moving in the house long after we had all been in bed.'

'Indeed!' cried her father, rousing himself from his reverie; 'and from whence did the sound proceed?'

'From the front parlour,' she replied.

'Are you sure that the shutters were closed and the window fastened?'

'I fastened the window myself, and William closed the shutters as usual.'

'Did you hear nothing more?'

'Once or twice I thought I heard the creaking of the stairs, as if some one were coming up; but the noise was so slight, that I fancied I was deceived, and fell asleep again.'

'Was the sound from the garret staircase?' asked the old man, looking steadfastly at his nephew, and evidently showing his suspicion of him.

The blood mounted indignantly to the cheeks of the young man, and his uncle groaned heavily; but his daughter, who had not observed her cousin's change of countenance, or her father's suspicious glances, simply answered, 'The sounds came from the stairs leading to your chamber door, my dear father, but were so slight, that I may have been deceived. But what proofs have you of the robbery?'

'The things I miss can nowhere be found; they have vanished one after the other. Two or three days ago I missed the medals; then the china; and the crucifix, which was in its place yesterday, is, you see, no longer there. But leave me,' he added; 'I feel much disturbed and uneasy, and wish to be alone.'

The young people obeyed, and, with the old domestic who had joined them, retired to discuss the mysterious affair, which baffled all their endeavours to find a clue to its solution. William could not help brooding over the idea of his uncle's suspicion being directed towards him; and though Betsey endeavoured to make light of it, the matter engrossed all their thoughts and conversation.

At dinner, the old man remained perfectly silent, and never once alluded to the subject which was uppermost in all their thoughts. In the evening he retired earlier than usual to his chamber, but still without any mention of his loss; and when William observed that it was necessary that the affair should be investigated, and search made for the missing articles, he sharply bade him hold his tongue, adding, that he did not want to be instructed as to what it was his duty to do. After he had retired, Betsey took up her work and William a book; but the latter felt too much annoyed at being the object of his uncle's groundless suspicion to think on any other subject, and sat for a considerable time in moody silence. His cousin, after trying in vain to engage him in conversation, gave up the attempt, and the evening passed in uninterrupted taciturnity, till the hour of retiring was near at hand, when their attention was attracted by a slight noise which proceeded from the old man's little room, and William was rising to investigate the cause, when his companion laid her hand upon his arm, and motioned to him to wait a minute in silence. The noise was heard again, and the door of the room in which they were sitting slowly opened. A figure appeared in the entry dressed in night attire, with eyes wide open, but in which there was no speculation: it was old Miller himself. In one hand he held a long and narrow china jar, in the other a candle and a small key. The daughter and the nephew remained in mute amazement, whilst the old man passed into the front parlour, and proceeded to a closet concealed in the wall, and in which, when employed as postmaster, he had been wont to place letters and articles of value. He opened the door of this pri-

vate depository, and, to the infinite surprise of the young people, who had followed him, displayed the missing articles carefully stowed away. William could not repress a loud shout of satisfaction, which suddenly awoke the somnambulist, who, in his alarm, dropped the china jar, which was shivered to atoms on the floor; at the same time a folded paper fell from it, which William mechanically stooped and picked up. The old man, startled from his sleep, was paralysed with terror. It was in vain they pointed out to him his recovered treasures; he trembled violently, and was so agitated, that his daughter requested her cousin to take him in his arms and convey him back to his bed, where she watched anxiously beside him, and would have sent for medical aid, but her father recovered sufficiently to forbid her, and desired to be undisturbed. In the meantime, William withdrew into the room below, in order to be in readiness should his presence be required; and thinking over the circumstances which had so strangely hidden and brought to light the articles supposed to be stolen, he remembered the paper he had picked up, which he carelessly unfolded, thinking it probably of no value. Great, then, was his amazement at seeing his own name in large letters on the sheet. He glanced his eye rapidly over the contents: it was the last will and testament of his uncle, William Miller, in which, with the exception of a few trifling legacies to his brother Thomas and his daughter, all his property was given to William Bullock, his nephew.

William carefully refolded the paper, said nothing of the matter to his cousin, when by her father's desire she retired to her chamber; but next morning had a long private conversation with his uncle, which terminated much to the satisfaction of the young man. In a few weeks the cousins were united, and old Miller was said to have advanced a considerable sum to establish his nephew in an employment in which he found both occupation and emolument.

### THE LAST WISH.

[The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot. This wish is expressed in the following lines. The name of their author is unknown to us.]

In some wild forest shade,  
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,  
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,  
Let me be laid.  
In this dim lonely grove,  
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;  
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,  
Cheering the spot.  
Not amid charnel stones,  
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,  
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,  
May rest my bones;  
But let the dewy rose,  
The snowdrop and the violet, lend perfume  
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,  
I take repose.  
Year after year,  
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,  
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,  
Shall build her dwelling near.  
And ever at the purple dawn of day  
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,  
And the shrill quail shall pipe her hymn of love,  
When eve grows dim and gray.  
The blackbird and the thrush,  
The golden oriole, shall flit around,  
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,  
The forest's solemn hush.  
Birds from the distant sea  
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,  
And soar above my dust in airy rings,  
Singing a dirge to me.

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## THE DEAD WEIGHT.

READER, have you ever observed, when attending the examination of a large class in our public schools, that the boys of the upper benches usually respond with readiness, but that, as the master proceeds past the middle, the running-fire of answers becomes less continuous, till their entire cessation gives evidence of there being a sad want of loading in that quarter? An occasional flash in the pan may be given, but no report follows; and a painful impression is left in the mind, that fully a third or a fourth of the corps are in a state decidedly inefficient. These are the 'dead weight.'

Now, it might occur to some who witness the annual examination, that if the master did, while teaching during the session, pass over the lower benches with the same rapidity, their stupidity might easily be accounted for. But little they know of masters, who suppose that the dead weight is to them a light matter. It is, on the contrary, the special 'crook in the lot'—their rock ahead—the thing, and the only thing, which in this world prevents their complete happiness. How often, in the beginning of the session, has the master, with chivalrous ardour, rushed into this thick mass of stupidity, threatening, cajoling, bullying, thrashing! The exertions of a drover to make his cattle take the water at a ferrying-place, of a Shetlander to compel the landing of a shoal of whales, are but faint shadowings of the exertions of a teacher at this time. With brute unconsciousness they see him sent back into his desk, where, breathless, foaming, he confesses the awful power of dullness; nor does one ray of comfort visit his heart till he turns his eye to the higher benches, where he knows that labour never fails to meet its reward. Still, his conscience prompts him to another attack. Another raid is made into the region of dullness; but the only result is, as before, a prostration of his energies, and a sense of the utter hopelessness of the task which he has undertaken.

But what, literally, is this dead weight? It is the accompaniment, the appendix, the tail of every public class. Its members are externally respectable, imposing; and, meet them separately, they are good-natured, sensible, and obliging. They are sometimes ingenious—ingenious in everything but what forms the business of the class. Their benches are more curiously carved than any others in the school; and when the master himself is led to inspect these results of their labours, he discovers, in sundry caricatures of himself, the germs of imitation and observant genius, and is half tempted to treat them with more respect. They are frequently affectionate and good-hearted; and the black eye of the lowest on the form, for which he receives a stern reprimand, is in some instances to be traced to a quarrel between dux and booby, in consequence of the former

speaking contemptuously of the master. They are generally brave, fearless of danger, and animated by feelings akin to patriotism. In the bickerings between different classes they are peculiarly the leaders, and as peculiarly the sufferers. Although they can see no beauty in the character of Æneas and the ancient heroes, they are the devoted admirers of Wallace and Nelson; and, while the higher pupils are directing their eyes to the page of Sallust or Virgil, the eyes of the dead weight are falling not on these ancient authors, who are meritoriously expanded on the board before them, but on some well-thumbed suspicious-looking volume which is held below the board—Waverley, or Don Quixote, or Adventures at Sea—which the master occasionally forks up with an affected expression of horror, and commits to his desk, after a due application of the birch or taws. Then as to honour; the tortures of the primitive martyrs would be lost on them ere they would 'peach'—they all admit they heard something like a whistle, but could not say who it was; and the piece of bread which stuck in the master's wig as he turned round, came from no quarter that they could perceive.

There are great differences in the characters of classes at school, and in no department are greater differences seen than in the dead weight. I remember a class, the dead weight of which was quite remarkable for cleverness and vivacity. They were the merriest fellows in the whole school, and general favourites even with the master. They had one or two good story-tellers amongst them—one in particular, who was enough to have distracted the attention of a set of infant George Buchanans from their lessons. This young gentleman was also a good singer: his 'Froggie would a-wooing go' was very generally admired. The class sat at a corner of the room, part on one form and part on another, and it was our juvenile Yorick's only principle in his school affairs to be at such a point in his class as to enable him to sit exactly in the angle. To attain this end, he never scrupled to lose a few places; or, if it was necessary for him to go up a few for that purpose, his companions were always willing to accommodate him. The fact is, that sitting in the corner was necessary to his commanding an audience for his entertainments. There, embowered in heads of listeners on both sides, he would tell stories and sing songs for half hours at a time, while the hum of the school served to keep the master in a state of happy ignorance of what was going on. One day, however, something having occurred to attract the attention of all but this joyful party, the general hum subsided of a sudden, when the worthy man was astonished, as he sat at his desk, to hear the words, 'With a rley poley, gammon and spinnage,' swinging off in full chorus from a spot not four yards from the place where he was sitting. The effect of such a sound, so unexpected, so inconsistent with the scene, was most remarkable, and

was not soon forgotten. The Roley Poley men, if I am not mistaken, yet have an annual meeting to keep alive the memory of their school-days.

But though there are specimens of the dead weight decidedly funny, it may be said that the general character of the set is a melancholy one. Times of trouble come which turn all their light-heartedness to lead. When a stranger enters the class-room, the dead weight is apt to have a very convicted appearance. Were their craniums ticketed, and the unfavourable bumps numbered, they could not feel more stuck up to shame. It is therefore not surprising that the absentees of the lower benches are always the most numerous. They are extremely liable to colds and cut fingers; and family doctors are more solicitous about them than their other patients. They go very frequently to the country; and they are constant attendants at public processions and meetings. These accidents sometimes affect a number of the body, more especially at a review before a few visiting officials, or on some day when a threatened descent is to be made upon them by the master. Still, they bring their written excuses from their papas—and, on failure of these, the compliments of their mammas, with the notice that she will write—and at times a doctor's note is tendered with becoming confidence. Numbers, however, are better watched at home, and they must encounter every mortification, till a settled apathy relieve them. Not the most apathetic, however, can contemplate without horror the great annual examination, when an inquiring public is let into the secret of the state of matters, and when sneering aunts and cousins ascertain with their own eyes the degradation of their young relatives. They feel, as they dress better for that day, no pleasure in the new jacket. However handsome the fit, they are merely handsome boobies. Tears of mortification are shed, and notwithstanding the threats of the father, the mother assents to the absence from the examination, and the same day witnesses the exit of the emancipated youths to the country with rod and fishing-hook. Numerous are the failures on that day; and some unfortunate youth who, in his ignorance of human nature, thought that those below him would stand true, and whose position in the class was approaching to respectability, finds himself now 'the observed of all observers.' The dead weight are frequently lads of strong natural feeling, and when they distinguish in the sea of triumphant and animated faces before them the somewhat blank countenance of a father or a mother, or the bewildered expression of a grandfather, who had set them down as prodigies of genius, and who in his fondness seems clinging at that moment to the idea that the lower end of the class is the upper, there is a feeling in their now roused youthful heart amounting to anguish. Is it to be wondered at that so many families leave before the vacation, to bury, in rural shades, the disappointment of their hopes, and to shun the degradations of such a scene? What 'a ghastly glitter' the gilded prize-books have to the now thinned dead weight! And the number of the prizes, too, makes their shame the more marked, as more than the half of the now apparent class are so distinguished. The tone of condolence and encouragement, too, which the presiding examiner mingles in his address, when he alludes to those who have not got prizes, appears to them a public notice of their inefficiency; and the lengthened and pitying faces of the auditory during the allusion, an awful expression of hopeless contempt. On returning from the exhibition, the dinner-scene at home is frequently a distressing one. The father may be a magistrate, whose presence is officially due at the annual

dinner, or he may be a person of such consequence, that he was invited to attend; still, he could not face it out, and he is compelled to eat the bread of family sorrow. The bread of the youth that day is watered with tears: the father, stern and unforgiving, threatens a boarding-school at a distance, and asks the perplexed youth what is the choice of his profession. As to being his successor, it is out of the question; he has no head for it. After considerable family wrangling, the youth is packed off to a remote and obscure school, where his progress, however slow, will not meet their observation, and cast a reproach on the family.

These pictures of youthful misery and family distress are numerous in our country. There is a long train of inconveniences and disasters connected with them—alienation of children from their parents, rash entrances on professions, aversion to mental improvement, and frequently the contraction of low and seducing friendships. But, it may be said, what can be done to prevent this? In every class there must be the same relations, and why point out evils for which there can be no mitigation or cure?

I am not quite sure that the dead weight is an evil incapable of at least diminution. What is the cause of the dead weight? It is, that a certain portion of the boys associated in classes with a regard to age are of different grades of faculties, one set being apt and brilliant, while the others are comparatively dull. Now, even allowing all other arrangements to remain the same, much of this discrepancy might be avoided by grouping backward boys of one age with smart boys who were their juniors. He must be a sadly stupid fellow who, at twelve, is not fit to march on abreast with others at ten, or say nine. Or classes might be divided, and the dead weight taught by themselves on a somewhat different plan, applicable to the benumbed state of their faculties. Half the time, spent judiciously in this manner, on each moiety of the class, while the other section was allowed to play or to engage in some other and lighter study, would probably be found to come to better results than the present system. Drawing, singing, and gymnastics, would form a capital relief for a dead weight just relieved from a harassing Latin examination.

Another subordinate and partial remedy would be to make a decided effort with the individual members of the dead weight, to awaken their minds to the object and character of the lessons. Sometimes a dead weight goes through a whole school course, as in a dream, totally unable at the last, as at the beginning, to understand what it was all about. Nothing was ever explained in such a manner as to enable their intellects to grasp it: they went through the routine, but there was no healthy intellectual consciousness of the matter and scope of the tasks the whole time. This is decidedly using the dead weight very ill. They are often blamed for what is more truly the fault of the master or his system. Endeavour to rouse the faculties of a dead weight, to get them to understand thoroughly the first lessons, and never allow them once to fall behind with anything in progress of being developed to the class, and they would often turn out very different from the dolts which they are set down for by a rashly-judging public.

But the most effectual remedy would unquestionably be found in paying more regard to the special intellectual powers and tendencies of boys, and selecting for them appropriate branches of education. We are all very variously constituted, some having an aptitude for language-study, others for matters of fact, some for numbers, others for mechanics, and so forth. But education, as usually conducted, concentrates attention almost exclusively upon language and numbers alone, the faculties for which, especially the first, are in very moderate endowment in a large majority of mankind. Thus many fail to advance, because the system is one to them decidedly inappropriate, whereas they might make a fair appearance, or even shine, in some other



walk. When this great principle in education is more attended to, we shall undoubtedly have a far less portion of each class included under the designation of the dead weight.

### THE AMERICAN ALMANAC.

THE United States of North America cannot boast of sending forth a hundredth part of the number of almanacs issued in England, but they at least furnish one equal in point of quality and extent to anything of the kind published in Great Britain. We allude to the 'American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge,' a work issued from the Boston press, which for the present year extends to nearly 350 pages, and is sold at the respectable sum of a dollar. A few statistics gleaned from this fresh mass of information may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Passing over the first part of the almanac, which is devoted to the usual astronomical tables, calculated, we are told, by Mr Benjamin Pierce Perkins, Professor of Astronomy in Harvard university, we come to a large body of particulars respecting the general and individual government of the states, population, finances, education, &c.

John Tyler of Virginia occupies the fourteenth presidential term of four years since the establishment of the government under the constitution; his term will expire on the 3d of March 1845. Mr Tyler's salary, as president, is 25,000 dollars; he appoints and is assisted by a cabinet of six ministers—the secretaries of state, treasury, war, and navy, postmaster-general, and attorney-general, each with a salary of 6000 dollars, except the attorney-general, who has only 4000. There do not appear to be any under-secretaries; the chief clerks, who are perhaps equivalent, receive each salaries of 2000 to 3500 dollars. The number of states in the Union is now 26, each of which deputed representatives to congress according to its ratio of population. The number of representatives at present is 242; of which New York state sends 40, Pennsylvania 28, Virginia 21, Massachusetts 12, and so on down to Arkansas and Michigan, who each send one. The judiciary consists of a supreme and circuit courts. The supreme court, which meets annually in session at Washington, comprises a chief justice, with a salary of 5000 dollars, eight associate justices, each with a salary of 4500 dollars: also an attorney-general, reporter, clerk, and marshal. The states generally are divided into nine judicial circuits, in each of which a circuit court is held twice every year by a justice of the supreme court, assisted by state or district judges.

The intercourse with foreign nations is conducted by ministers plenipotentiary, with a salary of 9000 dollars, besides 9000 dollars for outfit; chargés d'affaires, with a salary of 4500 dollars; secretaries of legation, 2000 dollars; and ministers resident, 6000 dollars. There are likewise employed about 170 consuls. The United States navy at present consists of 10 ships of the line, each with 74 guns, except one, which has 120 guns; 14 frigates of the first class, 2 frigates of the second class, 17 sloops of war, 8 brigs, 9 schooners, 6 steamers, and 3 store-ships. The regular army numbers under 10,000 men, and is in process of reduction to a minimum. The highest military officer is a major-general, with a pay of 200 dollars per month. The militia force, including officers and privates, amounts to 1,711,342 men. The post-office establishment has in its service 13,733 postmasters and their clerks, 2342 contractors and their agents; and transports the mails over an annual aggregate of 34,835,991 miles. Distance and weight govern the charge for transmission; as, for example, a single letter sent any distance under 30 miles is charged 6 cents, or 3d.; and if over 30, and under 80, it is charged 10 cents, or 5d. All the charges for letters seem exorbitant in comparison with our penny rates; but the mode of charging newspapers is more lenient. Newspapers being unstamped, with no duty on advertisements, they can

be sold cheaply on the spot where they are produced. When sent by post, they are charged for transmission within any part of the state, or 100 miles beyond it, 1 cent; if over 100 miles, and out of the state, 1½ cents. Periodicals and pamphlets are likewise sent by post. The almanac before us, consisting of ten sheets, is, we perceive, charged 15 cents under 100 miles, and 25 cents over that distance. These charges must fall heavily on distant purchasers. In Great Britain, periodicals of all kinds can be readily procured through a bookseller, without any charge for transmission.

The sale of land is an important branch of revenue. In the year 1841, the quantity sold was 1,164,796 acres, producing the sum of 1,363,090 dollars. The money received is divided among the various states according to certain ratios of population and federal electors. The customs, however, is the principal source of revenue: in 1842 they produced upwards of 18,000,000 dollars. The total receipts of the treasury in 1842 are set down at 34,502,593 dollars; but this sum appears to include at least 10,000,000 dollars of treasury notes, which, we suppose, signify borrowed money; the expenditure, including redemption of treasury notes, and interest on debt, amounts to 35,308,634 dollars. Exclusive of the debt and trust funds, the expenditure in the year ending March 1843 was as follows:—On the civil, miscellaneous, and foreign intercourse, 6,865,451 dollars; on military establishment, including pension and Indian affairs, 8,248,917 dollars; on naval establishment, 7,963,677 dollars—total (omitting fractions), 23,078,047 dollars. This statement brings out the remarkable fact, that sixteen out of the twenty-three millions, or more than two-thirds of the whole expenditure, were for war-like purposes. The public debt of the Union on the 1st of December 1842 amounted to 10,093,426 dollars—less than half a year's free revenue.

The rapid growth of the principal cities gives one a striking idea of the progress of affairs in the states. The population of New York in 1790 was 33,131; in 1840 it was 312,710. That of Philadelphia in 1790 was 42,520; in 1840 it was 258,037. In 1800 New Orleans was scarcely in existence; in 1840 its population was 102,193. Newark did not exist in 1810; in 1840 its population was 17,290. Lowell did not exist in 1820; in 1840 its population was 20,796.

The number of states in the Union, as we have said, is at present twenty-six, along with three territories and one district. The total free population of the states in 1790 was 3,929,827; in 1840 it was 17,063,353. The total slave population in 1790 was 697,897; in 1840 it was 2,487,355; the ratio of free to slaves, therefore, is rather more than 7 to 1. The number of slaves in each state in 1840 was as follows:—Maine 0, New Hampshire 1, Vermont 0, Massachusetts 0, Rhode Island 5, Connecticut 17, New York 4, New Jersey 674, Pennsylvania 64, Delaware 2605, Maryland 89,737, Virginia 448,987, North Carolina 245,817, South Carolina 327,038, Georgia 280,944, Alabama 253,532, Mississippi 195,211, Louisiana 163,452, Arkansas 19,935, Tennessee 183,059, Kentucky 182,258, Ohio 3, Michigan 0, Indiana 3, Illinois 331, Missouri 58,240, District of Columbia 4694, Florida territory 25,717, Wisconsin territory 11, Iowa territory 16.

From tables illustrative of educational, medical, and religious statistics, we learn that there are 105 colleges for the higher branches of education in the states, the greater number attended by from 60 to 150 pupils, but some have as many as 300. The largest college library is that of Harvard university, which contains 58,000 volumes. The greater number of the colleges are under the influence of special religious denominations. Independently of these colleges, there are 38 theological seminaries. There are 28 medical schools and 8 law schools. The Protestant Episcopal church consists of 21 bishops, with their respective dioceses, 1135 ministering clergy, and 55,427 members or communicants. The Roman Catholic church consists of 20 bishops, one of whom is an archbishop; 579 ministering clergy; number



of members not stated. The Methodist Episcopal church consists of 15 conferences, 4244 travelling preachers, 7621 local preachers, white members or communicants 936,736, coloured 128,410—total 1,068,525. The Baptist body comprehends 8383 churches, 5398 ministers, and 611,527 communicants. The Free-Will Baptist connexion embraces 1057 churches, 714 ordained preachers, and 50,688 members. To the Presbyterians (old school) there belong 2092 churches, 1434 ministers; number of members not stated. The Congregationalists in 1841 had 971 churches, and 774 ministers; members not stated. The Lutheran church has 1371 churches, 424 ministers, and 146,300 members. The Universalists have 918 churches, and 476 ministers; members not stated. The tables do not include the smaller sects.

A considerable portion of the almanac is occupied with lists of officials and other matters connected with the individual states, each of which possesses its own executive, legislative, judiciary, school system, and debt. The annual salary of the state governors is various; in Maine the governor receives 1500 dollars, in New Hampshire 1000, in Massachusetts 2500, in New York 4000, and so on. The free population in 1840, and debt in 1842 or 1843 of each state, may be noted as follows:—Maine, population, 501,793; debt, 1,725,362 dollars. New Hampshire, 284,574; no financial statement. Vermont, 291,948; no financial statement. Massachusetts, 737,699; debt, 6,264,740 dollars. Rhode Island, 108,830; debt, 64,255 dollars. Connecticut, 309,978; debt none, and apparently money in hand. New York, 2,428,921; debt (January 1843), 31,583,138 dollars. New Jersey, 373,306; debt, none stated, but we observe a temporary loan of 39,000 dollars was made in 1842. Pennsylvania, 1,724,033; debt (January 1843), 37,937,788 dollars. Delaware, 78,085; debt (December 1842), 15,211,393 dollars. Virginia, 1,239,797; debt, 7,409,166 dollars. North Carolina, 753,419; no financial statement. South Carolina, 594,398; no financial statement. Georgia, 691,392; no financial statement. Alabama, 590,756; debt, 9,834,555 dollars. Mississippi, 375,651; no financial statement. Louisiana, 352,411; no financial statement. Tennessee, 829,210; debt, 3,015,916 dollars. Kentucky, 779,828; debt, 3,902,783. Ohio, 1,519,467; debt none, and overplus revenue. Michigan, 212,267. Indiana, 685,866. Illinois, 476,183. Missouri, 383,702. Columbia district, 43,712. Florida territory, 54,477. Wisconsin territory, 30,945. Iowa territory, 43,112. No financial statements for these.

The notices of school funds in the respective states are among the most pleasing features of the work before us. The greater number of the states appear to have general boards for directing and superintending elementary schools, which are supported by public taxes and the proceeds of land set apart for the purpose, also by fees. We observe that in 1842 the school fund of New Jersey amounted to 344,495 dollars, and that the number of district schools was 1500. In Pennsylvania, as far as reports had been obtained in 1842, there were 6116 schools, having 5176 male teachers and 231 female teachers: 554 schools are said still to be required. On turning to Ohio, we see that in 1842 it distributed 233,350 dollars on the common schools. In Michigan the school fund consists of every sixteenth section (640 acres) of land in each surveyed township. The total amount of school lands in this state is 1,000,000 acres; number of school districts, 2312; children reported in the districts, 64,871; attending district schools, 56,175; attending private schools, 3196. It appears from this that almost every child is at school, a fact not more gratifying than singular, considering that the attendance is voluntary.

We should have been glad if, in addition to the numerous facts embraced in the almanac, some distinct information had been presented respecting the amount of money borrowed from foreign countries by the different states, the cause for contracting such debts, and the reasons for repudiating payment. In the silence of our

authority on these points, we turn to another production of the transatlantic press, the North American Review for the first month of the present year, where, in an article on the subject, we glean the following intelligence.

Pennsylvania, as we have seen, had in 1843 a debt of 37,937,788 dollars, of which 30,533,629 were borrowed to form canals and railways, 4,410,135 to pay interest on previous debt, and the rest generally for other public purposes. The stagnation of trade and general embarrassment rendered it impossible for the state, with its ordinary resources, to preserve credit; certificates were issued by the treasury to the creditors, bearing interest at 6 per cent.; but these certificates, with the interest which has accrued on them, are yet unpaid. The annual charge for interest is, in round numbers, 2,000,000 dollars. 'Suppose the public works were to yield no revenue at all, and the whole of this charge were to fall on the people in a direct tax, it is only one per cent. on their annual products: a tax of one dollar a-head would nearly pay it.' The reviewer informs us that Pennsylvania has not wished to act fraudulently; it has made unsuccessful attempts to raise funds; yet why its legislature has not imposed taxes to meet the deficiency, is not explained: the unwillingness of the people to submit to so small a capitation impost as a dollar per annum, and the fears of public men to lose popularity by making proposals disagreeable to the electors, must be the real cause of the bankruptcy. 'Maryland is another delinquent state, which has failed, during the last two years, to make payment of the interest on her public debt,' which was contracted to carry on great public improvements, by purchases of stock in canal and railroad companies, and loans to such companies. The money required for interest is 6,000,000 dollars annually. Of this sum 450,000 dollars would require to be raised by direct taxation. The legislature has ordained a tax for the purpose, but it cannot be raised; the collection of the cash seems an impossibility. The want of will to pay is the cause of this dishonourable state of affairs. The people of Maryland say, that, by the constitution, taxes can only be imposed 'for the support of government;' and that, as the construction of railroads and canals is not one of the legitimate objects of government, they will not pay any tax of that nature. This is a bad excuse. 'The first object of government undoubtedly is, to secure its citizens from violence and wrong. But this by no means exhausts its powers or fulfils its duties. It may do much towards the increase of knowledge, the advancement of education, both religious and secular, the progress of the sciences, the promotion of a free intercourse between communities and nations, and the increase and diffusion of wealth and comfort; and what it can do towards these objects, securely and wisely, it is bound to do. This duty has been felt by all governments, and to some extent has been performed by all. Great public works, designed for the common benefit, and executed by the combined power of the whole people, have always been looked upon as monuments of civilisation, and of the wisdom and virtue of the administration which planned them. It is now for the first time denied that they are within its legitimate powers.'

The debt of Mississippi appears to have been incurred by putting bonds into circulation for the purpose of giving capital to the Mississippi Union Bank, an institution which lost all its money. The redemption of the bonds has been repudiated, on the grounds that they were sold informally, and below their value. Michigan has also denied its obligation to pay a part of its outstanding debts, which are in the form of bonds, parted with, as it is said, informally or illegally, by the United States Bank of Pennsylvania to certain banking-houses in Europe. Louisiana, by likewise loaning its credit to several banking corporations, has contracted a debt it is unwilling to liquidate. Indiana and Illinois contracted debts for public improvements, and are at pre-

sent unable to pay all demands on them. The reviewer sums up the cases of insolvency as follows:—'States which are so deeply involved in debt, that it is out of their power at present to perform their engagements; states whose resources and means of payment are ample, and who have never questioned the binding force of their contracts; and states able to pay, but refusing, on the ground that they are not able to pay.' Want of inclination to act honestly, however, is what Europeans recognise as the guiding principle of this wide-spread insolvency. 'What,' says the reviewer, 'would future times say to a series of acts of confiscation by which the great republics of the New World, in the middle of the nineteenth century, should appropriate millions of property to their own use? The inquiry would be made—was it enemy's property seized in time of war; or was it taken in the midst of a revolution, as a signal and severe punishment for great crimes against the state? If so, though opposed to the lenient and more humane spirit of the present age, and in itself of very doubtful propriety, the laws of nations do not positively forbid it, and the examples of nations in less favoured times might afford some excuse for it. But what must be the reply? It must be, that these acts were done in a time of profound peace; that they fell alike upon citizens and upon strangers; upon the child who was too young to be otherwise than innocent, and women and aged men who were too feeble to be feared; that they were directed against no crime; that they were justified by no principle; that they, were naked acts of arbitrary power, prompted by no motive except a base love of money. We cannot bring ourselves to fear that the American people, or any considerable part of them, will ever stand fairly before the world in judgment for this great crime.' \* \* Let every honest man, then, take care to do what in him lies to protect himself from this great wrong, and never rest until the faith of his country has been redeemed, and its honour secured from reproach.'

## THE BASQUES.

### PART FIRST.

At the hour of sunset, late in the summer of 18—, a small party left the suburbs of St Jean Pied de Port, and took their way to the Spanish frontier. It consisted of a tall and handsome cavalier, of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, whose features were marked with care and anxiety, and whose dress and accoutrements showed marks of long service. He led by the hand a fine boy, of five or six years of age, and hanging on his arm was a young and handsome female, whose dark shining locks, large and brilliant eyes, with a figure of peculiar grace and elegance, showed the native of Andalusia. A tall and swarthy figure, half brigand and half smuggler, led the way; a long carbine swung at his back, and his leathern girdle was garnished with pistols of formidable appearance. On the banks of the Bidassoa, a lad was waiting them with four mules, two of which were destined for the travellers, the other two for their attendant, the slight baggage they carried with them, and a few contraband articles belonging to their escort.

The drums from the citadel sounded the ventrée as the fugitives mounted in silence, and took their way up one of the gorges of the mountains, down which a threatening blast came groaning in their faces and made them halt for a few minutes, whilst the gentleman enveloped his female companion in a large military cloak, and wrapped the one which he himself wore more tightly round the boy he held on the saddle before him, and remounting, continued his way—the only conversation being such as their attendants could carry on between themselves during the intervals of the blasts of wind, which were now mingled with driving rain.

'How did you manage,' asked the lad, 'to convey your horses to the Carlists last Tuesday?'

'In the same way we have done before,' was the re-

ply. 'We were thirty in all, each mounted on his beast. On the mountains the advanced post asked what we did there? We were taking our horses to pasture,' we said, and in effect did halt to feed them, but mounted again as soon as it was dark; and the soldiers and douaniers, not wishing to encounter so large a party, either did not, or pretended not to see us. But your father was not so lucky last night, I think?'

'O, as to that,' said Domingo, 'we had a sharp skirmish with the douaniers, but did not lose the value of a pistole; our men threw down some packages of pretended goods.'

'And did the bait take?'

'Ay, ay; and whilst the fellows scampered after them, we reached the bottom of the valley with our powder and cloth, and they were soon safely stowed away.'

After about two hours' march, the party reached the Col d'Ispegay, where they found the ruins of a strong fort, thrown up by the French during their retreat in 1814. Some large branches of trees and remains of timber had been piled up, to serve as a shelter for the douaniers and soldiers, who had a small station on the spot. Esteban, the guide, uttered a low cry, resembling the shriek of an owl, and immediately a Basque mountaineer showed himself from the thicket. The two conversed together a short time in whispers, after which Esteban informed his companions that his brother, whom he had sent forward to discover how matters stood on the Spanish side, had brought word that he had heard a sharp firing between the Christinos and the Carlists, and that the former were bivouacked on their route; and they must therefore wait till they had retired, which they must necessarily do at daybreak, because the village of Erratson, just below, was Carlist. The party then dismounted as quickly as possible, and Domingo was ordered to take the mules back to St Jean Pied de Port, lest they should betray the presence of the fugitives to the guard upon the station. Esteban, the guide, then conducted Don Romnald and his family under a hanging rock, surrounded by a close thicket, where they were effectually concealed and sheltered. The cloaks and light baggage were arranged so as to form a resting-place for the lady and her son, whilst the men kept watch over them. The rain had ceased, and the moon gleamed forth on the mountains, throwing the projecting rocks into bold relief, and adding depth to the shadows. At no great distance glimmered the fire which was kept up by the douaniers in their bivouack, and at intervals were heard the tread of the patrol who were guarding the pass through which they hoped to make their way.

The reflections of the chief of the party were anything but cheering. Don Romnald D'Arcos was the head of an ancient Basque family, and had distinguished himself as a Carlist leader, but his party had sustained several defeats; and some months before, he had been obliged to escape into France with his only child and Dona Francisca his wife, the daughter and heiress of a family of rank in Andalusia, who had left her friends and connexions to follow the fortunes of her husband, who, wearied with exile, and having barely sufficient to support the companions of his flight, had seized the first reviving prospect of better fortune which the affairs of his party offered, to endeavour to regain his native land; at all events, anything seemed better than the hopeless state of inactivity in which he had dragged on the last weary months of his existence. Anxiously did he watch the long night, and deeply did he consider what might be the event of the coming day, which at length began to break in the eastern sky. With the dawn came the sound of musketry from the other side of the hill. This was a fortunate event for the fugitives, as it drew the attention of the guard solely to the quarter from whence it came, and enabled their guide and his brother to convey them and their slight baggage along a pathway nearly inaccessible, save to the mountaineers and their goats. But Romnald was a Basque, and accustomed to guerilla warfare, and, with this aid

of his attendants, safely conducted his wife and child through the pass, unseen for a while by the douaniers. The sound of bells now struck their ears from the town of Erratson, which lay below, and was the place of their destination. The sound was not that of the angelus, but the tocsin, which rung forth to call the inhabitants to arms. The Christinos were not, however, in force sufficient to resist the attack from the town, and, as the guide had foreseen, descended hastily in the direction of Aldudes, leaving the route open to the travellers; but the daylight betrayed them to the guard, who, taking them for a party of contrabandists, called loudly to them to halt. Esteban then led them hastily on one side, directing his brother to take an opposite direction, and show himself occasionally amongst the rocks, to mislead their pursuers. This he did so effectually, that in a short time Romnald and his family were beyond the reach of pursuit, and descending rapidly to Erratson. They halted for a few moments to rest themselves, and the Carlist chief uncovering his head, desired little Melchoir to do the same.

'Melchoir,' he said, 'where lies Biscay, the country where you were born, where I was born, and our forefathers for many generations. It is there they died, and there I shall die also. You must love that country as you love your mother and myself.'

The boy listened with serious attention. 'I know,' he said, 'that I am a Basque; mamma has told me so.'

'In that country of Biscay,' continued his father, 'they now make war, and men kill each other; but children have no cause to fear.'

The eyes of Melchoir sparkled as he answered, 'I must neither cry nor be afraid, but remain quiet by your side, papa, without thinking of the guns and swords. It is so the Basque boys do; mamma has taught me this also.'

'The war we make is a holy war; they wish to take from us our liberty, and our ancient laws and customs. One day you will understand all this.'

'Those wicked people,' replied the child, 'are called Christinos, and we call ourselves Carlists.'

Both father and mother repeatedly kissed their child, who was thus early taught to hold to all the Basque veneration for their *fueros*, or ancient laws, and thus was the seed sown which was to germinate in new civil conflicts in years to come.

'Remember my experience, Melchoir,' his father added; 'whatever danger awaits you in your native land, there meet it. To die in and for your country and home, brings with it pleasure and satisfaction; but to linger a fugitive in a foreign land, takes every charm from life. Your mother will one day repeat to you all that I have said.'

'And why not repeat your instructions to him yourself?' asked the lady.

'Francisca,' said Don Romnald mournfully, 'you know whither we are going?'

This presentiment of evil blanched the cheeks of the wife and mother, and the party proceeded again in silence till they entered the town of Erratson, where the bells were once again pealing forth, no longer signals of alarm or vengeance, but announcing tidings of joy to the multitude which filled the square before the church, who joined their triumphant cries to the sound, and shouts of 'Viva el Rey Don Carlos' rang through the streets. Don Romnald was soon recognised, and the populace joyfully greeted his arrival, which at the moment seemed an especial blessing from Heaven. Don Carlos having succeeded in making his way through France, and entered the Basque provinces, leaders to direct the vigour and strength of his partisans seemed all that was needed to give final success to his cause. It was a day of fête and rejoicing in Erratson; numberless guitars were sounding in the streets, and around them groups of young men performing the national dances, greatly to their own satisfaction and the amusement of the spectators. The gay costume of the land shone forth in all its richness; the velvet jacket, covered

with countless gilded buttons, the scarlet vest and velvet pantaloons, with caps of white or blue; for the red cap, as a mark of the partisans of Isabella, found no favour in a population devoted to Don Carlos. Groups of females, too, were mingled with the crowd, displaying their gay bodices of cloth or velvet, and long braided tresses hanging down to their knees. All was mirth and festivity: the war raging around them was forgotten, though the enemy were perhaps only on the other side of the hills, and might be within sight of the town in an hour. No matter; if he came, so much the better. And soon it seemed probable that such would be the case; for after mid-day a horseman rode rapidly into the plaza; the silver tassel hanging from his white cap showed him to be a Carlist officer, and the towns-men crowded eagerly around him.

'Men of Biscay,' he cried, 'Mina is advancing on the town with his battalions.'

The dancers ceased their sport, the guitars were hushed in an instant, the wine shops poured forth their revellers, and in an inconceivably short time the multitude presented themselves in military array; not in uniform, or with the arms of regular troops, it is true, but as a band of native soldiers, whose weapons were at hand and ready for service, though various in their form, and differing in their kind. There were the carbines of the smuggler, old Moorish lances and hunting-spears, with hereditary swords which had been wielded by many successive generations of Basque patriots in defence of their laws and customs, and who now assumed them without tumult or confusion, as men accustomed to such emergencies, and ever ready to obey the voice that called them forth to combat for the privileges of their native Biscay. The sound of national songs filled the air, and wives and mothers blessed their husbands and their sons, and hurried to the church to pray for their success.

Don Romnald was provided with a horse and a white cap with the ensigns of an officer of rank, and desired to take the command of the patriots of Erratson. Donna Francisca, in imitation of the females around her, endeavoured to receive his adieu without a tear, and merely asked, in a faltering voice, when and where they should meet again.

'Probably to-morrow at Lecarroz, whither one of my old friends will conduct you,' was the reply.

'To-morrow, then; not later; for a first absence, it is enough.'

When the troop had disappeared, and the deserted streets told the absence of their defenders, the fire which had kindled in her eye, and the colour which had flushed her cheeks, faded away, and catching Melchoir by the hand, she said, in no very articulate tones, 'Come, my boy, to the church—to the church, to pray for him.'

The next day Donna Francisca and her son were established in the largest and whitest house in the pretty village of Lecarroz, with Senhor Triarte, the old alcade of the town. Don Romnald had not yet returned, being still engaged in skirmishing with the troops of Mina a league and a-half from Lecarroz. For some hours Francisca had been seated by a window, with her eyes fixed upon the distant hills, from whence were heard at intervals the discharges of musketry, with now and then the roar of cannon. Silent and anxious, each volley produced a shudder through her frame; behind her, and leaning on her chair, stood a young girl, a daughter of the family, whose eyes were steadily turned to the same point, and who seemed equally wrapt in contemplation of the scene in the distance. Her figure was remarkably thin and slender, her cheek pale and wasted, and her lovely dark eyes surrounded with a deep blue circle, which told of watchfulness and sorrow.

After some time, Francisca broke the silence by saying, 'Will there never be an end of this anxiety and fear? The combat seems unabated.'

'No,' replied the girl sadly and slowly; 'neither party have yet yielded ground.'

'Have you any one engaged in the conflict particularly dear to you, Carmela?'

Carmela shook her head, and replied, 'The Carlists are our friends and our protectors, the defenders of our country and its laws.' And, as if to evade further inquiry, she said, 'Would you like, senhora, to go to the end of the village towards the entrance of the defile? We may perhaps find some one to give us information from the scene of action.'

Donna Francisca gladly accepted the proposal, and proceeding up the village, they turned up the gorge of a ravine in the direction from whence the sounds of the combat proceeded: the firing of musketry and the roar of cannon came more distinctly to their ears, increased by the echoes of the valley.

'Oh these cannon!' cried Francisca with a shudder.

'The Carlists have no artillery, and must capture it from the enemy at all hazards,' replied her companion.

They then seated themselves on a projecting rock; and after a short time Francisca's excited feelings began to vent themselves in tears. At first they flowed gently and in silence, but as she yielded to their influence, she began to sob more violently, and at length gave way to the most violent and unrestrained sorrow. After some time her companion caught the contagion of her grief, and it was long before the storm of their lamentation abated. When it had in some degree exhausted itself, Francisca said, 'It is not patriotism alone, my child, that thus excites you; your grief too nearly resembles my own.'

'No, senhora, no,' sobbed Carmela, giving full way to her feelings. 'You may avow your tears and anxiety before all Biscay; I sorrow for one I dare not now acknowledge—for one I have renounced for ever. You know how this horrible struggle has arisen; but there is scarcely one Basque amongst a thousand who has abandoned the cause of his country and the defence of our friends, to join the Spaniards and Christinos; yet there have been traitors amongst us, deserters to the Chapelgorris; and he who was my betrothed is with them, fighting amongst those renegades. When the news of his treason first reached us, my grandfather said to me, "Carmela, your engagement with Salvador Elyssalde is broken for ever: we can hold no connexion with the deserter of our laws and customs, with one who takes the bribes of arms, and is armed by England against his king and his country—a destroyer of our holy convents, and a persecutor of our holy martyrs. I must have for my grandson a faithful son of Biscay." You are right, my father, I replied; your thoughts and sentiments are mine; but oh, senhora, the first engagement between the Carlists and Christinos nearly broke my heart. When I saw the young men of Lecarroz march out as heroes to a holy war, the tears which fell upon my cheeks seemed scalding them with shame; but when they returned victorious, I felt my love for Salvador was not extinct; pity and alarm awoke within me—perhaps he was left wounded or dead upon the field—perhaps he was a prisoner and under sentence of death; and it is the same at every fresh engagement—the same struggle, the same agony. I know that to-day he is engaged there—there fighting under Mina, and at this instant per chance a victim or a fratricide.'

Suddenly a young man sprang on the rock beside them. He wore the Basque costume, but with the red cap of the regiment of Chapelgorris: his figure was blackened with the smoke and powder, his dress torn and stained with blood, and his long hair covered with dust; but, in spite of all this, a remarkably handsome youth.

'Carmela,' he said, extending his hand towards the maiden of Lecarroz; but Carmela repulsed him with vehemence, and cried, 'Away, away; there is blood upon you. Is it that of my uncle, of my cousins, or the holy monks of St Spiridon? at all events, it is the blood of a Basque. Go, traitor; go to your English friends; their pay is good. Go to your bloody leader, Mina; he loves such a sight.'

'Oh, Carmela!'

'Stand off, Christino!'

'Yet, Carmela, you pray for me.'

'I pray for you as a sinner; I pray for your conversion.'

The musketry now sounded nearer.

'Fly, fly, and save yourself,' said Carmela.

'Where is Don Romnald?' cried Francisca.

'Returning to Lecarroz,' replied Salvador; and then added, 'I came hither, Carmela, at all hazards, to warn you to escape with your family and friends from Lecarroz. Mina, full of resentment for the assistance you have afforded to the Carlist troops, has denounced vengeance against your village: and now, Carmela, adieu!'

'Oh! Salvador,' replied the girl, turning to him as she was taking her way to the village; 'oh! Salvador, avoid the Carlists.'

The females found the village in alarm: the trumpet had recalled the men who were employed in guarding the cattle, and they came down into the place like an avalanche. The Carlists of Erratson are repulsed,' was the cry; and the men, seizing their arms, hurried in the direction of the fight, to aid and support their friends, leaving only old men, women, and children in Lecarroz. Nine o'clock at length sounded from the church tower, and the voices and heavy tread of men were heard approaching: the sounds of battle had ceased. Donna Francisca had been for some time kneeling in silent prayer, when Carmela said, 'The Carlists are returning in good order; had any mischance befallen their leader, it would not be so.' The voices could now be distinguished through the gloom; various names were shouted forth, and glad replies were returned. 'Our friends are safe again,' exclaimed Carmela, as the plaza filled with the returning troops. Donna Francisca called loudly on her husband. 'He has fought like a hero, and is safe and unhurt,' replied several voices. Still he did not appear, till at length the last convoy of the wounded arrived under his escort. 'See, here he comes, safe and unwounded, by the blessing of the Virgin!' cried Carmela. Donna Francisca threw herself on her husband's neck in grateful prayer for his restoration.

Lecarroz soon recovered its tranquillity. Mina had fallen back upon St Etevan, and Don Romnald had gone to Ellisondo to confer with Zumalacarre, and from thence had followed him to Guernica, leaving his wife and child still under the protection of the alcade. Carmela had become as an affectionate sister to their guest, and had remained with her one day, when the rest of the family had gone on a visit to some relatives about two leagues from the village. Francisca was comparatively happy; she had just received a letter from her husband, who was safe and well, and was communicating to Carmela the contents of the epistle, when an unusual sound caught their ears and made them start instantly to their feet. A roll of drums sounded from the extremity of the village, then came the heavy tread of approaching troops, next loud voices issuing orders, —a wild cry of distress—mingled imprecations of rage and despair; all passed with the rapidity of a sudden hurricane, till the whole village resounded with shouts of clamour and alarm. Donna Francisca flew to the window; the name of Mina was repeated with wild screams from the women, and in deeper tones of rage from the men. Crowds rushed to the extremities of the village, but were driven back into the interior by the troops which surrounded it; barricades were placed against the doors, the window-shutters closed; whilst some vowed to bury themselves beneath the ruins, and others rushed in wild confusion from house to house, or hurried to the church. In the meanwhile the Christinos continued to advance, shouting 'Death to the Carlists.' Francisca caught her child in her arms, whilst Carmela, hurrying to a recess in the chamber, drew forth a couple of long knives, and handed one of them to her companion, who received it, almost unconscious of what she was about, and thinking only of her child. The sound

of doors bursting under the blows of the assailants, and fresh shouts and cries from the houses thus violently entered, now reached them. The soldiers were already before the dwelling of the alcade, driving on a crowd of females, children, and old men with the points of their swords and bayonets, like beasts to the slaughter. The door of the house in which were the two females was only fastened by a slight bolt, and yielded to the first attack; the footsteps of the invaders sounded on the stairs, and the soldiers of Mina burst into the chamber. The women rushed to the window, and were about to throw themselves out, Francisca still holding young Melchior in her arms, when they were seized by the men, and forced back into the room with shouts of brutal exultation. Carmela grasped the handle of the knife with a fixed look of despair, and Francisca fell upon her knees entreating the soldiers to save her boy, when a Basque officer of the Chapelgorris burst into the room, and, throwing himself before the females, brandished a pistol in each hand, exclaiming, 'Back, back; leave these prisoners to me!' The men slowly and unwillingly obeyed their officer, who, turning to Carmela, said in breathless agitation, 'Haste, haste—where are your friends?'

'Thank Heaven, two leagues hence.'

'Come, then, fly instantly, or we shall be too late.'

'Save my friend and her child also.'

'Ay, ay,' cried Salvador; 'follow me.'

As they hurried from the house, they heard the plunderers bursting every door, and demolishing every article which they thought might contain anything of value, whilst others were throwing lighted fuses upon the roof, to grill, as they said, the Carlists who had secreted themselves from their search.

To escape through the village was now impossible, for the streets were filled with soldiers; and in the public place the captive inhabitants were drawn up in lines, from which every fifth individual was marked for immediate execution, and shot without mercy, and without a moment's reprieve. Numbers were already weltering in their blood; whilst the survivors, scarcely more to be envied, stood to witness the destruction of their parents, children, lovers, and friends, hopeless and helpless either to save or to avenge them. Such scenes were of daily occurrence in devoted Spain, and probably may continue for years to come.

Salvador, half dragging his terrified companions, reached the back of the houses; now concealing them from the shots fired against the fugitives in various directions; now leaping the enclosures, and rushing down the steep sides of the rocks, till they gained at length the side of the ravine opposite to Lecarroz, and were in comparative safety. A young girl had succeeded in following their footsteps, and was met by an elderly female rapidly running down the hill they were ascending.

'Benedetta,' she said, 'why are you alone? where is Dolores?'

'There—there below,' replied the terrified girl, pointing to the town.

'Why is she not with you?' Benedetta stood silent and horror-struck; her mother pushed wildly forward, crying loudly on Dolores; her daughter grasped her clothes convulsively, and whispered forth—'Dead, mother, dead; murdered there!' still pointing to the town.

'Save yourself,' said her mother, sitting down in tranquil despair. 'Leave me here, and save yourself.'

Other fugitives soon arrived, and were met by men hurrying from the mountains. 'My poor old father,' exclaimed one, when he heard the extent of the disaster. 'My wife, my children,' cried another, 'where are they?' 'Mine,' exclaimed a third with joy, 'are cutting wood in the forest; then, as if reproaching himself for this selfish feeling, stood mute, regarding his friends with deep sorrow and compassion. But the sound of musketry again came from Lecarroz. In a village or small town all are friends or relatives, and the melancholy group knew that every ball was striking some one endeared to them by the ties of blood or friendship: every discharge

carried with it death to some well-beloved one of their kindred or companions, whilst they were impotent to aid or to protect them.

Near the spot where the party had halted was a small enclosure belonging to the alcade, in which was a thick copse of willows growing round a mountain-spring, and affording a temporary shelter: thither Carmela led her friend and her son, and was followed, by Salvador; Francisca repeatedly embracing the rescued boy, and uttering broken prayers and thanksgiving to God and the saints; then, seizing the hand of Salvador, she added, 'My husband must thank you for saving and protecting his wife and child. May Heaven watch over and defend you.' And turning to Carmela, continued, 'It is for you, my child, to recompense him also; give him your hand.' Carmela, pale as a corpse, allowed her hand to fall into that of the young man, saying, in a sombre tone, 'You were within a little, Salvador, of finding me dead by my own hand, or a victim to your friends the Christinos.'

'Had I not been one of them, I could not have saved you,' replied Salvador sadly.

'My heart is but too grateful,' she said; 'but your country, Salvador: Biscay may still count you amidst her destroyers and her enemies.'

'Carmela, are we not all by turns destroyers and destroyed?'

At this moment the wind wafted from Lecarroz a mingled sound of cries and lamentations, of threats and imprecations, together with the crash of falling buildings. 'Hearken, hearken,' cried the excited girl; 'my home, my friends, my country, where are they now?'

Salvador endeavoured to calm her.

'Do not these cries rend your heart also?' she continued. 'Do you not hear amongst them the voices of your mother and your brethren? It was in Basque, Salvador, that she first gave you her blessing; in Basque you received the first lessons from your father; and when you are with me, is it not in Basque that we converse? Have you been so long absent as to have forgotten all this? Have the lessons of the stranger effaced even remembrance of your native Biscay?'

'For a time, Carmela, this struggle must continue; but let us pray that peace and happiness may be the final result.'

'And when you have decimated the population, think you the remainder will submit? When you have slain the fathers, will the children never come to be men? No, no,' she cried with fresh vehemence, 'if you should exterminate us all, our free and independent land will launch forth her torrents and her rocks to bury you amongst the ruins.'

'Be calm, dearest Carmela.'

'Renegade!'

'And have not you your martial laws?' said Salvador. 'If I fell into the hands of your friends, should I not be judged to death?'

'Do you think that would afford me consolation, Salvador?'

He turned as if about to depart. 'What!' she cried, 'are you going to rejoin these brigands drunk with our blood?'

The flames and smoke of the burning village were rising to the clouds. Carmela seized the hands of Salvador, and drew him to the edge of the spring. 'I have not visited this spot,' she said, 'since we were here together on the evening when my grandfather had fixed the day of our marriage. Little did I then think that the next time we should be upon this spot together, that it would be during the massacre of my friends, and that I should here watch the destruction of my home, that we should witness these horrors together, and that I alone should weep for them; then kneeling down, she added, 'Oh! Salvador, do not, do not return to them.'

Salvador raised her in his arms, and said, 'But my oath, Carmela; my oath to Queen Isabella; it is through her I trust to see the regeneration of Spain. In pity, spare me.'



'You will receive honour from all the Basques, and the requital of your love.'

'To betray the cause I have sworn to defend, and my young brothers who have followed me to this contest? Were it not for my love to you, Carmela, I could exorcise the bigoted prejudices of countrymen, and think our emancipation cheaply gained by their decimation.'

With these words he dashed over the enclosure, and Carmela frantically cried after him, 'Return, then, accomplices of those demons; and the same curse will fall upon you all!'

Salvador heard, and once more turning round, said in a tone of deep sorrow, 'Oh! Carmela, let not Heaven hear you thus invoking destruction upon my head; and slowly descended again towards Lecarroz; whilst the maiden threw herself upon the ground in an agony of grief and despair. And these, thought Francisca, are the scenes of civil war, and in such my husband has embarked: the result is in the hands of God alone. And she knelt beside her friend in prayer; but the approach of night made it necessary to seek an asylum, and persuading Carmela to rise, besought her to consider where they could find the nearest refuge. At the distance of half a league was a retired farm amongst the hills, belonging to a nephew of the priest of Lecarroz, a relative of the alcade; thither they directed their course, and on their arrival found a few of the inhabitants of the ruined village who had escaped the fate of their compatriots, and were received with all the hospitality the place could afford.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### TO PREVENT VESSELS FROM SINKING.

THAT vessels receiving injuries at sea, short of utterly destroying them, should invariably sink to the bottom, carrying with them numbers of their unfortunate crew and passengers, is, we think, by no means creditable to the genius of an age in which such prodigious advances have been made in the useful arts. We propose to show how, with little trouble and expense, every ship which goes to sea could be rendered proof in most cases against submersion. The first thing to be observed is, that the specific gravity of a vessel, no matter what be its size, is usually less than that of an equal bulk of water. The addition of iron machinery, of course, greatly increases the specific gravity of steam vessels, and causes them to sink more readily than sailing craft; nevertheless, even in the case of steamers receiving severe contusions, it is observed that they do not sink all at once. Generally speaking, in the worst species of accidents, sailing vessels require from half an hour to an hour, and steam vessels from fifteen to twenty minutes, to disappear below the water. In nearly all instances there is manifested, as it were, a reluctance to sink. Trembling in the balance between existence and extinction, any little addition which could at the moment be imparted to the buoyant properties of the mass would turn the scale in its favour. We believe it has been repeatedly proposed to occupy all the spare cavities of vessels with air-tight metal tubes, by which sinking in almost any circumstances would be impossible; but on account of the expense, and the necessary structural alteration required in any such plan, it has never been practically adopted. Supposing, then, that a permanent means of extra-buoyancy is unadvisable, the following simple expedient may be resorted to in relation to all vessels already or to be built.

In each of the cabins, and other parts usually containing vacant space, let there be hung up conveniently on the wall, in the manner of a rolled-up hammock, or concealed behind a loose screen, an air-tight bag, communicating by air-tight tubes to force-pumps on deck. The instant the vessel strikes, and is supposed to have received an irreparable injury, let the fyings of the rolled-up bag be cast loose, and the force-pumps set in motion. The bags inflating with air like a balloon,

would speedily fill the cabins, or other vacant spaces in which they were allowed to expand, and would sustain the vessel on the surface of the ocean, although logged to the level of the deck with water. As a variation on the plan, the air-tight bags might be attached to the sides or other exterior parts of the ship; but as the liability to injury would be greater in these situations than in the cabins, it appears to us that the bags would have their fittest receptacle in the interior of the vessel. There cannot, we think, be the slightest doubt that, by the expedient we suggest, the sinking of vessels of every description would be rendered a physical impossibility. Nor could the expense of the apparatus—a few pounds at most—any more than the trouble of its application, be considered an obstacle to its adoption.

#### LOSS IS LOSS.

In connexion with the above subject, it may be well here to advert to a very prevalent error of the popular mind with regard to insurance. When any great fire takes place, such as those which have lately happened in Liverpool and Manchester, the paragraphist usually concludes his account of it with the consoling words, 'We are happy to learn that the property was insured to the amount of L.30,000, which will nearly cover the whole loss!' The reader, previously much distressed by the details of the event, now cheers up, and goes on to the next paragraph with a re-assured mind, thinking to himself, 'Well, after all, there's no loss; that's a blessing!' So, also, when it is stated that the average loss of British shipping per annum reaches about two and a half millions, and is attended by the average loss of fifteen hundred lives, the public mourns for the poor men who have perished in the cause of mercantile enterprise, but takes complacent views of the pecuniary part of the calamity, for 'all that comes upon the underwriters, you know.' Because the owners of the property are not the losers, because the loss comes upon a company of insurers, it is supposed by the bulk of the public to be no loss at all. Now the fact is, that the houses burnt, and the ships sunk or dashed to pieces, with all the goods concerned in both instances, are as much *lost* in the one case as the other. The loss is not concentrated, as it would have been in early times, upon one or a few persons, but it is fully and unequivocally a loss nevertheless—that is, a destruction of the products of human industry, and a diminution of the possessions of the community; the only difference is, in its being diffused over a large surface. How truly loss is loss to insurers, could, we believe, be most pathetically shown in the state of several companies for sea-risks at the present time, suffering, as they are, from the unusual amount of maritime disaster which has marked the last three years. It is easy, with a little reflection, to see how the loss of capital to the shareholders in such concerns will tell upon the public interest, as all diminutions of the capital of a country are so much taken from the means of employing labour and producing further wealth. And it is equally easy to see how even the owners of shipping, however fully they may insure, have an interest in minimising loss at sea, as the smaller the average of such loss, the smaller must be the premiums required for insuring sea property. The losses, therefore, of marine and fire insurance companies, are losses in which the public is reasonably called to sympathise, and which it is their interest to see reduced to the smallest possible amount.

#### EFFECTUAL MEANS OF CHECKING RUNAWAY HORSES.

When a Canadian family-party, travelling in winter over ice-covered rivers and swamps, is so unlucky as to cross a place where the horse sinks, they save him from drowning, and themselves from the danger of sharing the same fate, by pulling a rope so arranged that it instantly chokes him. The water being thus prevented from entering his gullet, or windpipe, he floats on the surface, and it only requires a long and firm pull to bring him to solid ground, when, the rope being relaxed,



he quickly recovers his wind, and is ready once more to start on his journey. This plan of saving a horse's life by suffocating him is spoken of by the Canadians as an equally effectual and safe means of attaining the desired end, and it is in universal practice. A similar means of stopping runaway, and subduing infuriated horses, whether in riding or driving, has been lately adopted by Mr Miller, an ingenious saddler of Lothian Street, Edinburgh, not in consequence of any knowledge of the Canadian plan, but as an original idea. It consists of a rein composed partly of thread-covered cat-gut and partly of common leather, one end of which is attached to the bridle at the top of the horse's head, while the other rests at the pommel of the saddle, or on the splash-board or coach-box, as the case may be. Running upon the cat-gut part by means of loops, is a short *cross piece of cat-gut*, which rests against the windpipe of the animal, ready to be pulled up against that organ, by taking a hold of the nearer end of the rein. A quick and firm pull, to stop the breathing of the animal, is all that is necessary to bring him to an instantaneous pause. He may be in a state of panic, and running off with the bit between his teeth in spite of every ordinary means of checking him; but no sooner does he feel the stricture on his breathing, than he is conscious of being outwitted and nonplussed, and becomes instantly as quiet as a lamb; at the same time he keeps quite firm on his legs—the check not being by any means calculated to bring him down. On the contrary, from the position in which it places the horse, his shoulders being brought up, and being pressed back upon his haunches, the check is, indeed, eminently calculated to keep him up. A horse in a *gig*, fitted up with the safety-rein, was lately paraded before ourselves in one of the streets of Edinburgh, and the animal was several times, in the height of his career (once when coming rapidly down hill), brought to a sudden stand. We understand that the safety-rein is rapidly coming into use; and, friends as we are to everything that tends to diminish evil, and promote the convenience and agreeableness of human life, we cannot but wish to see it in universal application. We feel assured that henceforth, by means of this rein, accidents from the running away, or other violent conduct of horses, may be altogether prevented.

#### ZIG-ZAG TRAVELS.

SUCH is the designation given to travels undertaken by the pupils of boarding-schools in the south of France and Switzerland. Many of these youths, being too far from their relations to spend their vacations at home, fill them up with pedestrian tours through the most celebrated scenes and cities of southern Europe. Parties of schoolboys, numbering from half a dozen to twenty, equip themselves with blouses and well-filled knapsacks, and start off at the beginning of the holidays in quest of the picturesque, and of such adventures as their truly independent mode of travelling is likely to bring in their way. They are not, however, allowed to depart wholly without control; for the master of the school, or a trusty teacher, accompanies them to keep up the requisite discipline, and to act as pay and quarter-master to the little troop. Though there lurks in the plan the danger of implanting too early in life a taste for wandering, which is likely to engender unsettled habits, yet it has its advantages. Besides affording young people an opportunity, which may not recur in after-life, of seeing some of the most famous historical localities, it allows of indirect, and therefore the more impressive, instruction in some matters of fact and observation, which it is impossible to obtain in the class-room. Under the tutorage of a judicious and intelligent master, the pupil may learn more of nature in one of these tours than he might hope to acquire by months of school study.

From a well-written record of such wanderings much amusement is to be expected; and those who turn to a work, recently published in Paris, entitled '*Zig-Zag Travels, or Excursions of a Boarding-School during the*

*Holidays*,'\* will not be disappointed. Its author is the master of an establishment at Geneva, who appears to make a rule of organising and performing a zig-zag excursion every summer. His present work gives accounts of six of these tours, which were performed in the vacations of 1837 and the five following years. The country traversed during these tours comprises—to quote the preface—'parts of Switzerland, the Tyrol, the rugged passes of the High Alps, and also the smiling districts which on the other side of the grand chain indolently reflect the rays of an Italian sun.' In the last excursion the tourists reached the sea at Venice.

The first expedition consisted of fifteen young gentlemen (two of whom were from England, and two from North America), led by M. Topffer, and attended by David, a servant. Madame Topffer also made part of the caravan. This lady, most likely the only traveller after this fashion, trudged on foot, like the rest, partaking of the good or ill chances of the way with an excellent grace. Her presence was of great use in contriving and executing little comforts for the young travellers, which none but an experienced female can supply. Some management was necessary to make the undertaking pass off pleasantly; and M. Topffer explains his plan in a preface to one of the tours. The little travellers were associated in pairs, according to their various tastes and habits, and these pairs again into chamber-fellows, according to the exigencies of the nightly halts. 'There were the quiet pairs, who wished to retire to rest tranquilly and respectfully; the lively pairs, who assembled in their temporary sleeping-rooms, to make them ring with laughter perhaps till midnight; the bad-walking pairs, who were placed together to administer comfort to each other; the vagabond pairs, who never attached themselves to any set, but ranged from one clique to another; then there were the careful pairs, who possessed clothes-brushes and shoe-horns; lastly, the hardy pairs, who cared neither for wind nor weather.'

Such was the organisation of the party which set out on the 21st August 1837 from Geneva, intending to wend their way to Milan. As a specimen of their mode of march, we translate some of their adventures on the road. They approach the ancient city of Aosta, leaving 'on the right Pré-Saint-Didier, a pretty town seated at the foot of the gorge of the little Saint Bernard, and on the left La Salle, where the Royal Carbiniers looked over our passports [this hamlet being on the frontier line which divides Switzerland from the kingdom of Milan]. As we descend, the valley becomes fruitful, more and more wooded to Arvier, where we halted to obtain refreshment. The people of Courmayeur [where they passed the previous night] recommended us to see the White Cross; but after having vainly sought over the whole hamlet, we ended by discovering a cross which is black. "Pray, where is the White Cross?" we inquired of a fat old hostess who stood on her threshold, and whose complexion was sun-burnt up to the very roots of her hair. "Here, my good boys," she replied. "Here? Why, your cross is black." "Well," she rejoined, "what would you have? It is the same with me. I was white once—we have grown dark together." Upon this she laughed heartily, and set about supplying us with some weak but deliciously-sour wine, and some rolls and cheese, which we relished amazingly. We should have got on all the better for our lunch but for Bryan [one of the young Americans, and a keen seeker of birds'-nests], who, at that moment, saw on a posting-bill that birds'-nesting was strictly forbidden by royal authority. Exasperated at this, he began to discuss the subject of national rights, denying to all the kings of the earth the arrogant privilege of forbidding the robbing of nests. "In America," he began—but M. Topffer cut him short by exclaiming "En route."

In about three hours after leaving Arvier, the party

\* *Voyages en Zig-zag, ou Excursions d'un Pensionnat en Vacances, &c. Par M. Topffer. Paris: 1844.* The work is illustrated with cleverly engraved and admirably printed woodcuts.

enters Aosta, and having dined at an inn, sally forth to see the remains of antiquity with which the place abounds. It contains a Roman bridge, the ruins of an amphitheatre, and the celebrated triumphal arch erected by Augustus to perpetuate his victory over the Salasses (ancient inhabitants of the Swiss Alps). The young gentlemen are also recommended to make a survey of the colleges of Aosta; but they decline, on the plea of having enough of school at Geneva, and prefer seeing the Leper's tower, rendered famous by Count Xavier de la Meistres' beautiful tale of 'The Leper of Aosta.'

In the next day's route (to Verrèze), the young pedestrians give a specimen of their powers of mystification. They meet a countryman who was much struck with their costume, and regarded them with the minute curiosity of the Otaheitiens examining Captain Cook. 'And is everybody,' inquired the peasant, 'dressed thus in the place you come from?' 'Everybody,' was the answer. 'It is a very long way off, I suppose?' 'On the borders of Africa.' 'You don't say so!' The picture which illustrates this little jest heightens it materially. The expression of the boor, with his eyes staring wide open with wonder, is most happily hit off. On they march; but, as evening draws near, symptoms of fatigue are apparent. 'To begin with our chief himself; though trudging sturdily on, he declares he cannot walk a step further. Then we lose sight of our companion Bryan, who has most probably returned to the state of savage life for which he has so great a liking. From time to time we see him established under a tree, or climbing a rock, or struggling like a lion with the insects of the air. He seldom returns to us but he has got hold of a serpent by its tail, or butterflies stuck all over his hat. We arrive in good time at Verrèze, a large village crowned with ruins. It is Sunday evening; the natives are playing at bowls; and, fatigued as we are, we sit down amphitheatre-wise on the steps of the inn, along with the village elders, who criticise the play. Our host is a man about forty, who was guide to Mr Brockedon, author of the *Passes of the Alps*, over all the surrounding country.—Here, as in many other places, there is a great scarcity of milk; to obtain which you must visit the large towns, and avoid the valleys. In the month of July the cows depart for the high lands, though of course the inns remain in their places below. In spite of every effort, there could not be found in Verrèze enough of milk to give us a cup a-piece, though our ordinary allowance was from four to seven. As we were departing in the morning, Bryan and Zanta, tormented by the stings of conscience, approached the landlord, and said in a repentant tone, "Monsieur, at the back of your house you have a little garden. In that little garden there are some excellent grapes—these grapes—The fact is, we have been gathering them. How much is there to pay?" The host set up a loud laugh, and said, "Stop a minute while I'll fetch a ladder, and you can go and regale yourselves." Fine instance of virtue rewarded!—though not much virtue either. The young penitents finish by having a good feast of grapes.'

At Ivrea, the aspect of the population of every Italian town is happily hit off. 'That which strikes us most—and more especially the Genevese of our party—in all Italian towns, is the prodigious number of persons who get their living by promenading the streets and squares, or whose chief labour seems to consist of lying at ease on their counters. At certain hours, nearly every day, there is a general doing of nothing, which is by no means gay or animated. If in some places one hears people really at work, they take care to let one know it, for they make as much noise as we do when there is a house on fire, or when somebody is being saved from drowning.' Arrived at Milan, the attention of the party is not long in being attracted to the duomo, or cathedral, one of the most gorgeous specimens of architecture in Europe. It is built entirely of white stone; and although begun in March 1386, is not yet quite finished. One hundred spires, and three thousand statues, have caused it to be likened

to a forest of marble. The principal spire is so lofty, that it is seen from every part of the city, and serves as a directing point to strangers. At a very great height a gallery runs round it, from which may be obtained a view of the plain of Lombardy, and of a semicircular chain of Alps which bounds it. This gallery is reached by 520 steps—a regular journey,' say the tourists, 'but a curious and interesting one. The ascent of many celebrated mountains does not afford so vast and magnificent a panorama as may be seen from the top of the cathedral. Many of our companions, perched on the straight steps of the spire, felt their heads turn and their hearts fail.' They all, however, ascended and descended in safety. The *Beyra*, or museum of painting and sculpture, was next visited, and several other of the notabilities of the city; and on the thirteenth day the travellers turn homewards, passing in their way Como, Lugano, Maggino, entering the Simplon. At the bridge of Crevola, there is a shop where the commissariat is replenished by 'six loaves, and a sausage three feet long—a bo-sausage—an extraordinary sausage. Supported by that sausage, flanked by half a dozen loaves, the caravan traverses the bridge, to encounter the yawning gorges of the Simplon. Passing through Isella, where our passports were scrutinised and indorsed for the last time, we enter the region of roads cut in ledges of rock (*galeries*), and rugged precipices of foaming cataracts and horrible solitudes. It was in the heart of one of these that we found a verdant and tranquil corner, watered by a limpid spring. Here we pitched our tents. Adolphe was selected to distribute slices of the bo-sausage. What a delicious repast! What a combination of charming scenery and good living! What a huge gratification of enormous appetites by means of the Titanic sausage, so appropriately devoured amidst nature's colossal scenes! The three quarters of an hour we thus passed we shall never forget. With what pleasure shall we narrate the delight of this halt to our children in time to come; that is, if we happen to have any children to tell it to. By way of dessert, we continued our route.' The village of Simplon, Valais, Tourtemagne, Sierre, Sion, and Martigny passed, and the young wanderers reach the shores of the Lake of Geneva at Villeneuve, and crossing it, they once more enter their school-room, after an absence of twenty-three days.

We have traced the route of this first tour, to show how much might be seen in a few days with good management. The economy of these sort of journeys is another advantage. 'As regards the total expense,' says M. Topffer, 'that amounted to 2300 francs; 1200, divided by 20, the number of travellers, gives for each 115 francs, or 5 francs 50 centimes (about 48. 6d.) per head per day. This account includes every possible expense; from coaches, boats, guides, down to washing, exchange of currency, and fees for passports.' We conclude with a few random extracts from these amusing schoolboy journals. The following are traits of the English abroad, which do not appear to be very much overstated, though by no means complimentary to our national manners as travellers.

On descending the Grimsel, the scholars encountered several tourists who had accidentally met at one point. Among them was an English traveller; one of the 'No, No' species, tall as a crane, and mute as a fish. Those of his own rank he took care to salute, but did nothing more than make way for the rest. At the table d'hôte, he seemed not to be aware that there was anybody before or beside him, for he took no notice of the company, except to be so much astonished at their familiarity with each other, that, in describing the place, he called it the 'country where everybody talks to everybody else.' Another of our countrymen crossed them in Chamouni, 'a tall cross-looking Englishman, in a shooting jacket, who strode along in perfect silence, and without taking any notice of the surrounding country. Two men followed him, panting with exertion to keep up with him, each carrying a valise and a couple of guns, with which he in-

tended to kill as many chamois as he could. This, everybody must know, is easy enough, especially with the assistance of four fowling-pieces and a couple of men laden with knapsacks containing changes of linen and shaving materials! It should be remarked, that the number of chamois which a traveller says he has killed is not much to be depended on; neither is there ever a proportion kept up between the number of chamois which he slays with the number of guns he carries.\*

The following hint may be useful to curious English ladies. The young travellers are in a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva, and 'some English ladies, adopting a custom peculiar to their nation, instead of entering openly into conversation, smuggle one of our companions into a corner, and ask him all manner of questions about ourselves, and everything belonging to us. They imagine that this sort of conduct exhibits a decorous reserve; but it produces rather a stupid effect, particularly when frequently repeated.'

It is rather surprising that all the tossings and tumblings of an Alpine tour does not thaw the exclusiveness of our compatriots sufficiently to make them conform to the usages of foreign society. Foreigners mistake this national peculiarity for pride and arrogance, and well they might; but the truth is, its cause is that sort of ill-breeding which arises from a limited mixture with and knowledge of the world. Persons who have travelled much, unless their Englishism be very obstinate indeed, are more communicative, and therefore more polite.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON, so well known to the British public as the author of numerous useful works on gardening, agriculture, and architecture, was the son of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. He was born on the 8th of April 1783, at Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, where resided his maternal aunt—the mother of the Rev. Dr Claudius Buchanan, afterwards celebrated for his philanthropic labours in India. Dr Buchanan was several years older than Mr Loudon, but there was, says the authority from which we glean part of the materials of the following memoir,\* a singular coincidence in many points of their history. The two sisters were left widows at an early age, with large families, which were respectively brought up by the eldest son; and with mothers had the happiness of seeing these sons become celebrated.

Mr Loudon was educated in Edinburgh, and early showed a decided taste for drawing, which he retained through life, though circumstances prevented him from bestowing much time on its cultivation. His facility in drawing plans, and making sketches of scenery, induced his father to bring him up as a landscape gardener; and, to give him a knowledge of plants, he was placed for some months with Mr Dickson, a nurseryman in Leith Walk. While boarding at Mr Dickson's, he used to alarm the family by sitting up two nights a week to study; and this practice he continued for many years, drinking strong green tea to keep himself awake. He afterwards studied agriculture under Dr Coventry, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, making notes of all the lectures he heard, and illustrating them with pen and ink sketches. Notwithstanding these studious habits, he was by no means averse to bodily exertion; and when at home during the vacations, he used to work with his father's labourers in the fields with such vigour, that it was a common saying among them that they were all shamed by the young master. Everything he

undertook was indeed done with enthusiasm, and with a determination to conquer difficulties; a trait which he retained to the last hour of his life. During his stay in Edinburgh he learned French; and from a wish to turn everything to account, he sent a translation, which he made as an exercise from that language, of a life of Abelard, to a periodical then publishing, called *Shrarton's Encyclopædia*. This was his first appearance in print, and it took place before he was eighteen years of age. Two years afterwards he left Scotland for England, where he intended to practise as a landscape gardener. This was in 1803; and as a specimen of the difference between travelling in those days and at present, it may be mentioned that he was three weeks at sea, and at last landed at Lowestoffe, in Suffolk, the vessel being compelled to put in there by stress of weather. It was on a Good Friday, and one of the first impressions he received of England, was the horror he found he excited in the landlady of a little country inn by asking her to cook him a beef-steak on a day which she thought ought to be devoted to a fish diet. In a journal which he kept through all his early years, are some striking observations written at this period; and, among others, he writes, 'I am now twenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has passed away, and yet what have I done to benefit my fellow-men?'—an extraordinary remark for a person so young, and which is rendered the more interesting by the fact, that the third of his life had then actually passed away, since he died in his sixty-first year.

As Mr Loudon brought numerous letters of introduction to the English nobility and country gentlemen, he was soon extensively employed as a landscape gardener. At this period he amused himself by learning German; and we find him selling a pamphlet, which he translated by way of exercise from that language, to Mr Cadell for £15. During his professional visits, he had many opportunities of noticing the state of farming in England, and finding it very inferior to that of Scotland, he determined to exemplify some of the Scotch improvements. He accordingly, in 1809, took a large farm in Oxfordshire, where, in the course of a few years, he realised about £15,000. In 1813, the continent being thrown open to the English, he determined to gratify a wish he had long entertained of travelling abroad; and giving up his farm, he proceeded to Sweden, after which he visited in succession St Petersburg, Moscow, Poland, and the Austrian dominions. His adventures during this tour were numerous, chiefly from the countries he passed through having been so lately the seat of war; and he kept a journal during the whole time, illustrated with spirited sketches of various places he saw, most of which sketches were afterwards engraved on wood for the historical part of his *Encyclopædia of Gardening*. On one occasion, while making a drawing of a picturesque old fort in Russia, he was taken up as a spy; and on his examination before a magistrate, was very much amused at hearing his note-book, full of unconnected memoranda, translated into Russ. Another time, between St Petersburg and Moscow, the horses in his carriage being unable to drag it through a snow-drift, the postilions very coolly unharnessed them, and trotted off, telling him that they would bring fresh horses in the morning, and that he would be in no danger from the wolves if he would keep the windows of the carriage close and the leathern curtains down. This circumstance made a deep impression on his mind; and when meeting with difficulties in travelling in after-life, he was accustomed to say they were nothing compared to what he had suffered during the night he passed in the steppes of Russia. He remained three years abroad, and on his return to England again practised as a landscape gardener.

The numerous gardens Mr Loudon saw during his first visit to the continent, appear to have suggested to him the idea of his *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, the historical part of which contains sketches of the gardens of all nations. In 1819 he again went abroad,

\* The 'Gardeners' Magazine'—the first British periodical devoted exclusively to horticultural subjects—established by Mr Loudon in 1826, and conducted by him till his death, when the work was given up.

to visit the principal gardens of France and Italy, with a view to describe them in that work; and in 1828 he paid a third visit to the continent, travelling through a great part of France and Germany. In September 1830 he married Miss Webbe of Birmingham, who had displayed literary powers of no small promise in a novel entitled 'The Mummy,' two years afterwards his daughter Agnes, his only child, was born. From the time of his marriage he constantly travelled every summer, always accompanied by his wife, and latterly also by his daughter.

Mr Loudon's literary career, so early begun, continued, with very little interruption, for a space of forty years; and so voluminous were its results, that we can only attempt a mere list of his better-known publications. His earlier works were more strictly professional than those which marked his subsequent course: of eight volumes published between 1803 and 1818, four are devoted to the subject of Hothouses—the remaining four being on the laying out of Public Squares, on Plantations, on Country Residences, and on the Formation of Gardens. In 1822 appeared the first edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' a work remarkable for the immense mass of useful matter which it contained, and for the then unusual circumstance of a number of woodcuts being mingled with the text. This book had an extraordinary sale, and fully established the fame of the author. Soon after was published an anonymous work, written either partly or entirely by Mr Loudon, called the 'Greenhouse Companion;' and shortly afterwards, 'Observations on Laying out Farms,' with his name. In 1824 a second edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening' was published, with very great alterations and improvements; and the following year appeared the first edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture,' a work evincing an immense amount of research, and forming one of the readiest sources for reference to the practical farmer. In 1826 the Gardeners' Magazine was commenced, being the first periodical ever devoted exclusively to horticultural subjects. The 'Magazine of Natural History,' also the first of its kind, was begun in 1828. Mr Loudon was now occupied in the preparation of the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' which was published early in 1829, and was speedily followed by the 'Hortus Britannicus.' In 1830 a second and nearly re-written edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture' was published, and this was followed by an entirely re-written edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening' in 1831. The 'Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture'—the first he published on his own account—followed in 1832. This last publication was one of the most successful, because it was one of the most useful, he ever wrote, and it is likely long to continue a standard book on the subjects of which it treats.

Mr Loudon now began to prepare his great and ruinous work, the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' the anxieties attendant on which were, undoubtedly, the primary cause of that decay of constitution which terminated in his death. This work was not, however, completed till 1838, and in the meantime he began the 'Architectural Magazine,' the first periodical devoted exclusively to architecture. The labour he underwent at this time was almost incredible. He had four periodicals—namely, the Gardeners', Natural History, and Architectural Magazines, and the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' which was published in monthly numbers—going off at once; and to produce these at the proper times, he literally toiled night and day. Immediately on the conclusion of the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' he began the 'Suburban Gardener,' which was also published in 1838, as was the 'Hortus Lignosus Londinensis;' and in 1839 appeared his edition of Repton's 'Landscape Gardening.' In 1840 he accepted the editorship of the 'Gardeners' Gazette,' which he retained till November 1841; and in 1842 he published his 'Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs,' being an abridgement of the 'Arboretum.' In the same year he completed his 'Suburban

Horticulturist;' and finally, in 1843, he published his work on 'Cemeteries,' the last separate work he ever wrote. In this list many minor productions of Mr Loudon's pen have necessarily been omitted; but it may be mentioned, that he contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and Brande's 'Dictionary of Science;' and that he published numerous supplements, from time to time, to his various works.

A life so exclusively devoted to the literature of one profession necessarily presents few incidents to excite the interest or curiosity of the public; but it is not on that account the less valuable as an example and warning. No man, perhaps, ever produced such a mass of useful publications as Mr Loudon; and certainly no one ever did so under such adverse and depressing circumstances. 'Many years ago,' says our authority, 'when he came first to England, he had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which disabled him for two years, and ended in an ankylosed knee and a contracted left arm. In the year 1800, whilst compiling the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," he had another severe attack of rheumatism; and the following year, being recommended to go to Brighton to get shampooed in Mahomed's baths, his right arm was there broken near the shoulder, and it never properly united. Notwithstanding this, he continued to write with his right hand till 1825, when the arm was broken a second time, and he was then obliged to have it amputated; but not before a general breaking up of the frame had commenced, and the thumb and two fingers of the left hand had been rendered useless. He afterwards suffered frequently from ill health, till his constitution was finally undermined by the anxiety attending on that most costly and laborious of all his works, the "Arboretum Britannicum," which has unfortunately not yet paid itself.' This is indeed a melancholy summary of toil and suffering; and it is painful to reflect that so much labour and research, so much patience and industry, should have brought to its author no better reward than disease and poverty.

To his literary labours Mr Loudon, as already stated, added those of a landscape gardener, in which capacity he was at one time extensively consulted. His most important work in this profession was, according to his own opinion, the laying out of the Arboretum, so nobly presented by Joseph Strutt, Esq. to the town of Derby; but many other districts of England will long bear testimony, by the beauty and amenity of their scenery, to his skill and good taste in this department.

Mr Loudon's 'Arboretum,' we have already mentioned, plunged him in debt, of which £2400<sup>0</sup> <sup>seemed</sup> at the time of his death, to be liquidated not only by its own sale, but by the sale of twelve of his other works, which were mortgaged to cover its expenses. To free himself and family from pecuniary obligations, which five years ago amounted to £10,000, Mr Loudon laboured literally to the last day of his life, assisted by his able and gifted partner, who had, in the meantime, applied her mind to botany and other branches of knowledge cultivated by her husband, so that she was enabled to be of great service to him in his labours, besides producing many independent works, generally of a popular and pleasing character. Even a few days before his death, when public sympathy was beginning to be excited towards him, he addressed a project to individuals of note in rank, literature, and science, soliciting their recommendation and purchase of his works—his independent nature desiring to lean to its own merit rather than to be aided by a mere pecuniary subscription. The hand of death, however, interfered with this scheme just as it was beginning to operate in his behalf; he died of disease of the lungs, at Bayswater, on the 14th December 1843, retaining to the last that

\* It gives us pleasure to observe that a scheme has been set on foot for the liquidation of Mr Loudon's debts by the sale of his works, and that it is succeeding to the satisfaction of his originators, the sum collected being at the time we write (March 20) not much under fourteen hundred pounds.

clearness and energy of mind by which his laborious life had been throughout distinguished.

Never, perhaps, did any individual possess more energy and determination than Mr Loudon; whatever he undertook he pursued with enthusiasm, and carried to an end, notwithstanding all the difficulties and depressing circumstances to which we have alluded. He could not be said to possess the higher gifts of genius: he was more a methodical compiler of the thoughts of others, than an original inquirer and discoverer; but in point of industry and perseverance he was unequalled. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the art of drawing forth the knowledge of others; and as soon as he had formed the plan of one of his works, he seemed endowed with an instinctive feeling which guided him at once to the persons who could give him the best information on the subjects he had in view—information which they were often not aware they possessed. Around him, in his study, masses of knowledge, thus gleaned from practical men, were arranged in labelled compartments, ever ready when needed; and by the alchemy of his mind, and the incessant labours of his pen, he gave these thoughts to the public in an inviting and useful form. 'Those who knew Mr Loudon in private life,' says an intimate friend, 'will long entertain a deep regret for his loss, and will always cherish a remembrance of his truly excellent character and disposition. His vast and comprehensive talents were indeed "clothed with humility," and were freely offered wherever they could be of use. He was most affectionate in all the relations of private life, generous in hospitality, candid in expressing his opinions, and an untiring and zealous advocate of every moral and social improvement, setting forth at all times an example of honourable industry, and of public and private worth.'

#### HUMOROUS PEOPLE.

THOSE persons who are always innocently good-humoured are very useful in this world, by diffusing a generous cheerfulness among all who approach them. Habitual vivacity has the recommendation of not only its own pleasurable feelings, but it has a sanitary benefit; for it keeps the blood in proper circulation, quickens the understanding, and even helps digestion. Indeed it conduces to long life: while, on the other hand, the habit of yielding to and fostering sadness of heart, embitters and shortens the days of the young. It is well said by Solomon, that 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.' In later times, Bolingbroke gave it as his experience that, 'in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious'—an observation that recalls to memory the lines of the poet—

'Sportsmen find woodcocks by their eyes,  
As fools are known by looking wise.'

If this be so, it is surely best to be cheerful, and, in the words of Byron,

'To laugh at all things, for we wish to know,  
What, after all, are all things but a show?'

Sheridan Knowles, in his play of *William Tell*, has happily described the blessings of a cheerful temper:—

'Who would not have an eye  
To see the sun, where others see a cloud;  
A frame so vernal, as, in spite of snow,  
To think it genial summer all year round?  
I do not know the fool would not be such  
A man!'

Humorists would be much more in favour, could they only be taught what are and what are not the proper times and subjects for the exercise of their jocularities. Above all things, they ought to refrain from playing off their jests upon the reputations and manners of their friends. The little incidents of the passing hour, and the lively echoes of the imagination, ought solely to supply the fun of the friendly circle. Natural imperfections and blemishes ought never to be selected as marks for ridicule

to shoot its shafts at. It is well to 'laugh at all things' that may be properly laughed at; but it is still more commendable to resist all temptations to raise a laugh by personal allusions which hurt the feelings of some one individual in the company. When this virtuous forbearance is strictly observed, a humorist's society becomes an enjoyment to all, for each feels sure that there is no danger of the flying shaft penetrating the sanctuary of friendly secrecy, or going beyond the bounds of good breeding. By sporting with another's weaknesses, infirmities, and personal singularities, we may certainly divert the company for a moment, and gratify our own selfish vanity, which is ambitious to show superiority; but, as Chesterfield justly observes, this is a pretty sure way to make enemies for ever, for 'even those who laugh will, upon reflection, fear and despise us: it is ill-natured, and a good heart desires rather to conceal than expose other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If we have wit, we should use it to please, and not to hurt: we may shine, like the sun in the temperate zone, without scorching.' Conversation may impart pleasantness and cheerfulness, without having even the slightest recourse to personality, an indulgence in which is an infallible sign of an uneducated and unamiable disposition. Barrow, in his *Sermon against Foolish Jestings*, remarks, that 'The weaknesses of men, of what kind soever (natural or moral, in quality or in act), considering whence they spring, and how much we are all subject to them, do need excuse, and in fairness call for compassion, not for mirth, to be drawn from them; they, in respect to common humanity, should rather be studiously connived at and concealed, or mildly excused, than wilfully laid open and wantonly descanted on; they are rather to be secretly deplored than openly derided.'

The truly pleasant and well-behaved humorist will scorn to convert his wit into a sparring weapon or an offensive missile; but will ever be mindful of the observation of St James, 'If any man offend not in word, he is a perfect man.' Ill-natured wits might take an improving lesson from an anecdote or two which we may here relate:—In the midst of a gay party at Versailles, Louis XIV. commenced a facetious story, but concluded it abruptly and insipidly. Presently, one of the company having left the room, the king said, 'I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. After I had commenced, I recollected that it reflected rather severely on the immediate ancestor of the prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress the feelings of a worthy man.' The celebrated mimic, Griffen, was asked to imitate the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of Dr Woodward, the geologist and physician, in the character of Dr Fossil, in a farce then preparing under the title of *Three Hours after Marriage*. The mimic dressed himself up as a countryman, and went to the doctor to ask his advice about a long series of diseases with which he pretended his poor wife was afflicted. All this he did to justify and prolong the interview, that he might have sufficient time to study the doctor's manner. This accomplished, he offered him the fee of a guinea, which the doctor declined, saying, 'Keep your money, poor man! keep your money! you have need of all your cash and all your patience too, with such a load of diseases at home.' The actor, on his return to the farce-writer, related this conversation, and concluded by declaring that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents by making a public laughing-stock of Dr Woodward, who, receiving him as a poor man, had shown tender humanity and compassionate sympathy at the narrative of his assumed calamities.

As the more a person manifests uneasiness at the direct attacks of a heartless humorist the better sport he proves to him, it is wisest to receive his sallies with apparent indifference, however acutely one may feel his cruel jokes. When Pollager was publicly ridiculed,



he hung himself from vexation; but Socrates, when satirised on the stage, showed his usual wisdom by laughing at the players. Whether his laugh was genuine or forced, must remain a question; for though

Excess of wit may oftentimes beguile,  
Jests are not always pardoned—by a smile.  
Men may disguise their malice at the heart,  
And seem at ease, though pained with inward smart.  
Mistaken, we think all such wounds of course  
Reflection cures. Alas! it makes them worse.  
Like scratches, they will double anguish seize,  
Runkle in time, and fester by degrees.  
Harsh to the heart, and grating to the ear,  
Who can reproof without reluctance hear?  
Why against priests the general heat so strong,  
But that they show us all we do is wrong?  
But well applied does weightier wisdom right,  
And gives us knowledge while it gives delight.  
Thus on the stage we with applause behold  
What would have pained us from the pulpit told.

#### ROBIN REDBREAST NOT A GENTLEMAN.

In the summer of 1835 we lived at Millburn Cottage, in the immediate neighbourhood of Millburn Tower (five miles from Edinburgh, on the Corstorphine road), and had constant access to the grounds. This residence was originally a tower, built by the late Sir Robert Liston—long British ambassador at Constantinople—on the site of his father's farm, and embracing the original farm-house as an adjunct to the tower, and finally to the very classical and beautiful buildings afterwards added.

The little farm-house lies behind the larger buildings; and a pretty esplanade leads from the whole to a small sheet of water (the first of a series of fish-ponds), beautifully shaded by wood, and the resort of various species of water-fowl. The whole grounds are charmingly wooded. Under a large tree in this quiet and secluded spot an invalid lady used to delight to sit and read or work in her bath chair, the servants leaving her occasionally for hours. But she soon ceased to be without company; a bluff little fellow of a Robin first used to come and hop about her, chirping a little occasionally from the neighbouring hedge; by and by he would hop on the pole of the chair, and finally he would perch on the arm or back of the chair, and even on the lady's shoulder. She, of course, was delighted with such confidence, and often carried crumbs of cake, &c. for him, but which he seemed not much to value, having abundance of other food; but he was very regular in his attendance upon her. We all used to go to see him, and it made no difference to Robin: he went through his usual movements. At last we mentioned the circumstance to the gardener, who seemed to know Robin well, and, to our astonishment, designated him 'an impudent little scoundrel!' and not without cause, as the following anecdote will show:—

Robin had, it seems, been at one time a favourite with Lady Liston, and she had at this time been dead seven years. He lived constantly in the gardens, and habitually built his nest in the conservatory. His custom had for a long time been, and now was, to attend any strangers who visited the gardens, flying after them from pole to pole, and when they entered the conservatories, entering also, and hopping from twig to twig as they proceeded; and finally accompanying them to their carriages, or, if they had none, to opposite the residence where carriages were usually left. It was also his custom constantly to breakfast with Lady Liston, entering the window boldly if it were open, or demanding entrance if it were not; coming upon the table, hopping upon her shoulder, and generally making himself perfectly at home.

In the course of his buildings in the greenhouse, he at one time took a fancy to have an esplanade to his residence; that is, he laboured for a fortnight to raise up a large leaf to where he intended to build his nest, and after failures innumerable, at last succeeded; and then might he be seen strutting upon this leaf in front of his nest, and raising up his voice in what he meant for singing. Altogether, he was a remarkable bird, and was talked of and made of accordingly.

But perfection is not in nature, not even in a Robin Redbreast. Robin's character as a husband and a gentleman remained unimpeached for years; and it was never doubted that in these respects he might compare with any that ever wore a red waistcoat. Of course, however, he un-

ally became a bachelor, his wife and family leaving him, as is usual among Robins, at their appointed time. One year, however, it was observed that the lady did not leave; and after a time, it was discovered that she would not leave, though receiving pretty emphatic hints that her lord wished her to be off. People, as usual, took different sides, some applauding the lady's constancy, and others doubting if the prerogatives of husbands should be infringed, whatever they might be. The lady came off second-best in this case, as in too many others. We are sorry to be obliged to tell the story, but the truth of history requires it. Robin, seeing words useless, resorted to blows; and, to the horror of his admirers, gave the unfortunate partner of his palm-leaf one too many. He killed her!

Of course he could no longer be a favourite with a lady. He was denied the entrée to the breakfast-room, and even flouted away if he ventured to offer his attentions on a walk. One of the judges of judiciary having called soon after, it was even proposed to bring him to trial, and have him executed; but the judge gave it as his opinion that an indictment could not be sustained. 'Man only,' said this learned person, 'has the distinction of a *perpetuum vinculum*'—which may be interpreted, a lasting chain; '*secundum leges feræ nature*,' continued the judge—which, again we must interpret, means, according to the laws of the redbreasts—'I am of opinion that he would be acquitted; *et apud leges et in foro conscientie*'—again meaning, both in law and in conscience; or that the verdict would be, as more graphically given by a Yorkshire jury in somewhat similar circumstances, 'saved her right!' In short, it was a *noli prosequi*. But however the law might lie, Robin's character was blasted. He was never again received into favour by his mistress while she lived; and though he followed the usual course of redbreasts, he was a marked man. Even the gardener did not forgive him.

Such are a few real traits in the history of this rather singular bird. His poetical character is beautiful, and it is widely known. It is believed to be derived from the single story of the 'Babes in the Wood'—a proof how powerful is the voice of the bard. In his real character, the Robin seems to be a familiar, some might say a bold bird; but except the anecdote now given, we have never heard of his cruelty; and how far this is to be deemed cruelty, or whether it is cruelty at all, and not the instinct implanted for the most necessary purposes, it is impossible to say. After a time, every creature deserts its young, and its mate also. Perhaps this is the only instance of a mate's being known to have desired to adhere, and this aberration may have been occasioned by the climate of the locality. At all events, these facts are believed to be perfectly true in all particulars, and so they form a contribution, however trivial, to the history of animals.

#### ONE OF THE IDOLATRIES OF ENGLAND.

The only place in England we know of where the great and the small frankly consort, is the betting ring at Epsom and Newmarket, where his grace will take the horse-dealer's odds, and *vice versa*—that is the place of almost national interest and equality; but what other is there? At Exeter Hall (another and opposite national institution) my lord takes the chair, and is allowed the lead. Go to Guildhall on a feast day, my lords have a high table for themselves, with gold and plate, where the commoners have crockery, and no doubt with a prodigious deal more green fat in the turtle-soup than falls to the share of the poor sufferers at the plebeian table. The theatre was a place where our rich and poor met in common; but the great have deserted that amusement, and are thinking of sitting down to dinner, or are preparing for the opera when three acts of the comedy are over. The honest citizen who takes his simple walk on a Sunday in the park, comes near his betters, it is true, but they are passing him in their carriages or on horseback; nay, it must have struck any plain person who may chance to have travelled abroad in steamboat or railroad, how the great Englishman, or the would-be great (and the faults of a great master, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, are always to be seen in the exaggerations of his imitators), will sit alone, perched in his solitary carriage on the fore-deck, rather than come among the vulgar crowd who are enjoying themselves in the more commodious part of the vessel. If we have a fault to find with the fashionable aristocracy of this free country, it is not that they shut themselves up, and do as they like, but that they ruin honest folks, who will insist upon imitating



them: and this is not their fault; it is ours. A philosopher has but to walk into the Bedford and Russel-square district, and wonder over this sad characteristic of his countrymen: it is written up in the large bills in the windows which show that the best houses in London are to let. There is a noble mansion in Russel-square, for instance, of which the proprietors propose to make a club, but the inhabitants of Bloomsbury who want a club must have it at the west end of the town, as far as possible from their own unfashionable quarter: those who do inhabit it want to move away from it; and you hear attorneys' wives and honest stockbrokers' ladies talk of quitting the vulgar district, and moving towards 'the court end,' as if they were to get any good by living near her Majesty the Queen at Pimlico! Indeed, a man who, after living much abroad, returns to his own country, will find there is no meanness in Europe like that of the freeborn Briton. A woman in middle life is afraid of her lady's-maid, if the latter has lived in a lord's family previously. In the days of the existence of the C—— club, young men used to hesitate and make apologies before they avowed they belonged to it; and the reason was, not that the members were not as good as themselves, but because they were not better. The club was ruined because there were not lords enough in it. The young barristers, the young artists, the young merchants from the city, would not, to be sure, speak to their lordships if they were present, but they pined in their absence—they sought for places where their august patrons might occasionally be seen and worshipped in silence; and the corner of Waterloo Place is now dark, and the friendly steam of dinners no longer greets the passers-by there at six o'clock. Thus, as it seems to us, the great people in England have killed our society. It is not their fault; but it is our meanness.—*Foreign Quarterly Review, January 1844.*

#### QUICKSILVER FROM CHINA.

This metal—so extensively employed in medicine, in the amalgamation of the noble metals, in water-gilding, the making of vermilion, the silvering of looking-glasses, the filling of barometer and thermometer tubes, &c.—has hitherto been imported chiefly from Spain, Germany, and Peru. Now, however, there is a prospect of its being obtained from China, some of the provinces of which have been long known to yield it in considerable abundance. One of the main novelties in the Chinese import consists in the mode of package, the metal being simply poured into a piece of bamboo, about a foot long and three inches thick, having each end firmly closed with resin. This rude form of package is found quite as serviceable as the iron bottle in which mercury is usually brought, while it is lighter, and in every way more convenient for shipment. Specimens were recently shown in the London market; and from the remunerating prices which they brought, it is expected that renewed shipments of the article to Europe will take place on an extensive scale.

#### MOTIVE POWER OF NIAGARA.

Measurements, says a writer in Silliman's Journal, have been made of the volume of the Niagara river, from which it appears that the motive power of the cataract exceeds, by nearly fortyfold, all the mechanical force of water and steam-power rendered available in Britain for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery which suffices to perform the manufacturing labours for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world, including also the power applied for transporting these products by steamboats and steam-cars, and their steamships of war, to the remotest seas. Indeed it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth, in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery of the habitable globe.

#### CARBONIC ACID IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

Observations have recently been performed by Boussingault and Lewy, in order to ascertain, as accurately as possible, the different proportions of carbonic acid contained in the air of a large town, and in that of the country. For this purpose an apparatus was established at Andilly, about ten miles from Paris, and another in one of the most populous parts of the city. From the 29th September to the 20th October 1843, three series of experiments were performed at the same time, in both places, on 119 grains of atmospheric air, so as to obtain from each

experiment about six grains of carbonic acid. After the most careful manipulation, and a reversal of the apparatus, so that no difference might arise from that cause, it was found that the carbonic acid contained in the air of Paris was to that in the air of Andilly as 100 to 92; in other words, the atmosphere of the country contains less carbonic acid than that of the city. A certain amount of carbonic acid (about 1 part in 1000) is always found in common air, be it ever so pure; but a quantity so great as that indicated by the preceding experiments, indubitably establishes the superior healthiness of the open country. It may be questioned, however, if experiment could detect any appreciable difference between the air of a well kept and regularly laid out city, and that of the country.

#### OUTWARD CLEANLINESS.

With reference to the conclusion of an article in No. 11, entitled *An Evening with the Working-Classes*, a friend points out the following passage of quaint eloquence in the works of Sauteig:—"What worship, for example, is there not in mere washing! perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool or running brook, and there wash and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness—that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection—how it radiates on thee, with cunning symbolic influences, to thy very soul! Thou hast an increase of tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest Eastern sages with joy and holy gratitude had felt it to be so, and that it was the Maker's gift and will. It remains a religious duty in the East. Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question, deny that for us, at present, it is still such here in the West. To that dingy operative emerging from his soot-mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards? That he clean the skin of him. Can he pray by any ascertained method? One knows not to a certainty; but, with a sufficiency of soap and water, he can wash. Even the dull English feel something of this: they have a saying, "Cleanliness is near of kin to godliness;" yet never, in any country, saw I men worse washed, and, in a climate drenched with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths."

#### SONNET—EVENING.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I LOVE to watch the bright stars, one by one,  
As rushing through the veil of early night,  
By tiny vents, they struggle into light,  
Breathless, and trembling, now their race is done.  
Watch! ye will see each mount its golden throne!  
Pierce, with a steadfast gaze, the ether gray,  
And ye will see outspring each sparkling ray;  
Shining as when the world was young they shone!  
And Earth looks up with an unwrinkled brow!  
And shall she thus a Hebe-mother stand  
For countless ages still? I only know  
How much I love to watch the quaint named band  
With dim imaginings, for they will look  
Upon the mysteries of her Future's sealed book!

#### NOTICE.

In a short article in No. 12, entitled *A Dishonesty in a High Walk*—designed to stigmatise the practice of some Life-Assurance Offices in giving bribes to solicitors who bring them business—we gave a list of all known to us which abstain from this corruptive system, and promised to publish the names of any others which observe an equally honourable course; thus doing all in our power to make the public aware of the companies and societies which are, in this respect, most worthy of confidence. In conformity with this promise, we now add to the honourable list the name of the TEMPERANCE PROVIDENT INSTITUTION, of 30 Moorgate Street, London.

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## SMALL FAULTS MAR GREAT VIRTUES.

'My dear children,' said Mrs Herbert, opening the door of the room in which the young folks were sitting, 'I am sorry to interfere with your occupations and amusements, but your aunt cannot bear so much noise this evening. Jane, my dear, you must leave your practising for to-day; and Charles and Charlotte, do try to moderate your voices and laughter, or else go into the nursery, where you will not molest anybody.'

'How provoking,' said Charlotte, as her mother closed the door; 'as sure as ever we are happily settled and enjoying ourselves, we are interrupted with—your aunt can't do with this, and your aunt can't bear that: 'tis my opinion that my aunt cannot bear anything that makes other people happy.'

'No, indeed, I don't think she can,' said Jane; 'she is so particular and so odd-tempered. I don't know how mamma bears with her; but then,' added she, a smile, something between pity and contempt, curling her pretty mouth, 'it is not so much to be wondered at, for she is an old maid, you know.'

'Well, then, all I can say is, that old maids are a great bore,' added Charles: 'but come, Charlotte, let us go to the nursery; we can make as much noise as we like there, that's one comfort.' And away they went to finish their game of backgammon, where their merry voices and hearty laughter could disturb no fastidious ears, leaving Jane to solve the problem, whether, supposing such a very unlikely thing happened as that *she* should be an old maid, she ever could be so irritable and hard to please as aunt Susan; whose history, showing how it was that, though handsome, clever, and estimable, she had failed to gain the love of those about her, we shall proceed to relate.

Miss, or, as she was called by courtesy, Mrs Susan Faringham, was the eldest daughter and co-heiress of a wealthy manufacturer in the flourishing town of H—. When young, she had possessed equal claims to beauty with her pretty niece Jane, and far superior advantages of fortune. Educated at a time when women were denied those literary advantages they now possess, she had nevertheless formed a taste for reading; and her mind, naturally vigorous and acute rather than brilliant or versatile, led her to pursue a course of study more calculated to strengthen the judgment than to excite the imagination, and to increase the force of a character already more energetic than is common with her sex. Whilst very young, she had imbibed religious opinions of a peculiar and somewhat ascetic nature; and the death of her mother, before she had completed her seventeenth year, tended considerably to strengthen them. From that period she had been invested with much authority as mistress in her father's house, a situation which tended rather to foster a manner naturally too

self-confident and dogmatical. Her sister, two years her junior, was, at the time of her mother's death, sent to a fashionable establishment for the education of young ladies.

Ellen Faringham was not only pleasing in person, but her naturally mild and conciliating manners acquired a high degree of polish from association with young people of rank and fortune; and her taste for the elegancies and embellishments of life was fostered and cultivated, so that when at eighteen she became a settled inmate at home, she was generally allowed to be more attractive than her highly-gifted sister. Susan's character commanded respect, but Ellen's manners won love. A few months after Ellen's leaving school, the sisters were deprived of their remaining parent, who died suddenly, leaving them joint-heiresses of a fortune amounting to sixty thousand pounds.

On the death of their father, the sisters were received into the family of a maternal aunt who resided in the same town, and who was not displeased with the office of chaperon to her lovely and well-dowered nieces. It will be readily supposed that there was no lack of aspirants to the fair hands of the sisters; and it was not long before it became known that the handsome and fascinating Reginald Herbert, who had won such golden opinions during his six weeks' visit in H—, had made good his cause in the heart of the pretty Ellen. 'It was,' so everybody said, 'quite unexceptionable; such an equal match.' Mr Herbert's father, a highly respectable London merchant, had at his death left his son in possession of an extensive and very lucrative business. Reginald Herbert himself was clever, handsome, and accomplished. True, it was whispered that he had not been quite so steady and domestic as could be desired. But then what young men were? He might not make the worse husband on that account. There was no doubt but that after marriage he would be all that the most fastidious could desire—the influence of a wife, it was observed, was so great. Scores of instances could be remembered in which it had produced the most wonderful results; the hundreds in which it had utterly failed were conveniently forgotten. Susan alone looked grave, and remonstrated on the shortness of the acquaintance, and the little that Ellen could possibly know of the real temper, habits, and principles of the man to whom she was about to intrust her happiness for life. But it is hopeless reasoning with a girl of eighteen under the influence of a first attachment. So, after the usual period had been allowed for the hopes and fears, the transports and despairs, the quarrels and reconciliations, which are said to constitute the delights of that most delightful epoch—courtship—Ellen was married, and accompanied her husband to London.

Susan, however, did not seem disposed so soon to relinquish her freedom and independence. Numerous

were the suitors who bowed before the power of her charms; some of them, too, in every respect quite eligible. As her aunt remarked to her sympathising acquaintances, 'It was truly provoking, and to her quite incomprehensible, to see a girl throw away so many excellent offers. She did believe Susan, with all her talents, beauty, and fortune, would die an old maid.' This prophecy was repeated before her niece at least once a-day; but it failed of the desired effect. In truth, Susan suspected that the power of her gold was at least equal to the power of her charms; and her ardent and enthusiastic spirit revolted from the idea of bestowing the hoarded treasures of her heart upon one who could allow the fortune with which that heart would be accompanied the least weight in the balance. She felt within herself the power of disinterested and enduring affection, but then it must be for one who could appreciate the gift, and repay it with a love as pure and exalted as her own. Her peculiar religious opinions, too, operated unfavourably for her lovers, and year after year passed on, until, to her aunt's no small chagrin, Susan reached the alarming age of five-and-twenty, still bearing the style and title of Miss Faringham. About this time considerable excitement was produced in the select circles of H— and its neighbourhood, by the return home, after an absence of several years (which time he had spent in travelling), of the eldest son of Sir Thomas Bernard, a baronet of good family and fortune, and the great man of the neighbourhood.

Edward Bernard was not, strictly speaking, what is called handsome, but he possessed that which perhaps is generally found more attractive in a man than mere regularity of feature—an intelligent expressive countenance, joined to a fine manly figure, and manners the courtesy and urbanity of which conciliated all with whom he came in contact. Of course he was warmly welcomed by all who had the honour of numbering themselves amongst his friends or acquaintances; and H— was for some time kept in a state of unusual gaiety and dissipation by the fêtes and parties given in honour of his return. On his first meeting with Susan, he appeared much struck with her beauty and evident superiority. Further acquaintance confirmed and deepened the impression, and gave him some hope that it was mutual. His conversational talents were considerable, and he possessed, in a great degree, the art of drawing out the information, and developing the powers, of those with whom he conversed. Susan felt in his company that she both gave and received pleasure and information. His manner, also, was peculiarly agreeable to her, being singularly free from that strain of exaggerated compliment in which her admirers generally appeared to think it necessary to address a woman. His moral character stood deservedly high; and though on religious subjects his sentiments were at first undecided, he appeared open to conviction, and it was not long before Susan had the pleasure of perceiving that her own opinions were gaining ground in his mind.

The result may be easily imagined. Susan began with esteem for the character, and admiration of the talents of her admirer, and ended with love for himself; and, before the end of another year, she was engaged to Edward Bernard, and the time fixed upon for the marriage to take place. Great was the rejoicing of her aunt, and her love for her niece knew no bounds, 'it was such an excellent match.' And Susan herself, how changed did everything appear to her! Life seemed no longer a weary pilgrimage—a time appointed for the performance of certain duties, and the endurance of certain trials—but a glorious period; given, it is true, to prepare for a higher and happier state of existence, but in which, if there was some sorrow to be borne, there was much happiness to be enjoyed. It was bliss, Susan thought, more than she had dared to hope would ever be her lot, to be beloved as she believed herself to be.

There are some characters upon whom happiness has a more softening influence than adversity. Susan's was

one of these. Her heart seemed to open and expand beneath its genial rays. She had more consideration for the weaknesses, more patience for the follies of her fellow-creatures than formerly; and her manner, while it lost none of its dignity, acquired the subdued and womanly grace in which it had been deficient. She had, however, one source of uneasiness—her sister. Susan had visited Ellen several times since her marriage, but the style in which she and her husband lived, and the company they kept, being not only entirely at variance with her tastes and feelings, but with her sense of right, her visits had been neither so long nor so frequent as might have been expected. For some time Ellen's letters had been far from satisfactory. There was a forced gaiety, a want of her usual frankness and candour about them, which made her sister fear all was not well, and a foreboding of some great calamity would sometimes cross her mind, but it was quickly lost in her own brighter anticipations; when one morning a letter was put into her hand bearing the London post-mark, sealed with black, and directed in a hand entirely unknown to her. Susan's heart sickened, and her trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal. Her worst fears were more than realised. The letter announced the sudden death of Mr Herbert, under circumstances of a peculiarly distressing nature. In a fit of temporary insanity, the unhappy man had terminated his existence, led, it was believed, to commit this awful act by the deranged state of his affairs. For some time Susan sat mute and motionless, gazing in silent horror on the fearful announcement. At length, as all the possible consequences of this terrible calamity rushed upon her mind, she let the letter fall, and covering her face with her hands, sank upon her knees, and fervently prayed for patience and resignation under this severe trial. Strengthened by this devotional exercise, she resolved immediately to hasten to her bereaved and suffering sister; and hastily writing a note to her lover informing him of her intention, and enclosing the letter she had received, she resolutely commenced the preparations for her melancholy journey. Edward received Susan's note just as he was preparing to visit her, and, hastily mounting his horse, was soon in her presence, offering the assistance and consolation she so greatly needed. His proposal to accompany her to town Susan declined, observing that her sister would require all her time and attention, but promising to write an exact statement of Mrs Herbert's affairs; adding, that if, as she feared, they were irretrievable, *their* future position in regard to each other would be matter for calm deliberation, which their separation might render more easy. Edward had often regarded Susan as an enthusiast, but her enthusiasm had only rendered her more charming so long as it regarded himself and their mutual prospects; but as few know their own hearts, so he had yet to learn that his was bound up in selfishness, of which his attachment to Susan was but a new and unsuspected form.

Notwithstanding his efforts to appear undisturbed by her allusion, his uneasiness was evident to his betrothed, and caused her a deeper pang than any she had yet endured. It was with a heavy heart she set out on her mission of mercy; but there is a reward for those who act up to their convictions of right, in the self-approval of their own hearts, which no outward circumstances, however afflicting, can take away. It will not be necessary to dwell upon Miss Faringham's visit to the house of mourning; it is sufficient to say that Mrs Herbert's large fortune was entirely dissipated, leaving herself and three young children destitute of any resource but the generous aid of Susan, who lost no time in communicating with her lover, and explaining to him her determination not to marry until she had secured to the widow and orphans an income sufficient to support them in their own station in life. To this letter Edward returned no direct reply, contenting himself with urging her return, and secretly trusting to his influence to prevent the execution of a scheme which he regarded as wild and extravagant in the extreme. This evasion did

not escape the observation of Susan, and her fears too well divining the reason, caused the bitterest disappointment—disappointment great in proportion as her confidence had been strong in the sincerity and disinterestedness of his attachment. But this was a time not for the indulgence of feeling, but for action. Her afflicted sister, with her destitute children, claimed all her sympathy and attention. It was decided that, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, and Mrs Herbert's health would admit of the journey, they should return to H—. In the meantime much had to be done, and Susan's strength of mind and straightforward decision and energy of character appeared to the greatest advantage; and the habits of business which she had acquired during the few years she had been uncontrolled mistress of a handsome fortune, proved now of the utmost service. With unwearied perseverance she examined into her sister's affairs, met the creditors of her late brother-in-law, and by an equal distribution of what remained of his once princely fortune, satisfied, as far as possible, all claimants. This done, Susan lost no time in setting out on her return home, hoping that, at a distance from the scene of her short-lived happiness and bitter misfortunes, her sister would the sooner regain strength to bear her trials with resignation. Poor Ellen, after the first violent paroxysm of grief had subsided, fell into a state of profound melancholy, from which her sister had found it impossible to rouse her. Her mind, never strong, appeared sunk into absolute imbecility, and she was alike incapable of thought or action.

If Susan's journey to town had been a sorrowful one, her return home was no less so. It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in May that they reached H—. As the carriage passed the old church, the bells rang out a merry wedding peal, and whilst Ellen wept and sobbed in unavailing anguish, Susan could only tenderly embrace her, unable to utter the words of consolation which rose to her lips, as she remembered that this was the day which was to have witnessed her union with him she so tenderly loved, and thought of the manner in which, in a few short weeks, her own bright and unclouded prospects had been suddenly dimmed and overcast. She was roused from her painful reflections by the stopping of the carriage at her aunt's house, the door of which immediately opened, and Edward stood ready to welcome her with all his accustomed cordiality, and more than his accustomed tenderness of manner. When Susan retired to rest that night, it was with a lighter heart than she had known since the receipt of that terrible letter, and she looked forward to the interview she had appointed with her lover the next morning with hope, nay, even confidence, accusing herself of having been suspicious and unjust, in having for a moment entertained the thought that he could be actuated by ungenerous and mercenary motives. Her heart, relieved from the weight which had so heavily oppressed it, overflowed with love and thankfulness. Edward's meditations were equally satisfactory to himself. He felt sure that absence had by no means diminished his mistress's affection, and he was sanguine in his hopes that he should be able to accomplish his purpose of reasoning her out of what he termed her romance. In this hope he met Susan the next morning; but it was somewhat damped when, instead of returning any direct answer to his recital of what he had suffered during her absence, and his delight at her return, she said, 'My dear Edward, I requested to see you this morning, in order that we might as soon as possible come to a plain understanding. I must confess that I was surprised, nay, grieved, that you evaded replying to that part of one of my letters relating to my sister's affairs. You must have been aware how anxious I was that something decisive should be done, and could scarcely be ignorant of what consequence *your* opinion, *your* approbation, would be to me?'

'You could not think, my dearest Susan,' he replied, 'that I did not truly sympathise with your distress, on

that I should be unwilling to co-operate with you in any reasonable plan that seemed likely to conduce to your sister's happiness; but considering it a subject we could better discuss together than by letter, I thought it best to avoid any mention of it until I saw you again.'

'Well, then,' said Susan, 'though I cannot entirely agree with you as to the expediency of the postponing the settlement of this question, the best way to remedy the omission will be to come to a decision *now*; and as my marriage settlements fortunately have not received my signature, it is still in my power to make the necessary alterations.'

'And what,' returned her lover, 'are the alterations you propose? I must know this before I can give an opinion.'

It was with a flushed cheek and beaming eye (for fears of Edward's want of generosity again crossed her mind) that Susan replied—'I should wish one half of my fortune to be irrevocably settled on my sister and her children. Brought up in the midst of comfort and luxury, she must not now, when bowed down by sorrow and burdened with cares, know what it is to feel dependence even upon a sister.' Whatever might be Edward's feelings on this announcement, his countenance expressed only admiration, as, taking Susan's hand, and tenderly kissing it, he replied, 'I entirely agree with you, my dearest Susan, that we must endeavour to prevent as far as possible any feeling of dependence or obligation on your sister's part. With most persons this would be difficult: but whatever you undertake will be well done; and I know no one who can so delicately confer a favour as my generous and noble-minded Susan.'

'Then, dear Edward,' exclaimed she, 'we are of one mind, and I shall have your assistance in carrying out my plans. My poor sister; how happy will she be in possessing such a friend!'

Edward's eye fell before Susan's earnest tender gaze, so full of truth and love; but he said, 'In motive, in intention, we are, I hope—I believe—as you say, of one mind, though we may not exactly agree as to the manner in which those intentions should be carried out. I am equally anxious with you that your dear sister should be comfortably and suitably provided for; but I do not think it necessary that half your fortune should be the sacrifice. Indeed, my love, your generous nature carries you too far; and forgive me, if I say that I cannot think you display your usual prudence.'

'Prudence! this is not a question of prudence,' returned Susan indignantly; 'nor yet of generosity only. It is a duty, a privilege, that I—of my abundance should minister to the necessities' of my sister and her orphan children.'

'I should be the last person, Susan, to require or wish any sacrifice of duty; that, I think, you ought to know; but in your laudable wish to befriend your sister, you overlook, in my opinion, what is due to yourself, and, allow me to add, to me. You feel much, and naturally, for your sister's children; but Susan, dearest, have you never thought that there may be children who will have a nearer and dearer claim upon you? You know that the estates to which I succeed must in turn descend to my eldest son; or, in failure of direct descendants, to the heir-at-law. Think you, Susan, it is right to place the half of your fortune so entirely out of your power, to the detriment of those (should we be blessed with children) who will have a right to look to their parents for a provision in accordance with the position they will have occupied from their birth?'

'Ah, Edward,' said Susan sadly, 'could we expect a blessing on those children, should we, to enrich them, fail in our duty to others? and forgive me if I remind you, that though your estates are entailed, yet the income is so large, that there ought to be no danger of any child of yours wanting a suitable provision; and as your arguments have failed to convince me of the impropriety or imprudence of my resolution, I must, unless you have any plan to propose that we may mutually

think better, express my determination of adhering to that resolution.'

'If you had made up your mind what course to pursue, I wonder you should give yourself the very unnecessary trouble of asking any advice or opinion in the matter,' replied Edward in a tone of extreme vexation. 'For my part, I see no necessity for making any settlement at all. We shall always esteem it a privilege to do whatever lies in our power to promote Mrs Herbert's comfort and happiness. I am willing to undertake the responsibility of providing the boy with a suitable education and settlement in life—the girls, of course, I should not interfere with, leaving them to your own and their mother's management; but whatever was needed to advance their future interests, should not be wanting on my part when that time arrived. As for your proposition, thinking it both imprudent and unjust, I can give it neither my sanction nor approval.'

'In fact,' said Susan, all the pride and determination of her character flashing from her eyes, and speaking in her erect bearing, and the curled lips scarcely concealing contempt—'In fact, my sister and her children are to be the poor, humble, and grateful pensioners on the bounty of their rich relation. No; never whilst I am still free, whilst I have it still in my power to remain Susan Faringham.'

'You are unjust, Susan, very unjust,' said Edward, rising, 'and not in a state of mind properly to weigh the import of your own words. When you come calmly to reflect upon what has passed, you will, I am sure, feel that you have judged me wrongfully; and, painful as it is to endure the injustice of one so fondly loved, yet I must endeavour to do so with what philosophy I can, until your sense of right prompts you to acknowledge the wrong you have done me.' Without waiting a reply from Susan, Edward, with an air of injured innocence, left the room and the house, glad, however, that the interview was over without his having made any, as he thought, unnecessary concessions, and comforting himself with the belief that Susan would never sacrifice her own happiness to her sisterly affection. But Edward was mistaken in his estimate of Susan's character. Her love was not a blind and self-deceiving passion; it was founded upon esteem for the character of her lover; and the predominating feeling of her mind after this interview was one of keen and bitter disappointment. The professions of attachment which had formerly soothed and delighted her, were now by her severe and scrutinising judgment, 'weighed in the balance, and found wanting.'

In some minds there is no medium between perfect confidence and painful suspicion; and during the few weeks which intervened between Susan's rupture with Edward and her final decision to reject him, his conduct only served to strengthen her conviction, that inordinate love of self was the motive which ruled all his actions.

Great was the astonishment of the gossips of H— on hearing that the proposed alliance was at an end, and the heir of Sir Thomas Bernard a rejected lover. And Edward, how did he bear his sentence? Candour obliges us to say, with a stoicism that did more credit to his philosophy than his feelings. Proud and self-important, he felt little tenderness for the woman who had humbled him not only in his own esteem but in the esteem of the neighbourhood. He consoled himself by reflecting that a more pliant and yielding disposition would be better suited to him as a companion for life, and he set out for the continent, steadfastly purposing to indemnify himself for his failure by a speedy and advantageous marriage.

And Susan—we wish we could inform our readers that she also found a balm for disappointed love in plans for the future. But her affection had been too tender and true, and the wound she had received was too deep, to admit of a perfect cure. It is true she carried out her plans for her sister's benefit with unabated energy. Purchasing a house in the pleasant suburbs of H—,

she made every arrangement she thought likely to conduce to Mrs Herbert's comfort, stipulating only that the family should reside under one roof, hoping to flud, in the society and grateful attachment of her nieces and nephew, a cordial for her wounded feelings. But unhappily it was long before this hope was realised. The shock which her principles had been found strong enough to resist, had increased the natural asperities of her temper; and Susan's experience fully proved that the virtues which command esteem do not necessarily excite affection. Capable of making the greatest sacrifices, she failed in the little arts of indulgent forbearance which are the charm of domestic life; and she had the mortification of perceiving that her presence was felt as a restraint, especially by the children of the family. As they grew older, however, they felt more sensibly the obligations they owed to this generous relative. Charles Herbert, especially her favourite, and the son of her adoption, became increasingly dear to his maiden aunt. Whilst he was a child, she had exhibited considerably more patience and forbearance towards him than was usual with her; and though, when crossed and thwarted, he might occasionally pronounce old maids in general, and aunt Susan in particular, a great bore, still he loved her sincerely.

Her influence over him increased as he grew up to man's estate, and could better appreciate her many estimable qualities. In the warm, tender, and respectful affection of this beloved nephew, Susan Faringham at last found a solace for the disappointments of her early life; and the latest news in W— is, that Charles Herbert is the affianced husband of Sir Edward Bernard's eldest daughter, with the cordial approbation of both families.

#### PROFESSOR NICHOL'S CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

PROFESSOR NICHOL has acquired reputation by two former works, in which some of the grander truths of astronomy were presented in language at once popularly intelligible and highly eloquent. One of these, devoted to a history of the progress of the human mind in making out the true theory of the Solar System, is here presented in a new form, the original subject being condensed into a narrow space, and the remainder of the volume filled up with matter altogether new, consisting of 'contemplations' on comets, the individual characteristics of the planets, and the constitution of the sun and moon. Much of the new matter is an exposition, in Dr Nichol's lucid and brilliant style, of some of the most interesting of the recent discoveries of the continental astronomers, and it is therefore new to a large portion of the scientific world, as well as to the mass of ordinary readers. For example, we have here the whole of the results of the curious and elaborate observations of Maedler of Dorpat and Baer of Berlin, upon what may now be, without a figure, called the geography of the moon, the surface of which planet, our readers will be amused as well as gratified to know, is now mapped with considerably more accuracy than that of our own globe.

Of Messrs Maedler and Baer's three-foot map of the moon—a singular triumph of human ingenuity, as yet almost unknown to our country—Dr Nichol here gives a reduced copy of about six inches diameter, besides a number of plates representing on a much larger scale special parts of the surface. The general character of the surface of this luminary is highly irregular, marked by tremendous mountains and pits, the altitude and depth of which can be accurately measured when they are presented on the edge of the lighted portion. A plate of the district called the Apennines shows lofty mountains casting shadows upon a subjacent plain, and several circular pits, the sides of which are partially lighted. Another gives a district as full of pits as a honeycomb is of holes, and each of these likewise having a lighted and a dark side, owing to the obliquity with

which the sun's light strikes them. This is said to be an illustration of the *crateriform* structure of the moon. There is, however, about a third part of the entire surface presented to us, which is comparatively regular, the regular part being plains, and not seas, as former astronomers considered them. There is no appearance of water, and hardly any of an atmosphere, upon this planet.

'Taking the lunar mountain formations,' says Dr Nichol, 'in the order of their simplicity, we discern, at the outset, a great number of perfectly isolated peaks, or sugar-loaf mountains, *unconnected with any group or range whatsoever*. In our own globe, such peaks are not uncommon; as in Cantal, for instance, or Teneriffe; but those generally belong to some large sphere of disturbance, and the nature of the forces and operation that produced them can, however dimly, still with some degree of certainty, be conceived. These singular formations in the moon, however, very often present no analogy in this respect with the corresponding phenomena of our planet. They rise suddenly from the midst of unbroken flats, and at a great distance from general disturbances. They seem to have shot through the plain in obedience to some sharp internal force, as one would push a needle through a sheet of paper; and the plain has not been much more disturbed.' Mountain ranges or chains are also present in the moon, though not a chief feature in its surface. 'Their general position is a sort of circular but broken skirt of the greater flats or plains.' Scyie reach a great elevation: the Apennines are from eighteen to twenty thousand feet high; that is, something between our Alps and Andes. As in the earth's mountain ranges—the Himalaya, for instance—the ridge is uniformly extremely steep on one side, descending to the plain through abrupt precipices, or a succession of abrupt terraces, while they slope away, as ours do also, through an extensive and gently declining highland. 'The abrupt face uniformly looks in towards the plain—a peculiarity which Professor Nichol supposes to be paralleled on earth by the arrangement of some of our mountain chains, but, we humbly conceive, with a less cogency of argument than usually attends his speculations.

'But,' says he, 'I must hasten on. I have now reached the most wonderful portion of the moon's mountain districts—a portion with which we have here nothing beyond the faintest similitudes. At least three-fifths of the surface of that luminary are studded with caverns penetrating its body, and generally enpire at the top by a great wall of rock, which is serrated, and often crowned by lofty peaks. These caverns, or, as they have been termed, *craters*, vary in diameter, from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest space visible—probably 500 feet—and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes; so that the multitude of the smaller ones becomes so great, that we cannot reckon it. The ridge that environs the crater is always steep within, and *sloping* on its external side; but it does not descend to the cavern's base in one precipice. Within it frequently lie concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the low ground appear more gradual. The bottom of the crater is very often convex, and low ridges of mountains sometimes run through it: we also find in it isolated conical peaks and smaller craters, whose heights however seldom reach the base of the exterior wall. These curious objects are, in some parts of the moon, so crowded, that they seem to have pressed on each other, and disturbed and even broken down each other's environments; so that, through their mutual interference, the most odd-shaped caverns have arisen. It often happens, too, that smaller craters are found on the wall; and in many instances one can discern that the wall has been severely shaken by the force, whatever it was, that gave rise to the secondary object.'

The crater Tycho, of which a sketch is given from a drawing by Major Davis, is the most remarkable of these wondrous formations. Dr Nichol makes an ideal

journey to it. 'Wandering,' he says, 'through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion—where there is no plain larger than a common field, that, too, rent by fissures and strown with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices—we descrie in the horizon what seems an immense ridge, stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, O Traveller! averting your eyes from the burning sun; and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape! It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world for ever and ever! Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus—no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice, 13,000 feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity; and at some ten miles' distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by 2000 feet than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea! would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes? But onwards—and to the bottom of this mysterious place. No foot of man can take us there; so that we must borrow a wing from the condor, or, better still, Mr Hansen's aerial machine. Off, then; down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one 4000 feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall without breach—only with a few pinnacles on its top—towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky: no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it: only benign Night with its stars, and the mild face of the Earth! But we tarry no longer; so again, Mr Hansen! and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho! What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters; and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Nay, Mr Hansen assures us that some exist of at least equal depth, whose diameter is not more than 3000 feet! What conception can we form of chasms so tremendous! Can there be life in them; or are they, by some primal curse, shut out, like the Dead Sea, from all other realms of the Eternal? Life!—is its profusion so necessary? I have been amid solitudes in this land, where no bird is seen, nor heard the cry of any winged creature—scarcely even an insect's hum; where only the casual hiss of the snake, and the hurried and uneasy creeping of the beetle, announce that life exists! Look yet farther. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favourites they are of the sun; for he illumines them more than all else beside, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho! In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large



space of similar splendour from which these rays depart. What they are, Mr Hansen knows not; but they spread over at least one-third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which in first rashness we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe even by those silver though mystic cords! Come, fellow-traveller, and Mr Hansen, *au revoir!*

'Now that we have reached our homely earth, we must not pass these rays issuing from Tycho and other large craters so cavalierly as our late guide was disposed to do; inasmuch as, next to the craters themselves, they are the most remarkable feature of the moon. And first, with regard to those from Tycho, which in some respects are distinguished from all others. They consist of broad brilliant bands (visible only when the moon is full or nearly so) issuing from all sides of the crater, and stretching to a greater or less distance from their origin; one of them can be traced almost through the *Mare Serenitatis*, or along a space of about 1700 miles! Two characteristics of these singular bands cannot fail to attract the notice of even the casual observer. First, the light they throw is of exactly the same kind as that reflected from the edge of the crater itself, and from the lowest part of the chasm, so that we must suppose that the matter forming them had the same origin and source as those other portions of Tycho. Secondly, they pass onward in thorough disregard of the other formations of the moon. If, instead of a most rugged surface, the face of our satellite had been one unbroken plain, their course could not have been less disturbed, only they accommodate themselves to the contour of that surface: if they meet a valley, they bend with it; if a precipitous mountain, they rise with its precipices, and then pursue their predetermined path. Is it possible that these rays consist of matter shot up from the interior of the moon through rents in its crust at the time that crater was formed? or rather, what other hypothesis can satisfy the two foregoing conditions? That this highly reflecting matter extends to great depths below the surface, admits of decisive proof. First, there are small craters in many of the bands, of considerable depth, that show no sign of having pierced through them. Secondly, supposing, as we must, that the valleys and mountains over which they pass so unceremoniously are subsequent formations, and that they rise in proportion, just because they were heaved up along with the other soil—the height of those precipices is another proof of their depth. But, especially, look at the phenomenon represented in plate XII. [Tycho at full moon.] The larger crater to the left, named Sausure, which is much wider than one of the rays, and is of great depth, has, to a certain extent, intercepted the ray, and displaced it; but shortly afterwards that ray resumes the former path. Now, observe the bottom of Sausure: there is the very ray—faint, indeed, but distinct—so that the whole depth of the pit has not reached the source of that shining matter, which, indeed, must be far deeper than Tycho itself. If, then, as we are inclined to assume, the phenomenon of the rays indicates a protrusion from below, through rents in the moon's crust—whence those rents? They are not mere chances or irregularities; it is not as if the protruded matter only filled a gap where it found it—a thing which happens so often with our own trap rocks. These rents proceed along great circles of our luminary, from Tycho as a central point; they are, and can be no other than cracks, extending over a vast portion of its crust, produced by the convulsion which formed that stupendous chasm. The formation of the rays and of the crater was therefore the same; and the crater is the mere mouth, or point of escape, of some tremendous internal and eccentric force. And thus, at an early age in the history of the present crust of the moon, at least five thousand cubic miles of rock were displaced, and the solid surface in all directions rent, in one case through the length of 1700 miles, by some terrific convulsion.

After an equally curious description of Copernicus, a crater more resembling that of our *Ætna*, though on a far larger scale, and where the volcanic operations seem to have been gradual, the learned professor comes to advert to the more level or flat parts of the moon's surface. 'These plains,' he says, 'are, as previously mentioned, for the most part bordered by the precipitous sides of the mountain formations, excepting at some open spaces, like straits of the ocean, where they communicate with each other. Of their contour little can be said. They are not absolute flats, but low grounds, through which low ridges pass, in the midst of which isolated peaks sometimes arise, and where craters wide and narrow, but not—in so far as hitherto remarked—of great depth, may be found. They are, in the meantime, the undisturbed part of the moon's surface.'

'These regions, however, present features too remarkable to permit their being passed carelessly by. They are distinguished by a very great variety of colouring—a feature so far from being confined to one or two localities, that there is scarcely anywhere a flat surface in the moon that does not manifest it. It is found even in the small interstices amidst the network of the rays from Copernicus. In the long plain below Plato, it may be seen by an ordinary telescope; but the most gorgeous exhibition of it is in the brilliant and, I fear, wholly unrepresentable greens of the *Mare Serenitatis*. What means that colouring? Is it inorganic or organic? Is it an indication of different geological formations, or of something else? If the former, we ought to find the variety, although disturbed, also among the mountain districts. My impression at present is, that it is not there, although I would speak with diffidence. Can it be foliage? If organisation exists in that strange globe, it is clear that we must reach the knowledge of it first through its forests and savannahs—objects probably very largely diffused, compared with architecture or the abodes of sentient beings. And it is precisely in the plains, undisturbed by the tossings of that barren granite, that such objects should be found. There is another fine illustration in the patch near Aristarchus, which seems almost a picture of the varied colouring of a beautiful undulating country. And yet how strange this conception appears! A world with vegetation without water, and with so small an atmosphere! Stranger still, if that globe has no communion with organised things; if life, which, by its mighty assimilative energies, has so bent under its dominion the rocks of our own world, should be powerless in that globe, even under those hard conditions. It surely cannot!'

## THE BASQUES.

### PART SECOND.

A DAY or two after the disaster of Lecarroz, the family of the alcade retired to a house belonging to his brother on the banks of the Bidassoa; and Don Romnald, overjoyed to find his rescued wife and child, gladly accepted the new asylum offered them, and renewed with fresh zeal his life as a Guerillo chieftain, knowing that the objects of his affection were in comparative security, or such, at least, as the distracted state of the country could afford. Several bands of partisans of both sides were scattered along the banks of the river, and frequent skirmishes took place, in one of which Romnald was wounded, and as he was bivouacked with his troop at no great distance from the spot where Donna Francisca had found an asylum, she insisted on sharing his quarters, bad as they were, and attending upon him till his recovery. In the meanwhile one of the innumerable religious ceremonies of the Basque calendar took place in a small chapel on the banks of the river, in the vicinity of the abode of the alcade. The Christinos were at the moment masters of the territory on which the cele-

\* And yet, why should foliage be green in the moon?

bration was to take place; but feelings of religion for the instant predominated, and it was intimated to all the neighbourhood that, for love of the blessed Virgin, by whose miracles the chapel had been especially illustrated, a solemn truce for some hours would be religiously observed. Under this assurance Carmela and others of the family joined in the procession, and in the celebration of the fête: in the expectation that such would be the case, the first person who presented himself on the spot was Salvador. Forgetful of all but love and gratitude for his late protection, Carmela flew to meet him, and, leaning on his offered arm, her eyes turned towards him swimming with tears of penitence at the remembrance of her parting words, she said, 'Oh! Salvador, it was only with my lips that curse was uttered, and my lips were false to the feelings of my heart. Upon me be the evil, if evil comes of them. Forgive me, Salvador.' The Christino pressed her to his bosom, and they proceeded together to the chapel. In that hour of holy reconciliation all the horrors of civil discord were forgotten: the mountains of Biscay were around them, the language of their fatherland ringing in their ears, and they knelt together before the same altar, as in the early days when their love was undisturbed by the desolating phrensy of party zeal and party vengeance. Carlists and Christinos, friends and foes, mingled together for the moment as brethren of the same faith and of the same blood, and for the moment all was forgotten but the festivity around them; and when at length the night obliged them and the Carlists to retire, Salvador and Carmela parted once again. A simple adieu was all that was uttered, but the convulsive grasp of their hands told to each more than words could have conveyed.

A few days after this celebration, Donna Francisca, with Melchior and Carmela, had visited the bivouack of Don Romnald, who was about to change his quarters: and he had escorted them on their way back, when one of those violent and sudden storms, so frequent in mountainous districts, came unexpectedly upon them. A large open grange, in which the peasants were wont to place the forage they collected on the hill-side, offered a shelter, of which they gladly availed themselves. Trusting that the tempest would soon pass away, they established themselves amongst the dried grass which was piled up beneath the roof; but the storm continued with unabated fury. Young Melchior had fallen into a deep and quiet slumber, and the two females were inclined to follow his example. Romnald promised to watch and give them information as soon as the storm was sufficiently abated to enable them to proceed, and they composed themselves to sleep. Sad were the thoughts of the Carlist chief as he regarded his wife and child thus exposed to the inconveniences of a wandering existence, which the circumstances of the country obliged them to lead. 'This,' he said to himself, as he gazed on the care-worn features of Francisca—'this, then, is the fortune in which I have involved the young, the gay Andalusian damsel, who has sacrificed all to follow me. Can this be Francisca de Ribeyra, the heiress of wealth and fortune? Oh, could I but replace her for a time in that happy home, and with the parents she left to take her lot with me in Biscay! Yet even this is happiness to what may yet be reserved for us.' Suddenly he started to his feet: a sound had reached his ears which was neither the roar of the wind nor the rushing of the waters. He held his breath for an instant; the sounds were too distinct for him to be deceived or mistaken; and gliding from the hay in which the party were imbedded, he approached the side of the lodge, and listened attentively. He now recognised the sound of the approach of horses, whose tread rang upon the rocky pathway, and were evidently coming to the spot. The voices of men, too, mingled with the storm, and shortly he heard the word 'Halt' given at no great distance from his place of refuge. He returned quietly to his sleeping family, and, bending softly over them, whispered in the ears of his wife and Carmela,

'Awake, but do not move or disturb yourselves; cavalry are coming.'

The females raised themselves in alarm, and asked anxiously if they were Carlists?

'The few cavalry we have are now with the king,' was the answer.

The females grasped each other's hands, and Francisca breathed a prayer for the safety of her husband. Some of the horsemen now alighted and entered the lodge, kindling a wisp of hay to examine the spot more accurately. The Carlists were concealed in the centre of the stack, and Romnald recognised the uniform of the queen's troops. 'Christinos,' he whispered to his wife. 'Christinos!' she repeated with a shudder. One of the soldiers who had entered for the purpose of examination went out to make his report, and soon the rest of the troop were heard dismounting. They fastened their horses to the posts which supported the lodge, supplied them with hay, and kindling a fire, began to prepare the rations they had brought with them. The party in concealment watched with anxious eyes every movement of the enemy who now surrounded them. The hearts of the females beat violently, and Don Romnald felt distressed and uneasy. Perfectly incapable of flight or of defence, he turned his eyes on his helpless companions with no enviable feelings. Their horses attended to, the soldiers placed themselves around the food they had prepared; some were seated near the fire they had kindled, others on the hay. At first the occupation of eating engrossed them solely, then arose a confusion of voices in conversation, which permitted the Carlists to exchange a few words, and roused young Melchior from his slumber. He opened his eyes, and was about to utter a cry of surprise, when his mother placed her hand upon his mouth and whispered 'Silence' in his ear. Melchior, half asleep, did not seem to comprehend, and tried to raise himself, and see what was going on, when Francisca held him down, and said gently, 'They are Christinos and enemies.' The boy opened his dark bright eyes in wonder, but understanding what was going on, gave a sign of assent, and eagerly watched the motions of his friends, to imitate them.

The officer in command of the detachment ordered the guide to come forward, and an ill-looking man in the costume of Arragon presented himself. 'Early to-morrow,' said the officer, 'we must rejoin General Mina. Are you well acquainted with the road?'

'Have I led you astray hitherto?'

'No.'

'Do you think you will find a Basque to guide you? If I am not a native of the country, at least I know the natives well.'

'A good reward if you guide us fairly and well—a ball through your head if you lead us astray, or seek to deceive,' observed the Christino leader.

'It would be well to place myself in the power of the Carlists after the affair of Lecarroz, would it not?' asked the guide.

'Ay, ay; you were pretty well pledged there,' replied the officer laughing; and added, 'Now, a short rest for our horses, and forward again before the day breaks.'

The soldiers now put many questions to the man respecting the curate Merino, of whom there were such mysterious reports, and received the usual details of his having sold himself to the devil—his marvellous encounters with bears on the mountains—his disappearance regularly during the night—his sudden and unseen return when it was time to march—his invulnerability—his cruelties and his intrigues—and each detail more wonderful than the last. Then came tales of the heroism of Zumalacarrreguy and of Don Carlos, and the exterminating war he was said to wage with all the cats that came in his way, as if they were liberals or heretics. At length the men began to seek places of repose, and spread themselves in all directions over the hay. The Basques felt the feet of their enemies trampling over them, and sometimes even the contact of their hands. But the spot was dark, and the Christinos mistook them

for some of their comrades already in repose. Soon no sound was heard but the regular breathing of the sleepers, the measured tread of the sentinels, and now and then a movement amongst the horses. Don Romnald, through the openings of the lodge, watched with no little anxiety for the signs of the coming day, and saw with heartfelt joy the darkness become less intense. A bright bar of light showed itself in the east, a blackbird was heard to whistle, and at length the order was given to depart. 'Courage,' whispered the Carlist to his companions; 'they are going to march.'

'Ah,' cried the man who had guided the troop, 'the lodge of Senhor Yturbide, the Carlist, has afforded us quarters in spite of him.'

'And this to thank Senhor Yturbide for his hospitality,' said one of the soldiers, kicking the remains of the fire amongst the hay. In an instant the flames were moving rapidly in all directions over the stack; but being damp in some places, it sent forth thick suffocating columns of smoke.

'We are lost!' exclaimed the terrified women.

'Not if they depart instantly,' replied Romnald. But the Christinos lingered a few moments to see their work of destruction complete, and some of them shook up the hay with their sabres.

'My child will be suffocated!' cried Francisca, springing up with the boy in her arms. The flames were creeping rapidly around them, and had reached their feet, when Melchoir uttered a suffocating groan; and the whole party, bursting through the smoke, rushed into the centre of the Christinos, who surrounded them immediately. 'Who are you? and what do ye here?' was the general exclamation. 'We are Basques,' said Romnald, 'who sought the shelter of the lodge against the storm; the women were alarmed at your approach, and concealed themselves. The Carlist leader had no sign of his rank about him, and the officer in command did not seem disposed to trouble himself with an unarmed and inoffensive party, and gave the order to proceed; when the guide, with a look of malignant joy, exclaimed, 'What is the reward offered for the capture of Don Romnald, the Carlist leader?'

'One hundred reals,' replied the officer in surprise.

'Then pay them down,' cried the Arragonais with a shout of triumph; 'for I here give up Romnald, the commander of the troop of Erratson, his wife, Donna Francisca de Ribeyra, and their son, young Melchoir—friends of Zumalacarre, and traitors to Queen Isabella and the constitution of Spain.' The parties pointed out were instantly seized; but Carmela, who was supposed to be only a female attendant, was left unnoticed, and said hastily in the ear of Francisca, 'Trust to Salvador.' She had no time for more, for the luckless prisoners were hurried away without delay; and the poor girl was left gazing after them with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, till, recovering her scattered thoughts, she hastened away in the direction of her home to give immediate alarm to the Carlists, and to seek means of communicating with Salvador as quickly as possible.

The house of Triarte, the brother of the alcade of Lerarroz, was the rendezvous of all the chief Biscayens in the country, and of the Carlist partisans in the neighbouring town of Fontarabia. As soon as Carmela had told her sad tale, a council was held, and various plans proposed for the recovery of Don Romnald and his family—by stratagem, by main force, or by exchange. Such was the esteem in which he was held by his party, that no exertions were thought too great to deliver him: amongst other plans, it was proposed to seize the town of Fontarabia by surprise—having many secret friends and allies within the walls—and, securing the Christino chiefs in command, to exchange them one and all for their captive partisan. Immediate steps were taken, and it was decided that within twenty-four hours the attempt should be made.

In the meanwhile, Carmela despatched a messenger to seek Salvador; but his detachment had left their

station, and marched in the direction of Fontarabia; which information decided her to follow in the rear of those who were to attempt the surprise of the town, and trust to events to give her the means of communicating with the Chapelgorris officer.

The plan of the Carlists was successful; they rushed to the attack with a valour which was irresistible; and few more brilliant deeds were done during the war than the recapture of Fontarabia from the English and their Christino allies. Triarte and his family, who had been banished from the place by the Christinos when they occupied the fortress, followed in the rear of the victors, and crowded with the population of the town, and the inhabitants of the plains and of the mountains, to offer up a *Te Deum* in the principal church. Carmela was anxiously seeking means of discovering the fate of Salvador, when a drum, beaten before a party of soldiers who were coming down the street, arrested their progress. 'Death to the Christinos! death to the traitors!' shouted the mob. 'Prisoners going to execution,' said the uncle of Carmela, who turned aside her head, and uttered a prayer for them as they passed; when a well-known voice fell on her ear. 'Carmela,' it said, 'the curse has fallen on me.' 'Salvador, Salvador!' she shrieked wildly, and was darting forward, when her uncle caught her by the arm and held her back.

'Salvador Elyssalde, the traitor, well deserves his fate,' he said.

'My child,' added her grandfather, 'you cannot save him.'

'But you can,' she eagerly replied, 'and Don Romnald, too, by an exchange.'

'Elyssalde against Don Romnald?' said Triarte in a tone of contempt.

'His party estimate him as highly as we do Romnald. Grandfather—uncle—as you regard my life, the safety of my soul, let me pass.'

The alcade and his brother were inflexible.

'At least,' cried the girl, still struggling, 'let me see him die—let me aid him with my prayer in his last hour.'

'Carmela, you are mad; you will dishonour us all in the sight of our friends,' said Triarte, who relaxed his hold as the cortege had passed.

In an instant the maiden sprang forward, and flew with a speed which seemed miraculous towards the ramparts. The roll of the drums gave energy to her exertions. A volley of musketry followed. The prisoners, she thought, were numerous, and continued her flight. A second volley followed; and then a third. Her limbs shook under her. Another and another came; and when she reached the ramparts, exhausted by exertion and mental agony, gazing on the fallen victims, she recognised in the fourth line of those who had suffered the lieutenant of the Chapelgorris, motionless and covered with blood from a wound in the breast. She threw herself violently on the body, placed her hand upon his heart, and her lips upon his mouth. There was neither breath nor pulsation left. She tore open the breast of his uniform, and searched for some relic, or at least a cross, which might show that he had died in the faith of his forefathers. No sign was there. 'My God!' she exclaimed, 'be merciful to him! He is now before thee. His faults were those of others; not his own. Before thee there is neither Carlist nor Christino. Let his death plead for him, and accept my future prayers and penitence in his behalf.' Then dipping her rosary in the blood, which still flowed from his wound, she rose from her knees, and fled from Fontarabia, resolving to dedicate her future life to penitence and prayer as an atonement for the doubtful faith of Salvador, and as a pilgrim to visit every shrine in Spain to seek repose for his soul.

In the meanwhile, within the walls of the prison of Vittoria, the Carlist chief, Don Romnald, awaited a similar fate at the hands of his countrymen, thus deeply dyed in mutual slaughter. Donna Francisca was seated beside her husband on the straw of their dungeon, with which Melchoir was playing by her, when he suddenly desisted from his employment, and looking earnestly in

the pale face of his mother, 'Mamma,' he asked, 'when shall we leave this horrid place, and why is papa so dull?'

'Pray to God for your father, my dear child. He will punish his enemies in the next world; you must revenge him in this.'

'Yes,' replied the boy, 'when I am big enough, I will revenge him.' And all the fierceness of the Basque character showed itself in the hope of vengeance which brightened in his eyes, and was thus early implanted in his heart. From the lessons he received daily, no other result could arise; and thus were sown the seeds of future conflict, to desolate the unhappy land of Biscay through many years to come.

The sound of a distant drum caught the ear of Francisca, who clung to every hope which offered of safety to her husband. 'Merino!' she cried.

Romnald shook his head, and answered mournfully, 'More probably the signal that the council of war is breaking up.'

'Salvador, perchance, may have arrived.'

'Cease these vain hopes, my beloved,' said Romnald; 'it is not Merino, it is not Salvador, but the messenger of death which comes. To you, Francisca, I look to sustain your courage in this hour of trial.'

'Romnald, I can die with you, or for you; but the blow which falls on you will crush me with its weight.'

Romnald pointed to his son, and said, 'Hear my last will and wishes, dear Francisca. To your care I bequeath this our child; you must live to be to him both father and mother; you must train him up to be a faithful loyal Basque and Carlist, worthy his race, true to his king and his country in its rights and privileges, obedient to the faith of his forefathers. You must promise me to live and fulfil these duties, my beloved.'

Donna Francisca, pale as statuary marble, and as motionless, could not give utterance to a reply—when the bolts of their dungeon were withdrawn, and Romnald arose with awakened energy to meet the person who entered. 'Be firm, Francisca,' he said, 'in the presence of our enemies.' A Christiano officer approached with a paper in his hand, and read aloud the sentence of the tribunal, to the purport, that 'Don Romnald, guilty of bearing arms against the most gracious Queen Isabella II., should forthwith be shot as a traitor to his country.' Romnald raised his head fiercely as the sentence was read, smiled disdainfully at the name of traitor, and said—'Traitor for being faithful to my country, my king, and my conscience!' and bowing to the officer, raised his cap, and added—'May Heaven preserve Don Carlos and the liberties of Biscay!'

The officer withdrew, and Francisca, who had been standing leaning against the wall in a death-like stupor, fell senseless into the extended arms of her husband. The bars were again withdrawn, and the superior of the convent of St Francis entered the cell. 'May peace be upon this family, and may consolation and support be afforded them from on high!' And approaching Don Romnald, he added—'I come to offer the succours of my ministry, and the services of a friar to the faithful servant of Don Carlos and the good old cause of Spain!' Romnald took his extended hand, and placing his wife tenderly on the straw, retired with the monk to the other extremity of the cell, and knelt before him. The long conversation which followed not only consisted of a full confession of all his remembered sins and offences, but in directions for the future care of his wife and son; and when the penitent rose from his knees, an unruffled tranquillity was manifest in his countenance and manners. Approaching his wife, who had revived to a full knowledge of the bitterness of her lot, 'Francisca, my beloved,' he said, 'in this hour, when every word has the holiness of truth, be assured that my love for you has been all that man could feel; but if I have at any time shown either harshness or severity; if there remain aught against me in your heart, forgive me, my Francisca.'

Francisca rose from her seat, and throwing herself at

his feet, exclaimed—'Ask pardon of me, Romnald! You have been the pride, the glory, the happiness of my life,' and she strove to prostrate herself before him, but he caught her in his arms, and fervently besought every blessing on her head. He then gazed for some time in silent affection upon Melchoir, and at last said—'Melchoir, I am going there on high to God; love and respect your mother, be obedient to her in all things, and pray that we may meet again; and catching him to his breast, he covered the boy with kisses. 'This,' he said to the monk, 'is death, and these adieus are its bitterness.' The roll of the drums sounded near at hand—the door of the dungeon was thrown open. 'I am ready!' exclaimed Romnald—with one more embrace to his fainting wife—and hurried from the cell.

#### NOTES OF 'A CONSTANT READER.'

VI. EXAGGERATION.—'If there be one mannerism that is universal among mankind,' remarks an observant writer, 'it is that of colouring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of the truth—we must exaggerate, we must overdraw, we must have a little too much red in the brush.\*'

This fault is, I am inclined to believe, peculiarly characteristic of modern manners. Formerly, truth and falsehood were separated by a broad and straight boundary-line, so plain and visible, that there was no excuse for mistaking it; the positive and negative of every statement were expressed in certain clear and definite words. If a man had to tell the truth, he told it bluntly, decisively, and without embellishment; if he desired to lie, he lied heartily, and without mincing. He did not, as contemporary liars do, trick out his falsehoods in the vestments of verity; he made no efforts to 'lie like truth.' His crime, like that of the old-fashioned highwayman, had an open daring in it: there was none of that specious refinement which belongs to modern swindling and to the new school of fibbing.

If, on the contrary, we narrowly watch the words and actions of many of our companions, we shall find that the boundary-line has become so uneven, that it is difficult to distinguish when it encroaches on the domains of truth, or when it strays into those of falsehood—and so fine, that it is often imperceptible. The sober tints of fact are so blended with the gaudy colours of fiction, that it is frequently impossible to discover where the one ends and the other begins. This dazzling but false effect is produced by that deceitful prism, exaggeration, which it is the constant practice of modern talkers to place before our eyes when they would have us look at truth.

The main-spring of this habit is a desire to create dramatic effects in conversation. Simple narratives have lost their charms, from a proneness to introduce into every sort of description—whether of persons, things, feelings, or circumstances—a certain degree of effect. A plain straightforward matter-of-fact is thought, in modern conversation, unworthy of being described without an adventitious flourish or a 'spicy' superlative. The application of some degree of art is deemed indispensable, as if people were expected, instead of conversing colloquially, to talk literature. The consequence of all this is, that the adjectives of our language are gradually losing their positive and comparative degrees, from the constant use and misapplication of superlatives. The sober expressiveness of 'bad' and 'good,' is aggravated to 'vile,' 'disgusting,' or 'exquisite.' 'Vast,' 'splendid,' 'magnificent,' 'superb,' 'awful,' 'frightful,' 'tremendous,' are introduced in connexion with the most ordinary matters. If a young lady wet her feet by being caught in the rain, she is nearly certain to describe it at home as a 'most tremendous shower.' Her papa will scold his servant for leaving a door open, by complaining that the 'tremendous' draught will in all probability 'cut him in

\* Domestic Addresses, by Ephraim Holding.

two.' Grandmamma is troubled with a 'tremendous' cough, for which she is obliged to take 'tremendously' powerful medicines. Thus, the petty evils of life are described by an adjective which formerly belonged to a heavy fire of artillery or an earthquake. We seldom hear now of a good picture, though 'splendid works of art' are common enough. Fine days give place to 'splendid weather,' and it is not unusual for a guest to compliment his hostess by declaring she 'makes tea splendidly.' Thus, when anything really splendid is to be described, the attempt is difficult; for the proper adjectives have been so used up in their wrong places by small critics and finicking gossips, that they are not understood in their right ones. A pine-apple ice, and a young lady's singing, are both said to be 'delicious.' Ben Nevis, and a rich man's wealth, are equally 'immense.' Pretty landscapes go by the name of 'magnificent scenery,' and I have heard a buxom widow likened to Cleopatra, and called a 'magnificent woman.'

So completely imitative a being is man, and so easily does he fall into bad habits, that this fault has become almost universal; inasmuch, that if one narrowly watches the conversation of nine out of ten even well educated persons, they may be detected in exaggerating by the misuse of some of the adjectives we have named. There are, however, particular individuals, and by no means a small class of them, who carry exaggeration a great way beyond the mere use and abuse of words. They habitually exaggerate facts. If what they are continually saying be true, they live a life of extremes; it is their lot to enjoy all the delights, and be plagued with all the miseries, of mortality in their extremest excesses. My friend Mrs Jackson, for example, never complains of being simply unwell; but when she has a pain, 'the agony is excruciating,' her headaches are 'frightful.' On the contrary, she seldom professes to be pleased; she is 'delighted,' 'enchanted.' So, when speaking of her acquaintance, her descriptions would lead you to infer that they are the most extraordinary beings upon earth. Miss Adams, by her account, is as beautiful as an angel, and Mr Roberts writes better verses than Byron. One is blessed with an immense property, the other possesses all the cardinal virtues. Then, of her servant, she reports that they are either wonderfully obedient and dexterous, or horribly stubborn and clumsy. In short, although Mrs Jackson would not utter a wilful, deliberate falsehood on any account, yet the habit of exaggeration makes her every third word something like a fib. The line which separates truth from fiction, and which always lies between two extremes, is nearly rubbed out in her mind. The reader doubtless knows many a Mrs Jackson.

Such sacrifices of truth, be they ever so slight, are the first steps towards habitual falsehood, for which reason every inclination to exaggerate should be jealously checked. Exaggeration is a sure mark of vulgarity; for, amongst the higher classes, every tendency to strain after effect, either by overstating circumstances, or by an inconvenient display of private feeling, is habitually guarded against. As the well-bred man is recognised by the simplicity of his dress, so he is known by plainness and the direct signification of his words.

VII. A HINT TO ASPIRANTS.—All those who possess talent, and do not apply themselves assiduously to its cultivation, will readily acknowledge the truth of the following remark, put forward in Sharpe's Letters:—'Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.'

VIII. BANK NOTES INVENTED BY THE CHINESE.—The learned orientalist, Klaproth, in his 'Memoirs Relative to Asia,' gives a curious and interesting account of the origin of paper-money, which he traces to the Chinese.\* It must be premised, that the Chinese annals are more

complete than those of any other nation, because the keeping of them has always been a state affair, and not left to the industry of private individuals; and from these authentic records Klaproth translates the following facts:—The earliest trace of a currency having a nominal instead of a real value, occurs during the reign of the emperor Ou-ti, in the year 119 before the Christian era. It appears that the treasury of that sovereign got into so low a condition, that the expenses of the state exceeded its revenues. He was fortunate, however, in the services of a financial minister, whose genius planned and executed a system of nominal currency. This consisted of pieces of deer-skin, about a foot square, ornamented with paintings and highly-wrought borders. These represented the value of 40,000 deniers (about £12 sterling), but were only current amongst the grandees and at court. Out of them a revenue was collected in a manner characteristic of the people:—from time immemorial, every person who is admitted into the presence of the 'Sun of Heaven' covers his face with a screen, or small tablet, for he is supposed to be quite unable to bear the blazing light of the emperor's countenance; and, at the time we refer to, whoever was honoured with invitations to his repasts and entertainments, was obliged to cover his screen with one of these *phi-pi*, or 'value in skins,' which he was condescendingly allowed to leave behind him. This plan, once set on foot, appears to have been often followed in after-years. We find between, and for some time subsequently to, the years 605-617, disorder prevalent in China to such an extent, that the country was nearly without a coinage, and all sorts of things were used as money; such as round pieces of iron, clothes cut up, and even pieces of pasteboard; but it is not till nearly three centuries after, that the history of regular paper-money commences. Hsiao-tsung, of the Tang dynasty, whose reign commenced A.D. 807, was the founder of banks of deposit and issue: for he obliged rich families and merchants who arrived in the capital to deposit their valuables and goods in the public treasuries, for which paper receipts or acknowledgments were given, and made current under the name of *ji-y-thsian*, or 'voluntary money.' Thai-tson, who reigned in 960, adopted the same plan.

Between the years 997 and 1022, we find that a paper-money system was established in China, such as is at present followed in Europe—that is to say, the issue of credit papers as currency, without being guaranteed by any substantial pledge or mortgage whatever. These primitive bank-notes were called *chi-tsi*, or 'coupons.' From that time to the present, bank-notes have been in use in China under various names—those current at present being called *pao-tchiao*, or 'precious paper-money.' Thus the Chinese have had a banking system, with all its attendant advantages and evils, in full operation at a far earlier period than any other nation: and bankrupts, forgers, and monetary crises, have been rife in China for ages. We learn from Gutzlaff\* that, a few years ago, some new financial arrangements were made, with a view to putting the paper currency on a better footing, but they were much impeded by a low state of public and private credit. Banks, both of deposit and issue, exist in every large Chinese town, conducted by companies or private individuals, who issue *pian-thsian*, or cheques—the 'precious paper-money' being only circulated by the government. Bills of exchange are not very often used, on account of a prevalent bad faith in commercial transactions.

De Guignes, in his work on China, gives an engraving of a Chinese bank-note. It is a square paper, having on one side an inscription which states the amount it is issued for (1000 deniers, or 'cash'), and that it is a note of the emperor Zong-King, of the Ming dynasty. On the other side, the Chinese equivalent of the following sentence is printed:—'At the petition of the treasury board, it is ordained that the paper-money thus marked

\* *Sure Origine du Papier-Monnaie.*—*Memoires Relatifs à l'Asie*, par M. J. Klaproth, vol. II. p. 376.

\* *China Opened*, vol. II.

with the seal of the imperial dynasty of the Mings, shall have currency, and be used in all respects as if it were copper-money. Whoever disobeys, will be beheaded!

The researches, then, of M. Klaproth prove that, besides the discovery of the properties of the magnet, the invention of writing-materials, printing, and gunpowder, we owe to the Chinese the basis of our present systems of bank-notes and banking.

### JESSE'S SCENES AND TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

MR JESSE, whose duty as surveyor of her majesty's parks, and residence at Windsor, bring him into connexion with some of our finest natural scenes, has made use of his opportunities to acquire a taste for the beauties of the vegetable creation, and pay a minute attention to the habits and characters of animals. Without, apparently, the advantages of extensive knowledge or deep reflection, but with those of careful observation, kindly feelings, and a modest and pleasing style, he has produced one of the most agreeable books of the kind in our language—the *Gleanings of Natural History*; to which is now added a second and similar volume.\* On this occasion we have more about many of the subjects formerly treated, as the trees in Windsor Park (including an elaborate history of Herne's oak), river-side scenery, the songs of birds, the reasoning faculties and affections of animals, &c.; besides which there are a few simple stories of rural life.

He informs us that the queens of England, for a series of ages, have each chosen an oak or beech in Windsor Park, to which her name has been given, 'which, with the date of the month and year of the selection, is engraved on a brass plate, and screwed securely on the tree. Thus, in one of the most beautiful and retired parts of the forest, Queen Anne's oak may be seen; the oak of the amiable wife of George II., Queen Caroline; the oak of Queen Charlotte; the oak of the excellent Queen Adelaide; as well as that of her present majesty: they all have seats around them. The green drives of many miles, along which these trees may be approached, are not only kept in the most perfect order, but at every step we go either some opening view of the castle or the surrounding country presents itself to our notice, or else some picturesque or noble tree attracts attention. Here and there are charming glades, down which a gentle stream of water makes its way, and which is crossed by a rustic bridge. It is at nearly the end of this drive in one direction, and in the neighbourhood of the trees I have referred to, that one of the prettiest cottages imaginable opens upon our view. Nothing can be more smiling and cheerful, or kept in better order, than this abode of the woodman of the district. His rustic seats, his flowers, and neat kitchen-garden interspersed with fruit trees, all give the idea of rural peace and beauty. The oaks and beeches spread out their arms over the well-kept lawn in front of the cottage, while the wood-pigeon and woodpecker are heard in the adjoining thicket.

The picturesque and noble oak selected by her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, stands near the woodman's cottage I have been describing, and flourishes on the prettiest lawn imaginable. The perfection of sylvan scenery will be found near this spot, and will amply repay a visit to it.

Perhaps most persons will feel that the interest of scenery is enhanced by its having been viewed, and the locality visited, by those who were eminent for their rank or distinguished for their talent. This was the case with the situation I have been describing. It was one of the favourite haunts of Pope, and where he pro-

bably wrote his early poem of Windsor Forest. It is evident that he was a great admirer of forest scenery and beautiful trees. He tells us—

Here waving groves a chequered scene display,  
And part admit and part exclude the day;  
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,  
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.

He speaks of "thy trees, fair Windsor," and of the happiness of him

Who to these shades retires,  
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires.

And concludes with the following charming description of his own feelings in these forestal haunts:—

My humble muse, in unambitious strains,  
Paints the green forest and the flowery plains,\*  
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,  
And seats her blessings from her dove-like wing;  
Even I, who sweetly pass my careless days,  
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;  
Enough for me, that to the listening swains  
First in these shades I sung the sylvan strains.

'It is impossible to pass along the drives in this part of the forest without being struck with the many specimens of fine old oaks and beeches growing into each other, so as almost to appear as one tree, thus reminding me of the following lines:—

See the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
And with the beech a mutual shade combines.

Sometimes a little group of thorns or hollies may be seen growing round their trunks, or a patch of fern or fox-glove adds to the scenery. Indeed, my walks and drives in the recesses of woods are always agreeable. All is quiet repose, or nothing but pleasing sounds are heard, and these afford a gratification of no ordinary kind. During the heat of summer there is a delightful shade; and I never think of those charming lines of Virgil—

O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hami  
Sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra—

without fancying that they must have been uttered by many a thoughtful moralist "as he lay along under an oak" beholding "the sobbing deer," and enjoying the shade, while the "brawling brook" glided onward at his feet.

It affords us unmitigated pleasure to peruse what Mr Jesse writes regarding animals; it is all so replete with that benevolent appreciation of their amiable and useful qualities which we should wish to see diffused more largely amongst mankind. We feel tempted to take from one of his chapters a few new illustrations of a subject lately treated in the Journal—the affections of animals towards man. 'Every sportsman,' he says, 'knows that the common wood-pigeon (the ring-dove) is one of the shiest birds we have, and so wild, that it is very difficult indeed to get within shot of one. This wild bird, however, has been known to lay aside its usual habits. In the spring of 1839, some village boys brought two young wood-pigeons taken from the nest to the parsonage-house of a clergyman in Gloucestershire, from whom I received the following anecdote:—"They were bought from the boys merely to save their lives, and sent to an old woman near the parsonage to be bred up. She took great care of them, feeding them with peas, of which they are very fond. One of them died, but the other grew up, and was a fine bird. Its wings had not been cut; and as soon as it could fly, it was set at liberty. Such, however, was the effect of the kindness it had received, that it would never quite leave the place. It would fly to great distances, and even associate with others of its own kind; but it never failed to come to the house twice a-day to be fed: The peas were placed for it in the kitchen window. If the window was shut, it would tap with its beak till it was opened, then

\* *Scenes and Tales of Country Life*; with Recollections of Natural History. By Edward Jesse, Esq. With woodcuts. London: Murray. 1844.

\* Before the enclosure of the forest, the adjoining plains were covered with the beautiful purple flowers of the heath. Patches of it may still be seen.



come in, eat its meal, and then fly off again. If by any accident it could not then gain admittance, it would wait somewhere near till the cook came out, when it would pitch on her shoulder, and go with her into the kitchen. What made this more extraordinary was, that the cook had not bred the bird up, and the old woman's cottage was at a little distance; but as she had no peas left, it came to the parsonage to be fed. This went on for some time; but the poor bird having lost its fear of man, was therefore exposed to constant danger from those who did not know it. It experienced the fate of most pets. A stranger saw it quietly sitting on a tree, and shot it, to the great regret of all its former friends."

"One cold frosty spring morning, a lamb, apparently dead, was brought into the kitchen of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire by his farming man. On being placed near the fire, it revived, and eventually lived, and became so great a pet in the family, as to form quite a part of it. It had the run of the house, took its walks with any of the members of the family; and if a visit was paid, it would remain very quietly at the door till it was over. It was gentle and amiable at all times, with one exception, being of so jealous a disposition, that it could never tolerate any mark of favour shown to a four-footed creature. When the lamb was grown up, circumstances obliged us to change our residence. In removing to another house, the pet was left behind, under the care of a woman who had charge of the house. On missing its old friends, it went everywhere in search of them, and stood before those doors leading to rooms in which it had been in the habit of finding us. It bleated most piteously; and at last went up stairs, and laid itself down at my bed-room door, as it had been accustomed to do before I was up in the morning. When the door was opened, and it saw the empty room, it renewed its lamentations, and this it continued to do all the day. It ate nothing, and did nothing but moan and cry. Sometimes it would run about, as if a sudden thought had struck it, and a new hope had sprung up; and when it found it was a vain hope, and that it could not find us, it refused all food. Its bleatings were fainter and fainter—it looked ill—its eyes were dim—and soon afterwards it died. The next morning they brought us the body of our poor lamb.

"Affection," Mr Jesse continues, "will preponderate against the strongest impulses of nature in animals. Thus a tame doe has been known to swim a river, in order to follow a person who has treated it with kindness. And there are numerous instances, besides the one already related, of animals having refused food, and dying, when the hand which had fed and caressed them was no longer to be met with.

"An Arabian horse had been sent the year before last (1841) to her majesty, and was safely left at the royal stables by a man who had the charge of it. On delivering up the horse, he set off for Liverpool, in order to return to his own country. From the moment, however, of his departure, the horse refused to eat, and showed every symptom of misery. The cause of this was soon suspected, and the man was sent for from Liverpool. On arriving at the Mews, the poor animal showed the utmost joy and affection, and soon began to feed as usual. The care and kindness of the man was thus repaid by the noble animal with gratitude and love.

"Dogs soon become aware of any misfortune in the family to which they belong, and show their sympathy in a variety of ways. Sometimes they lose their usual eagerness for food; at others they seem listless and unhappy, and their nature appears to have undergone some alteration. A female in Lincolnshire died, who had two favourite dogs. They were of the mastiff breed, occasionally very savage, and much dreaded in consequence by every one. On the death of their mistress, the wife of the clergyman of the parish went to see if she could be of any service to the other members of the family. After ringing the bell, and finding that no one answered it, she went, in great alarm for fear of the

dogs, to the back-door, which she found open. Entering the kitchen, and seeing the two dogs, she was about to retire, but the animals merely raised their heads, and laid them down again, without even uttering a growl: she therefore proceeded. When the deceased was carried to the churchyard, one of the dogs followed the corpse, and neither threats nor intreaties could drive it away.

"A poor woman in the north of England was in the habit of going about from one village to another selling different little things for a livelihood, and was generally accompanied by a small dog. When at home, the dog usually slept with the woman's child in a cradle, and was much attached to it. The child fell ill and died; and although the mother lived at Hawkshead, the infant was buried at Staveley. From distress of mind at the time, the poor woman took little notice of the dog, but soon after the funeral it was missed, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. When her wanderings were resumed, the mother happened to pass through Staveley, and with a mother's feelings went to take a mournful look at her child's grave. On going to it, she found to her great astonishment her lost dog. It was lying in a deep hole which it had scratched for itself over the child's grave, probably hoping to get a little nearer to the object of its affection. It was in an emaciated state from hunger, but neither hunger, cold, nor privation had expelled its love, or diminished the force of its attachment.

"Nor are cats without strong feelings of affection. An old lady had a favourite cat which was much petted by her. One day a young friend was staying with her, and while sitting at the window of the drawing-room, she began playfully to pat the old lady. The cat seeing what was going on, and probably supposing that her mistress was being ill-treated, crouched down with glaring eyes and swelling tail, and was evidently preparing to fly at the young lady, when fortunately her mistress saw the cat, just in time to prevent the assault, and it was with some difficulty driven from the room."

Mr Gould's superb books on the birds of Australia—too expensive for general circulation—supply Mr Jesse with some interesting particulars respecting the mode of hatching pursued by some of those animals—a process, as far as we are aware, entirely peculiar. To effect this object, the Wattled Talegalla, a gallinaceous bird, assimilates in some degree to the practice of the ostrich, yet upon a totally different principle. The Talegalla collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter, as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by the process of decomposition for the hatching them.\* Mr Gould says, that the heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previously to the period of laying; that it varies in size from two to four cart-loads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. The construction of the mound is not the work of one pair of birds, but is effected by the united labours of several. The same site appears, from the great size and the entire decomposition of the lower part, to be resorted to for several years in succession—the birds adding a fresh supply of materials on each occasion, previously to laying their eggs.

The mode in which the materials composing these mounds are accumulated is singular, and proves the utility of the large and strong feet and claws of the Talegalla. The bird never uses the bill in collecting materials for the nest, but always grasps a quantity in its foot, throwing it backwards to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance, so completely, that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side, as is ordinarily

\* It is now supposed, according to Mr Backhouse, that both the male and female birds watch the heaps during the period of the eggs being hatched; and that the latter diminishes or adds to the heated vegetable matter, according to the instinct given to her by her Creator.

the case, but at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's depth perfectly upright, with the large end upwards. They are covered over as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. Mr Gould was informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap.

#### A HINT TO THE WORKING-CLASSES.

It seems to be well worthy of consideration amongst the working-classes and their well-wishers, if they might not be supplied with the necessities they require under arrangements more favourable to them than any which at present exist. There are here and there, we believe, shops for the sale of such necessities under the care of committees of working men, and designed to save the retailer's profit; but they are nowhere upon a considerable scale, and rarely, we apprehend, conducted upon such principles as to give them a chance of being extensively useful. Laying aside an exception so unimportant, it may be said that the system by which the working-classes are supplied with necessities, forms a striking contrast, in point of economy, with the plans everywhere followed with regard to their own labour. Machinery, combination, arrangement, make the work of men's hands far more productive than it was in an early state of society; but, next door to the nicely-managed workshop or factory, is the little retail shop—unchanged since the days of Elizabeth or James—where a stout, sensible, and perhaps tolerably well educated man, his wife, and probably some of his children, are devoting themselves to duties, fivefold of which would perhaps not be burdensome to them; making up, of course, for this limitation of business by a high rate of profit. It is obvious, on the simplest reflection, that far more persons are everywhere employed in the distribution or retail of articles required by the working-classes than there is any need for. This is a misapplication of human labour, which it is desirable to see corrected on general grounds, but particularly so as the expense of the superfluity falls mainly upon a department of the community who are the least able to bear such a burden. The evil takes the form of high prices for all the common necessities of life. There are various calculations of the degree in which these exceed what are positively necessary; but none makes it less than 30 per cent., a large part of the excess being not even to the profit of the dealers, but a result of the limited and disadvantageous way in which they, again, obtain their supplies of goods from the wholesale merchants. A hazardous system of credit is, indeed, at the bottom of the evil in all its parts. The first merchants charge high because of the risk incurred in dealing with persons of small capital; the retailer, again, charges high because his customers choose to have always a little debt against them in his books. A misexpenditure of means upon so vast a scale must clearly be a cause of poverty to an enormous extent, and perhaps this is not the least of those injurious agencies at present pressing upon the masses.

Might we not hope to see a remedy applied in this case? The arrangements made for the support of the private soldiers in our army, suggest the possibility of our working-people being supplied with necessities on a far cheaper plan than any known heretofore. Each soldier has threepence a-day in the form of pay, and costs the state eighteenpence a-week besides for clothing and lodging, being nine shillings and a penny a-week in all. For this moderate sum he obtains comforts considerably beyond what any other man with the same income could procure for himself. According to official regulations, he is allowed every day, when in barracks or stationary quarters, three quarters of a pound of meat, and one pound of bread, for which sixpence is deducted from his pay. The articles being contracted for at wholesale prices, is what permits of so

much being given for sixpence: the quality must ever, from the care taken in the case, be good. It is by the same means that a week's clothing and lodging are provided at so low a sum as one-and-sixpence. The remaining sevenpence a-day is left to be employed by the soldier according to his own discretion, and is spent on cocoa, tea, and other articles, in the same way as the income of a labouring man is disposed of—that is to say, without any of the advantages here contemplated; which, of course, makes the wonder the greater that nine shillings and a penny should go so far. Now, there is no good cause that we are aware of, why articles of the best quality at wholesale prices should not be within the reach of the great body of operatives as well as of private soldiers.

The Truck System, which prevailed so extensively a few years ago, to the oppression of the working-classes, supplies the outline of a plan for effecting this object. That system was primarily designed for the benefit of masters; let there be another akin to it in all respects but one, namely, its being purely for the benefit of the men. Let the masters of factories and other great establishments set up depôts for the sale of the principal articles of domestic use; the capital to be supplied by them at a fair interest, or borrowed from others on similar terms; the management to be open to the investigation of a committee of working-men, to insure that there should be perfect confidence in it; the articles to be all bought on the most advantageous terms, and sold according to a scale of prices liable to fluctuate with markets, but always as low as these would permit, so as only to leave the concern free of loss. The profits, where any were unavoidably realised, might be employed in promoting objects of general utility, such as schools, hospitals, or baths. Assuredly, wherever such a plan could be realised upon a sufficiently large scale, it would make the incomes of working-men go from a fourth to a third farther than at present—advantages so overpowering, that few of the people, one would suppose, could from any cause fail to embrace and hold by them.

One effect of the general adoption of some such plan, would be to reduce the number of small shops, and force a considerable number of persons to seek other means of livelihood. There might be hardship here, but it would only be temporary, and the result would amply compensate for it. We are bound to remember that the present system is also one of hardship—hardship for the great bulk of the people—so that such a change would only be supplanting one evil by another much smaller. At present, the vast multitude of small fractionally-employed shopkeepers can only be considered as a drain upon the industrial resources of the country. If the same business which five of them perform could be easily effected by one, it is just the same as if the community were to agree to support four persons in total idleness. It is, therefore, but right that they should be reduced in number, and that the four persons who, theoretically, are idle, should be converted to employments of actual utility.

So much for the supply of articles of consumption. It is not less obvious that the house-accommodation, or lodging of working-men, might be provided for on equally economical principles. Their houses at present may, in a word, be described as bad and dear—how much of the former, let the sanitary reports declare. Buildings infinitely more comfortable, and exempt from influences noxious to health, might be erected by properly combined efforts, and placed at the service of the working-classes at rents considerably below what are now paid. Lodging and boarding establishments for single men could in like manner be prepared, so as to enable these persons to live in a style at once more comfortable and economical than at present. It is fully proved, that for so little as threepence a-day, a person of straitened means can be lodged and boarded in a humble, but not uncomfortable style, when numbers are concerned: of course, for a sum not much larger, considerable comfort

can be obtained under similar circumstances. And in connexion with sets of separate dwellings, as well as with large boarding establishments, it is possible to have, by virtue of combination, very considerable advantages, such as those of a reading-room, baths, &c. for an extremely moderate charge. Here the working-classes have another book from which to take a leaf, namely, the Clubs. It is well known what advantages these establishments present for the middle and upper classes, enabling an individual of limited income to enjoy many of the luxuries which would otherwise be exclusive to men of fortune. There is nothing to prevent the humbler classes from realising advantages similar in kind, though not in degree, if they only would act with the same degree of union amongst themselves.

### JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

ROCHESTER TO BUFFALO—A 'BREAK-DOWN.'

AT breakfast next morning, I observed for the first time, what afterwards I found to be a general custom all over the country, that the 'hired helpers,' including in the present case the young woman who was introduced to us by Mr Jones as 'the lady who helps Mrs Jones,' all sat down to table with the guests and family. Mr Jones was a rich man, and had a handsomely-furnished house, and would therefore in England be considered a gentleman; but I doubt whether in the whole states he could have found any efficient person to work for him, except a foreigner, unless treated as an equal. But the personal appearance and conversation of the agricultural labourers of New England or New York must not be supposed to be similar to those of the awkward ill-dressed English ploughman. They are all young unmarried men, the sons of farmers perhaps of the same standing as their employers, and, except when working in the field, are well-dressed. They are, as a body, well-educated, as they attend the district-school every winter, from the time they are six or seven years old until about the age of eighteen, where they are taught the ordinary branches of an English education, and to which many add, by self-instruction, some of the higher accomplishments. One of Mr Jones's ploughmen had a brother who was a clergyman, and another, having saved up his wages for that purpose, was going to college in the commencement of winter. I myself, when in Massachusetts, was acquainted with a young man who, although nothing more than a common labourer, was well-versed in all the standard British and American poets, and was himself a poet of no mean abilities, at least in his own and my opinion. This difference between similar classes in the two nations is owing not only to the superior education of the Americans, but also to the higher rate of their wages. A man generally gets from fourteen to twenty dollars a-month, with board, lodging, and, in most cases, washing, for six months in the year, or about a hundred and twenty dollars per annum, if engaged for that time. But for the information of those who think of making their fortune in America, I must say, that generally, especially if at a distance from a large town, nearly the whole of the wages are paid in stock or produce, which, although easily turned to account by a native, is not of much use to a stranger. However, more of this hereafter. On a foreigner, the improved moral and physical rank of this class of the people produces an almost immediate effect. I had an opportunity of seeing some of my former shipmates after several months' residence in the country, and I observed in all of them a beneficial change both in manner and appearance; the agricultural labourers more especially, and others who had been accustomed to working out of doors, had lost a great deal of that heavy cart-horse appearance peculiar to their class. Of course it is unnecessary to say that, in this land of freedom, there is no such thing as a master, unless it be among slaves; no, it is the boast of a free and enlightened

American, that the moment a master sets his foot on the territory of the United States, he dwindles down to a mere 'boss,' or employer.

After breakfast we set out in Mr Jones's gig to overtake the boat. This vehicle consisted of a small seat, perched upon two very high wheels, and supported by springs which, from their great size and elasticity, produced a motion backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, sideways and all other ways, that, in spite of the novelty, was far from pleasant, especially after a hearty meal. We rattled along for about two hours, the horse all the while trotting at a rate that would have made his, or rather his master's fortune in England. Fast-trotting horses are very common in America, and the breed which seems to excel is a rather small rough-coated animal. We reached the boat rather sooner than we expected, on account of her having been detained for some time in taking in the plunder of a gentleman who was going west, and we here parted with our kind host. During the rest of the day it rained, and we were obliged to take shelter in the cabin, where, from the gloomy appearance without, and the heat within, caused by the number of inhabitants and the large fire that was used for cooking, we felt decidedly uncomfortable. The captain had his wife on board to cook for those who boarded with him. She was very fond of flowers and birds, and placed her whole stock in the windows of her cabin; so that when the green venetian blinds were thrown back, that portion of the boat presented the appearance of a cottage floating in the water. She was a very pretty gentle-mannered woman; and I was surprised to observe her affection and seeming respect for her husband, who was a little mean fellow, always cursing and swearing; but these accomplishments were so much in vogue, that I have no doubt she considered them merely as ornamental figures of speech. Perhaps the same reason may account for the fact, that when her husband, in the presence of several of the passengers, gave an account of how he had 'walked round'—alias cheated—another gentleman in the matter of a cord of wood, she, in common with all the Americans present, was loud in evincing her delight and approbation. However, from that moment I lost all the interest and pity I might have had for her. The people connected with this canal have the reputation of being the greatest vagabonds in the state, and that is saying much. No farmer will engage any of the fraternity; and he who would give one of them credit, if only to the extent of a dollar, would be considered particularly 'soft.' Those who engage in the service commence at the age of eleven or twelve to ride and drive the horses, and learn the vices of their elder companions with a celerity and perfection highly flattering to their tutors. It is truly horrible to hear these young imps, even in their most trivial conversation, stringing together every holy name they can think of with the most fearful curses. One of my shipmates, who was himself much addicted to swearing, after listening for some time with a fixed stare to a boy of fourteen who was relating an anecdote (not of the most delicate nature), which he garnished very liberally with oaths, turned round to me and said, after drawing a long breath, 'Well, that dings all!'

At the distance of about every three miles there is a lock and a small village, supported by supplying the passengers and boats with necessities; and occasionally the canal runs through a large town. In the middle part of the state, most of the towns and villages have classical names, such as Rome, Thebes, Troy, &c. The staple merchandise of Palmyra is *ale*. At length we arrived at our destination; and right glad were they who had been all this while cooped up in the boat, though for my part I found the canal the most agreeable way of travelling I had ever known. Rochester is a large handsome town, of recent date. Its local advantages, in a commercial point of view, being very great, it started at once into life and eminence when the Erie canal was opened. The counties that lie immediately

round it contain the best land in New York; and the farmers, as a body, are considered the most skilful in the United States. A man, therefore, who has worked in the valley of the Genessee, can anywhere obtain employment and good wages. Rochester is situated on the river Genessee, which, from its numerous falls, is a great source of wealth as a water-power. The principal fall is in the middle of the town, and is between ninety and a hundred feet in height; and if it were not for the great quantity of flour mills around it, which destroy its associations as a picturesque object, it would be reckoned a very magnificent sight. The millers here are mostly flour merchants, who buy their wheat from farmers, and, when ground, send it to New York for exportation, and to the eastern states, where it has a very good reputation. The town is seven or eight miles from Lake Ontario; and although in some respects most inconveniently situated, its other advantages make it a port of some consequence on the lakes, and its commerce will no doubt be much increased when the Welland canal is opened. The wharves are about three miles from the town, and are reached by a road running along the high bank of the river, and passing several falls, which, although smaller than the principal one, are yet more interesting, from the surrounding scenery being more in keeping. The merchandise is drawn up and down the bank on a tramway, at an angle of forty-five degrees, by machinery attached to the custom-house. The town has generally a very good appearance; and the churches, although mostly made of wood, are handsome. My shipmates took passage for Toronto in a steamboat the same day they arrived, for which they paid two dollars; but I, wishing to see more of the country before proceeding to Canada, took down some of their addresses, in order that I might learn what was the destiny of the party, and accepted a proposal of my Yankee friend to accompany him to Buffalo, whither he was going after transacting some business in the neighbourhood of Rochester. In the meantime, he informed me that there was to be a 'break-down' at a small village two or three miles off, which he thought of attending, and I readily assented to his proposal that I should accompany him. A break-down signifies a ball, and is so called from the accidents that frequently occur when the floor is not made of sufficiently strong materials. What we would call a private party, is never given by a farmer in this part of the country, except on the occasion of a marriage; but having made his intention public some time previously, he issues tickets for a break-down, for each of which—admitting a lady and gentleman—he charges a dollar, and in return lays down a plentiful supply of whisky, and provides a good supper and music. In some cases, as in the present instance, several young men join together and hire a room, generally in a tavern with cooks and waiters, and provide the necessary refreshments. If anything is made by the speculation, it is generally applied to some public or charitable purpose. However, break-downs are now going out of fashion, and in some districts respectable people will not attend them. We arrived at the tavern a short time after six, but there were as yet only two or three couples present, who were very stiff and formal, and painfully conscious of having their 'go-to-meetin's' on. They thawed down a little as the room filled; but still I never before saw eighty people dancing together with so small an amount of gaiety. The young men, about once in a quarter of an hour, would hazard a conjecture as to the weather of the coming winter, or a remark on the sermon of last Sunday, which would be answered by the young ladies in the fewest possible words; and then both parties would remain for some time in deep thought, puzzling themselves what to say next. The dances at first were principally quadrilles, and were gone through in the manner that is so fashionable with us, as if we had a melancholy consciousness that it was our fate to dance, and endeavoured to get over it as easily as possible. At the announcement of supper, however, they began to brighten up; and when

we all went down stairs, and saw the long table groaning under the load of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and pastry, we became as merry and sociable as anybody could wish. At the back of the chairman was a stout table, on which were placed three barrels, containing cider, beer, and whisky, and a great number of jugs in which to hand these beverages round; and one of the tavern-keeper's sons was kept hard at work all the time filling them. It was remarkable to see what power these jugs had in loosening tongues and creating appetites. Young gentlemen who were rashly asked to sing, and after much hesitation and pressing complied, could not be stopped for the rest of the evening; and young ladies, who could not eat anything but 'the least mite from the bosom of a fowl' (for it is considered improper to say breast), very soon began to put the good things out of sight with surprising celerity. But one gets tired even of eating supper, and so we adjourned once more to the ball-room, leaving three gentlemen behind, who had been so much affected by the sight of the happiness around them, that they found themselves unequal to the task of leaving the room. The fiddler, who had before officiated, was paid and sent away, and an old coloured man in the employment of the tavern keeper being called in, and the negro tune of 'De Ole Cat' unanimously called for, mounted on a cupboard, and began to handle his bow with extraordinary gravity and dignity. He had a jug of whisky beside him, which was kept constantly filled; and for the next six hours he fiddled away, increasing in speed after each visit to the jug, but becoming more and more grave and dignified. In all the dances the step was the same, namely, the old-fashioned shuffle, but distinguished by the heel being each time brought in violent contact with the floor, and by three decisive stamps at the end of the step. In matters of taste the two ends of society, as well as the two worlds, old and new, occasionally meet, and here is an instance; for the Polka, which is becoming so fashionable in Europe, is nothing more than a modification of the stamping dance of the American peasants. The latter, perhaps, may be traced to the uncultivated genius of the Indian; but I leave such inquiries to the philosophers. Our break-down dance was enlivened by something also taken from the aborigines—their yells; and till three o'clock in the morning the noise was deafening. At that hour a descent was made upon the remains of the supper; but this was a forced compliance with the cravings of nature, and the business, therefore, was got over in the most expeditious manner possible, many of the party rushing back to the ball-room with the half-devoured edibles in their hands, where they remained yelling, shuffling, stamping, and knowing till six o'clock. To me, however, the last few hours were very indistinct—the scene was a fancy piece, and the actors shadows. Having a dislike to spirits, I had no aid from artificial stimulus, and my natural energies were worn to rags. Still, I had a distinct notion on my mind that it was my duty to dance; and I did my duty, although feeling all the while very miserable. Of the drive home I have not the slightest recollection, except a very faint notion that it was enlivened at one place by our whole party being turned over in the ditch, owing to the driver having fallen asleep.

Two days after the break-down, my friend and I set out for Lockport, after first calling at a village on the Ridge road. This road, as its name implies, is carried along a ridge that runs from Lewiston to Rochester, and is considered the best in the United States. It is a pretty good road, and it is quite a relief to travel on it, after the wretched lanes, miscalled roads, which in most parts of the country are the only communications from place to place. Lockport lies on the Erie canal, which, by means of locks, here ascends to the height of seventy feet over a rock. There were a great many Irishmen here employed in the excavations, and between this place and Buffalo I met with several miserable little shanties, built of clapboards, along the canal, and inhabited by such labourers as had brought their families

along with them. I looked into some of them, but they had the same appearance of dirtiness and improvidence which characterises their dwellings in the old country. How difficult are early habits to cradicate! In Liverpool I left the Irish labourers still worse off, as regards comfort, than I had seen them in Ireland, the difference of their wages (absolute wealth to them!) being spent in a debauchery which lowers still further their standard of the decencies of life. But it is proper to add, that it is only the lowest class of labourers, the excavators, who are unreclaimed in America. The agricultural labourers, who do not herd, like them, in communities, but are mixed with the mass of the people, are speedily elevated to the standard of America, which is unquestionably higher in that class of society than at home.

Buffalo is a large and flourishing town, situated at the bottom of Lake Erie; and from its excellent situation, is every year increasing in size and commerce, with a rapidity unknown in European countries. Like Albany, it forms one end of the Erie canal and the western railroad, and it is also the port through which the merchandise of the western states passes before it can reach the exporting cities, New York and Boston. It employs a great quantity of tonnage, principally in steamboats and schooners, in the trade on the lakes, bringing to this main stream the minerals of Illinois and Wisconsin, the grain of Ohio and Indiana, and even the sugar, cotton, and tobacco of the south, by way of the Mississippi. It also possesses within itself a great resource in its iron foundries and manufactories. Parting here with my Yankee friend, I set out on foot for the falls of Niagara, distant between twenty-five and thirty English miles, but as my solitary walk lay along the borders of the Indian reservation of Tonniwantic, I was tempted to stray into that region, for the purpose of visiting the Senecas, one of the Six Nations, or tribes, in their now circumscribed haunts.

#### LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS INFANT SON.

A proof how compatible are the domestic affections and gentlest charities of life (as well as the most touching simplicity of character) with the utmost zeal for, and most courageous assertion of, great public principles, the following letter from Luther to his little son John, then four years old, was penned by the same hand which, at that very time, was shaking to its foundations the Vatican, and defying the power of the empire:—

"Grace and peace in Christ to my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden, into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also beautiful little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. When I asked the man that owned the garden, 'Whose are these children?' he said, 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are pious.'

Then I said, 'Dear sir, I also have a son; he is called Johnny Luther (Hansichen Luther); may he not come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful apples and pears, and may ride such a little horse, and play with these children?' Then the man said, 'If he loves to learn and to pray, and is pious, he shall come also into the garden; Philip, too, and little James; and if they all come together, then may they have likewise whistles, kettle-drums, lutes, and harps; they may dance also, and shoot with cross-bows.' Then he showed me a beautiful green grass-plot in the garden prepared for dancing, where hung nothing but golden fifes, drums, and elegant silver cross-bows. But it was now early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'Ah, dear sir, I will go instantly away, and write about all this to my little son John, that he may pray earnestly, and learn well, and be pious, so that he also may come into this garden. But he has an aunt Magdalene; may he bring her with him?' Then

said the man, 'So shall it be—go and write to him with confidence.' Therefore, dear little John, learn to pray with delight, and tell Philip and James that they must learn to pray; so shall you come with one another into the garden.

With this I commend you to Almighty God; and give my love to aunt Magdalene; give her a kiss for me. Your affectionate father,  
MARTIN LUTHER.

In the year 1530.

#### CONTINUED DAYLIGHT WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses as the change from alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the Arctic circle. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to; but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night-watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish. What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome, and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost, with a clock-work regularity; and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required. At first sight, it will no doubt appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a thinking mind that we cannot overrate the blessing we derive from the wholesome alternation of labour and rest, which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible, by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time; the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.—*Berkeley's Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole.*

#### THE NIZAM'S FEMALE SOLDIERS.

The princes and nobility of the East are noted for keeping large seraglios, and his highness [the Nizam], to keep pace with them, has a considerable one attached to his household, for the protection of which a corps of their own sex was raised many years ago, armed and accoutred like other regiments of the line, but not in such a superior style. Their commissioned and non-commissioned officers are also women, and are much more expert in the performance of their respective duties than one would imagine. It has been said by some, who have been so fortunate as to have got a glimpse of this gallant corps whilst at exercise, that they have gone through their field movements in a manner highly amusing; and if one were to judge from their appearance on duty around the seraglio and other places, it certainly must be a sight, above all others at Hyderabad, worth seeing. The sentries may at all times be observed very alert on their posts, excepting in the case of those who may have an infant to take care of, when, perhaps, one hand may be employed in holding a musket, whilst the other is engaged in nursing. Women in this condition must find it a very difficult matter to conduct their duties to the satisfaction of their superiors. The husbands of these Amazons have nothing whatever to say to the regiment, and follow their own occupations, either under government, or upon their own responsibility.—*Captain Wilson's Private Journal.*

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## THREE DAYS IN TIPPERARY.

I LOSE no time, my dear James, in letting you know the result of the business on which you employed me. I know how anxious you are to hear whether I have been the object of any outrage in consequence of my somewhat unpopular mission. I am glad to say that I am now safely at home, though not without adventure, as you will see by what I am about to relate.

My poor wife was very uneasy when she heard that business obliged me to go to Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary. I did not much like the thoughts of a visit to that disturbed part of Ireland myself, but business could not be neglected; so I made all the necessary preparations for my journey. My wife—my poor Fanny—could scarcely sleep for some nights previous to it; and when she did, she was harassed by terrific dreams. A few nights before I left her, I too was disturbed in my sleep with a horrible dream, out of which I awakened with a shock, my heart beating violently, and my nerves quite agitated. My wife, who had had her uncomfortable visions too, was roused from them by hearing a loud groan from me. These were not favourable omens, though I tried to laugh at them; but I saw they made a deep impression on my wife. The morning came for my departure; I despatched an early breakfast, and then equipped myself for travelling. As I embraced Fanny, she whispered, 'Take care of yourself, and do not venture out after night-fall while you are away.'

My fellow-travellers amused me with strange stories of their hair-breadth escapes during the late elections in the county to which we were going, of desperate agrarian outrages and fierce attacks upon different individuals residing there; in short, their discourse was not calculated to do away with the ideas I had formed of the lawless state of society in that quarter. Having thus supped full of horrors, I found myself at the door of the inn at Nenagh, where I parted from my companions. I gave my carpet-bag and valise to the waiter, who stood at the coach door, and then stepped out to follow him. A crowd of squalid beggars, vehement in their complaints, and clamorous in their demands, were drawn up to impede my progress. However, dropping halfpence here and there, an active scramble ensued, of which I availed myself, and pursued my way. Just as I was entering the door, I felt my skirts pulled, and I turned round expecting to see one of the beggars returning to the charge. The blaze of the gas-light fell upon the face and figure of a man who was evidently not of them. He was equipped in a light-coloured frock-coat, closely buttoned up, except in one point, into which his hand was suddenly thrust, as if to guard some treasure or to grasp some weapon. His hat was slouched over his face, but still did not altogether conceal his

features, which were anything but prepossessing, and the expression they bore was still more unpleasant. A look of wild ferocity, mingled with a cunning inquisitiveness, struck me even in this cursory view. I shook my skirt, to be sure that he was not still clinging to it, and soon found myself in a snug little apartment, where a waiter, bustling with alacrity, and overflowing with benevolence, busied himself to make me comfortable. 'What would I have?' Anything the world contained seemed to be within my choice. Whatever fare I demanded, should be produced. I might have wavered between a bird's-nest from China and a buffalo's-hump from Africa, till I had weighed in my mind the respective merits of each, but, in compliment to the green fields of Erin, I asked for something of home manufacture, which soon appeared in the shape of a bottle of port, indebted, I am sure, for its fine colour and flavour to the blackberry hedges in the neighbourhood. A venerable fowl, which I concluded must have been grandfather or great-grandfather to the chickens mentioned in the bill of fare, put my teeth and my powers of digestion on hard duty. I made a pathetic appeal to John's humane feelings on the subject. He assured me I should be better taken care of the next day. He said a few words certainly in commendation of the viands which had been laid before me, but admitted that they had been far surpassed by the endless variety of dainties which had been swept away by some hungry but most fortunate travellers, whose lucky stars had guided them to the house of entertainment before I arrived. He made fair promises for the time to come, and then showed me to an exceedingly comfortable bed-room, where I enjoyed a profound sleep till nine o'clock the next morning.

When I rose, I found that my trusty waiter had been as good as his word in the excellent breakfast which he had provided for me. That meal being speedily despatched, I set out to execute some of my business. I had scarcely walked twenty paces from the inn, when I felt a hand passed hastily but gently over my back. I was somewhat startled, and turned round, when I again beheld the man who had held me by the skirts as I entered the inn. His hand was now, as on the preceding evening, suddenly thrust into his bosom. The advantage of broad daylight gave me an opportunity of examining his face and features more closely, and certainly the clearer scrutiny did not leave a more favourable impression. Straight black hair lay upon his low narrow forehead; he had a most terrific squint, and a mouth pursed up so artificially, as to impress one immediately with the idea of duplicity. I quickened my pace, and in a few minutes looked back to see if he were gone; but *there* he was, close at my heels. He coloured slightly on seeing that I observed him, and squinted another way with all his might and main. I walked on.



I still heard his stealthy step behind me, and thought I felt the motion of his hand again near my back. I stopped, in hopes that he would pass me; but he stopped too. I then walked on in double-quick time; he instantly quickened his speed, so as to keep close to me. I hurried on till I came to Mr Loftus's house. As some of my business was with him, I went up the steps and knocked at the door. The man stopped, and drew from his pocket a small manuscript book, and leant his back against the rails, pretending to be absorbed in its contents. As Mr Loftus and I had to go over some complicated accounts, I was delayed with him for nearly two hours. When I came out, the first object I saw was this hateful man, exactly in the same posture in which I had left him, and his book still open before him. The moment he saw me he fastened it in its clasps, and gave a chuckle and a smile, if I may call the detestable exulting motion of his lips by such a name. He continued to follow me wherever I went. I had to go about two miles out of the town, still my tormentor was behind me. I went to Sir William Maitland's gate, my tormentor was still at my heels. I entered the avenue, and closed the gate after me, and still saw this incomprehensible being standing watching me. I hurried up to the house, and as my interview with Sir William was a long one, I hoped to find him gone on my return. Sir William's polite offer of his carriage to leave me in the town I accepted. I am not ashamed to confess that I did so, principally that I might escape from the man who was evidently dogging me wherever I went. I mentioned the circumstance to Sir William, and he advised me to be very much on my guard; for, were it known that my business was in any way connected with the arrangements about land, there would in all probability be a hostile feeling against me, and he thought it not unlikely that, if not actually known, this might be suspected, and would account for the watch which it was plain was kept over me. As I passed through the gate in Sir William's chariot, I saw the ill-favoured wretch gaping at me. He gave a kind of half-smothered groan, and then had the audacity to pull off his hat in token of salutation. I cast what I intended should be a withering look on him, and took no notice of his pretended civility. He bounded over a hedge which separated the road from the fields, and I lost sight of him. I breathed more freely; and as I had desired the coachman to drive fast, I soon arrived at the inn. I looked out of the carriage-window, and the first object I saw was my tormentor. He was leaning against the rails, as if he had never moved all day. I felt provoked and irritated, and hastily brushed by him into the house. At six o'clock I again went out, as I had promised to dine with Mr Loftus, and there I found him still leaning on the rails in waiting for me. It was certainly unpleasant, very unpleasant, to have him close to me in the broad daylight; but it seemed absolutely dangerous to be thus pursued by him in the dark. So, shaking my hand at him, I said, 'If you dare to follow me any longer, I will surely make you repent of it.' I then went forward as fast as I could walk to Mr Loftus's. I heard the fellow mutter, 'I must take my measures;' words full of disastrous mystery. I felt my blood run cold, and my heart sink within me, as I thought how nearly impossible it was to escape the blow of the assassin, if once a victim was marked out. I heard a step after me the whole time I was walking through the streets—now quickened, and now slackened according to my own pace; it was not light enough to see the person plainly, but I knew too well who it was. On my return at night, I heard the same tread close upon my steps, and every moment expected to be within the murderer's grasp. There was something in the whole appearance of this being that filled me with disgust and apprehension. I thought I had seen him before, and yet it was strange that I could not remember distinctly where or when, his singular ugliness being likely to impress it on the memory. At last a vague and uneasy impression came upon my

mind that I had seen him, or what strongly resembled him, in the frightful dream which I had had previously to my journey; and in my nervousness, or weakness, if you will have it, I felt like a doomed man.

After I went to bed, I lay awake for a considerable time thinking of my perilous situation, and wishing to be again safely with my dear Fanny. I had left a lamp burning in my room for greater security, and had seen that there was a bell at the head of my bed, so that I did not fear any midnight attack. I at last fell asleep, and do not exactly know how long I was in that state, when I half wakened with a feeling of great uneasiness. I thought a heavy hand was laid upon my breast, and that I felt the cold breath of some person leaning over me. I roused myself, and with a start raised myself in the bed, when I beheld to my horror and dismay the being that I most dreaded. I uttered a loud exclamation, and rang the bell violently; but I was in total darkness, the light having been suddenly extinguished. In a few moments two or three waiters, some half dozen of chambermaids, and my host, were by my bedside. I told my story in great agitation. I perceived it made no impression—no one had been met in the passages—nothing in the room looked disturbed—the lamp appeared to have gone out of itself—the house had been shut up long before. The landlord tried to persuade me that I had been dreaming, or that I was subject to the nightmare. I stoutly denied both charges; but at last I became pretty sure that my audience had come to the charitable conclusion that I must have gone to bed tipsy, and mistaken my own wild ravings for realities. Instead of meeting any sympathy the next morning for the shock I had received, I perceived the maids vainly endeavouring to suppress their tittering; the waiters looking confused, as if they thought I would be ashamed to look them in the face; the landlord appearing in all the solemnity and displeasure of dignified silence. At length his feelings found audible vent, when he invoked all the saints in heaven to bear witness to the correct character of his house, on which he declared gentle or simple had never cast a slur before. He vehemently protested that I would be the ruin of himself and his helpless little family if I spread bad reports of it. When I suggested the expediency of taking up my quarters elsewhere, he said I wanted to destroy an honest hard-working man entirely. After the work that had been made the night before, what would he said if I left the house, but that it was infested by ghosts and robbers?—it that had always been the resort of the first quality. Sure it wasn't in the nature of a gentleman to send him and his poor little children to beggary. I was conquered, and had to remain, being actually confounded and ashamed to persist in a story which I had no means of substantiating. That it had been no dream or nightmare, I knew too well. I had felt the breath and heavy hand of the person; I had almost touched his face as I jumped up in my bed. You, who know my temperate habits so well, will believe me that I committed no excess at the hospitable table of Mr Loftus; and there was no reason to suppose that my senses were in such a state as to deceive me.

I determined to devote the rest of this day to my accounts and letters, to be sent off to the metropolis early the next morning. I did not stir out till my letters were ready for the post-office, when I went to put them in myself. I had scarcely gone more than fifty paces from the inn, when I heard some person running in breathless haste up the lane which I was just passing. He was instantly at my side. I felt a sickness come over me as I again beheld the detestable wretch, and felt him almost touch me, as he slid close behind me. He kept in my track as near as he could without jostling against me. He looked on as I dropped my letters into the receiver; he almost trod upon my heels as I returned to the inn. He, however, made a sudden dart down the lane from which he had issued; I turned my eyes there. It was fitted for the haunt of such a one as he who now passed along: its straggling houses were dismal,

squalid, and dilapidated; and it appeared to me to be the very receptacle for robbers and assassins.

The evening was closing in, and I went over to the window of the room in which I was to dine, to see how the weather promised. I again saw my hateful tormentor, by the fading light, stationed under my window. I sat down to my solitary meal heavy and dispirited. When the waiter had removed the cloth, I drew the easy-chair to the fire, whose blaze was the only light in the room. I threw myself back on the soft cushions, and tried to doze. The waiter entered, and told me there was a man below who wished to speak to me. I concluded it was a confidential person from Mr Loftus, who had asked me to take charge of a valuable parcel to Dublin. I desired him to send him in, and bid him shut the door, for I thought it best that no one should see the packet. The stranger entered, and advanced towards me timidly and stealthily. He was close—the full glare of the fire fell upon his countenance—it was the fatal tormentor! I uttered a groan of horror, and prepared to put myself in a posture of defence. I expected to see a pistol or a dagger drawn forth to despatch me at once.

'Avant!' I exclaimed. 'Tell me who and what you are, and why you thus persecute me?'

'I am,' replied he in a subdued and hesitating tone, 'a master tailor. I have followed you, sir, for these three days, in hopes of being able to take the pattern of the zephyr you wear out walking; but I could not do as I might wish; if I could, I would not have been so bold as to intrude upon you. I never seen so nice a cut; and if you'd allow me, sir, to look at it in my hand, and measure it, you would put some pounds in the way of an industrious tradesman.'

The mystery was solved at once; my fears were dissipated; and I could not but laugh heartily, as I am sure you will do, at the termination of my adventure. The fellow's trade was certainly cutting and slashing, but I was quite satisfied, as it was not to be exercised upon my person. I must not omit telling you that a friend of his, in the person of one of the waiters, had admitted him to my bed-room the night before, and he was just going to investigate the zephyr, which hung on the back of a chair by my bedside, when I awoke in such alarm.

#### COMMERCIAL POLICY.

THE work of Mr David Buchanan—editor, we believe, of one of our Edinburgh newspapers—on the taxation and commercial policy of Britain,\* may be considered an acceptable, as it is without doubt a creditable, contribution to that department of our literature of which Adam Smith and Mr McCulloch are the acknowledged heads. Writing more for practical purposes than these great masters, Mr Buchanan deals more in details; but wherever principles are enunciated, they are clear, sound, and irresistible, and as respects finance and banking, so simple and truthful, that the veriest tyro in economical science cannot fail to comprehend them. Much of the volume, by its bearing on political topics, lies beyond the scope or purpose of our pages, and must therefore be passed over in silence; but that portion which refers exclusively to mere trading policy, happily stands on another basis, and appears so worthy of being made generally known, that we venture on presenting a few of the more expressive passages.

Mr Buchanan, like his illustrious prototype, Dr Adam Smith, is a zealous advocate for leaving commerce entirely alone, assured that legislative interference, where it may seem to many to be expedient, can prove only either nugatory or hurtful. It is by a perfectly free exchange of commodities between nations that inequalities can alone be corrected; 'that the bounties of Providence are distributed in a fair proportion among all nations;

and that in one spot is concentrated, by means of trade, the diversified produce of the earth. It is trade which brings to northern countries all the varied luxuries of more favoured climates; which spreads the festive board with wine, the most precious cordial and restorative which the earth produces; with tea or coffee, the favourite luxuries of every class, brought from the remotest parts of the earth; with spiceries of all kinds; and with numerous other articles of luxury or use. It is by means of trade that the national stock of northern countries is enriched with all the rare and delicate productions which are matured under a tropical sky; with the vegetable oils in all their variety; with balsams, perfumes; many rare herbs, precious in the healing art; with fragrant essences, which recruit the shattered nerves; and with all that is ornamental either in dress or furniture.

'Trade,' our author continues, 'being in this manner a free exchange among nations, or among individuals, of their respective produce, it is clear that all devices for its encouragement which impede this free exchange, whether they be bounties bribing foreigners to buy, or protecting duties hindering them to sell, must be prejudicial to its true interests. The only encouragement which trade requires is a free market for its produce, in which the best articles will always command a ready sale. This is the true incentive to industry and skill; and it is to thwart this natural arrangement, and to discourage the sale of such articles, that bounties are given, or protecting duties imposed. It is to countervail the superiority of the skillful workman, or the natural advantages of climate, that his goods, or the produce of particular countries which is cheaper and better than any other, are loaded with duties, that their sale may be impeded by an artificial rise of price, and that the consumer may be compelled to buy the produce of domestic industry, though dearer and inferior in quality; and bounties are founded on precisely the same principle. Their object is, in like manner, to force the sale of inferior articles, and with this view to make up out of the public purse to the seller that remunerating price which he could not obtain from their sale in a free market. This, then, is the nature of bounties and of protecting duties. It is not against violence and injustice that protection is sought, but against ingenuity and skill. Protecting duties, as well as bounties, are imposed for the benefit of the ignorant and incapable; and it is because they are ignorant and incapable that they require either bounties to encourage them, or duties to protect them. Where the workman at home, or the climate, furnishes a better article than can be got from abroad, no protection is required. It is only where the home are inferior to the foreign articles, and therefore do not sell, that it becomes necessary, by means of protecting duties, or by bounties, to force a sale; by which we tax the many for the benefit of the few, depress ingenious industry, and actually hold out a bounty on indolence and rapacity. To buy cheapest, and to sell dearest, is the inalienable privilege—the Magna Charta of commerce, which repudiates all interference between the buyer and the seller. Such manufactures as cannot stand their ground without protection, should be left to their fate; and, if they should decay, the capital and industry which they employed will flow naturally into other and more profitable channels.'

From these principles in the abstract, he proceeds to notice a few of the oddities in England's commercial policy. 'The commercial code of Great Britain presents a continued violation of those clear, and now undisputed maxims. Her ancient policy, like that of the other European states, was founded on monopoly. Her import duties were framed on this narrow notion, that it is profitable to sell and not to buy, though wholly inapplicable to the concerns of a great nation, and entirely at variance with the principles of trade, which is promoted by competition, and by the freest exchange between nations as between individuals. The produce of labour, as well as the produce of land, was accordingly protected against foreign competition either by prohi-

\* Inquiry into the Taxation and Commercial Policy of Great Britain. By David Buchanan. 1 vol. 8vo. Taiz: Edinburgh, 1844.

bitions or by heavy duties. The minute restraints that were imposed on the free exercise of industry by the legislators of those days are absurd, vexatious, and impracticable. No satirist, indulging his genius for caricature, could have imagined anything more ridiculous than many of these officious interferences, not only with the freedom of trade, but with the concerns of private life. Numerous and complicated statutes regulated all the staple manufactures of the country; such as linen, woollen, and silk; the exact lengths and breadths of the cloths; the mode of sorting the yarn and of weaving it; the weaver to give security for weaving according to law. The bleaching of linen was placed under the charge of the magistrate, who might summon the servants employed to give information if any breach of the law occurred in carrying on the business; and the restrictions by which the silk trade was regulated were numerous, absurd, and truly mischievous. The manufacture of stockings was regulated in the minutest points of shape and size; also the making of hats. Not merely the importation, but the wearing of any article which could interfere with the sale either of silk or woollen goods, was forbidden by numerous laws. There are no less than four severe and solemn acts proscribing, for the benefit of the silk manufacture, under heavy penalties, the weaving or the making "of any button or button-holes of cloth, serge, druggat, or other cloth;" and as this act had been evaded by the unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge, &c. a subsequent act extends the penalty to the wearer of those dangerous buttons. The wearing of any printed, stained, or dyed calico was prohibited under a penalty of L.5, to be given to the informer; cambrics and French lawns under a like penalty of L.5, to the informer; to which penalty any milliner making up the prohibited articles was liable. Examples without number might be multiplied of the same mistaken interference by law in matters that can only be regulated by the discretion of individuals.

The trade of the colonies has always been strictly monopolised for the benefit of the mother country, and their domestic industry was held in the same thralldom. The length to which this commercial tyranny was carried, is hardly credible in the present day. The exercise of mechanical industry was rigidly proscribed in all her dependencies by Great Britain; acts, innocent, and even praiseworthy, as conducing to the general prosperity, were treated as crimes, and branded with disgrace, in the suicidal code of monopoly. The same spirit which at home classed the exporters of wool with felons, ruled the commercial concerns of the colony. The settlers were hardly allowed to fashion their own produce for use after the rudest methods. They were encouraged to till the ground, but prohibited from manufacturing its produce, on which British industry was to be employed at home. The exercise of mechanical skill was prohibited by fines and penalties—the rewards, under this perverted system, of ingenious industry. Manufactures seldom flourish in a new colony, being retarded by the want of capital and the high price of labour. Yet, when they first began to make their appearance among the active and enterprising colonists of North America, the rich merchants of Britain took the alarm, and, with a malignant jealousy, they used all their influence to blight those early fruits of successful industry: they demanded and obtained from the legislature penal laws for the purpose of crushing the rising trade of their own colonies; and acts were passed proscribing such manufactures, under heavy penalties, as in any degree interfered with the industry of the mother country. The making of hats was prohibited; every forge or furnace for smelting iron was declared to be a "common nuisance;" to be abated on complaint to the governor, who, on refusing to act, incurred a penalty of L.500. Many other examples might be given of the same narrow spirit. The remnants of this barbarous injustice yet linger in the modern code of Britain, which still prohibits, by heavy duties, the West India planter from

refining his own sugar, which is accordingly brought to this country in British ships for behoof of the refiners at home.

On the subject of the modern colonial trade, Mr Buchanan shows, in a subsequent chapter, to what a serious extent the trade of Britain has been hampered, and prosperity restrained, by the possession of colonies. 'It is now generally acknowledged,' says he, 'that colonies are no real advantage to the mother country. The monopoly of the trade is a positive injury to both parties, to the dependent as well as the parent state; and the sovereignty, however it may flatter the national vanity, brings with it no solid benefit. The undue importance attached by Great Britain to her American colonies, was fully proved by the event. The wisest statesmen were impressed with the notion, that the loss of this great empire, the brightest ornament, as it was styled, of the British crown, would be a serious blow to the national prosperity. How entirely has the subsequent prosperity of the country belied those vain fears. The loss of America has in no degree affected the commercial greatness of Britain; it has rather redounded to her advantage.' In support of these assertions, our writer shows that the trading monopoly for which colonies are usually maintained are either nugatory or injurious. 'Where it confines the merchant to the markets which abound in all he requires, in which he can buy cheapest and sell dearest, it will then only be nugatory. It will really impose no restraint. The law will only prescribe the channel into which trade would of itself naturally flow.' On the other hand, the monopoly will be injurious where it compels either party—colony or mother country—to buy from the dearest instead of cheapest, and otherwise most preferable markets. At present, the monstrous monopoly of the British sugar trade insured to the West Indies, takes between five and six millions of pounds sterling from the pockets of the people of Great Britain—no doubt partly to compensate these colonies for restrictions with which they, in their turn, have unnecessarily been burdened; but the loss is not the less great by being thus rendered complex.

On this subject Mr Buchanan sums up by observing, that in the most practical, as well as abstract point of view, 'prohibitions and restrictions are injurious to the trade of all countries; but in the case of Britain they are peculiarly impolitic: because, from her superiority over other nations in art and industry, her manufactures need no protection. They are cheaper and better than those that are brought from abroad; and hence obtain a preference in the market without the aid of protecting duties. Of all nations, Great Britain had the least reason to follow this perverted policy. Her manufactures have flourished in consequence of her vast capital and superior skill; and seeing that they have always made their way in other countries, and that the foreign manufacturer is undersold in his own market, how unnecessary is it to protect them by discriminating duties against foreign competition at home. That other countries should protect their inferior artisans, in their unequal rivalry with British skill, is a natural though mistaken policy. But all that Britain ought to desire, is a fair field and no favour; and, in place of imposing restrictions on trade, her interest is rather to impress on other nations the opposite policy, both by precept and example.'

We must refer to the book itself for much that is instructive on banking, currency, and commercial speculation, confining ourselves to the following passages on the cause of monetary convulsions. 'The cause is obviously the undue extension of credit; and the effect will always follow, wherever, from the superabundance of capital, credit is carried to excess. These calamities originate in misplaced confidence—in this, as in all other cases, the great cause of commercial ruin; and which may take place, as in point of fact it has often taken place, when the currency consisted entirely, or nearly so, of the precious metals. In every industrious

community capital naturally increases. It is the accumulated produce of land and labour, the surplus which remains over the annual consumption. It has been accumulating in this country, and throughout Europe, for centuries. The labour of the industrious classes has annually produced a greater quantity of goods of every description than has been consumed; and by this constant addition, the national stock has increased to its present vast amount. Peace conduces to the increase of capital, as war to its dissipation. Capital being the produce of industry, the greater the proportion of those who produce to those who consume, the more rapidly will it increase; as, on the other hand, it will be more quickly wasted, according to the proportion which the consumers bear to the producers. War, accordingly, which converts a large portion of productive labourers into soldiers and sailors, who consume without reproducing, impairs the national capital, and renders it scarce; while peace, on the other hand, disbanding this crowd of unproductive labourers, and setting them to work, the effect of their industry is soon visible in the increase of the national stock, and in the reduced rate of interest, which is invariably high during war, as it is always sure to fall with the return and continuance of peace. It is, accordingly, in a season of prosperity and peace that capital accumulates more rapidly, and that overflowing in the remotest extremities of the kingdom; and in all the channels of trade, it is daily found more difficult to lay it out with any chance of profit. With this increasing difficulty of investment, the capitalist not only lowers the rate of interest, but makes fewer scruples about the security. Commercial confidence thus necessarily keeps pace with the progress of wealth. Money is more easily obtained, and more readily invested; and it is this facility of credit which gives a dangerous impulse to mercantile enterprise; which sets afloat daring schemes and doubtful undertakings; and brings forward, in every branch of trade, a host of projectors, who, with borrowed funds, plunge into bold and reckless speculations, overlooking, in their eagerness for the prize, all the fatal hazards that beset the unwary adventurer in the lottery of trade. In this ferment of speculation, all schemes of domestic improvement, the construction of bridges, roads, canals, railroads, which absorb the superabundant capital of the country, as well as foreign loans, with numerous other rash projects, find ample support from the overflowing funds, and the ardent projecting spirit of the times. Commerce, in the meantime, presents the show of outward prosperity; everywhere is heard the din and bustle of business and speculation; industry flourishes in all its branches; and all things appear to go on smoothly. But deep and extensive ruin lies hid under this deceitful calm. The vast superstructure of commercial dealing, which shows so fair outwardly, does not rest on any solid foundation of real capital; it is chiefly reared up on speculation. The proper business of commerce is to convey, by the speediest process, the rude produce of the soil, through all its various and necessary stages, from the cultivator to the consumer. This is the quiet and orderly channel in which trade regularly flows. The produce of the land is sold to the wholesale merchant, by him to the manufacturer, by him to the merchant who keeps a large store of goods, by him to the retail dealer, who finally sells to the consumer. This is the regular beaten track of trade, from which, in proportion as it deviates, it becomes insecure. But in a season of high confidence and active speculation, large quantities of goods are intercepted in their way to the consumer; are bought at high prices, and stored up, in the vain hope that prices will still be higher. The speculators thus not only increase their stock, but raise the price; and the consequence of this extra demand for goods is, that a large stock is accumulated, not for immediate use, but on speculation, and at a high price, beyond the wants of the consumer. This artificial rise in the amount and value of the national stock, which occasions ultimately a vast loss when prices fall to their former level, or below it, is the consequence of extra-

gant speculations; and it gives rise to a complicated mass of transactions resting on credit, and kept afloat by a floating mass of fictitious bills, drawn and re-drawn in a continual circle. So long as a high state of confidence remains, so long as the speculators are supplied with ample funds on easy terms, and on long-dated bills, the system may be supported, the external show of prosperity may be maintained; the mercantile community may still slumber on in a false security, and ruined traders may continue still farther to spin out the long thread of their ruinous speculations, but sooner or later the day of reckoning will come; the flimsy fabric will at last totter to its fall; and when this occurs, when the mine at last explodes, then will be seen, from the wide-wasting ruin which takes place, to what an extent commerce has been previously undermined. Numerous and fatal bankruptcies, shaking the commercial world to its centre, will at once dispel the dream of blind confidence in which the most wary have been lulled; and suspicion, starting as from a trance, will cause every man to doubt his neighbour; the banks will contract their credit; and panic, scarcity of money, distrust spreading far and wide, will level with the ground every establishment that does not rest on a basis of real wealth. In the general wreck, capital will be lost to a vast amount; and in many cases even the wealthiest merchants will share in the common ruin. Such, then, is the nature of those calamities; those storms which burst forth in a season of apparent prosperity, and in a moment blight the fairest hopes of commerce; and the immediate cause is the sudden and extensive shifting of property from one hand to another, occasioned either by misplaced confidence, or by the alternate rise and depreciation of the national stock to a vast amount. Now, this may overtake any country where credit prevails, and where it is carried to excess, or where doubtful speculations are undertaken. An over-issue of paper is no way essential to the fatal result—it is not a necessary element in the scene of ruin. Money may be lent where it may be lost to any amount, without the intervention of paper; and where this takes place, commercial distress will necessarily follow, whether the currency consist of paper or the precious metals.

### THE THREE KINGDOMS.\*

THE Viscount D'Arlinecourt, a French nobleman of the old school, visited Great Britain and Ireland last year, and having recorded his adventures as they occurred, has now published them. The opinions and ideas formed by an intelligent foreigner from a tour in our own country and a mixture with its people, are always useful, as placing our national peculiarities in such lights as make them evident to ourselves. In the present instance, however, less instruction than amusement will be gleaned; the viscount being of far too sentimental a temperament to describe objects and persons as they exist in stern reality, for so poetical is his nature, that he throws a veil of romance over the most commonplace things. He possesses, moreover, a vein of pleasantry, which, though extremely entertaining, creates a suspicion that here and there a little truth is sacrificed to effect—the effect produced by a well-turned sentence or a brilliant remark.

The traveller started from Ostend in the summer of 1843. On entering the river Thames, he remarks—“It is impossible not to be struck with admiration when we approach a great town by a broad river. During eight leagues, one passes between an alley of ships†—a

\* Les Trois Royaumes, par le Viscount D'Arlinecourt. Paris: 1844.

† More than twenty miles of ships! This is an exaggeration. The alley of vessels ends short of Greenwich, which is only five miles from London bridge.

maritime forest, the greater part of the masts rising higher and straighter than the most gigantic trees. In every part there is a restlessness, an agitation, a commerce, an activity, a hollaballoo (*tohu-bohu*), it is impossible to describe. The magnificent hospital of Greenwich (pronounced Grinitche)\* is the first public monument which presents itself. Thence, to the place of debarkation, our steamer could only be navigated with the utmost caution between the myriads of vessels, boats, wherries, and skiffs, which traverse the river in every direction. I tried to count the boats which accompanied or crossed our vessel, but I soon found the task impossible; the number exceeded my skill in numeration. Unfortunately, the fog produced from coal-smoke, which spread itself above my head in a kind of reddish veil, tempered my admiration. All this commercial activity in the clouds—without sun, and under a firmament which hid the sky—created in me a sombre wonder, a splendid gloom. My enthusiasm took cold. Yet, in casting one's eyes around, what vast fields for reflection present themselves? Thousands of vessels, connecting the commerce of the whole world, carrying colossal fortunes, and which had arrived from the four quarters of the globe. I recollected my entrance the year before into St Petersburg by the Neva, and compared the two scenes; but how little did they resemble each other! The approach to St Petersburg, by way of Cronstadt, is chiefly remarkable for the grandeur of the stream, and the quantity of the palaces, temples, colonnades, and cupolas on its banks. The entrance to London by water, on the contrary, does not present any other noticeable edifice, or remarkable monument, than Greenwich hospital. The houses which border the Thames are smoked, dirty, ill-built, and nearly all inhabited by the working-classes. Nothing is consecrated to the fine arts: all is sacrificed to trade and industry: it is not a question of poetry, but of commerce: the queen of the sea appears to be unwilling to condescend to adorn herself. She knows that if the fancy were to seize her, she has genius and wealth enough to monumentalise the whole of her banks; and this conviction seems to suffice. But if, on the one hand, viewed for the sake of gigantic buildings and picturesque scenes, the approach to St Petersburg by the Neva possesses far higher claims to admiration, yet how immense its inferiority in a commercial and industrial aspect! In this respect there is no other place that can be compared to London. The sight of the various docks warms up the excitable viscount to a state of intense enthusiasm.† How is it possible to regard these docks coldly! where the real, pushed to the *ne plus ultra* of the grand, ends by reaching the poetic. Here, where nothing but the highest objects meet the eye, one cannot suppress the high-wrought expressions which rise to the lips. Enthusiasm and imagination are not solely excited by the countries where palms flourish, and where they wore nothing but wreaths and chaplets. The furnace of the Cyclops has its poetry as well as the garden of Armida; and amongst the grandeurs of this world, commerce has its glories!

Soon after the traveller's arrival in London, he had

\* 'We know,' adds the traveller in a note, 'that English words are not pronounced as they are written. "Thus," said a wag, "in London, when they set down Solomon, they pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar." This jest comes with an ill grace from a Frenchman. In no language are words pronounced so unlike their orthography as in his own.'

† These immense basins, with their towering warehouses, are among the most striking objects a foreigner notices. See another Frenchman's account of them in No. 568 of our former series.

the honour of being invited to a state ball at Buckingham palace, the splendours of which seem to have nearly turned his brain; for he speaks of it in such superlatives, that it is often not easy to catch his meaning. He gives, however, more sober accounts of his visits to some of the English aristocracy; these were few, for he was anxious to start for Ireland.

While in Dublin, the Viscount d'Arincourt dined at Palmerston House, the residence of Lord Donoughmore, formerly Colonel Hutchinson, who, at the restoration of the Bourbons, assisted, in company with Sir Robert Wilson, in the celebrated escape of General Lavalette; concerning which, the guest heard the particulars from his lordship's own lips. It will be remembered that Lavalette, cast into prison and condemned to be guillotined, escaped by exchanging clothes with his wife, who came to visit him for that purpose. He remained concealed in Paris twelve days, but at the end of that time went to the lodgings of Colonel Hutchinson, who, with Sir Robert Wilson, had agreed to aid his flight into England, and had previously provided relays of horses to the frontiers of France. Some parts of the following narrative are, so far as we know, quite new:—'All was ready; the flight was to have commenced at daybreak. Lavalette did not lie down, but Hutchinson reposed near him on a settee. Suddenly, about midnight, several violent blows of a hammer were heard from the outer door; the general rose, and cried, "All is lost; they have come to arrest me!" Then, recovering his firmness, he drew forth his pistols, cocked them, and exclaimed with the greatest coolness, "Colonel, I will not die on the scaffold!" It was, however, nothing but a false alarm. The noise had been made by a drunken man, and no harm came of it. At dawn he put on the costume of an English general officer; but unhappily, he had a long beard, which the English never wear. Moreover, he was unable to shave himself; and as it would have been imprudent to have sent for a barber, Hutchinson undertook the office, and took off his beard. An uncovered cabriolet waited at the door; Lavalette mounted with Captain Wilson: while the colonel, dressed as an aid-de-camp, galloped in front to the barrier of Clichy. There he boldly cried to the guard, "An English general officer! present arms!" The soldiers instantly formed in line, and military honours were paid to a fugitive on whose head a price was set.

'At the gates of a town further on, Hutchinson encountered an officer of gens-d'armes and his escort, who were in search of Lavalette. He gave his friend up for lost; but went straight to the gendarme, and called to him. "Comrade," he said, "I precede an English general, who will be here to change horses presently; but I am exhausted with hunger and fatigue; would you show me where I can get breakfast?"

"Most willingly," replied the officer; and he conducted Hutchinson to a neighbouring restaurant.

"I should," said the colonel, "take it as a favour if you would breakfast with me without ceremony. There are but two great nations in the world—France and England; they have long been enemies, but henceforward they will be friends. Let us shake hands—the peace is concluded;" and he cordially held out his hand. The French officer, charmed with his courteous manners, accepted it, and sat down at the table.

"Between ourselves," remarked Hutchinson, "your emperor is a great man." The colonel had felt his way, and knew the effect these words would produce.

"Ay, that he is!" cried the gendarme in a transport. "How glorious! yet how unfortunate!"

"To the health of Napoleon," exclaimed the Englishman, presenting his glass. The French officer rose—tears stood in his eyes while he drank. During this time Lavalette changed horses, and passed on without

danger. Hutchinson and his new friend embraced and separated.

"The weather was dark and rainy, so that the telegraphs of the day were illegible; and the fugitive and his liberators arrived at Compiègne. Against the inn where they changed horses they saw a placard which contained a description of the fugitive. "My lord, behold that advertisement," cried the pretended aide-camp to the false officer, "you perceive they have not caught that vagrant Lavalette; where the deuce has he hidden himself, the rascal?"

'A little while after, Lavalette got clear off.

Hutchinson returned to Paris, and as he entered the Rue St Helder, he bought of a street ballad-monger an account of "the execution of Lavalette's effigy." The rest is well known: he was arrested, imprisoned, tried before the court of assize, and confronted with the officer of gens-d'armes whom he had so successfully deceived. He was defended by Dupin; but the result was an imprisonment of eight months and 20,000 francs of expense; still, these days of peril and agitation are counted by Lord Donoughmore amongst his most pleasing reminiscences.

An excursion to the Seven Churches gave the author some idea of the pitiable condition of the Irish peasantry, which must have a striking effect upon a foreigner, and one by no means flattering to this empire. 'We set out on a beautiful day for this celebrated spot (the Seven Churches). The distance was great—seven or eight leagues amongst the mountains; part of which was traversed on horseback, and part by carriage. We at first passed through the Valley of the Rocks, a sterile and arid place. I noticed with pain the poor Irish who came in our way: they presented a lamentable spectacle. Never did I behold such a profusion of rags; yet they exhibited few marks either of suffering or privation. I could hardly account for the freshness and appearance of health which they displayed; for these unfortunate people, ill-clothed and ill-lodged, live upon little else than potatoes, and can get but few of them unless when the season is favourable. I entered a hut, and felt nothing but disgust; indigence and filth reigned there in the highest degree. Not a single household utensil was to be seen, nor indeed articles which are necessary to the most miserable existence; but what struck me most was an image, close to a Madonna carved in wood, and—I could hardly believe what I saw—a portrait of Napoleon! The visit hindered my approach to the Seven Churches; but we at length arrived through a most wretched and solitary region.' This antique and romantic spot has been so often described, that we need not repeat the viscount's details; we pass therefore to an amusing scene with the guide at the Grotto of St Kevin. 'This guide, as we visited each of the ruins, recounted its history anterior to St Kevin. At first, the melancholy feelings which oppressed me caused the man's blunders and historical pleasantries to be irksome; but catching the national spirit of the Irish, I soon joined in the hilarity which he provoked. Diving far back into the history of the holy valley of the Seven Churches, he discoursed of times past, when the world was in a very different condition to what it is at present. I give a specimen of his annals; it is he who speaks, I only repeat. "Your honour will in the first place understand that Finnacoul was in those times the king of the country. This was long before the Danes from the shores of the Mediterranean invaded Ireland. Finnacoul, an immense giant, was as wise as Socrates; he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah about the time of the siege of Jerusalem." As I could see history was the guide's hobby, I pretended to listen with the most serious attention. Having read a great deal, and thus filled his head with great names and events, he confounded them all with the utmost sincerity. He saw that I was a stranger, and, convinced of his talents as a narrator, he was but too happy to display before me the extent of his learning. "It was Finnacoul," he continued, "who constructed the

Giant's Causeway, which your honour will doubtless go and see in the north of Ireland. There was a noble work! He also built himself a church here, like St Kevin; which, after all, was better than paving the sea with columns: for Finnacoul was in the long-run an excellent Catholic, and proved it; for as there were in his time no priests in Ireland, he went to hear the holy mass performed at Ephesus." "The holy mass," I repeated; "at what epoch if you please?" "About 500 years before the Christian era."

"Wonderful! Go on!"

"One day the giant, while returning from vespers, found himself in the company of two young strangers, brothers of good family, and who spoke much in praise of Ireland. They were called Romulus and Remus." Here a burst of laughter somewhat scandalised the historian; but he persevered, and after claiming a certain poet, called Ossian, as a relation of Finnacoul, and making Odin and Thor hob-and-nob with him in whisky on the mountains of the Seven Churches, the erudite guide winds up with a legend. "Here," he said, while pointing to a mutilated cross, "a cannon-ball has broken the stone. Does not your honour also perceive a couple of horse-shoes perfectly imprinted in the granite? Well, in former times, a villager having been suspected of stealing a mule, St Kevin said to the accused, pass the animal over that stone; if it leave no mark, you are innocent. The peasant obeyed, but the mule made marks with his shoes as distinctly as if he had trodden upon wax. This proved the rider culpable, and he was executed."

The viscount took the beaten track through the north of Ireland to Scotland. After visiting the most celebrated scenes of the Western Highlands, D'Arlincourt reached, in Glenstrath-farrar, a cave in which Charles Edward was, according to common report, concealed during his escape after the battle of Culloden. The peculiarly dramatic and essentially French manner in which the whole scene is described, are highly amusing. After climbing over rugged rocks, and overcoming other obstacles, the traveller arrived at 'a gloomy excavation, a sort of gulf, without light to see, or a ladder to descend by. "It is here," said my Highland guide. "But how to descend?" I demanded. "On my shoulders," he replied; "there are crevices in the rocks, and I know where to place my feet, though I cannot see. Come! the prince descended this way." "Poor Charles Edward!" I cried. Macrea (the guide), pleased with my exclamation, seized me, and carried me as he would a feather. The Samson of the mountains had broken the rocks of granite to make a passage, so much was he delighted to conduct a friend of the Stuarts to the cave of Prince Charles. We arrived there at last. A ray of light glistened against one of the walls of the subterranean habitation, and I perceived a sort of basin cut in the bottom of the rock, which contained water. "This water never dries up," said the guide. "Whence does it flow?" I asked. "No one knows," he replied; "Heaven sent it for the prince. The little reservoir has always remained full since the time the prince refreshed his lips; it comes from a consecrated source." I said no more. Of this water had Charles Edward drank. I did the same.

"I remained for some minutes in this sombre cavern, and sought the spot where the descendant of kings had slept: I seated myself on it; and by the feeble light which descended towards me, I began to write. The guide regarded me with surprise, anxious to find out what I traced in the little book which lay open on my knees. "I am writing about the prince," I said; "and what I write will be read in France."

"And you will praise him?" exclaimed young Macrea; "and do you love him as we do?" His eyes were suffused with tears. I could have embraced him. This hereditary loyalty, this worship of monarchy, this love, always devoted, for the prince who had defended his fathers (!), seemed to me touching and noble! I stretched my hand towards him cordially. "You are a fine fel-



low!" I exclaimed. "I would that every Frenchman resembled you; though, Macrea, my country is not without faithful spirits." We left the cave. I was already as much attached to Macrea as to an old friend; his sentiments had made us brothers. He felt, also, without expressing it, that a sympathy existed between us; for, approaching Mrs F—— (the lady whom the viscount was visiting), he took her apart, and said in a low voice—"I have a famous mountain terrier, and wish to present it to this gentleman. It is not much, though it is all I possess in the world. Ask him to accept of it." It was now my turn to feel the tears in my eyes. "Thank you, Macrea!" I replied—"Thank you. I shall never forget this offer, nor this moment. Would that I could accept of your dog!—a symbol of fidelity given by a Scotch Highlander; this I should cherish as a precious gift. But, far from my home, I should lose it on my way, and what a misfortune that would be! Macrea, I will write your name in my book, near to that of Charles Edward!"

"Oh, give me also yours!" interrupted the Highlander. I subscribed, and gave it to him.

We are sorry to make a remark derogatory to so much fine enthusiasm, but it certainly is a matter highly doubtful if Charles Edward ever occupied this cave; an accurate account of his wanderings states the neighbouring vale of Strathglass as the most northerly point which he reached on that occasion, and this place is to the south of Glenstrath-farrar.

At this part of the viscount's northern tour he hears of the brothers Stuart, two gentlemen of 'intelligence, talent, and the most elegant appearance and manners,' who reside in a romantic island in the river Beaulieu, and are understood to be grandchildren of Prince Charles. He visits their house, but finds them absent, and only makes their acquaintance afterwards in Edinburgh. We more than half fear that the lively Frenchman makes a trespass here upon the delicacy of the private life of two men who, although their external demeanour is calculated to attract an unusual degree of attention, are known to be as modest and amiable as they are ingenious and accomplished. But as the deed is done, it may not be greatly amiss if we observe, in the present place, that the viscount's story represents these gentlemen as possessing documents capable of establishing their legitimate descent from the hero of 1745—their father, who is still alive, being the son of that prince by his wife, the Princess de Stolberg. 'A Scottish doctor, named Cameron, being,' says our author, 'at Florence, was asked by a stranger of high distinction to come to see a noble lady who was considered in danger of her life. He was sworn to secrecy as to what he should see, and with bandaged eyes was conducted to the lady who required his care. Arrived at the place, he saw a lady extended on a couch, who had just given birth to a son. A nurse had been called, and also a priest. A portrait of Charles Edward, set in precious stones, lay upon the table, and at the end of the room stood the prince himself. The doctor wrote and signed a statement of this fact, which is amongst the documents possessed by the brothers Stuart. There exists a contemporary painting (I am not able to say where it may be found) which represents Charles Edward consigning his son to an Admiral Hay, to be brought up in privacy at a distance. The admiral is in his vessel; a lady is on the beach upon her knees; she receives the infant from the prince, and the vessel waits for them. But why should Charles and his consort conceal the birth of their son? Why confide him to Admiral Hay? The answer is, that the prince was assured that attempts would be made upon the life of a new heir of the Stuarts, and thought it best that his son should be reared without any knowledge of his pretensions to a throne. His wife, who became infamous by her connexion with Alfieri the poet, was bribed to silence.' The viscount proceeds to say that the two gentlemen have been enjoined by their father to keep their birth a secret during his life. Meanwhile they are content to spend a life of retirement in the island of

Aigas, with this motto upon their house, 'Dieu l'a donné, Dieu l'a ôté: que saint nom de Dieu soit benî.'

The Viscount D'Arlincourt makes his adieus to the Highlands in a couplet, which may be freely rendered thus:—

With a heart full of grief and melancholia,  
I leave the mountains old of Caledonia!—

and turned his steps towards Edinburgh. He visited all the notable places in the Scottish capital; and, after a short stay, continues his route southwards. Abbotsford could not, of course, be passed unseen, and the traveller gives the following account of his visit to that celebrated house, which is curious in many respects:—"The vestibule of Abbotsford is a hall of arms, surrounded with scutcheons, trophies, and banners: the beams of the ceiling are admirably sculptured. On the painted glass of an inner hall are the arms of Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by all those of the noble families to which he is allied, especially those of the Duke of Buccleuch. One of the flags in the hall is a tricolor, and displays these words in large characters—"L'Empereur Napoleon au 105th régiment de ligne." "This flag was taken at Waterloo," said Mrs —— (the housekeeper), who serves as a guide to the Abbotsford pilgrims. "This flag is not a French one," I answered without hesitation. Mrs —— frowned. "I can furnish an incontestable proof that the supposed trophy given to Sir Walter Scott as historical, never figured in the ranks of the imperial army. The English artist who manufactured it has himself imprinted his own fraud on it. The words *cent cinquième* in figures, ought to have been written thus—105ème; the small letters *ème* being indispensable; but in place of them, *th* has been put. The word *cinquième* is written in English 'fifth,' and the two last letters of *fifth* were substituted for the three last of *cinquième*. There could not be a more stupid mistake; and it must have escaped Sir Walter Scott's attention, or he would not have allowed it to remain." I leaned down towards the flag, the better to examine it. "Nothing must be touched here," said Mrs —— tartly. "I am incapable of taking that liberty," I coolly said. We passed into Sir Walter's breakfast-room. I was writing a few words in my pocket-book with a pencil, looking at the Gothic gallery with pointed arches which led to it, and which reminded me of the chapels of Melrose abbey—"It is not allowed to draw!" again cried Mrs —— in a peremptory tone. I showed my little book to the she-Cerberus, and explained that there were no traces of drawing on its pages. A charming portrait of Prince Charles Edward had attracted my attention, and I had taken a note of it. When we got to the great dining-room of Abbotsford, where were the portraits of Cromwell, Charles XII., and Thomson the poet, I had taken out my pencil once more. "It is not allowed to write here," said the crabbed conductress. At this I lost patience, and answered, "You ought not to be allowed to speak: you profane this sanctuary:" and when, a few minutes afterwards, she held forth her hand at the door to claim her reward, I was tempted to exclaim in my turn, "It is not allowed to pay here." Sir Walter Scott's little arsenal appeared to me extremely poetical. It contains a number of precious arms. His portrait is in the drawing-room. He is seated with two little dogs near him. There is also the portrait of his wife; she was a French lady, named Charpentier.

The viscount left Scotland by way of Gretna Green, and posting to London, took up his quarters very appropriately at the Travellers' Club. He returned to the continent without any other accident than being run aground in the steamer at the mouth of the Scheldt. The vessel and all hands were, however, got off safely.

Determined, it may be supposed, to render his work one exclusively of amusement, at least half of its pages

\* Le cœur plein de regrets et de mélancholie,  
Je quittai les vieux monts de la Caledonia.

are occupied with tales and legends, which the author has dressed up with all those additions of poetry and dramatic effect, of which he is evidently so great an admirer.

### OUR PHILOSOPHER'S DREAM.

RAIN—rain—rain! North, south, east, west, not a rent in the cloudy curtain that shut out the sunshine; not a strip of blue sky to let in even a ray of hope for a change. The third day, too, of this wet and chilly weather, and we, a party of Londoners, invited to enjoy the country! By courtesy it was called summer, because the month was August; but pleasanter, say I, is it to meet the clear bracing frost of January, and even its pelting snow, than your chilly summer's day, especially if there be a division in the household about the propriety of kindling a fire in the general sitting-room. Look, too, out of doors; how the trees are shivering and dripping in their rich foliage beneath the melting sky; how the flowers are bent down by the heavy rain, and the young buds, instead of opening in beauty and fragrance, trail, soiled and rotting, on the earth! Whither have the birds fled so silently? Not one is to be seen or heard. Flap, flap—that is the laburnum branch against the drawing-room window—for the wind is high, driving the rain as if in sheets of water. That heavy branch ought to have been cut or trained; yet it made a pleasant shade in the sultry weather last week!

We were a party of nearly a dozen, and no doubt each person considered him or herself as a reasonably good-tempered and agreeable individual; and certainly there could be no difference of opinion about the many admirable qualities, including agreeability and good temper, of our kind host and hostess, and yet the continued wet weather, to say the least of it, *tried* everybody. In the first place, the house was one taken by our host for a short period before commencing a tour, while repairs went on in his own commodious residence; and surely 'a furnished house' is a generic term, expressive of great discomfort. No library was found among the furniture or necessary articles provided; not a book was there in the house, except a few stray volumes which had crept into the ladies' packages, or secreted themselves in the gentlemen's carpet-bags; and these, with the omnivorous appetite produced by the weather, were, I believe, mentally devoured before the end of the first pouring day. Not a musical instrument in the rooms, save a shrill five-octave piano, which, from its tottering legs to its partial speechlessness, betrayed all the infirmities of age; an accordion, which somebody had brought, but nobody could play (otherwise than asthmatically); and a flute, on which a young gentleman *thought* he could discourse eloquent music, and with which he had provided himself, possibly with the hope of charming some of the neighbouring dryades and naiades during a projected boating and picnic excursion. But as we had 'too much of water' around us, to admit of our floating gaily upon it, our flute-player was obliged to content himself with mere mortal listeners, for whose solace he rung the changes on 'Isle of Beauty,' 'A Bumper of Burgundy,' and 'Rousseau's Dream,' kindly volunteering, in the desperation of our ennui, 'a few bars' from pieces which 'he could not perfectly recollect without the notes.' Honour be to his good nature, if not to his flute-playing!—the first professor could only have done his best for our amusement.

In the desperation of our circumstances, some of us took to letter-writing; but our epistles were such lugubrious affairs, breathing little else than discontent, that they were worthier the flames than the care of the general post-master. Not having exhausted our complaints by writing them, we began talking of our grievances, and grew, as people always do in such discourse, wonderfully confidential. It would seem that we had all suffered more or less from 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' or from 'the spurs that patient merit

of the unworthy takes;' verily, we must have been an unfortunate or an ill-used set. All but Uncle Robert—our hostess's and everybody's Uncle Robert, otherwise called Our Philosopher—who, though not a great talker, was still less of a grumbler; and did often enliven us with a pleasant anecdote or shrewd remark, very much to the purpose of whatever our discourse might be. Yet he who was no grumbler was the oldest of our party, and one whose life had, truth to tell, been deeply shadowed. He had lost a princely fortune by the wrong-headedness of a speculating partner; death had deprived him of a beloved wife; and worldly prudence had driven from his side three noble-hearted sons, the only survivors of a large family. 'Perhaps,' asks some one, 'this Uncle Robert had lukewarm feelings, and did not really suffer from these severe trials?' Nay, if you had marked his quivering lip and glistening eye when news came from the pestilential shores of Africa, or a gazette from the burning East, or a letter from the unsettled and unpoised New World, you would not have doubted the warmth of his parental love, nor the acuteness of his feelings.

He was sitting, book in hand; but though his eyes were bent down, their adjunct, a pair of spectacles, was thrown up, resting upon his broad forehead instead of upon that feature which, in the old fable, was so consequential about claiming the right to the same.

'What are you reading, Uncle Robert?' said our hostess with a smile.

'I am not reading, my dear niece,' he replied; 'I have been dreaming all the morning.'

'Dreaming! Why, you have not been asleep surely, and we chattering all the time?' she continued, taking the book from his hand in a playful manner.

'Indeed I have not. But do you suppose it is only the young who are allowed to have *waking dreams*? We old people fashion them, no doubt, in a very different manner. There is nothing Arcadian or Utopian about them, I grant; they are made up of the recollection of facts rather than of the pencillings of fancy, and yet perhaps they are almost as airy as the beautiful "baseless fabrics" the young so delight to build. Shall I tell my morning's dream for the edification of you discontented mortals?'

'Oh do, pray do,' was echoed through the circle; and we drew round to form an attentive audience.

'I shall not stay to inquire,' began Our Philosopher, 'if there be a young gentleman of our party who thinks himself a remarkably unfortunate and ill-used person, because his relations have thought proper to find for him a government situation, with a regularly increasing salary sufficient to supply every reasonable want, instead of advancing for his use a certain amount of capital, from the nucleus of which he is morally certain he should have become a second Rothschild.'

Here our flute-player looked up with a flushed cheek, for the cap fitted him, indeed more tightly than was pleasant; but he had the good feeling to know that youth cannot be offended by the kindly rebuke of age, and he caught Uncle Robert's eye with a good-humoured smile, as our monitor continued.

'Nor is this all. He entertains an extraordinary delusion that he has an especial talent for money-making, whereas he has only elegant tastes which would direct the money-spending. He has a decided contempt for money itself, apart from its noble purposes of benevolence, and encouragement to industry of head and hand; and for this I am one to honour him. But I shrewdly suspect your thorough money-maker is too often made of different stuff, and feels some idolatry towards the yellow god itself. Remember I say too often, not always; for some of our merchant princes spend their revenues in a truly noble manner. The delusion of our discontented one is, moreover, very curious. He scorns the patient labour and unremitting toil, and all the very arts which yet he thinks he should so successfully practise; and there are about half-a-dozen individuals in the metropolis whom he only knows by name, who are yet

the objects of his supreme envy. Now, in my waking dream, I thought that the mind of one of these persons and his own were revealed to each other, and held a sort of spiritual communion—a spiritual communion, although a bodily meeting, as if they were under a bond to exchange the deepest secrets of their hearts. This meeting, by the way, was in a dark, dingy, dusty counting-house, instead of at the superb villa at which the discontented one had pictured the wealthy merchant enjoying every appurtenance to refined intellectual enjoyment and bodily comfort. The visitor seated himself on a hard, tall, uneasy leathern stool, while the merchant spoke to him from his accustomed niche, where he sat before a high desk, which was separated from the rest of the apartment by a light railing. He leaned his elbow on a closed cheque-book, and looked at the youth with a grave, nay, a sad expression of countenance.

"You are thinking," said the Spirit of the merchant, "that the height of human bliss would be to have the power of converting these leaves of paper, by a few strokes of the pen, to the value of thousands of pounds; you are dreaming of doubling and tripling them by successful speculations."

"And also," said the Spirit of the youth involuntarily, "of spending some of the money on a visit to Italy—a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Oh," he continued with a sigh, "in my unhappily condition, I cannot hope, for years to come, to spare either money or time for this realisation of my youth's fondest wish."

"I know all the thoughts of your mind," pursued the Spirit of the merchant; "and though I am dead to all such aspirations, I remember them well enough to *envy you* your fresh unbroken spirits, your calm unfettered life, and regular hours of relaxation."

"But you have wealth," returned the youth; "why not retire from the turmoil which I now perceive has rendered your hair gray before its time, has wrinkled your brow prematurely, and withered up the spiritual aspirations which, twenty years ago, resembled my own?"

"Examine my heart more narrowly," said the merchant's Spirit in rather an angry tone, "and you will cease to talk so like a fool. Don't you perceive, I am one of the so-called rich, whose wealth is credit? If I cease for a day to plan and bargain, the machinery stops, and all is lost. I can scrawl here five figures in a row, and the draft will be honoured. What then? I can only, as it were, pass the money from one pocket to another—embark it in some other speculation. For my family's use, or my own private pleasure, it is often excessively inconvenient to write one and two ciphers after it."

"I perceive, however," continued the youth, "that you have a wife and family—the objects with me of a romantic ambition; indeed I think you married when little older than I am now."

"Take off another layer of appearances," answered the merchant's Spirit, "and you will discover that I married an extravagant woman, solely for the small fortune she possessed, with which I began the world. In our frequent quarrels, she always tauntingly reminds me that everything is hers; and really my splendid mansion is so associated in my mind with discomfort and contention, that I feel far more at home on 'Change,' or in this dingy counting-house, than anywhere else. I bear with your folly," continued the merchant, "because you remind me of a dear son, for whom I am struggling and striving to carve out a happier fate than my own has been."

"But," said the Spirit of the youth, "it is not because you have secret cares that the wealth of every merchant is but credit, and that every one of them has an unloving wife."

"Certainly not; and though I feel a degree of envy for such as you, with youth, health, and, in human probability, a calm life before them, with sufficient leisure and freedom from heavy care, with the privilege of

choosing a partner for life, I have often caught myself envying my seemingly more fortunate companions in business. Yet who knows, if our spirits could hold this intimate communion with theirs, we might discover they, too, had sorrows."

There was a pause. "Ah," said the merchant at last, "I see you are growing more contented with your lot; and as this makes me envy you more, I had rather not examine your mind any further; especially as it is very necessary I should seem unruffled, alike to hide satisfaction at my gains, and chagrin at my losses." And thus, said Uncle Robert, speaking in his own person, "the first scene of my waking dream melted away—gradually discovering—shall I tell it you?—a second."

"Oh yes," was echoed by all, though perhaps we each trembled with the thought of being the next exemplar.

"In the second scene of my waking dream," continued Uncle Robert, looking, as he spoke, at the youngest of our party, "I beheld a bright-eyed girl of about, I suppose, seventeen, without a real trouble or sorrow in the world—unless, indeed, the loss of her mother, when she was an infant, may still be called so—who fancied herself cruelly used, because her stepmother still exercised parental authority over her; apportioning the occupation of her time, directing her reading, and even the choice of her companions. She fancied she could have submitted to even a harsher government from her own mother, but feels sure *she* would not have exercised her power half so tyrannically. Her regret for her parent, and affection for this ideal of a mother, we all can understand and admire; but just now the especial objects of her envy are a family of giddy girls, who, like herself, are motherless, but who, unlike her, have escaped from control, salutary or not. It is true that she does not think, if she had equal liberty, she should abuse it by idling her time in the manner she confesses they do; but she longs for the liberty, nevertheless, if only to prove her wisdom. Now, in my dream, the Spirit of this young girl was wafted away from the well-ordered home, which she sometimes calls a prison; away from the neat chamber, well stocked with books, which she calls her own; away from her birds and flowers—to a poverty-stricken dwelling in the heart of a great city. The poverty was of that sort which is the most painful to witness, not the humble, almost contented, poverty which strives to limit wants and wishes to the means, but the poverty which is proud, and is ashamed of itself."

A haggard woman, really about five-and-twenty, but looking middle-aged, was there; and two sickly children, one in her arms, one clinging to her dress. Thus spoke the Spirit of the woman to the young girl—for, in my dream, they were able to read each other's hearts.

"You envy those whose days are passing away, to my mind, like an early scene, from the drama of my own life. I, too, was motherless from an infant, but my father gave me no stepdame; he consoled himself in a very different fashion—was seldom in his house—made no *home* of it. I was left to servants and hireling teachers, all chosen carelessly. I was my own mistress, indeed, and steered my course to—a whirlpool. Ignorance, Vanity, and Self-will, were my pilots, without a warning-voice to tell me of a beacon. My father was reputed rich, and I had many suitors; but I, who had never been controlled, and so had never learned to control myself, would not be guided in my choice, would not give up my will. I was just your age when I eloped with one, worthy perhaps of me, but quite unworthy any nobler specimen of womanhood. I never believed my father would withhold his pardon and a provision; but when we discovered my mistake, my wretchedness began. My expected fortune had been the lure; I was soon treated with contempt, and, by degrees, with all the harshness and cruelty that a brutal nature is capable of inflicting on the helpless. My husband's bad character excluded me from worthier associates than his companions; my father's doors are shut against me; gnawing poverty and mutual hatred rule our wretched household. I am still young, but I have only hope in the grave. Read

my heart more closely, it is more fit for you to read now than it was in my girlhood." I thought,' continued Uncle Robert, 'that there was a long pause, and that the two looked into each other's faces. At last the woman spoke again.

"I can read," said she, "your past clearly—and can look into your probable future. I can see how, in your childish illnesses, the stepmother watched by your bedside, and pillowed your feverish head upon her bosom; how, in those days, you loved her very dearly, and, knowing no difference, called her 'mother.' I can see, too, how she loved you almost as much, and tended you quite as carefully, as in later days she has loved and tended her own child. I can see, too, how the self-willed, self-governing cousins, whom you so much envy, first corrupted your mind against her; and never did she more truly prove that she was good, and wise, and kind, than by striving to keep you apart. I can see in the future that she will guide your half sister just as she has striven to guide you. I see, too, in those coming days, that you will have a happy home of your own, in the governing of which you will often seek her advice; for by that time you will understand her excellence, and thank her for her care; a care which almost precludes the possibility of your choosing an unworthy husband, since high character is the only passport to your acquaintance. Oh," sighed the Spirit, "how I envy your lot! How delicious does your flower-strewn path appear! How sweet the security of your present bondage to my young repentant heart!"

The monitor paused, and the fair girl to whom he had rather particularly addressed himself, rose with tearful eyes, and passing her arm round Uncle Robert's neck—he was her uncle—pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and whispered, ere she left the room, 'I go to ask her forgiveness of all my petulance; I will write to her—again I will call her mother. She will forgive as she has forgiven, and she shall feel that I am changed—am humbled—am grateful. And you, Uncle Robert, you shall think better of me. Nay, I must go,' and she hastened away to hide her emotion.

The tears of the pretty little maiden had thrown a gloom upon the party, and even Our Philosopher himself seemed somewhat affected.

'I know,' said a gentleman of the party, twisting some closely-written paper into all imaginable shapes, and offering himself in a good-humoured manner for the amusement (and instruction?) of the company—'I know there must have been a third scene to your dream, for I was the grumbler-in-chief this morning. Do tell me, dear Uncle Robert, most sage philosopher, to what Spirit you introduced mine?'

'To the Spirit of the author,' returned our monitor, smiling again, 'whose fame you, one of the *dilettanti* of literature, and a man of fortune, do, beyond all things, covet. The ode you have written to him really deserves better treatment than it is receiving at your hands; for though it speaks only of the laurel wreath, without one allusion to the poison which may be distilled therefrom, it is a very respectable production, and would be a graceful accompaniment to the pecuniary present you are wishing to offer him. You know he is poor, but, like many of the rich, have a very vague idea of his sort of poverty—a poverty very different from that of the woman which I described, for his fame really shines the brighter that he is still poor; that he has resisted every temptation to sell his splendid talents for party purposes. Yet, surrounded by the beloved ones who look up to him for bread—bread to be earned by the sweat of the brain—think how hard it must have been always to have said "no." On the one hand ease and abundance, on the other toil and privation. It is only lately this fame you so covet has been acknowledged; think of the long struggling years of obscurity through which he waded; the enmity of those he would not serve; the "hope deferred" and sickness of heart. Could your proud spirit so alternately have bent and battled? would you have come, as he has done, to the glorious belief, that "the

Wages of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven, or else Nowhere?" Verily, he may be envied, but would you live over his life, and so pay the price of his happiness?'

'Such fame! What can the world bestow that is comparable to it?' returned the author of the ode.

'Think of your own fame,' interrupted a lively lady, and counting as she spoke upon her fingers; 'first, you wrote a prize essay at Oxford, then you contributed poetry to one annual and to three county newspapers; and since then you must have enriched at least a thousand albums with your effusions.'

'To be rebuked at last for my ambition,' said our author, taking the irony in good part; 'well, one thing, at least, I will strive to be, the appreciator—the encourager of genius. Will this please you, my dear philosopher?'

'Your hand upon the promise. And take an old man's word for it, you will be the thing more useful than the man of genius himself; for one appreciator can encourage and foster many of those who only want a helping hand.'

And so ended Our Philosopher's Dream. And behold, while it was telling, the weather had cleared, the rain was over, or, as I once heard a little girl say, 'it was used up.' Whether it was the result of the dream or the sunshine, I cannot tell, but certainly all our discontent was over. A walk in the grounds we must have, thick shoes provided. How sweet the carnations smelt after the rain! Even we were in good humour with the snails, who crawled—no, galloped, as they always do on such occasions—across our path, though we knew them to be on the high road to assert their prior claim to the peaches and nectarines. Did not *this* alone prove the general contentedness of heart and toleration of spirit induced by Uncle Robert's dream and—the sunshine?

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### A BRILLIANT CAREER INTERRUPTED.

A CASE like the following is by no means uncommon. A barrister enters upon his professional career with all the advantages of talent and industry. While yet in the prime of life, he attains the first rank in his profession, and even begins to receive some of those political honours which are reserved for lawyers of the highest character. All at once, in the midst of the highest professional triumphs, he is compelled by bad health to retire for a time from exertion. Soon after, the public hears with regret that he is threatened by paralytic tendencies, and is not expected to resume practice. To what are we to attribute this sudden fall in a course so brilliant? Solely, no doubt, to the excessive application into which a successful lawyer is tempted while he has strength to give to it. Fifteen thousand a-year is before him, if he will work for it night and day, denying himself all recreation and enjoyment of life. Having the strength of resolution and capacity of self-denial which are requisite in the case, he does not scruple to make this awful purchase, altogether ignorant, that there is anything but his will to be consulted in the matter; for, while admired for his abilities, and called 'learned,' his education has never given him the slightest hint, but rather endeavoured to conceal from him, that he has a body and brain subject to natural laws, which he cannot systematically outrage without incurring penalties, some of which consist of a short imprisonment (transient illness), others of mutilation and disablement (phthisis, paralysis, &c.), while the last and worst, though often the most merciful, may well be called capital. A few years, therefore, see him advanced to wealth and honours, but at the same time deprived of all power of enjoying either—the exhausted spendthrift of his physical energies, the condemned malefactor of nature, a mere wreck left to beacon others away from the same danger, but unfortunately not even serviceable in that miserable capacity, few or none possessing the knowledge which might enable them to trace the

effect to its true causes. In how strange a light does this present our very foremost men, erudite in thousands of things of little use, but left in the dark with regard to a few physiological facts on which the most important of secular interests, that of health, depends! It used to be said that, before forty, a man must be either a fool or a physician; that is, must, if wise at all, have been forced to acquire some knowledge of medicine; but, unluckily, the fact is, that many men the reverse of fools never become aware that they have a constitutional system liable to be diseased, till they are struck down hopelessly by the consequences of their imprudence. The adage should be improved: it is not a knowledge of medicine which is wanted, but of *hygiène*, or the conditions necessary for preserving health—a science involving nothing beyond a few slight rules for personal government. But when shall we see even this little knowledge universally communicated—when shall we see it reach even those called the educated classes? Alas! many victims will fall before then.

#### SHORTENING OF THE HOURS OF LABOUR IN RETAIL TRADES.

The efforts of the large class of shopmen to obtain an abridgment of the hours of attendance seem likely to be attended with success. The utility of early shop-shutting seems to be universally acknowledged, the masters being generally as well inclined to it as the men. Everybody sees that long-protracted attendance is unfavourable to the health of shopmen, and preclusive of all mental improvement; also that a mere condensation of the same amount of business into a shorter time, is neither an injury nor an inconvenience to any one. There is a good, then, to be done by a general system of early shop-shutting, and no harm: this being considered as admitted, the great question occurs—by what means is early shop-shutting to be effected? It clearly and solely, in our opinion, depends upon the public. The public must cease to resort to shops after an early hour of the evening, otherwise there can be no early shop-shutting. And this is simply because there is a minority of dissentients and greedy men, who will keep open later if there be a flow of custom, and who will thus compel others to keep open too, so that any resolution of the majority to close early would soon be broken through. Obviously, the only means of inducing the minority to conform to the practice of the majority, is to convince them that it is not for their interest to keep open beyond a certain early hour. And this the public can do by simply refraining from the purchase of articles at shops after that certain hour, and by discountenancing in every other way those who attempt to protract business beyond it. We call, then, upon the public to act in this manner. Humanity towards a class of their fellow-creatures demands that they should abstain from resorting to shops after the certain hour alluded to: they are required to look upon this as a moral duty, which it really is, since such important interests depend upon it. Let every master and mistress, every servant, every person from the highest to the lowest rank, receive this as a branch of the grand law of love to our neighbour—**TRADE NOT AT LATE HOURS.** We repeat that it altogether depends on the community at large whether shops are to be shut early or late: on the public, then, be the praise or blame of the success or failure of this reformation.

#### 'REVENEZ A VOS MOUTONS.'

WHEN any person, in telling a story, or taking part in an argument, wanders away from the subject, he is often recalled to it by the phrase, '*revenez à vos moutons*'—return to your sheep; or, as a variation, '*revenons à nos moutons*'—let us return to our sheep. This is common not only in France, but also in our own country. As few persons can be aware of the origin of the phrases, we venture to make known that they took their rise from one of the most humorous and popular specimens

of the comic drama of our lively neighbours across the Channel.

The expression occurs in a farce named '*Maitre Pierre Patelin*,' which appeared in print as early as 1474, and is then spoken of as an old piece. The name of the writer, notwithstanding various sage conjectures on the subject, remains still one of the undiscovered mysteries of literature. Supposing it to have been produced shortly after the commencement of the fifteenth century, it continued for three hundred years to be a general favourite on the French stage; and, to render it still more acceptable, it was modernised and improved by Brueys, a popular comic dramatist of his time (1640–1723), and named by him '*L'Avocat Patelin*.' In this new form the piece was brought out on the 4th of June 1706; and uniting much of the finesse of Molière with the comic power of Rabelais, it has remained a favourite even to the present day. In the original farce, the saying '*revenons à nos moutons*' occurs at least once, but in the piece as modernised by Brueys, that form of the phrase is dropped, and '*revenez à vos moutons*' is only employed. The following sketch of the story will show the droll origin of these expressions.

Patelin, an advocate, living with his family in a village near Paris, wishes to provide a good match for his daughter; but unfortunately his circumstances are so poor, and his dress so shabby, that his appearance deters all those who might otherwise become suitors. His wife is constantly reproaching him, and, driven to desperation, he determines at all hazards to provide himself with a new coat. One of his neighbours is Monsieur Guillaume, an avaricious woolen-draper, to whom Patelin has never yet spoken. He is particularly struck with a piece of cloth which is temptingly displayed in the draper's window, and hits on an ingenious expedient for obtaining a suit from it, without the disagreeable, and to him the impossible, formality of paying. He goes to his neighbour, and commences the attack by declaring his name, which he is quite sure the shop-keeper must know perfectly well. M. Guillaume declares tartly that he does not know him. 'I'll soon make him know me,' says the wily lawyer to himself. 'I have found,' he continues aloud, 'among the memoranda left by my late father, a debt which has not been paid.' Guillaume interrupts him hastily with, 'It is no affair of mine, sir; I do not owe a penny.' Patelin replies soothingly, 'No, sir; quite the contrary. My late father was the debtor; it is he who died in *your* debt—some thirty crowns or so. As I am a man of honour, sir, I have come to pay you.' This sharpens the draper's memory like magic. 'You have come to pay me, sir?' he exclaims. 'Well, now you mention it, I have a glimmering recollection of your name. O yes, I have known your family for a long time. You used to live in a neighbouring village. In fact your father and I were on the most intimate terms. I beg you a thousand pardons, my dear sir. Allow me to hand you a chair. Pray take a seat. Sit down, sir, I beg.' The subject of the debt is naturally continued. Patelin will pay it to-morrow; and looking about him, he affects to be struck for the first time with the remarkably fine colour and texture of the cloth which had attracted his attention. The draper, thrown off his guard by the prospect of receiving payment of a debt he never heard of, and susceptible of flattery through his cloth, is easily induced to cut off a suit, which is to be settled for along with the debt on the following day. The business being thus amicably arranged, Patelin puts the cloth under his robe, and takes a graceful leave, by inviting the draper to dinner. The day after, Guillaume punctually keeps his appointment, expecting a good dinner, and a sum of money to which he has no right. Arrived at Patelin's house, the advocate feigns madness, raves at his visitor, and will not answer a single question concerning the debt, the cloth, or the invitation to dinner. The draper becomes furious, and leaves the house, threatening vengeance and the full terrors of the law!

He has, however, another law-plea already on hand against his shepherd, Agnelet; for M. Guillaume is the proprietor of a quantity of sheep, the wool of which he makes into cloth. His accusation against the shepherd is, that he has been in the habit of murdering the sheep, under pretence that they are ill, and then selling them to a butcher; nor is the accuser deterred from proceeding, when he suspects Valere, his son, of conniving at and sharing the booty with the treacherous shepherd. Agnelet applies to Patelin to conduct his defence against Guillaume; and the lawyer puts him up to the scheme of playing the idiot, and whenever questioned, to say nothing but 'Bée!' He is also to enter a cross-action for supposed damages received in the head from his master's repeated thrashings.

All the parties speedily meet before the judge, and M. Guillaume determines to plead his own cause, much to Patelin's horror; for he perceives in the prosecutor his own victim, who will doubtless divulge the cheat of which he has been guilty. Not wishing to be recognised, he complains of the toothache, and holds his handkerchief to his face. Meanwhile Guillaume catches a glimpse of him, and mixing up the advocate's fraud with the case really before the bench, makes a most amusing confusion of statements—the six ells of cloth, the promised thirty crowns, and the twenty-six sheep, being jumbled together in a manner as bewildering to himself as unintelligible to the court. He opens his case by accusing Agnelet of killing and making away with twenty-six sheep; Patelin, as advocate for the defendant, affirms that the sheep died of the rot. Guillaume denies it; and adds, 'Why, he carried away yesterday from my shop six ells of cloth; and this morning, instead of paying me thirty crowns—'

*The Judge.* But what have six yards of cloth and thirty crowns to do with the case? This, as I understand it, is a question of stolen sheep.

*Guillaume.* Very true, sir; that is, as you say, another affair, which I shall come to presently. You must know, then, that I concealed myself in the sheep-house, and (aside, glancing at Patelin)—yes, it is he; I am sure of it—and, your worship, I saw this fellow approach; he sat himself down, and took a fine fat sheep, and—and—managed with his flummery and fine words to cheat me out of six ells—

*The Judge.* What! six ells of sheep?

*Guillaume.* No, no; six ells of cloth. *Him* I mean!

*The Judge.* Be good enough to drop the cloth and this gentleman for the present, and return to your sheep (*revenez à vos moutons*!)

*Guillaume.* Very well, sir. Well, then, that fellow having taken his knife out of his pocket—at least I mean my cloth. No, no, I was right at first; his knife—he—he—he—tucked the cloth under his robe, and carried it home; and this morning, in place of paying me thirty crowns, he declared he had neither cloth nor money!

Patelin laughs heartily, and the judge exclaims, 'But the sheep, I repeat—return to your sheep. I fear you are hardly in your senses. Collect yourself, I beg, and—return to your sheep.'

*Patelin.* Your worship is quite right. He does not know what he is talking about.

*Guillaume.* Indeed but I do. He has, as I before stated, stolen twenty-six sheep; and this morning, instead of paying me for six ells of cloth, best superfine iron-gray—he—he—

*The Judge.* Stop, Monsieur Guillaume, not all the courts in the kingdom could, from your statement, be made to comprehend your affair. You accuse the shepherd of having stolen twenty-six sheep, and you interlard your plea with some extraordinary allusions to six yards of cloth, thirty crowns, and other matters perfectly irrelevant. [Guillaume attempts to speak about Patelin.] What! again? Come, sir, return to your sheep, or I must release the shepherd. But I had perhaps better interrogate him myself. Approach! What is your name?

*Agnelet.* Bée!

*Guillaume.* It is false! His name is Agnelet.

*The Judge.* Agnelet or Bée, it matters little. Tell me, is it true that your master left to your charge twenty-six sheep?

*Agnelet.* Bée!

*The Judge.* He is perhaps alarmed, poor fellow. Listen, and do not be afraid to answer. Did Monsieur Guillaume find you one night killing a sheep?

*Agnelet.* Bée!

*The Judge.* What an extraordinary mode of answering!

*Patelin.* The fact is, the prosecutor has so frequently beaten the poor fellow about the skull, that his intellects are disordered.

*The Judge.* You have acted very improperly, Monsieur Guillaume.

*Guillaume.* What! done wrong? When one has stolen my cloth—and the other killed my sheep? Where are my thirty crowns?

The judge despairs of his ever returning to the sheep, and orders the case to be dismissed, leaving the unfortunate draper no redress either for the loss of his sheep or his cloth. The poor man quits the court in a transport of indignation, declaring, not without some degree of truth, that it is 'un jugement inique.'

There is a sort of under-plot, the conclusion of which is, that Guillaume's son marries Patelin's daughter, which may be supposed to cancel the fraud on the ill-used draper. Towards the conclusion of the piece, there is a droll scene between the shepherd and Patelin, who, when demanding his fee, can get only a repetition of the sound 'Bée!'—a retort which our readers will allow the advocate had properly earned by his roguery.

Such is the origin of the expression which heads this notice. The play became so popular, that the phrase *revenez à vos moutons* has been, ever since its appearance, in constant use when occasion serves for its introduction. When well performed, or well read, as we lately had the pleasure of hearing it, by M. Guillerez, in the course of some excellent lectures lately delivered by him on French literature in Edinburgh, it is felt to be one of the most successful pieces of drollery, and never fails to produce the greatest merriment in an audience.

'L'Avocat Patelin' has been transferred to the British stage under the title of the Village Lawyer.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

### PROFESSOR WALLACE.

[The following memoir is abridged from a paper which appears in the quarterly fasciculus of the Royal Astronomical Society, published February 9, 1844. So interesting a picture of natural talent and modest worth pressing its way to distinction through social difficulties, has rarely come under our attention.]

WILLIAM WALLACE, LL.D., late professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, was descended from a family in humble circumstances, which had been settled for some generations at the village of Kilconquhar, in Fifeshire. His grandfather inherited a small property, the greater part of which he lost through injudicious management. His father established himself at Dysart, a sea-coast burgh in Fife, as a manufacturer of leather and shoes for exportation, and for some years carried on a considerable trade, which, however, was ruined by the breaking out of the American war. The subject of this memoir was born at Dysart on the 23d of September 1768, and was the eldest of a numerous family.

In adverting to the circumstances of his early life, he used to relate that the first rudiments of his education were received from an aged widow in the town, who kept a school for children, and retailed small wares. About the age of seven, he was removed to a school of a better class, in which the principal branch of instruction was arithmetic. In this science, however, he had



already been grounded by his father, and had made considerable proficiency in it before he was advanced to that department in the routine of his school progress. His attendance at school—for instruction it can scarcely be called—was discontinued when he had reached the age of ten or eleven years; and, according to his own statement, all he owed to the schoolmaster was the power of reading, and of forming, in a very indifferent way, characters by writing. His knowledge of arithmetic he owed to his father, and to his own strong liking for the subject.

In 1784, when in his sixteenth year, he was sent to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a bookbinder, and after a year or two of probation, he entered upon a regular apprenticeship to this craft. But his passion for the acquisition of knowledge had been thoroughly roused by the perusal of some books which had fallen in his way, and during the period of his apprenticeship, he devoted every spare moment to reading. These moments were, however, few. His master happened to be a person who had no sympathy with literary tastes, and no other concern about his apprentices than how to extract from them the greatest amount of labour. But his father, a man of considerable intelligence, and strict religious principles, having removed with his family to Edinburgh, he had the comfort of residing, during this period, in the house of his parents, and the advantage of their society, encouragement, and moral superintendence, to which he professed himself to have been greatly indebted. His occupation, also, was in some respects favourable to the gratification of his tastes. Books of science were constantly passing through his hands, and his curiosity could not be restrained from occasionally casting a glance at their contents. He had also acquired a few mathematical books of his own; and such were his ardour and enthusiasm in their study, that it was his constant practice to take his meals with one of them in his hand, and to carry one in his pocket, to read on his way to and from the workshop. By this assiduous application, before he reached the age of twenty he had read and made himself master of Cunn's Euclid, Ronayne's Algebra, Wright's Trigonometry, Wilson's Navigation, Emerson's Fluxions, Robertson's Translation of La Hire's Conic Sections, and Keill's Astronomy. Of these books he cherished the remembrance, as the means by which he had been enabled to grope his way into the region of the mathematics.

Hitherto, Mr Wallace's efforts to acquire knowledge had been made under the most disadvantageous circumstances—without sympathy from any one but his father, and without a companion or friend to appreciate his exertions or applaud his success. But he was now approaching the turning-point of his fortunes. He happened to become acquainted with an elderly person, a carpenter by occupation, who was employed by the celebrated Dr John Robison, the professor of natural philosophy, as an assistant in his class experiments. This man, though a great reader of books, was no mathematician; but he had sat too near the feet of Gamaliel not to have imbibed a respect for the science, and for the pursuits of his young friend. With an excusable vanity, he was in the habit of boasting of his intimacy with the professor, to whom he proposed to introduce Mr Wallace. The latter, however, with great good sense, declined the kindly-meant offer until the term of his apprenticeship had expired, when, though still with some diffidence and hesitation, he was prevailed upon to take advantage of it. Armed with a letter from his humble patron, he waited upon the professor, who received him with great kindness, examined him with respect to his proficiency in geometry and the conic sections, and inquired into the circumstances of his life, and the means by which he had made so much progress in the mathematics. In the course of the conversation, Dr Robison considerably took occasion to warn him that the study of mathematics was not likely to lead to anything advantageous in the world: the reply was, that he was aware of the fact; but being, as it seemed,

doomed to a life of labour, he hoped to sweeten the cup by the pleasure to be derived from the possession of knowledge. The interview ended with an invitation from the professor to attend the course of lectures on natural philosophy then about to begin. Sensible as he was of the advantages which he could not fail to derive from such instruction, it required no small sacrifice on his part to accept the offer; for, being then employed as a journeyman, the time thus occupied could only be commanded by the abstraction of an equal portion from his hours of rest or sleep. Every difficulty, however, gave way before a determined will. The class was diligently attended; and he has been heard to say, that if he were asked which had been the happiest period of his existence, he would refer to that at which he attended the lectures on natural philosophy, when, for the first time in his life, he had the means of receiving sound instruction, and found himself in the company of young men devoted to the pursuit of knowledge.

Dr Robison's next act of kindness was to introduce him to his colleague, Mr Playfair, the professor of mathematics. Mr Playfair was no less struck with the extent of his acquirements, and likewise offered him admission to the mathematical class. But attendance on two classes in one day being, in his circumstances, entirely out of the question, he was under the necessity of declining the offer, much, it may readily be believed, to his regret. Mr Playfair, however, from this first interview, took a warm interest in his welfare, advised him with respect to the course of reading he should follow, supplied him with books from his own library, and continued his steadfast friend through life.

These details may appear trivial, or unnecessarily minute, but it can never be wholly uninteresting to trace the steps by which distinction in science or literature has been obtained, when opposed by obstacles which might seem, and in ordinary cases prove to be, insurmountable. To the individual we are commemorating they were all-important: some may receive encouragement from his example; and science itself is placed in an advantageous light when we see men so eminent as Professors Robison and Playfair taking trouble with, and giving help and encouragement to, a friendless young man, who had no claim on their good offices, and no other recommendation to them than his successful struggles in acquiring the elements of those sciences which they themselves cultivated with such distinguished success. On the other hand, the merit must have been of no ordinary kind which, to persons of their experience, appeared so remarkable.

About the time he was attending Dr Robison's lectures, he was induced, by the prospect of having the command of a greater portion of time than had yet been at his disposal, to exchange his occupation for that of warehouseman in a printing-office. While in this occupation Dr Robison paid him a visit, and proposed to him to give private lessons in geometry to one of his pupils. This proposal opened up a new prospect to him, and admitted the first gleam of hope of his being able to emancipate himself from the drudgery of manual labour. He now also began to acquire a knowledge of Latin, and in this, as in the study of mathematics, his manner of turning time and opportunity to account, may afford encouragement to those who are in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A part of his duty in the printing-office was to collect the successive sheets of a work from a series of heaps arranged round a circuit of tables. While engaged in this monotonous occupation, he fixed up upon the wall a Latin vocabulary, from which he committed to memory a certain number of words every time he passed it in making his round. In his study of Latin, however, he received assistance from a student, to whom, in return, he gave instruction in mathematics.

After he had been engaged a few months in the printing-office, he entered into the employment of one of the principal booksellers of Edinburgh in the capacity of shopman. This change was advantageous in several

respects. His circumstances were now considerably improved, and he found leisure not only to pursue his favourite studies, but to increase his stock of knowledge by general reading, and even to give private lessons in mathematics in the evenings. While in this situation, he contrived to get a few lessons in French, and commenced his acquaintance with the works of the continental mathematicians.

In 1793, while in his twenty-fifth year, he took the resolution to give up his employment, and support himself by teaching mathematics privately. This plan probably succeeded to the full extent of his moderate expectations. He now attended a course of lectures by Professor Playfair, and although, as the course was intended for an audience far behind him in mathematical acquirements, he had little to learn, the example of Playfair's manner—dignified, eloquent, and impressive, in a degree rarely equalled—was of great use to him in after-life. At the same time he also attended a course of chemistry, and by assiduous diligence endeavoured to repair, to the utmost of his power, the deficiencies of his early education.

In 1794, Mr Wallace, on the recommendation of Professor Playfair, was appointed to the office of assistant teacher of mathematics in the academy at Perth. In respect of emolument, the appointment was of no great value; but it gave him a settlement in life, with reasonable leisure to prosecute his mathematical studies, of which he did not fail to take advantage. [He now began to write original mathematical papers for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and to employ himself as a compiler of articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In 1802, when he was only thirty-four years of age, the *Edinburgh Review* placed some of his productions side by side with those of Euler and Lagrange.] Mr Wallace had been for several years a contributor to some of the periodical publications in England in which mathematical questions were proposed, as *Leybourn's Repository*, the *Gentleman's Mathematical Companion*, and others of the same class. To this circumstance he attributed an incident which had an important influence on his future life. In 1803 he received a letter, under a feigned name, in which he was informed that an instructor in mathematics was wanted for the Royal Military College, then established at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire, and recommended, if he thought of being a candidate for the office, to make an immediate application. Inquiry being made in the proper quarter, the information was found to be correct; but he ascertained also that it would be necessary to make his application in person. In matters affecting his own interests the disposition of his mind was not sanguine; and, as in the present case he had no influence to employ, and no other recommendation to carry with him than his skill in mathematics, his chances of success appeared so small, that he would have been deterred by the length and inconveniences of the journey from thinking more of the subject, had he not been encouraged by his friend Professor Playfair. On his arrival at the Military College, he found there were several competitors; but the persons who had to decide on the respective qualifications of the candidates gave their decision in his favour, and he was accordingly appointed to the office.

Mr Wallace held this appointment upwards of sixteen years, during which period the whole of his leisure time was unremittingly devoted to scientific study and literary labour, the fruits of which appear chiefly in his numerous contributions to the two great *Encyclopædias* then publishing in Edinburgh. This species of writing, which is not particularly well adapted to form the basis of a permanent reputation, was in a manner forced upon him by the circumstances of his position. On his appointment to the Perth academy he had married; and after he joined the Military College, his family began to increase rapidly. The inconveniences he had suffered from the defects of his own early education rendered him only more solicitous that his children should not labour under any disadvantages in this respect, and, as

they grew up, he placed them at schools in Edinburgh. His official income being insufficient for this expense, he was led to engage in the works now referred to rather with a view to add to his means, and to enable him to discharge a sacred duty, than for the sake of any distinction he was likely to get by them. No individual, perhaps, was ever less influenced by considerations of a worldly nature, or more ready to bestow time and labour upon objects from which he could neither receive nor expect any remuneration whatever.

[Meanwhile his original mathematical papers were still continued, and he took upon himself the whole trouble, as he deserves the whole merit, of getting an astronomical observatory added to the establishment at Great Marlow.] In 1819 a vacancy occurred in the mathematical chair of the university of Edinburgh through the death of Professor Playfair, and the appointment of Mr Leslie to succeed him in that of natural philosophy, and Mr Wallace resolved on presenting himself as a candidate. The patronage belongs to the magistrates of the city, who, having in general no pretensions to be capable of estimating degrees of merit in abstract science, necessarily form their opinions from the testimony of others, or notions of general fitness, and are liable to be acted upon by influences of various kinds. In the present case a very keen contest took place, for another competitor (a man of general talent and great respectability, though unknown as a mathematician) was strenuously supported by a strong political party. The struggle terminated, however, in Mr Wallace's election by a large majority of the voters. This was the crowning object of his ambition. Ever since his appointment to the Perth academy, he had fixed his regards on a professorship in a Scottish university as the goal of all his exertions; but his elevation to the chair of the Gregorys, of Maclaurin, Matthew Stewart, and Playfair, probably did not enter at that period into his most sanguine anticipations.

Mr Wallace had reached the age of fifty-one when he was appointed to the mathematical professorship in Edinburgh; but he still retained, both mentally and bodily, all the energy and activity of his younger years. He held the office till 1838, when he resigned on account of ill health, having been unable to perform his duties in person during the three previous sessions. Upon his resignation, the honorary title of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the university, and at the same time he received a pension from government, which he enjoyed during the few remaining years of his life, in consideration, as the warrant stated, of his attainments in science and literature, and his valuable services, up to a very advanced period of life, first in the Military College, and afterwards at the university of Edinburgh.

For some years after his establishment in Edinburgh, a considerable portion of his time was occupied in the preparation of his lectures, on which he bestowed great pains. When the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was commenced, he undertook the revision of all the mathematical papers he had contributed, as well as some of those which had been written by Dr Robison; and several of the more important treatises, particularly algebra, conic sections, and fluxions, were remodelled, and almost entirely re-written. [From this time till the close of his life he was diligent, moreover, in adding to the stores of mathematical knowledge. Having also a turn for mechanical inventions, he produced an instrument called the *Eidograph*, answering the same purposes as the common pantograph, to which, however, it is greatly superior, both in the extent of its applications and the accuracy of its performance; for while the similarity of the copy to the original, in all its parts, is preserved with geometrical accuracy, the copy may be reduced or enlarged in almost any proportion; or, by a particular modification of the instrument, it may even be reversed, and transferred immediately to metal or stone. Mr Wallace was also mainly instrumental in the erection of the obser-

vatory at Edinburgh. After a eulogium upon his writings, the memoir thus draws to a close.] Professor Wallace was not more distinguished by his mental endowments than for his moral virtues and private worth. In every relation of life his conduct was exemplary. In his family and domestic circle he was greatly beloved. In his general intercourse with the world he was upright, sincere, and independent. In society, his habitual cheerfulness and good humour, amiable manners, benevolent disposition, and a never-failing fund of anecdote, rendered him a delightful companion and a universal favourite. Generous and liberal in all his sentiments, he entertained no envy of the discoveries of his contemporaries; no jealousy of the reputation of younger men; but was ready at all times to applaud and encourage merit wherever, and in whatever shape, it made its appearance. For such of his pupils as manifested any remarkable capacity or application, he entertained an esteem almost amounting to affection; and he was always ready to use his influence, which was considerable, in order to forward their views in life, or render them any service. In every measure affecting the public good, or the scientific renown of his country, he took a warm interest. He was the means of procuring a monument to be erected in Edinburgh to Napier, the celebrated inventor of logarithms; and the last occupation of his life was to investigate the administration of some of the public charities of the city.

Mr Wallace was one of the original non-resident Fellows of this society. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; a Corresponding Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers; an Honorary Member of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; and a few weeks before his death he was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy. After an illness which had for several years prevented him from mixing in society, he died at his residence in Edinburgh on the 28th of April 1843, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, respected by all, and sincerely regretted by a wide circle of personal friends.

#### CURIOUS INDIAN TRADITION.

Some two hundred miles in the interior of the republic of Texas, where the flat interminable prairies have ceased, the rolling country has commenced, and the evergreen summits of the verdant and flowery hills are in sight, was built not long since, on the very skirt of the territory of the fiercest and most turbulent Indian tribes, a small town to which the name of Austin was given. For its healthy locality it was selected as the seat of government of the republic, and it gave every prospect of becoming one of the most populous and active, as it is the most lovely city in this exceedingly picturesque and beautiful country. Situated in a gently sloping valley on the banks of the wild Colorado, just below the cataracts, and surrounded on all sides by groves of trees, green hillocks, and sparkling fountains, it lies in quiet seclusion, almost hid from the sight of the passing stranger. In fact, the only object to be seen at a distance is the president's house, a white neat building on the top of a little hill. Not far from the town, gushing from the broad fissure in the rocky base of a hill, and falling into a deep natural basin, almost like a well, is a pure and delicious fountain, known as Barton's Spring. Perhaps no water was ever more truly cool and refreshing. Surrounded on all sides by rocks or lofty trees, interminable groves of which branch off on three sides, it does not feel the effect of the sun's rays but during a very short period of the afternoon, when, through a large opening between certain lofty and stately cedars, the beams of the great luminary fall upon the spring, and gild its sparkling and virgin waters with every tint of the rainbow. This lasts during about three quarters of an hour, when the sun sinking still lower, its rays are utterly concealed from the fall. This has given rise to a most curious and characteristic superstition on the part of the many tribes of Indians who at different times have camped near the spring. In ages gone by, say they, during a severe and terrible storm, of which they profess merely to hand down the tradition, a more than usually gorgeous rainbow was

driven along with such force against the base of the hill from whence the spring gushes, as to shiver the rocks, and give place unto the water which instantly welled forth. They farther add, that the rainbow received equal damage with the more durable material, and being shattered to pieces, the fragments were mingled with the fountains, and caused the prismatic colours which, though brought out by the sun, are ever resident in the translucent body of the fountain; and the tints of the rainbow were blent with the wave. Both town and fountain are now abandoned to the aborigines, the war with Mexico having so weakened the resources of the government as to render them incapable of defending their infant capital from the assaults of the Indian marauder.

#### ANGLO-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men; their settlers pay more for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets. Wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them; and, after a little intercourse with them, I was not surprised that it should be so, for the more I travelled through the country, the more was I struck with the remarkable average intelligence which prevails. I never met a stupid American; I never met one man from whose conversation much information might not be gained, or who did not appear familiar with life and business, and qualified to make his way in them. There is one singular proof of the general energy and capacity for business which early habits of self-dependence have produced; almost every American understands politics, takes a lively interest in them (though many abstain, under discouragement or disgust, from taking a practical part), and is familiar not only with the affairs of his own township or county, but with those of the state and of the union; almost every man reads about a dozen newspapers every day, and will talk to you for hours if you will listen to him, about the tariff, and the bank, and the Ashburton treaty. Now, anywhere else the result of all this would be the neglect of private business; not so here; an American seems to have time not only for his own affairs, but for those of the commonwealth, and to find it easy to reconcile the apparently inconsistent pursuits of a bustling politician and a steady man of business. Such a union is rarely to be met with in England—never on the continent. —*Godley's Letters from America.*

#### THE MULBERRY-TREE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

THE Mulberry-tree, the Mulberry-tree!  
No child of the wood so wise as she;  
For the spring may come, and the spring may go,  
And her hastier mates in beauty glow,  
Yet still she waits her fitting time,  
Till summer hath reached its sunny prime.  
Prudent, patient Mulberry-tree!  
What child of the wood so wise as she?

But when chill spring hath passed away,  
She quickly buddeth without delay,  
Soon decketh herself in her summer charms,  
And flingeth her dress o'er her naked arms;  
And her ample leaf unfolds at last,  
And her purple fruit doth ripen fast.  
Active, ardent Mulberry-tree!  
No child of the wood so wise as she.

Fain would I make such wisdom mine,  
Prudence and vigour thus combine;  
Not blindly rash when dangers lour,  
Nor slow in duty's sunny hour;  
Still wait with patience, plan with care,  
Yet prompt to act, and bold to dare.  
Thus I'd be like the Mulberry-tree;  
Happy, thrice happy, if wise as she.

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## WHAT IS POETRY?

THIS question has been often asked, but never very satisfactorily answered, partly owing to the ordinary difficulties of definition, and partly to the variances of men's minds with regard to the matter in question. As repeated failures form no good reason for another declining to make still a new attempt, we shall try what we can do to satisfy our readers upon the subject.

Poetry, we would say, is, without any regard to verse or prose forms, that department of literature which refers to whatever is beyond common perception and reason, and whatever is above the ordinary in our experiences, our ideas and their associations, and also in our sentiments. A very little explanation will show how the mental faculties are concerned in both prose and poetry.

There are faculties in the mind, of great utility, and most needful for important ends in life, the purpose of which is to form correct ideas merely of what exists, and of things as they exist, and to reason correctly with regard to these. Such faculties have their literature, but there is nothing elevated or fine about it: it is simply prose. As is well known, there are minds chiefly given to the exercise of these faculties, to the neglect of everything else; which delight exclusively in matters of fact, and in regarding things barely as they are; which judge rigidly of all things as they do actually bear upon each other, and plod for ever amongst material interests. These are prosaic minds—great minds they may be in their own line; but still, the thoughts produced by them are essentially prosaic. Many scientific and philosophic men are of this character almost solely; and it is the lot of a vast portion of ordinary men to spend life in such a constant round of commonplace duties, that their minds never get any higher. Such minds, as they excooperate nothing of an ideal character, so neither are they capable of enjoying it when it is presented by others. Newton sees no value in Shakespeare, because he proves nothing; and the town council of Greenock condemns the art of poetry, because it produces none of the ordinary profits attending other arts.

But there is much in this world beyond common perception and reason; and for all that is so, there are appropriate faculties in our intellectual and sentimental nature. All things, besides having each its own exact cognizable character, are related to each other by analogies and resemblances in endless and often mystic complexity. There may be a very simple kind of resemblance, as between a red cheek and the rose, a full pair of lips and the cherry, a white neck and the lily, and so forth. It is poetical to point out such resemblances, but simply because of there being a recognised beauty in the objects to which those spoken of

are likened. Hence arise the terms rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and thousands of others, time out of mind constituting the ~~poetry~~ <sup>poetry</sup> magazine of the poet. The resemblance may be more compound, and also more vague, or remote from common perceptions. For example, the stars, as spread over the sky, are somewhat like the flowers spread over the ground. One might therefore speak of the stars as the flowers of the sky, and of the flowers as the stars of the earth. This would be poetry. Or abstract ideas may be concerned. For instance, the remembrance of a first love may long survive in the mind, giving a melancholy grace to a nature which, from other circumstances, was rude and unsocial. This might be likened to a single pensive-branched tree adorning a sort of wilderness. That would be poetical. It might be spoken of as adorning the desert of the heart; which would be still more so. To this department of poetry belong allegories and apologues. Allegorical characters and objects constituted almost the sole stock of the English poets of a particular period. We have them in infinite profusion in Spenser. The Pilgrim's Progress is a combination of finely sustained allegories. As an example—sin is described as a *burden*, which continues to oppress Christian's shoulders till he reaches the foot of the cross. A fit of low spirits in his subsequent career is personated as *Giant Despair* seizing him and confining him in a dungeon. Moral fables are founded upon these resemblances between the actual and the abstract. For instance, the familiar idea of a benefactor, injured by one whom he has cherished into the power of inflicting the injury, is perfectly represented in the alleged fact of a countryman taking up a snake almost lifeless with cold, and reviving it in his bosom, until it rewards his kindness by a bite. These resemblances and analogies of things constitute a large department of poetry, though some authors deal much less in them than others. On this point, as on many others in literature, fashion exercises much control. Regular similes, beginning 'as when,' once abounded in verse; now they are never seen. It is ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> to be best to weave in the two parts of the comparison more thoroughly with each other. Amongst living English poets, Moore is the most remarkable for comparison.

Many things are too multiform or vast to be fully grasped by the perceptive and reasoning powers; and what some minds can comprehend, or have had opportunities of acquiring a thorough knowledge of, are but feebly seen and reasoned about by others. Whatever things in any mind go beyond the range of the perceptive and reasoning powers, fall into the domain of a sentimental faculty—wonder—which is usually very much delighted to receive them. Some minds, it is true, are so fond of exact knowledge, that, where they are ignorant or unable to see causes, they steadily repress the

operation of wonder; but this is the rare case of only a few philosophical minds. To the great mass, the exercise of wonder is but too agreeable, tending to prevent them from making proper efforts to attain precise knowledge. In many cases, however, the exercise of wonder is unavoidable, in consequence of the absolute incapacity of the mind to grasp ideas. For example, though a single soldier is a readily formed idea, we cannot readily form the idea of an army of a million, like that of Xerxes or Napoleon. Such an army becomes accordingly a theme of wonder, and a legitimate subject of poetry. So, also, we all understand what a mile is; but no one can form an idea of the distance of Sirius, twenty millions of millions of miles. The whole idea of the sublime, about which books have been written, is here explained: it lies merely in the excess of things beyond the ready apprehension of the perceptive and reasoning powers; all this excess falling under the charge of wonder. Another familiar example is in Time: present, it is matter for the perceptive faculties; past, it escapes them, and becomes a proper theme for wonder. Hence we always feel that there is a poetry in the olden time, the days of other years; and from a sympathy in our ideas, we think of everything as being then fairer, purer, wiser, better, though rigid reason assures us of the reverse. So, also, whatever we cannot readily trace to causes, becomes wonderful in our eyes, and false causes are often assigned by the imagination. Hence the numberless superstitions and mythologies of mankind from first to last, all of them having a poetical character, or at least being capable of being viewed in a poetical light. Examples were here needless; but we may remark that, as the minds of individuals, of nations, and of mankind at large, advance, there is a constant flow of things out of the domain of wonder into that of the perceptive faculties. Matter of wonder is perpetually turning into matter of knowledge. The domain of poetry, it may be thought, is thus getting always more and more limited; but it is not so in reality, and this is because every step we take in knowledge only introduces us to a wider extent and higher range of the unknown, on which our wonder has occasion for only increased exercise. As an illustration—the northern lights are regarded by the ignorant peasantry of Sweden and some adjacent countries as a grand hunting match of certain ideal beings—they are spoken of as the Wild Huntsmen: this is poetical; but when we abandon this idea, and, looking to science for information, learn that these brilliant coruscations are produced by electric agency, we do not cease to find in them matter of poetry. On the contrary, in reflecting on them as natural phenomena, and connecting them with a wondrous agent which wears the names of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, only as so many various vizards, we have much more grand conceptions of these appearances, and are, as it were, raised from a first to a second heaven of the poetical. So, also, the circles of brighter and fresher greenward, enclosed by a line bare of herbage, which are in ignorance esteemed as ball-rooms of the fairies, and called fairy-circles, form, in that state of our minds, a poetical idea: in time, we learn that these objects are simply the result of the mode of propagation of a species of agaric or fungus, and have perhaps a providential end in the renewing of the grasses on old pastures. Is this necessarily a prosaic idea? No. If we connect the second cause with the First, we shall find that knowledge on this subject only substitutes a grand for a simple poem in our minds. The elimination of all truth is attended by similar effects. The superstition dies, only that there may be raised from its ashes a more glorious birth of ideas, beautiful as they are true. It is only in the transition that we have reason to fear for a loss of the poetical. When we have ascended to the mountaintops of truth, and looked round us, we feel that in our extended view we have found a poetry infinitely exceeding in interest that which we have put beneath our feet.

Our definition of poetry includes also whatever is

beyond the ordinary in our experiences, our ideas and their associations, and also in our sentiments. The daily routine of life, its various duties, its various comforts, are not in general poetical. No man feels his trade to be poetical, not even the shepherd or the ploughman. The Circassian does not feel his warlike life in the resistance to Russia poetical. These things only acquire a poetical character when regarded objectively, and at a distance, when there is some aid to their effect in certain prepossessions of our minds, or when the literary artist makes such a judicious selection of them, and presents them with such associations as to impose upon us. Thus it is that humble life, usually unpleasing from its mean circumstances, captivates us in the Cotter's Saturday Night. Apart from artistic selection and association, experiences in life only are poetical when they are of an extraordinary kind. Thus, the poorest labourer's death is poetical. Thus, the return of a sailor boy to his cottage home, after a long voyage, is poetical. So, also, is the language used by the humblest persons, when they speak under the pressure of strong or passionate feeling: take as an example the evil forebodings of Meg Merrilees to the Laird of Ellangowan when forced to leave his estate. There are romantic situations and special exigencies in life which the literary artist feels to be poetical, and of which he accordingly makes use. For examples, we have only to refer to history, biography, and the records of domestic anecdote; or to the pages of the fictionist, in which such things are given either real or stipulated. It is hardly necessary to observe, that merely to be extraordinary, is not to be poetical. Many extraordinary ideas and sentiments are ludicrous and mean. To be poetical, it is necessary that they should partake of another character, which we are now to advert to as an element of poetry.

This is the principle of beauty—that undefinable but always unmistakable peculiarity which all minds of a certain degree of cultivation have a pleasure in contemplating. There is an inherent beauty in many of the objects of nature, also in the manner in which things exist, and are associated, for which a faculty of the mind is adapted, and this same quality we readily recognise in ideas and sentiments, and also in their associations. To physical and moral beauty the mind of the true poet is keenly alive. The flower-besprent earth, the lustrous glories of the heavens by day and night, the loveliness of youthful and innocent woman, the splendours of noble artificial scenes, the pomps of war, of regal triumphs, and of imaginative religions—all these things attract and arrest him; nor is he less delighted to survey the beauty of gentleness, courtesy, justice, truth, sanctity, and all other fine abstractions. These become to him, of course, materials for his art, and accordingly of such things has poetry been composed since its very dawn amongst civilised men.

Such may be said to be an outline—perhaps a very faint, but still in the main a faithful one—of the constituents of poetry. What, again, are its uses? Believing that everything in nature has legitimate uses, we must believe poetry to have such too, since it clearly has a place in nature. Can we be far wrong in assigning to poetry the purpose of, in the first place, entertaining, and, in the second, refining and elevating us, by the representations which it gives of all that is ultra-commonplace, and lofty, and beautiful, in the physical and moral world? Most men are forced to spend their time chiefly amongst the actual and the homely, for the duties of life and society cannot be otherwise performed. But a life of the Real alone, satisfies no one. We have an imaginative nature also, which craves its appropriate food and associations. See, under the influence of this power, how the youngest children that can walk and speak, even when left entirely alone, unite to make up a representative or dramatic life, and never are two minutes at a time themselves! To the same cause may be ascribed the pleasure we take in the half untrue parades of the social world, in this respect well called a

masquerade. There must, indeed, be illusion in life, or it would apparently be unendurable. Now, poetical literature is one of the means of gratifying this part of our nature, and a very convenient means too, since the mere reading of a book gives us all we want, and saves us the necessity of taking our illusions in a substantial form, by making them part of our own lives. And it becomes very obvious, from its accordance with the educative principle, that, if the poetry presented daily as the imaginative food of any human being, be a concentration of the beautiful in imagery and sentiment, it will enliven, excite, and strengthen those parts of his nature, and proportionately advance him in the scale of intellectual and moral being. All reverence, then, to the lyre, provided it be attuned only to songs which are lovely and pure, and be not made, instead of the occasional amusement, the engrossing business of life!

There are great differences in the tastes of different individuals and different ages with regard to poetry. Some men are heard denying that to be at all poetical in which others see much poetry. For example, much of the verse of Pope is now denied by many to be poetry, although in his own time it was universally received as such, and by many has ever been so. The cause of this discrepancy of opinion is mere partiality of judgment. It is now the tendency of most cultivated minds, with regard to poetry, to look chiefly to the ideas and sentiments, and little to the language in which these are expressed. Seeing that Pope mainly adverts to the artificial world, these persons conceive that he does not write poetry, overlooking that, in the fine selection of phraseology, and its musical arrangement, as well as in the references to what is elegant in life, and moral and aspiring in conduct, and even in the polished sarcasms launched at whatever is the reverse, we have, in the writings of the Twickenham bard, truly poetic elements, though not of the kind now most in vogue. On the other hand, fashion in Pope's time made men look to these latter features alone, and liberal natures can still admit their beauty, even while the absence of more poetical qualities is deplored. So, also, many rashly express a doubt whether the metrical works of Scott are poetry, missing in them the high strain of sentiment which they are disposed to regard exclusively in that light, and failing to see that in the incidents and descriptions of this wondrous fictionist, and even in his antiquarianism, there is a poetry of the richest kind. The present age is thought to be less given to poetry in general than many which have preceded it, and certainly of the large quantity of this kind of literature produced, there is very little which attracts much attention. It is thought to be an anti-spiritual age—an age engrossed by material interests and social improvements. The voice of the muse is lost in the clank of the steam-engine, and the worship of Apollo sinks beneath that of Plutus. But perhaps there is great fallacy in these conclusions, and it might be as easily shown that the vast mechanical, scientific, and social improvements for which the age is remarkable, constitute in themselves an employment for many of the poetical class of minds, as well as a theme of quasi-poetical contemplation for the great body of the public; thus precluding the necessity for the exertions of merely literary poets.

We are sensible that this definition of poetry must be far from satisfying the class of minds accustomed to analyse thought; but we are at the same time certain that a more profound inquiry into the subject would fail altogether of effect in the present place. If what has been said shall be found to convey to the bulk of ordinary readers some definite idea of the main constituents of poetry, we shall have accomplished our chief object. Perhaps a more limited utility may be served in showing to the numberless persons who aspire to the honours of the poet, what qualities and powers are required from them before they can have the least chance of attaining their end. All may rhyme and scribble; but to how few out of the bulk of mankind can it be given to compose thoughts, the first requisites of which

are that they be new, striking, and beautiful, and for the expression of which it is further necessary that there be gifts and acquirements in language infinitely above those required for common purposes. Let the young verse-writer consider all this, and pause before he spends on a vain pursuit time which, devoted to the genuine means of mental cultivation and enlightenment, might render him perhaps a more than usually respectable member of society.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

AN EVENING PARTY AT M. NECKER'S IN 1790.

THE destruction of the Bastille, attended as it was by political consequences, marked the era of a great change in the society of Paris, to which I had been a short while before introduced. Notwithstanding the occurrence of disorders amongst the populace, there was a general feeling of satisfaction with the change. The Parisians, gay, fickle, and voluptuous at that time, as they have ever since been, had begun to mingle together without regard to castes and classes, and it had become customary to meet, at all great parties, the men eminent for talent and public services, as well as those whose distinction lay in mere rank. It was universally acknowledged by such of the nobility themselves as had remained after the first emigration, that this was a great improvement.

The parties given at the house of M. Necker, where his daughter, Madame de Staël, presided, were of the highest brilliancy, being attended by a great number of persons of distinction, both foreign and French, as well as by the principal men of science and literature of the time, and all those who had come into notice in consequence of the recent political movements. The particular party of which I am now to speak, was given to celebrate the anniversary of the return of the great minister to Paris—an event still looked back to as auspicious to France. On this occasion there were assembled the whole *élite* of the day, fresh from assisting at the Federation on the Champs de Mars. Conducted thither by my tutor, Condorcet, I had no sooner entered the suite of splendid drawing-rooms, than I found myself in the midst of all who were then busied in forming the national history. Count Mirabeau, Monseigneur Perigord (Talleyrand), Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, Alexander Lameth, Adrian Duport, and several others, were conversing animatedly together. The venerable astronomer Lalande, Bartheleny, author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, the illustrious mathematician Lagrange, Marmontel, so well known by his tales, with M. Monge, and the Marquis of Fontvieille (the infamous St Just), were grouped around Madame de Staël and the Marchioness La-Tour-du-Pin. The Comte Lanjuinais, and MM. Malesherbes, Camille Jourdon, Barnave, and Target, were in warm conversation with the Duc La Rochefoucault Liancourt. My countryman, the celebrated Allieri, was reciting some of his poetry to a group of ladies, with the air and gestures of a maniac. At an extremity of the room, towards the garden, was a group apparently in conversation on serious topics, and composed of M. Necker himself, Montmorin, with some other ministers, and the Marquis Lafayette, with some of his staff-officers of the national guard.

The handsome Viscount Montmorency—the favourite of our hostess—the Marquis La-Tour-du-Pin, the Marshall Beauvan, with MM. Dupuy, Volney, the dramatist Defaucherets, and the painter David, were admiring an original painting of Raphael, which hung opposite the entrance of the front drawing-room, and David was the spokesman of the party.

However, Madame de Staël, dressed as a Greek heroine, and seated on a magnificent ottoman almost in the centre of the room, formed decidedly the principal point of attraction, both as being our hostess, and the acknowledged lioness-in-chief of the Fauxbourg St Germain.



With my venerated conductor I joined the party of Necker and Lafayette; but very few minutes had elapsed when the usher announced Madame la Vicomtesse Beauharnais, who, being then separated from her husband, was accompanied by Messieurs Kellerman and Jourdan, and by her beautiful little son Eugene, then about eight years of age. Soon after, the highly-scented and highly-affected Madame de Genlis, with the Duc de Chartres (now king of the Frénch), also Madame Campan, and other ladies and gentlemen of the court and of the Palais Royal, were introduced; and about ten o'clock the party formed not only a fine *coup d'œil*, but a truly extraordinary assembly of remarkable men and women. The different groups now began to mingle together, to converse loudly and facetiously. Wit and raillery were often made use of by the fair, and hilarity and good humour pervaded the whole society, while a profusion of all sorts of refreshments and delicacies were circulating amongst the guests without interruption. But one thing was rather painfully remarkable, that, with the exception of the American and Swiss diplomatists, none of the foreign ambassadors honoured the party with their presence.

About eleven o'clock, the hum and confusion of the assembly were succeeded by order; the talkative guests resumed their respective seats, and a musical entertainment was commenced by Madame de Staël taking her place at the piano, while Madame de Beauharnais seated herself at the harp, in order to play with our hostess a charming duet of Jommelli. While they were performing their parts with the skill and taste for which they were noted, two rather indifferent-looking guests arrived, who, to avoid disturbing the music, took their seats beside the entrance-door.

The performance being ended, and both ladies having deservedly received the thanks and compliments of all, a rather shabbily-dressed old gentleman, followed by a very plainly-habited little, thin, and pale young man, approached the throne of the queen of the party, while all the company, and especially myself, had their eyes fixed upon them. The old man was then unknown to me, but well known to all the assembly; but the little, thin, and pale young man had never been seen before in any society, and, with the exception of Monge and Lagrange, nobody knew him. The old gentleman, who was the celebrated Abbé Raynal, then the leader of the historico-philosophical school of France, presented to Madame de Staël, as a young protégé of his, *M. Napoleon Bonaparte*. All the lions and lionesses shrugged their shoulders, made a kind of grimace of astonishment at hearing such a plebeian name, and, unmindful of the little, thin, and pale young gentleman, each resumed his conversation and amusement.

Raynal and Bonaparte remained beside Madame de Staël, and I soon observed that Mesdames Beauharnais, La-Tour-du-Pin, Campan, and the other ladies, not excepting the affected Madame de Genlis, formed a group around them. Condorcet, Alfieri, and myself, joined this party. The abbé spoke of his protégé as a very promising, highly talented, very industrious, and well-read young man, and particularly mentioned his extraordinary attainments in mathematics, military science, and historical knowledge. He then informed Madame de Staël that Bonaparte had left the service in consequence of having been ill-treated by his colonel, but that he wished now to re-obtain a commission, because for the future merit and skill, and not intrigue and favouritism, would be necessary for gaining rank and honour in France.

Josephine Beauharnais, who had been attentively hearing all, and who at the same time had been minutely examining the countenance of Bonaparte, with that grace and unaffected kindness that were so natural to her, said, 'M. L'Abbé, I should feel great pleasure, indeed, if M. Bonaparte will allow me to introduce and recommend him to the minister of war, who is one of my most intimate friends.' The thin and pale little gentleman very politely accepted the offer; and ani-

mated probably by the prospect of a speedy appointment, soon began to show in his conversation that at the top of his little body Providence had placed a head that contained a great and extraordinary mind. In a short time the great lions, moved by curiosity, flocked around to hear what was going on. Mirabeau was one of the curious; and Madame de Staël, as soon as she saw him approaching, said, with a smile, 'M. le Comte, come here; we have got a little great man; I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are naturally fond of men of genius.' The ceremony having been performed, the pale little gentleman shook hands with the great Count de Mirabeau, who, I must say, did not appear as stooping to him, but conducted himself with all due politeness. Now political chit-chat was introduced; and the future emperor of France took part in the discussions, and often received much praise for his lively remarks. When Mirabeau and the Bishop of Autun began to debate with Madame de Staël on the character and talents of Pitt, then prime minister of England, and the former styled him 'a statesman of preparations,' and 'a minister who governed more by his threats than by his deeds,' Bonaparte openly showed his disapprobation of such an opinion. But when the Bishop of Autun praised Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors and of the executive, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe, because by so doing they had shown that men, by becoming soldiers, did not cease to be citizens, Bonaparte said, 'Excuse me, monseigneur, if I dare to interrupt you; but as I am an officer, I beg to speak my mind. It is true that I am a very young man, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address an audience composed of so many great men; but as, during the last three years, I have paid the most intense attention to all our political troubles and phases, and as I see with sorrow the present state of our country, I will expose myself to censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound, but subversive of all established governments. As much as any of you, I wish to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights and immunities, annulled; nay, as I am at the beginning of my career, and without wealth or powerful friends, it will be my duty and my best policy to support the progress of popular institutions, and to forward improvement in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and seen our best men divided into factions which promise to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, more than ever, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay, I apprehend that, if our troops are not compelled strictly to obey the orders of the executive, we shall soon feel the excesses of a democratic torrent, which must render France the most miserable country of the globe. The ministers may be assured, that if, by these and other means, the growing arrogance of the Parisian canaille is not repressed, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots now working for the weal of France, will sink beneath a set of leaders who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality only a set of savages, worse than the Nereoes of old!'

This speech of the hitherto unknown youth, delivered with an air of authority which seemed natural to the speaker, caused a deep sensation. I remember seeing Lalande, Lacretelle, and Barthélemy, gazing at him with the most profound attention. Necker, St Priest, and Lafayette, looked at each other with an uneasy air. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand and Gregoire, who appeared sheepish, downcast, and displeased. Alfieri, notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, and his natural dislike for young men's harangues, paid not only attention to the speaker, but seemed

delighted; and Condorcet nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the little, thin, pale young gentleman.

When he concluded, Madame de Staël, with her usual gravity, addressing the Abbé Raynal, warmly thanked him for having introduced to her so precocious and so truly wonderful a politician and statesman; and then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, 'I hope, gentlemen, that you will take a warning from what you have heard.' In short, this slender youth, who had come to the party a perfect nonentity, became all of a sudden the prime lion and the object of general remark.

But the individual most affected and most pleased of all was the Abbé Raynal. The countenance of this good old man manifested the rapturous feelings of his mind in witnessing the triumph of his young protégé, who, a few weeks after, through Madame de Beauharnais, obtained a new commission. Raynal lived to hear of the splendid exploits of Bonaparte at the taking of Toulon, to witness his conquest of the Convention in 1795, to hear of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and also of his being named commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, in February 1796. Had he lived a few days longer, he would probably have assisted at his marriage with Madame the Vicomtesse Josephine de Beauharnais, for the nuptials took place on the 9th of March, and he died on the 6th, 1796.\*

#### VISIT TO THE CENTRAL PRISON AT PERTH.

THERE are few sights more beautiful in broad Scotland than the view which the traveller obtains of the fair city of Perth, as he arrives at the brow of the height which overlooks the fertile valley of the Tay. Plain, river, and city, set in a framework of ornamental hills, nowhere appear dressed up in a more fascinating scene. Nor do the attractions diminish on a nearer inspection of the city and its immediate environs, which excel in neatness and sylvan beauty. On two sides of the town, and along the banks of the Tay, are extensive open parks—locally termed *Inches*—for the recreation of the citizens, and on one of which, as will be recollected, took place the celebrated feats of skill described by the Scottish novelist in his 'Fair Maid of Perth.' These Inches remain very much in the condition in which they were centuries ago—wide stretches of green sward environed with trees, washed on one side by the clear-rolling Tay. The most distinct addition to the features of one of the Inches, that on the south, has been the erection on its confines of a large suit of buildings, formed of the blue stone of the district, and which, with sundry courtyards, cover an area of several acres in extent. Originally designed as a place of detention for prisoners of war, the buildings, with some important additions, have latterly been appropriated by government as a dépôt for criminals condemned to moderate terms of confinement by the Scottish courts.

The taste for social economics which generally leads me, in the course of my rambles at home or abroad, to pay a passing visit to any prison of more than usual size and pretension which lies in my line of route, conducted me on a late occasion to this recently organised establishment, of which I propose saying a few words. Some years ago, as doubtless many of our readers are aware, the whole of the Scottish prison system was remodelled by act of parliament, and regulated on an improved and uniform plan. All the old burghal managements and responsibilities were abolished, and the pri-

sons, placed under the control of a general board of directors, assisted by county boards, were to be maintained by a universal assessment. Unless as regards some details in the assessing part, which certainly admit of improvement, the new order of things has been found to work remarkably well, and to effect many desirable ends. In the old prisons of Scotland, separation, attention to cleanliness and ventilation, industry, or moral improvement, were scarcely recognised as essential; and not only did imprisonment do no good, but much positive harm, by creating idle, and strengthening disorderly habits. The object now sought to be attained, is to send the prisoner out of jail, if possible, a better member of society than when he went into confinement, and at any rate not deteriorated by bad example. How far these benevolent objects are likely to be accomplished, may be judged of by what is observed in a visit to any of the remodelled prisons, that at Perth in particular.

On passing the exterior enclosure of this great central prison, we find ourselves in a large open ground, in the centre of which stands the main building, four storeys in height, and consisting of two wings radiating from a centre, and admitting of additional wings when necessary. Proceeding by a circular passage or corridor, we arrive at the point of junction of the wings, and here at a glance have before us the vast interior of one of the departments—a great gallery from bottom to top of the house, with hanging stone-passages to the various cells along its sides. The arrangement is the same as that at Pentonville, but the extent is greater, there being four rows of cells on each side from the ground to the roof. The number of cells in this huge arcade is 240, all devoted to male prisoners; the other wing, which is smaller, and for females, containing 120 cells. The total number of cells, therefore, already in use, is 360, exclusive of eight small apartments on the sunk floor forming punishment cells; and as each is designed to contain but a single prisoner, not more than 360 criminals can be admitted. The cells resemble those at Pentonville, and every other prison in which the solitary system is enforced. Varying from 6½ to 8½ feet in width, by about 10 feet in height, and all 13 feet in length, each is vaulted, paved, and a marvel of cleanliness. Accommodated with a window near the roof, which can be opened and shut at pleasure, and also with a gas-jet, the cell is always light and cheerful. By means of a grating near the floor, and another in the roof, there is a continual passing of warmed air into and out of the cell, on the plan now pursued for ventilating the houses of parliament. Means are also placed in every cell for washing and cleanliness; the rest of the simple furniture consisting of a table, seat, shelf for small articles, and a hammock, which is rolled up and put aside during the day. In all the cells for the males may likewise be observed the apparatus of employment—a loom, carpenter's bench, shoemaking seat, tailor's bench, or whatever else is suitable in the case. Industry being a prime element of the system, every inducement is held out to the prisoners to commence learning a trade, when they happen to be ignorant of one. Solitude, however, is a sufficient monitor in this respect; there is an eagerness to labour; and, encouraged by the hope of realising a small fund over and above what is carried to the prison account, they all work diligently at their allotted tasks. On entering the gallery upon which the rows of cells open, you hear a murmur of industrial sounds—the clanking noise of looms mingled with the beating of hammers and the going of saws and planes. To escape the pains of reflection, some inmates, I was informed, would commence work with the earliest streak of dawn; but this is not allowed where the occupations are such as to interrupt the stillness necessary for general repose.

Obligingly attended by Mr Stuart, the governor, and the Rev. Mr Allan, the chaplain of the prison, I entered a number of the cells, and had an opportunity of saying a few sympathising words to their inmates. (Questions as to name and duration of confinement are

\* It is hardly necessary to remark, that the time and circumstances of the first acquaintance of Napoleon with both Josephine and Madame de Staël are here stated differently from accounts hitherto current. The editors, having made this remark to the writer of the article, were favoured with a note assuring them that the other accounts are undoubtedly wrong, as he feels fully convinced that the true facts are as he here states them from his personal observation.

saved by the exhibition of a schedule on the wall, stating these and other particulars, including a detail of work done, and amount of earnings. The greater number appeared to be doomed to a confinement of from twelve to eighteen months or two years; and a few, whose time of liberation approached, mentioned that they had realised from three to four pounds of over-earnings, which, being to be paid at dismissal, would enable them to purchase clothing fit to make a decent appearance in the eyes of persons who were likely to give them employment. In various instances I found that all the school instruction the prisoners had ever received was imparted within the walls of the prison. Unable to read when sent hither, these persons now read and wrote fluently. As an encouragement to education, each cell is provided with a few choice books, a slate, and, if need be, pens, ink, and paper. I was particularly pleased with the aptitude of a lad fifteen years of age, an orphan, whose criminality had evidently been the result of simple neglect in his earlier years. He had, in the short time of his confinement, not only mastered the ordinary elementary branches of instruction, but made some progress in Latin, in which he was kindly assisted by the teacher and chaplain. Yet the only time he devoted to this species of self-improvement was in the evening, when the gas was lighted. The space from morning till night, excepting the intervals for meals and out-door recreation, he devoted to his loom, on which he weaves about seven yards of cloth daily. Utterly destitute of friends, this industrious boy proposed going to sea when liberated, and I hope he may be successful in finding an opening for his enterprise. Disconsolate thoughts, arising from the sense of friendless destitution and loss of character, prey on the minds of the elder prisoners, and more particularly the females, against whom almost every door is shut. Besides the ordinary labour, some try to cheer themselves by drawing, and a few scribble verses to ease their burdened feelings. Glancing over the commonplace-book of one of these prison-poets, I noted down the following, from a number of stanzas, supposed to be written by a person about to be transported for life:—

Alas! ere long no more I'll view  
The happy homes on Scotia's strand;  
To all I now must bid adieu,  
To languish in a foreign land.

My children, young and dear, farewell;  
On Time's bleak shores no more we'll meet;  
No more you'll climb my knee, and tell  
Your artless tales in accents sweet.

And thou, kind partner of my life,  
Through all its changes ever true;  
Oh! that you ne'er had been my wife,  
Since crime now sends me far from you.

But though in other lands I'll roam,  
And ne'er again will thee embrace,  
I'll oft think on my long lost home,  
And the sweet features of thy face.

From the male department we passed to that for females, which is under the charge of female warders, directed by a respectable matron, Mrs Macmillan, who pays much attention to the industrial training of the prisoners under her charge. Neat, clean, and orderly, the inmates in this department were engaged in sewing, knitting, tapestry flowering, or other female occupations; and in some exterior offices we found individuals engaged in washing and other business of the laundry. By these means the females are in a degree prepared for earning an honest livelihood when the term of their confinement expires; but the prospect of their being so employed is exceedingly blank. Mrs Macmillan mentioned, as a fact worthy of note, that in all her experience she never had an educated female prisoner. The greater number are utterly ignorant of letters; few know any one useful art; not one in a hundred can so much as darn her own stockings. Equally devoid of moral training, it is to be feared that few, even with the ad-

vantages of prison instruction, will be able to avoid a course of evil when dismissed from confinement.

From the women's ward we visited the exterior edifices. Two, consisting of open courtyards, with dividing walls, are devoted to the out-door exercise of the prisoners, of which they are allowed an hour daily; a third is the general cuisine of the establishment; a fourth a store of manufactured articles,\* and so on. The diet, which is regulated in three different rates, is of the kind usual in the country—porridge, broth, potatoes, fish, pease-soup, and bread of different kinds: besides being sufficiently abundant, it is more varied than that of Pentonville, or of any other establishment of the same nature. When the medical attendant considers it necessary for the sake of health, a diet of a more nourishing kind is administered. This gentleman observes, in one of his late reports, that the wholesomeness of the diet, the attention to ventilation and cleanliness, and the salubrity of the situation, have kept the prisoners in the best health, and that no infectious disease has ever existed within the prison. On inquiring of the governor as to the effects of solitary confinement, he mentioned that he had not in any case observed them to be depressing or otherwise injurious: when the inmates, however, are young, they are placed with elder prisoners.

On the whole, my visit to the central prison satisfied me that it stands at the head of its class, and is a prodigious advance upon the old jail system of Scotland. Any faults which I could speak of as attaching to it, are of the same kind as those which I found at Pentonville, and perhaps such faults are inseparable from all establishments of this class. It seems to me that there is a too rigorous seclusion of the prisoners indiscriminately, and there is surely little wisdom in giving out-door exercise only in confined and dismal penfolds. Even within the compass of a surrounding garden, means might be found to afford a little industrial exercise, alike cheering to the mind, and useful as a training for labour in the colonies, to which many may advantageously find their way. Passing over these imperfections, the general discipline of the central prison seems everything that the friends of the penitentiary system could desire. How far it actually reforms the unfortunate beings who are committed to its keeping, is another consideration. Nearly everything, as I have said, that human ingenuity and benevolence can suggest, is done to reclaim them from their state of demoralisation; but in a considerable number of instances the period of confinement is too brief to produce a permanent result; and even if it were extended, the chances of reform after liberation are almost frustrated by the difficulty of finding any honest employment. All testimony concurs in showing that this magnificent plan for the reformation of criminals by careful treatment while in prison, must prove in a great measure abortive, unless means are also adopted to prevent them from relapsing into predatory habits when dismissed. Liberation is to many equivalent to expulsion. A monk torn from his cloister is not more helpless than these beings when ordered to quit their cells, and depend once more on their own individual and unfriended efforts. Mr Frederick Hill, inspector of prisons, offers some striking facts on this subject in his eighth report, lately laid before parliament. He mentions that in Glasgow as many as forty persons, most of them able-bodied, had voluntarily returned to prison after liberation—notwithstanding the peculiar privations of the separate system there—in order to get food and shelter. 'It is true,' he adds, 'that there are not any such prisoners there now; but this is simply because those who were in the prison have been required to leave, and admittance has been refused to all new applicants'—the law giving 'no authority for applying prison funds to the support of

\* The work of the prisoners, which may average 3d. per day, by no means supports the general expenditure, which is met by a charge on each county according to the number of prisoners whom it sends for incarceration.

persons voluntarily subjecting themselves to imprisonment.' Who can read what follows without the most painful emotions? 'The result has unfortunately been, to convert a number of persons into criminals who had shown, by their own willingness to give up their liberty, to work hard, to live on the plainest fare, and to submit to all the rules of a prison, that they were sincerely desirous of avoiding a life of guilt, and of living peaceably and honestly. Nearly half of those who had thus been ejected from the Glasgow prison have already returned as offenders, and some of them under serious charges. One of them, a girl of thirteen, who had much pleased the governor and matron by her industry, docility, and good conduct, but who had no good home or good parents to go to, was committed to the prison within one month after she had been compelled to leave, and is now under sentence of transportation.'

It appears from these, and similar disclosures from others, that the legislature, which has meritoriously gone so far in improving our prison system, must go one or two steps farther. A measure of compulsory education, on a national scale, is not to be expected, or perhaps desired, but nothing could be more expedient or merciful than to place juvenile delinquents under early restraint and in a course of industrial training, instead of suffering them, as at present, to proceed from one degree of vice to another, until entirely lost. Why, in short, are hordes of vagrant children permitted to appear again and again before the lower tribunals, till they work their way, as it is called, up to the higher courts and to a reformatory punishment, which should have been decreed at first? While cutting up crime at its roots by some such improved administration of the law, it is equally, if not more desirable, that houses of industrial refuge should be established for the voluntary resort of all who, on being liberated from prison, feel themselves at a loss for the means of honest livelihood, and are therefore tempted into fresh turpitude. I should probably be going too far ahead of ordinary prepossessions, were I to demand that the term of imprisonment should not be strictly defined by judges, but, within certain limits, left to the consideration of the governors and directors of the prisons. Yet the tendency to crime, viewed in the light of a moral malady, appears to me as fitting a subject for this kind of treatment as lunacy, and can as little be prescribed for, on the spur of the moment, by magistrates or judges. Let us hope that, in the progress of things, our prison system may thus be rendered still more comprehensive in its designs, and more efficacious for its professed objects.

#### JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

TORONTO—LAKE SIMCOE—SETTLERS' HOUSES.

THERE is a railway from Buffalo by which passengers can be taken to Manchester and the falls for a quarter of a dollar, and, when competition is great, for a New York shilling, or twelve and a-half cents. It is similar to the tramways used in England for removing the earth from excavations, but is not worse than the generality of railways in the United States. The rails are for the most part made of wood, with a thin plate of iron on the top; and the roads, seldom enclosed, are on the same level with the land through which they run. When it is necessary to cross some public road, there is no protection against accidents farther than a white board informing the traveller that he had better take care that he is not run over. Often when pursuing my solitary walk after dark, in order to reach some village wherein to pass the night, have I been startled out of my reverie by the sudden appearance of a 'locomotive,' dragging after it a long black train of carriages, dashing across the road within a few feet of me, showering forth sparks of fire, and after giving an exact imitation of the yell of a score of infuriated Indians, plunging into the dark woods, which seemed to close around and en-

gulf it. The whistle of a steam-engine gives a very good idea of an Indian war-whoop; but the sound is not particularly amiable at night, especially after you have been hearing an account of the massacre at Cherry Valley, or the Vale of Wyoming. It would seem likely that much loss of life must ensue from travellers not observing the spot where a line crosses the road; but here American ingenuity displays itself. A machine has been invented, something like a plough, which picks up any stupid or incautious person, and throws him contemptuously on one side, seldom doing any more injury than breaking a leg or fracturing a few ribs, so as to teach him a 'great moral lesson' through the medium of the senses. However, if a fatal accident should occur, men, although still scarce in America, are more plentiful than dollars, and it would cost a great deal to fence the railways.

After following the road for some distance, I struck off to the right, and in a short time entered the Indian territory of Tonniwantie, or Tonniwanta, as it is variously pronounced. This is a small district that was reserved, when the state was surveyed, for the Senecas, one of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, who earned so bloody a renown during the old French war and the war of independence. They are now partly civilised, a great number being professed Christians; many being able to read the Bible, which is printed in their language; and all knowing how to drink whisky. But they must soon leave even this small portion of their ancient territory. Land is becoming valuable near Buffalo; and the same shameful policy which has been pursued towards the Cherokees (who, as a nation, are far more civilised than the inhabitants of the United States), has been exerted to drive the Senecas from the last remnant of their hunting grounds, to be destroyed by the warlike tribes beyond the Mississippi. This is the more to be deplored, as they are rapidly advancing in civilisation. One or two of the chiefs are rich, well-educated men, cultivating large farms, and others are beginning to follow their example, so that in a short time they might become a source of profit, instead of a burden to the country. Those who have not yet adopted the customs of the whites, seldom do any work, farther than occasionally cutting down and selling a hemlock, which is an evergreen tree, used for the same purposes as the pine. They stroll about the woods shooting squirrels and foxes; and in winter amuse themselves with their snow-snakes, which are long smooth sticks of hard wood, sometimes tipped with silver, which they send to an extraordinary distance over the smooth surface of the snow. Several of the chiefs have adopted the dress as well as the customs of their white neighbours, and when in Buffalo selling the produce of their fields, could not be distinguished from other farmers. The dress of the other men consist of a greatcoat made of a blanket, deer-skin leggings or trousers, and mocassins. The visible dress of the women is a petticoat, made of a piece of broad cloth, which is long enough to wrap round their waist several times; a blanket which covers the upper part of the body, and in winter is also used as a hood; and mocassins shaped like those of the men. Some of the girls are very pretty, and have all the fondness of their sex for finery. Their dark-blue petticoat is braided with silver-lace; the blanket is of the finest and whitest, and ornamented with bright-coloured worsteds; and their mocassins are beautifully embroidered with beads. In one respect they show more sense and taste than the American ladies—ah! I am ashamed to say, than many of my own countrywomen: they do not spoil the natural beauty of their waists and feet by injurious compression, or give themselves a ridiculous similarity to walking sugar-casks, by the fulness of the skirts. The old women of the tribe do all the out-of-door work, such as cutting firewood, cultivating the corn-patch, which is a very simple process, merely consisting of sowing and reaping, and fishing in the creeks that run through the reservation. The houses are scattered about without any regard to order and are made of

logs, some of them with the upper half framed. The windows are glazed; but this comfort is within the reach of all in America, as, from there being no excise duty, a pane of glass is only worth a few pence. The Indians, when on business, are dignified and grave, but in their leisure moments are very fond of joking, especially in a practical manner.

While walking along one of the small roads, and endeavouring by means of the sun to keep in the direction of the Falls, a white man, a settler on the outskirts of the territory, invited me to ride on his wagon as far on my way as he was going. I informed him of my curiosity to see the interior of one of the houses, and he kindly offered to give me an opportunity. He accordingly stopped at the next we came to, and the dogs, which are a great pest here, being fortunately out of the way, we walked in. The interior seemed to be one large room, but was divided off by a curtain of deer-skins. The part I saw was much the same as the principal room in the houses of farmers in the back settlements, but it was bare and empty, and there were very few household utensils, or other evidences of civilised life. There was an iron pot, containing the materials for dinner, boiling on the fire, and an old squaw ran from behind the curtain every few minutes to attend to it. The proprietor of the house, who was one of the lesser chiefs, a tall well-made man, shook hands with us both when we entered, and the settler having said something to him in the Seneca language, every syllable of which seemed to end in a mute, he motioned us to sit down. He remained for some time in the same position, looking at the fire, seemingly musing, and took not the least notice of us; but when, after looking at some rude figures painted on the partition, I turned round to him, I found that he was intently examining me, although immediately on being perceived he relapsed into his melancholy musings. I looked at him with pity and respect. He was no doubt reflecting, thought I, on the past greatness of that great nation of the last remnant of which he was one of the chiefs, and comparing it with their present degradation, when he himself was obliged to live on the bread granted to him by those who had driven away the animals on which he had subsisted, and robbed him of his land. The rifle which had rendered him the terror of his enemies, and the means of his support, was now nothing more than a plaything for children. Perhaps he saw me looking at it, for he rose up and took it down from its place over the chimney, and began slowly to load, not seeming, however, to awake from his painful reveries. He put in a full charge of powder, and then hesitating for a moment or two, added a small quantity more, and rammed down the bullet, wrapped in a bit of well-greased leather, which he had taken from a box formed in the stock. He then put the piece on full cock. Now, I have a decided objection to be in the same room with a loaded gun when cocked, and have seen one or two accidents, and read of so many more caused by fire-arms going off accidentally when in that state, that I always feel very nervous on that point; and on the present occasion I got up and told the settler with a smile that I thought I must continue my journey. The moment the words were uttered, the Indian jumped up, and shouting out something in a fierce tone, deliberately took aim at my head. I was so surprised and horror-struck, that I could neither speak nor run, but stood staring at him with open mouth. However, in a moment or two he dropped the gun, and he and the settler began to laugh heartily at my fright; but it was no laughing matter to me, for, as the latter gentleman observed, I was 'most awfully skeered,' and, without waiting for any more of the Indian's pleasantries, I hastily took my departure. Let me observe here—for it is not agreeable to be suspected of unusual greenness—that I, as well as all other old countrymen, was always recognised at first sight as an importation, from the difference between my complexion and the sickly hue that overspreads the cheek even of American beauty.

Manchester is a large village, the inhabitants of which live on the visitors to the Falls. It contains two or three hotels and taverns, and a few shops, two of which are kept by makers of Indian curiosities. Almost every visitor has purchased a tomahawk said to have belonged to Tecumseh; and he who takes an interest in the foibles of the great, will not fail to remark the prodigality of Black Hawk in regard to pipes, if the number that are sold here as belonging to that chief can be considered as proof. As I had an opportunity on another occasion of seeing the Falls in the dead of winter, under circumstances that do not usually present themselves to the traveller, I shall not at present notice them further than to remark, that they are among the few celebrated objects in nature which fully come up to the expectations entertained of them. The village on the American side has been dignified with the imposing title of the City of the Falls, but is at present merely a continuation of another village called Drummondville. At a tavern where I stopped for a short time, I heard some men talking in very high-flown terms of the prospects of their 'city,' and predicting that at no very distant period the immense water-power possessed by the Falls would render it the site of factories that might supply the whole continent of America. But its situation, I suspect, would prevent its becoming of material importance, even if its water-power were considered preferable to steam. At present, the only practical use to which the Falls are turned, farther than enriching the hotel-keepers in the vicinity, is to move the wheel of a small machine-shop on the American shore. I walked down to Queenston, a distance of about six or seven miles from the Falls, passing by the monument erected to the memory of General Brock, and which was injured some time ago by the attempt of some scoundrels to blow it up. I crossed the Niagara river, from Queenston to Lewiston, in a ferry-boat, which was propelled by paddles worked by two horses, and arrived in time to take my passage in the steamboat for Toronto. We were in a short time on the waters of Lake Ontario, which might with propriety be called a sea, for, although the smallest of the great lakes, it is nearly two hundred miles long, and in breadth averages forty; and its similarity to the sea increased when we were out of sight of land, and it began to blow rather fresh. There were not many passengers on board, and the few there were, went below when the water began to roughen, with the exception of a very remarkable old gentleman, a half-pay officer, who had a farm in Canada. He was always walking up and down the deck in deep thought, and with a perpetual smile on his face. He looked as if he had achieved a joke when he was a little boy, and had not been able to get over it since. We conversed for some time on various subjects, and at last he began to give me a long account of a trip he had made on the prairies. I remarked that I should very much like to see the Far West.

'Well,' said he, 'that is just what I myself thought when I started; but I travelled several thousand miles, and could not find it after all. The Far West is something like to-morrow—you can never catch it up. If you ask the people here where it is, they say at Illinois; when you get there, you find it is at Iowa. In Iowa, on account of the denseness of the population—there being at least one man to every fifty miles—settlers every day are striking camp to squat in the Far West, which there is Oregon. At Astoria, you will find a Yankee who is "goin' to speckilate up west," by which he means the Sandwich Islands.'

I asked him if Oregon offered many inducements to the settler?

'When a good market is formed on the coast,' said he, 'it may answer very well as a grazing country; enough cattle might be fattened there to supply the whole world; but to settle it as the Yankees have commenced, is ridiculous folly. Brother Jonathan is something like my old grandfather, who used to hunt all

over the house for his spectacles when he had them on his nose. If he would only stop at home, where he has the finest country in the world, he would become a rich man; but he cannot live without change; and, what does more harm, even when he has got himself in a "fix," his boasting and over-sanguine disposition induces more sober persons to join him. If in his progress west he should ever arrive at the deserts of Arabia, he will describe it as a land flowing with milk and honey.

I asked him if he thought Oregon would ever become a part of the United States?

'It seems to me impossible,' replied he, 'even if Great Britain were disposed to allow it, and no hindrance was offered by the large army of Indians, who are in the pay of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who themselves are not very friendly to the Yankees, from their barbarous and impolitic conduct to their own Indians; still, the country is too large to be under the same government. It sounds very pretty to talk of "a vast republic, stretching from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean;" but from its great size, the diversity of interests would soon dissolve the union that binds the states together. At present, the southern states have the balance of power; and as they make the laws to answer their own purposes, the northern are necessarily always complaining. If this preponderance of power is farther increased by the annexation of Texas, which seems very probable, I have no doubt there will be a dissolution of the union, and which the southerners cannot help; for, as they themselves say, they are the head, and the north the hands. If the annexation of Texas, which would only cut up into two or three states, would have this effect, that of a large country like Oregon would be still more powerful to the same end.'

The old gentleman having thus started, went on for the next hour talking on various political subjects; but unfortunately for the world in general, I quietly dropped asleep in the middle of it, being thoroughly 'used up'; and when I awoke, I found him striding up and down the deck, and occasionally glancing very contemptuously at me, to whom he did not deign to speak during the rest of the voyage. At length we came in sight of Toronto, and passed the lighthouse on the end of the island or peninsula, as it will in a short time be made, that very nearly landlocks the harbour. The harbour is good, but, like many other good berths, it is not very easy to get into it. Toronto is a handsome flourishing city; and after having been for some time accustomed to the towns of the United States, it put me very much in mind of England. The first thing that seemed to strike the English passengers was a line of public-houses along the shore, bearing inscribed on them the well-remembered characters of 'Barclay and Perkins' entire'; and not having the fear of Father Mathew before our eyes, every one of us speedily availed ourselves of this announcement, notwithstanding that the price of English porter renders it a luxury here. The main street is quite a credit to the town, and many of the shops are handsome. One linen-draper's in particular having long panes of glass in mahogany sashes, looked as if it had been suddenly transferred from Oxford Street, which appearance was further increased by large bills stuck all over the building, in which the passers-by read, in terrifying letters, 'Enormous Failure,' 'Selling Off,' 'Tremendous Sacrifice.' The streets are straight, and at right angles with one another. One of them, Yonge Street, runs to Lake Simcoe, a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and Dundas Street reaches for forty or fifty miles to Dundas. There are four or five churches, two of which, the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, are handsome. Their steeples and roofs, as in the case of most public buildings in Canada, are covered with tin, which gives them a very dazzling appearance when the sun shines. It is a remarkable fact that metals do not rust here, as in England; the tinned roofs are always bright; and an axe might be left out in the snow for months without being injured. This is accounted for by the absence of

salt in the atmosphere. There is a good-sized market in the main street, which is the only place in the town where meat is allowed to be sold by retail. I have noticed, both in the United States and Canada, that, owing to the competition being limited, there is a great difference between the wholesale and retail prices of produce. For instance, you can buy the carcass of a sheep, after being cleaned, at the rate of a penny a pound; but if you purchase only a pound or two, you will have to pay threepence. But the distinguishing characteristic is the great quantity of taverns; and I was puzzled to know how their proprietors lived, as I did not see many drunken people about. But in Toronto, and most parts of North America generally, a man would as soon think of going without his breakfast in the morning as without his 'bitters'; then there is always another dram at dinner and supper-time, and generally one between, and the evening is wound up by a couple more. I have no doubt that in the northern half of this quarter of the globe there are more kinds of intoxicating beverages used than there are altogether in the rest of the world. In a tavern in Boston, which is the most temperate city in America, I read the names of at least fifty different kinds of cobbles, cocktails, julaps, slings, and other compounds. In the outskirts of the town there is a college building which will not be finished for several years, and which promises to be quite a splendid affair. It is situated in the middle of a well-laid-out park—the gift of government. But I must repress my inclination to 'set all down.' Those towns that were new to me, may already, for aught I know, be old to the reader; and I must for the future confine myself to my original plan of illustrating the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and dealing generally only in information of a kind which is not to be met with in books.

It is in contemplation to make a railway to run from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, by which that town will be connected with the great lakes in a more direct manner than at present, and which will be a great source of prosperity to Toronto when the mineral treasures of the shores of Lake Superior are better known and appreciated. The ores of copper in that region are three times richer than those of Cornwall, and lead is very abundant. I have no doubt when its natural wealth becomes better known, the land on the shores of Lake Superior will be as suddenly peopled as those of the Mississippi; that splendid cities will spring up, and innumerable vessels sail on its waters, hitherto disturbed but by the canoe of the Indian.

One afternoon I found myself in one of the northern townships of Simcoe. I had followed Yonge Street as far as the lake, and for the last day or two had travelled along the small roads, or rather wheel-tracks that led from one village to another. However, in this part of the world, six log-huts in the space of a mile form a village, and twenty a flourishing town. In thickly-settled districts, the road runs through fields, which, however, are backed by the black gloomy forest still in a state of nature, and a house may here and there be seen; but in what are called the back-settlements, the road becomes a narrow path leading through the woods, and occasionally passing by the hut of one of the forest pioneers, surrounded by a few acres of land thickly covered with the stumps of felled trees. In the back-woods generally, hospitality is a virtue that is much practised, and I think more so in Canada than in the United States. The good folks here take no little pride in entertaining a stranger from the old country, and seem anxious to show him that they are no longer the same poor labourer and his wife who came out a couple of years ago, but landed proprietors, and owners of a farm of a hundred acres, although but twenty of these may be in cultivation. The good lady outdoes herself in baking the buckwheat cake; the honey and peach sauce, reserved for special occasions, are set down; the most delicate portions of the smoked venison are picked out; and if fowls are plentiful, a chicken finds himself



roasting before the fire ere he has lost his natural warmth. And then, while you are eating your meal, to hear them talking of 'the farm'! The host assures you that you won't find such flour as his bread is made of within fifty miles; and on your expressing your entire confidence in the truth of the assertion, offers to show you the wheat from which it was made after supper, which will be an excuse for exposing to your astonished gaze all the riches of the farm. His wife asks your opinion of the butter, and then gives you a description of the four cows, with some personal reminiscences of a fifth which unfortunately perished in an encounter with a wolf. The only drawback to your happiness is the system of forcing you to eat more than you want, which is very common, more especially among the Scotch. After feeding as travellers generally do when they are hungry, and have no idea when or where they may meet with the next meal, you will often be obliged, *volens volens*, to eat more; and if you will not listen to reason, force will be used. I found that the best way was to make them believe I had sufficient before I was really satisfied, so that in general I was not compelled to eat much more than I wanted: in one or two extreme cases, however, I have been obliged to direct the attention of entertainers to some other part of the room, and then to slip the contents of my plate into my pocket handkerchief. At supper, however, my time came. I was considered as a locomotive newspaper, and had to give the news of the last month. If the host was not a miserly fellow, who would keep all my good things to himself—chuckling over the idea that nobody else in the township knew as he, and determining to let it out by advantage, bit by bit—he would, while I was at supper, run to the next house with the welcome intelligence of the arrival of an Englishman choke-full of news from home. This would spread round the neighbourhood, and in half an hour a dozen people would have collected, and those who lived at a farther distance would keep dropping in during the evening. My English greatcoat was an object of respect, and an ugly fur cap that I had bought in Manchester was handed round the circle, and examined both inside and outside, and felt all over, as if each of them could extract a little piece of home from it.

After I had told them all that had taken place as far back as it was news to them, and given a few hints of what was going to take place, together with a minute account of the young prince and princess, the night would be far advanced, and, preparatory to going to bed, whisky, cider, and a basket of apples, would be set down. But no inhabitant, let me say, of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, can form an idea of what I mean by apples. Such apples! Not the dull, worm-eaten, dispirited-looking fruit of which the American pigs are robbed for the English market, but plump, rich, juicy, cherry-coloured temptations, formed apparently of some score of pretty girls' lips. Such are American apples—in America. In spite of my dislike to the beverage, I was always obliged to drink some of the whisky; and, indeed, it has been determined in my rotation, unless I had taken the tee-total pledge, my entertainers would have considered it an insult. However, I managed to cheat myself a little, by mixing it with new cider, which makes a pleasant drink.

About this time of the evening the discovery would perhaps be made that I was related to every soul in the company. The Scotchmen found out that I was a countryman of theirs, because I had been to Glasgow, and could sing Auld Lang Syne; and an Irishman felt as if I was his brother, because I had lived in the next street to a friend of his in Manchester. However, the evening must end; the hostess, kind soul (the women always think of these things), said I must be tired, and would want to go to bed, and the rest were obliged to take the hint and depart, but not before they had made me take down the address of innumerable friends in the old country, on whom I might call on my return thither, and stop as long as I liked.

This may be considered as a fair specimen of the manner in which I was received in newly-settled places, but my evenings were not always passed so pleasantly. There was one scene in particular, a melancholy contrast to the above, which I cannot think of even now without pain, but which is not uncommon among those who give up the comforts and necessities of civilised life, for a time at least, to settle among the forests of the New World. But want of space compels me to reserve this for the next paper.

#### NOTES ON THE NOSE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most neglected and ill-used part of the human face is the nose. The poetical literature of all nations extols the other features: the eyes, for instance, have furnished a theme for the most sublime poetry; cheeks, with their witching dimples and captivating tints, have drawn forth some of the finest similes that were ever invented; and the raptures which have been indited concerning lips, it would take an age to enumerate. The hair, also, has from time immemorial been intensified into 'silken tresses' in printed, as well as manuscript verses; and 'sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow' are of continual occurrence; but it may be safely averred, that in the universal anthology of civilised or uncivilised man, there is not to be found a truly sentimental effusion to a nose! Indeed, so far from exciting any of the graver emotions of the mind, it would appear that there is a hidden something in that feature to deaden, rather than to excite sentiment. The cheeks, whether pale with care, or red with blushing, strongly excite the sympathies: a glance of the eye is all-powerful in calling up the most vivid emotions; but who ever remembers any very intense feeling being awakened by a twitch of the nose? On the contrary, that unfortunate feature seems to have been especially appropriated by humorists to cut their jibes upon. It has, from the earliest ages, been made the subject of disparaging and sportive remarks. It has been set up as a mark to be hit by ridicule—as a butt for the arrows of satire; as if it were an organ proper to be played upon by nothing but wit. We may grow eloquent concerning eyes, speak raptures of lips, and even sentimentalise upon chins, but the bare mention of the nasal promontory is certain to excite a smile. What the latent quality may be which is so productive of risibility in this instance, it seems difficult to discover, for, in point of utility, the physiologist will tell you that the nose is quite on a par with the rest of the face. To it the respiratory system owes the ingress and egress of a great portion of the food of life—air. To it we are indebted for the sense of smell. Moreover, it acts as the emunctuary of the brain. In an ornamental point of view, the physiognomist declares that the nose is a main element of facial beauty; and without stopping to inquire how very much this depends upon its shape, we may just corroborate the fact, by hinting the unpicturesque effect which is produced by a countenance that happens to be bereft of the nasal appendage.

The authority of physiognomists may, indeed, be almost taken without examination; for they are undoubtedly, of all connoisseurs, the greatest in noses. Their prototypes, the augurs of old, went so far as to judge of a man's character by the shape of his nose; and this has been in some degree justified by a French writer, who appears to be deeply versed in the subject. 'Though,' he asserts, 'the organ is only susceptible of a moderate degree of action while the passions are agitating the rest of the countenance, yet these limited motions are performed with great ease.' In addition to this, we find Sir Charles Bell remarking, in his *Anatomy and Physiology of Expression*, 'that the nostrils are features which have a powerful effect in expression. The breath being drawn through them, and their structure formed for alternate expansion and contraction in correspondence with the motions of the chest, they are an index of the condition of respiration when

affected by emotion.' The nose may therefore be regarded as somewhat indicative of, and in harmony with, the character of the individual.

It is probably by reason of this connexion of the external nose with the internal characteristics, that so many proverbs and axioms have taken rise in reference to both. Thus, the French say of a clever man, that he has a 'fine nose;' of a prudent one, that his is a 'good nose;' of a proud man, that 'he carries his nose in the air.' An inquisitive person is said to 'poke his nose everywhere.' A gourmand is described as always having his nose in his plate: that of the scholar is declared to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French also say, 'the mustard rises in his nose.' Neither are we in this country deficient of similar sayings. A man, for instance, who does not form very decisive opinions—who is swayed more by the persuasions of others than by his own judgment—is described as being 'led by the nose.' The same is said when any strong inducement turns a person aside from a previously-formed intention; thus Shakspeare—

'Though authority be a stubborn bear,  
Yet he is often led by the nose with gold.'

Individuals not blessed with much acuteness or forethought, are said 'not to see beyond their noses.' Others who, to do some injury to an enemy, injure themselves, are declared 'to cut off the nose to spite the face.' The condition of a supplanted rival is described as that of a person who 'has had his nose put out of joint;' with a hundred other proverbs in which the nose takes a most prominent part. All of these, it will be observed, are of a comic cast; while every simile and allusion made to the eyes, the brow, and the other features, is of the most serious and poetical character. If, therefore, the ordinary organ considered and alluded to in the abstract be provocative of jocularity, in how much higher a degree must it provoke the smiles of the comically inclined when it happens to be an oddly shaped, or out-of-the-way nose?—when any of those very uncomplimentary epithets, which have been invented to designate different noses of all sorts and sizes, can be emphatically applied to it; such as hook-nose, hatchet-nose, club-nose, snub-nose, pug-nose, potato-nose, peaked-nose, parrot's-nose, turned-up-nose; or when it is figuratively termed a conq, a snout, a proboscis; or, like the nose of Slawkenbergius, a promontory. This, by the way, brings to mind the etymology of the word, which is in Saxon 'ness,' meaning also a point of land, as Stromness, Blackness, and a hundred other nesses or noses which mother earth pokes out into the sea.

Of jests concerning eccentric noses, an immense collection might be made; but a few of them will suffice, chiefly to show to what a remote antiquity facetiae on noses may be traced. One of the best is attributed to the Emperor Trajan, on a man who had, besides a long nose, very large teeth. It has been thus versified:—

Let Dick one summer's day expose  
Before the sun his monstrous nose,  
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause  
Its shade to fall upon his jaws,  
With nose so long and mouth so wide,  
And those twelve grinders side by side,  
Dick, with very little trial,  
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

\* The literal translation of this epigrammatic\* extravaganza is—'Placing your nose opposite to the sun, and opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all passers.' Another Greek poet describes a friend's nose as 'being so immense, that its distance from his ears prevents him from hearing himself sneeze.' Castor's nose was said to be in itself all the useful instruments of life—a spade, a trumpet, an anchor, a pot-hook, &c.

Certain noses have, however, been celebrated in history, not as matters for jest, but as distinguishable features belonging to great men. The Romans had a pro-

verb which signifies, 'it is not given to every one to have a nose,\* meaning that it was not the good fortune of all to exhibit a marked and precise nasal individuality; to have, in fact, an expressive nose. The individuals whose noses have lived in history were, it would seem, favoured in this particular. The great Cyrus had a long sharp nose; hence it is said that the noses of all Persian princes are pinched by bandages, that they may grow like their great prototype in at least one particular. Cicero was called the 'orator with the equivocal nose.' Julius Cæsar's was an aquiline nose; as was that of Aspasia, of Paris, and of Achilles. The nose of Socrates was a decided pug.

As a matter of taste and ornament, the nose has engaged the attention and researches of authors and artists in a prominent degree. It has been truly remarked, that the nose is a centre around which the other portions of the face are arranged and harmonised. It is, in a degree, the regulator of the other features. Many celebrated artists estimate that its length should be a third of the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. If there be any deviation from this rule, it must, it would appear, be in excess, for all unite in preferring large to diminutive noses. Plato called the aquiline the royal nose; and it is evident, from their works, that none of the ancient masters of sculpture and painting considered a liberal allowance of nose as a deformity. Even\* in a physical point of view, this excess appears to be far from detrimental. 'Give me,' said Napoleon, 'a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together.' Like this great general, the ancients entertained a marked preference for an ample nose; but all beauty is relative, and taste as capricious and varying as the winds. Amongst the Kalmucks, a short dumpy club-nose is considered the perfection of beauty. The Hottentots press the noses of their infants so as to flatten them; and the Chinese require a nose to be short and thick, ere it can accord with their notions of good form.

Amongst Europeans, the preference has always been given to the straight, or Grecian nose, as exhibited by the Venus de Medicis. Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, in his Essay on Beauty, that 'the line that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form which is oftener found than either the concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed.' Opinions are, however, occasionally divided between this and the aquiline, or Roman form of nose, especially for men. Yet, how much soever tastes may differ, one fact is certain, that—with the exception of the Crim-Tartars, who formerly broke their children's noses, because they stood in the way of their eyes—all nations consider this prominent feature a great ornament.

It appears, then, that the nose differs from all the other features in as far as it is regarded by mankind in two entirely different points of view, namely, as a thing essentially ridiculous, and as a thing indispensable to the beauty of the face, and in itself beautiful. Does not this curiously show how near the whimsical and the serious are to each other? We gaze with pleasure on a female face which is set off with a fine nose, and acknowledge the effect which that elegant object has in the *tout ensemble*; yet, if wishing to apostrophise this lady's beauty in the language of the poet, we would allude to everything except the nose. On that point, not a word! It would at once mar the effect of the whole. Why is this? Because, in general, we associate only ridiculous ideas with the nose. And what, again, is the cause of this ridicule? Alas! good reader, I fear it must be

\* Translations from the Greek Anthology, &c. London: 1806.

\* Non cuique datum est habere nasum.

traced to some of the useful functions served by the organ. Man strains after the fine, which flies from him; the useful is his willing drudge, and he laughs at it. If the nose were of as little service to us as the cheeks, it would doubtless be as much, and as undividedly, admired.

#### DOMESTIC ENTERTAINMENTS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THE paintings on the Egyptian tombs, referring to a period some four thousand years bypast, give us a curious and perfect idea of the nature of domestic entertainments in that interesting country, the nurse of human civilisation. The Egyptian houses of the better class were usually built in the form of a square, having a large court in the centre, with a well and rows of trees. The rooms opened into the main court, or into a small court between the buildings along the sides, and were lavishly decorated with paintings, while the furniture, chairs, tables, and the like, were of fine wood inlaid with ivory, and covered with leather or rich stuffs, and were not to be excelled in beauty and convenience by the most luxuriously formed articles of the kind in modern times. 'In their entertainments,' says Mr Wilkinson, 'they appear to have omitted nothing which could promote festivity and the amusement of the guests. Music, songs, dancing, buffoonery, feats of agility, or games of chance, were generally introduced, and they welcomed them with all the luxuries which the cellar and the table could afford. The party, when invited to dinner, met about mid-day, and they arrived successively in their chariots, in palanquins borne by their servants, or on foot.' Many passages in the sacred writings show how closely the manners of the Jews had concurred with those of the Egyptians. We hear of the 'harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe,' at the feasts of the Jews, and are also told that they 'dined at noon.' An Egyptian painting shows us the arrival of a chariot at a house of feasting, with a footman knocking at the door, just as might be done now-a-days at the west end of London. As was the case with the Jews, water was brought to the guests to wash their feet, if they desired it; their hands were always washed before dinner. The head of each guest was also anointed with a sweet-scented oil or ointment, necklaces and garlands of lotus-flowers, sacred in the eyes of the Egyptians, were thrown around the brows and neck, and every guest received a flower to hold in his left hand during the feast. The Greeks, who derived the most of their customs from Egypt, also presented water to their guests, and decked them with flowers, as appears from many passages in Homer, and other authorities; and the Romans took the same customs from the Greeks. Like the Greeks, the Egyptians considered it a want of good breeding to sit down immediately to dinner, but the 'melancholy interval,' felt sorely to this day, was alleviated by wine, which the servants poured from vases into cups for the use of the guests. The Chinese, at the present time, offer wine to all guests as they arrive. The Egyptians, at the same interval, kept up a continuous flow of music. 'In the meantime,' says Mr Wilkinson, drawing his statements from actual representations in the paintings, 'the kitchen presented an animated scene; and the cook, with many assistants, was engaged in making ready for dinner; an ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or oxys, and a quantity of geese, ducks, widgeons, quails, or other birds, were obtained for the occasion.' Mutton, it is supposed, was unlawful food to the inhabitants of the Thebais. Beef and goose constituted the staple animal food; and vegetables of all kinds, with fish, were largely used. At the party, men and women mixed together at the same table, a privilege not conceded to females among the Greeks, except with near relations; and this argues a higher advancement in Egyptian civilisation. With the Romans, it was customary for women to sit with the men, and Cornelius Nepos ridicules the Greeks on this point.

'Which of us Romans,' says he, 'is ashamed to bring his wife to an entertainment?' The Egyptians sat either on chairs or stools at meals, or on the ground, resting on one limb bent under them, with the other raised angularly. The Greeks and Romans did not take from Egypt the custom of reclining on couches at table. The Egyptians ate with their fingers, the meat being carved to them upon platters resting on small round tables. From the statement that Joseph ate apart while his brethren were present, and arranged them, 'the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth,' we may conclude that an etiquette relative to rank and age was preserved in Egypt. After the solid repast, fruits, and especially figs, grapes, and dates, were served; and, at the close of all, the guests again washed their hands—an operation, indeed, almost indispensable previously to the use of knives and forks, or even of chopping-sticks like those of China.

While the paintings show the whole modes of preparing for an Egyptian entertainment, from the killing of the animal to its production on the table, they also show very curiously that excesses in wine occasionally followed. One painting exhibits individuals—ladies, we fear—in a state of unquestionable ebriety; and another pictures a person in the act of being carried home in a similar condition. But it would be wrong to charge them with habitual over-indulgence; and, indeed, a strange custom mentioned by Plutarch militates strongly against such a supposition. They were in the habit, at the end of feasts, of introducing a figure of Osiris, in the form of a mummy, on a bier, and showing it to each guest, while an attendant took care to lecture upon it as a memento of mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. The Greeks perverted similar exhibitions to a purpose not dreamed of by the Egyptians. Petronius tells us, that at an entertainment where he was present, a finely-jointed silver model of a man was displayed, on which Trimalchio cried out, 'Alas, unhappy lot! Such as this we shall by and by be; therefore, while we are allowed to live, let us live.'

In the very early ages of Greece, a breakfast and a meal after labour formed the diet of a day; but four meals were taken in later times, the principal one being three or four hours after noon. The bath was almost universally used before meals; and the anointing which followed, often performed by women, as among the Jews, was most probably to close the pores, or preserve the skin from roughness. The guests were offered all these conveniences by the host previous to an entertainment. At table, they sat occasionally upon chairs with inclined backs, but much more frequently upon couches, as did also the Romans. It was at first an honour to be allowed to enjoy the luxury of the couch. In Macedonia, no man was allowed so to sit until he had killed a boar by the prowess of his arms. The manner of lying at meat was this—the table was placed in the centre, and around it the couches covered with tapestry, upon which the guests lay, leaning upon their left arms, with their limbs stretched out at length. In Greece, three, four, and five persons lay on one couch, the legs of the first being stretched out behind the second, and the head of the latter in front of the former's breast, and so on. This custom was decidedly of Eastern origin. That it prevailed among the Jews, may be inferred from the position of the beloved disciple resting on the bosom of our Saviour at the celebration of the Passover. In Persia, and other Eastern countries, a similar mode of sitting at table prevailed from the earliest times. The place of honour at these entertainments was not everywhere the same. In Persia and Rome, the middle place was the place of honour; in Greece, the first or nearest the table. Men were careful of precedence in Greece; and at Timon's famous dinner, we find a haughty noble retiring because no place was fit for him. Couches, made for individuals, were a refinement of the Romans. Both in Greece and Rome, tables were usually made either round or oval, and the couches curved to suit them. The table was accounted a very sacred thing, and the statues of

the gods were placed upon it. Before any portion of the food was tasted, it was universally the custom to offer a part to the gods as the first fruits; and even in the heroic ages, Achilles, when roused suddenly, would not eat till the oblation was made. In Greece, all the guests at a party were appareled in white; in Rome, the same custom was prevalent; and Cicero charges it as a sin against Verres that he appeared at supper in black. Three courses, the first consisting of light herbs, eggs, oysters, and such-like whets; the second of the solid meats; and the third of the dessert, formed the repast, which being done, the gods were thanked, and the great after-business of a set entertainment was drinking; for any food taken afterwards was scarcely to be called a meal. That the Greeks drank deeply, many historians prove; and, above all, is the fact established in the annals of Alexander the Great. That conqueror himself pledged his friend Proteas in a cup containing two congii (somewhat less than a gallon), and Proteas did the same. It was in attempting to repeat the pledge that Alexander, it is said, caught his fatal illness.

### THE CRIMSON DAMASK WINDOW-CURTAINS.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGENT.

Luxury lay straining its low thought  
To form unreal wants.—THOMSON.

It was that season of the year when autumn and winter may be said to blend into each other. The day had been fine, but the evening was misty and disagreeable, making the prospect of a cheerful fire, a warm hearth-rug, and the refreshing beverage of tea, particularly inviting. At least such were the anticipations of Mr Duncan as he applied his hand to the old-fashioned brass knocker at the door of his private residence in — Street, St George's-in-the-East. The summons was answered by an attached female domestic, who had been resident in his family ever since his marriage—a period of nearly ten years; and she no sooner opened the door, than she perceived that something had disturbed the usually tranquil mind of her master. She felt, however, that it was not her place to make inquiries as to the cause, and therefore contented herself by an increased solicitude for his comfort: she took his walking-cane from his hand, and assisted in disburdening him of his greatcoat; then entering the front parlour, which was the common sitting-room of the family, she replenished the fire, which had been suffered to get low. Mr Duncan felt these little attentions, though he said not a word; but he looked round for her mistress, and was surprised not to find her in her accustomed seat with the tea prepared for his arrival. Sally read the question which was about to be asked ere it was uttered, and in reply observed that Mrs Duncan was only up stairs in the drawing-room; she dared to say she would be with him in a minute.

The temper of Mr Duncan was placid in the extreme. He was one of those characters which one has not the heart to find fault with, they possess so much that is admirable, and yet cannot be classed with minds of a noble order. He was engaged in a line of commerce which required great personal application, and yielded but small profits; and during the past day, he had sustained a heavy and altogether unexpected loss. Throwing himself into his elbow-chair, he mused for some minutes over the transactions of the day, when the sound of his wife's well-known light step in the passage caused him to raise his eyes with a look of anxiety towards the door. It opened, and Mrs Duncan entered. She was a pretty woman of five-and-thirty, with a somewhat diminutive, but perfectly symmetrical figure, a brunette complexion, sparkling black eyes, and animated features. 'Oh my dear William,' she exclaimed as she bustled into the room, 'I had not an idea you had returned; I did not hear your knock; but we will have tea immediately,' and she put her hand to the bell as

she spoke. 'I have had such a pleasant adventure to-day,' the lady pursued, without regarding, or perhaps we should say noticing, the blank aspect of her husband; 'I had occasion to go out to make a few purchases, and whom should I meet with but my old friend and schoolfellow Catherine Brown, now Mrs Peacock. It was a mutual source of delight, for we had not seen each other for fourteen years; and what is better still, she has taken one of the new houses in — Street, so that we shall be near neighbours again, as we were in our native town.'

Mr Duncan was not naturally sensitive, but the disappointment of the past day had made him so at this time, and he could not but feel a pang as his wife thus entered into the detail of her own pleasures, without observing the cloud upon his brow. He felt it the more deeply because his servant had perceived it, and tacitly strove to soothe, where verbal sympathy might have been deemed impertinent; but he was too kind-hearted to utter a fretful or impatient word in return, and therefore strove to smile as he remarked, 'Then you had a long chat about your girlhood days, I presume?'

'No, we had not,' the lady returned, 'we left that for another opportunity, for we hope to meet often. Mrs Peacock insisted upon my going home to take luncheon with her, and then she showed me her beautifully-furnished house and splendid wardrobe. Oh I was delighted to see her so comfortable; but it made me very dissatisfied with our little mean house and old-fashioned furniture.'

'I wish, my dear, you had never met with Mrs Peacock then,' Mr Duncan observed.

'Why so, William?'

'Because, from your own confession, it has made you dissatisfied with your home, and surely that is the worst thing that I have to dread, Janet.'

'Nay, my dear, but it did not make me dissatisfied with you,' she replied with one of her most winning smiles.

'True; yet perhaps that will be the next step,' he laughingly rejoined; 'but in what situation is this Mr Peacock,' he further asked, 'that he can afford so many luxuries?'

'Oh, he is in just the same line of business that you are, my dear; but then he is so liberal to Catherine, he lets her lay out just what she likes upon the house and upon herself. Indeed she says he is never better pleased than when she is richly dressed. She is a fine handsome woman, you know, and he is proud of her.'

'Ah, I thought that would be the next thing, Mrs Duncan,' interposed her husband with a smile, which savoured a little of pique; 'have you not now indirectly implied that Mr Peacock is more liberal to his wife than I am to mine, and that because I am not fond of finery, I am mean and ungenerous towards you?'

'I never intended to imply any such thing,' cried Mrs Duncan; and she was sincere in the declaration, for she had not the sense to see the apparent drift of her own observation; indeed her thoughts were full of something else—a something she felt she must not divulge at present, lest it should be unfavourably received.

The tea was by this time made, the muffins and toast placed before the fire, and Mrs Duncan, with her own good-tempered smiles, handed a cup of the former to her husband, and invited him to take which was most agreeable to his taste from the latter, observing that it was a cold evening. She was sure he must be hungry after his walk, and that she was sorry she had not had it as usual ready for him when he came in.

The social meal, the cheerful fire, and, above all, the happy mood in which his wife appeared to be, all had their influence in soothing the perturbed feelings of Mr Duncan, and the disappointment of the day was almost forgotten.

Mrs Duncan proceeded to descant further on the beauty of her friend's residence, adding that she had requested her to favour her with a visit on the morrow, but that Mrs Peacock was some days deep in engage-

ments, consequently she could not promise to come till the next week. She was really glad, she said, of the delay, since it would give her and Sally time to put everything in order, and she really must have a few little articles new in the drawing-room: one thing was indispensable, and that was some new window-curtains; those old fawn-coloured moreen curtains were actually dropping to pieces with age; they would not bear another brushing. She had that day seen some beautiful crimson damask very cheap, which would set off her room so nicely, and she and Sally could make it up without any additional expense. She had particularly noticed how Mrs Peacock's drawing-room curtains were arranged; she should like to have hers made just like them; no doubt they were the newest fashion. She concluded with saying she was sure her dear William would not refuse her such a trifle, when it would make her so happy, more especially as it was not often she asked for anything that was expensive.

It was a trying moment for Mr Duncan. He loved his wife dearly, and he wished to please her. She had spoken the truth in saying it was not often that she asked for anything expensive; he had hitherto thought her of a very contented disposition; but then the loss he had that day felt ought to induce him to curtail his expenses, instead of adding even only a few pounds to them. Affection, however, triumphed; he could not summon firmness to refuse her, though he felt it was his duty; he had not courage to damp her spirits by a relation of the events of the last few hours, and he gave his consent to the damask curtains being bought, and put the necessary sum into Mrs Duncan's hands for the purchase.

The next morning the lady and her maid were very busy, having what the latter called a *thorough-out*; but Sally was always willing to do anything that her master or mistress wished; yet she could not help thinking that some very grand person was expected, to cause such great preparations. The damask curtains were bought, made, and put up by the upholsterer; but Mrs Duncan could have wept with vexation when it was done, to discover that, so far from ornamenting her drawing-room, they made it look worse than before—there was such a discrepancy between their rich hue and bright gold bordering and the rest of the furniture, especially the well-worn Brussels carpet, the flowers of which were woefully faded. 'It would never do,' she said, 'to admit Mrs Peacock (whose eye was so used to things in character) to a room like this; she must have a new carpet; she would venture to order it now the upholsterer's young man was on the spot; she could pay him at any time; she was sure he was not afraid to trust her, and she would economise in her house to make up the sum; her husband should not be the loser.' This settled, she gave the order for a carpet to match the hangings; the measure of the room was taken at once, and the following morning it was laid down. It occurred, however, to Mrs Duncan before the day was over that the new carpet would want a new hearth-rug, the one now in use was so very dingy; and a hearth-rug was accordingly ordered; but sad to relate, there was still an article of furniture in the room which, after all, spoiled the whole, and that was a sofa with a fawn-coloured moreen cover which had previously matched the curtains, but which now looked deplorably mean. Her invention was on the rack; could she remove it into the parlour? No, that would not do, for it hid a large space of the wall where the paper was discoloured. The only way was to have some more damask like the curtains to cover it anew with; and this was done. Poor Sally had to work very hard to get it completed by Saturday night, and as it was possible the visitor might come on the Monday, Mrs Duncan thought that the latest time she could allow her.

Mr Duncan was a man who cared little for outward show; he was rather solicitous to have his home comfortable than ornamental. He therefore made no more inquiries about the damask curtains, and scarcely

thought of them, till, on the morning of the Sunday after returning from church, he by chance entered the drawing-room. He actually started with amazement at the transformation, and turning to his wife, who had followed his steps with a palpitating heart, gave her a look which demanded an explanation.

Mrs Duncan's cheek was flushed, but she attempted to smile away her confusion. 'I hope you like my choice, dear William?' she said with assumed gaiety; but perceiving the shade upon his countenance, she quickly added, 'I trust you will forgive me for going a little beyond your permission, but the carpet and the sofa looked so very mean when the curtains were put up, that I do assure you they could not be suffered to remain.'

'But where did you get the money for these additional purchases?' asked her husband.

'Oh, never mind that, my dear; I will not ask you for it,' she returned, laughing.

'Have you contracted a debt?' he further inquired, still maintaining a serious aspect.

'I do owe the upholsterer for them,' she faltered; 'but I shall save the sum they cost in my housekeeping, so you need not trouble yourself about paying it.'

'I shall call and pay to-morrow morning,' Mr Duncan returned; 'you know I never allow a debt to be contracted, nor do I wish that the comforts of our house should be curtailed for the sake of a new carpet. However, we will drop the subject now; this is an improper day for such a discussion,' and he closed the door as he spoke.

The morrow came, and with it the expected visitor; but poor Mrs Duncan felt no pleasure in receiving her; her thoughts were full of her husband's displeasure, which (though nothing more was said than has been stated) preyed upon her mind, and caused her much unhappiness. Her troubles, however, had commenced. Mrs Peacock (with the vaunting spirit common to vulgar minds) descanted at large on the immense sums she had laid out in furnishing her new house, making every now and then remarks, meant to be, though not apparently derogatory, upon the residence of her friend. There were no reminiscences of her girlhood, as Mrs Duncan had anticipated; indeed Mrs Peacock wished to forget what she had been, and impress her hostess with profound respect for what she now was. Mrs Duncan sat and listened—she could, on the present occasion, do very little more than listen—though she was not wont to take that part only; but Mrs Peacock talked so fast, and so loud, that no other voice could be heard. On her departure, she expressed a hope that Mr Duncan would accompany her on her next visit. She was sure, she said, that Mr Peacock would be pleased to see the husband of her early friend; and she hoped the visit would be soon, for she had some beautiful new purchases to show her.

Mrs Duncan burst into a passion of tears the moment her guest left the house. Her pent-up feelings could find no other vent, and she wept long and violently. Had she questioned herself as to the cause of her grief, she would have been at a loss to explain it, even to herself; but she felt her pride and her feelings wounded; and she was dissatisfied with herself, with her friend, with her home, and with her husband.

It was nearly a week subsequent to the visit of the purse-proud citizen's wife, that Mrs Duncan, just after her husband's departure for business, received a letter from a distant relative, informing her that a legacy to the amount of £200 had been bequeathed to her, adding that, if she called upon the senior partner in the firm of Messrs B— and Co. bankers (who was the executor to the estate), the money would be paid immediately.

What a revulsion of feeling took place in the bosom of Mrs Duncan at this intelligence. Was she, then, the owner of so large a sum independent of her husband? A fortnight ago she would have thought how it would assist him in his business, but now her first idea was, that it would enable her to vie with Mrs Peacock in the

furniture of her house. A desire for luxuries once kindled in the breast is not easily extinguished; and Mrs Duncan's weak mind had dwelt upon her deficiencies so long, that she had considered herself first an unfortunate, and then an ill-treated woman. How delightful it must be, she thought, to be able to order what she liked, without hazarding giving offence to her husband, as Mrs Peacock appeared to do. But now the acquisition of this legacy would, she believed, make her really happy, for she imagined that she had a right to dispose of it as she pleased.

With a beating heart she immediately equipped herself, and bent her steps to the banking-house to which she had been directed; but upon her arrival she found the business was not quite so easily performed as she had anticipated. The senior partner was so seriously ill that no affairs of that nature could be settled; she was told, however, that there was no doubt of the money being duly paid in the course of a few weeks.

Mrs Duncan was disappointed; but her fertile invention formed a plan to obviate, as she thought, the difficulty arising from the delay; as the money was sure, there could be no danger, she imagined, in giving the orders for some of the articles she was most in want of; and this plan was put in execution before her return home. She must have, she said, entirely new furniture for the drawing-room. On entering the house, however, she could not but be struck with the shabby appearance of the passage and stairs. She must have fresh oil-cloth and carpets, and a new lamp, or it was of no use to furnish her drawing-room; and having decided upon this, she stepped back to the upholsterer's to order them. Her next thought was, whether she should inform Mr Duncan immediately of the legacy, or leave it to surprise him when her purchases arrived, and were placed in their respective places; and after some minutes' hesitation she decided upon the latter course; she should so agreeably surprise him, she attempted to cheat herself by saying. But the truth was, she (with the weakness always attendant upon indiscreet conduct) desired to put off as long as possible the evil day; for such she felt (though she would fain persuade herself otherwise) it would be when her husband came to a knowledge of what she had done.

The new furniture was accordingly placed in the drawing-room, the passage and stairs had their fresh covering and lamps, and a few additional articles were added to decorate the other apartments. Mrs Duncan sat waiting the arrival of her husband with more than her usual interest. His well-known knock was heard, and it was answered by Sally, to whom she had now communicated her plans. She was tutored (if her master should make any exclamation of surprise upon observing the change which must, she thought, be obvious upon his entering the house) to say that Mrs Duncan would explain; but Sally had no need to make any such remark, for Mr Duncan was this night too much absorbed to notice the alterations. His manner was perturbed and hurried, and he threw open the parlour-door before she had time to close the one at which he had entered, and presented to his wife's astonished gaze an aspect of the deepest despondency.

'What is the matter with you, my dear William,' the lady exclaimed, all her tenderness reviving at the idea of his sufferings; 'surely you are very ill?'

'No, Janet, I am not ill in body, but my mind is sick; I have sad intelligence for you,' he replied.

'What misfortune can have happened?' interrogated the wife in breathless agitation.

'A misfortune which I fear will be our ruin, my love,' was his answer; 'nothing less than the failure of a house upon the credit of which my success depended; I fear I shall become a complete bankrupt.'

Mrs Duncan heard no more. Her feelings were too powerful for endurance, and she sunk fainting upon the ground. In great alarm her husband rang the bell with violence, and their faithful domestic hurried into the apartment. She was not accustomed to behold her

mistress in such a situation, and felt certain that some dire calamity had happened to cause it. She was, however, not long in applying the necessary restoratives, and Mrs Duncan's suspended faculties began to revive; but it was to the consciousness of misery—misery aggravated by self-reproach; and her first words were to demand of her husband if it were indeed true that he was a ruined man, or whether it was a dream?

'Alas! it is no dream, my poor Janet,' was his tender reply; 'but bear up, my love,' he added; 'our misfortunes are not the result of any misconduct or extravagance of our own. They are inevitable, and it is our duty to bear them with patience.'

This was too much for the unhappy wife. Notwithstanding the presence of her servant, who still hung over her, she wept forth an explanation of her own imprudence, and accused herself in terms the most bitter. This was a fresh blow to the feelings of Mr Duncan, but he said little; that little was, however, rather soothing and consolatory than reproachful; and this very circumstance aggravated the grief of the wife, who felt her own errors far more acutely than she would have done had he loaded her with invectives.

The rumour of Mr Duncan's loss reached the ear of the tradesman with whom his wife had recently contracted so heavy a debt, and without knowing the circumstances of the case, he felt great anger and alarm lest he should become the loser of the property. He accordingly resolved to do his utmost to secure indemnifying himself by arresting him for the sum.

No language can describe the feelings of Mrs Duncan when she saw her beloved husband dragged to a prison entirely through her misconduct; but her remorse once awakened, she was as sincere and earnest in her efforts to extricate him from his difficulties as she had before been in the gratification of a paltry species of pride. Her first thought was to fly to the executor; but here a fresh trial awaited her. He was no more, and the person in whose hands his affairs were left showed little inclination to listen to her intreaties that the matter might be speedily settled. It would take considerable time, he said, to adjust all the affairs of the deceased; and he even proceeded to doubt the legality of Mrs Duncan's claim. In an agony of mind she now proceeded to the house of her early friend; she would surely, she thought, be able to help her in this emergency; but Mrs Peacock, though she expressed herself *very much distressed* to hear of her friend's misfortunes, showed no inclination to relieve them. She had just laid out so large a sum, she said, in furnishing her own house, she had not a single pound to spare; indeed Mr Peacock had that morning, for the first time, refused her a few guineas for something she was much in want of, but which he said he could not afford to let her purchase. She concluded with wondering how her dear Janet could be so imprudent as to order the articles when she was not certain of the sum to liquidate the debt; and Mrs Duncan, finding that excuses and reproaches were all she was likely to receive there, quitted her house with the determination of never entering it again, and not without a secret wish that she had never done so before.

In this crisis she thought the best mode of proceeding would be to beg her creditor, the upholsterer, to take back the articles of furniture she had purchased, and suffer her husband to be once again at liberty. She, without reserve, stated to him the circumstances under which she had given the order for them, and assured him that he knew nothing of the transaction till it was too late to remedy the evil. He was won by her tears and importunities to consent, and immediately withdrawing his claim for the sum, Mr Duncan was once again at large. The well-known integrity of his character pleaded so powerfully with his other creditors, that they were anxious rather to aid than distress him, at a season when his severe losses rendered him unable to meet all the demands made upon him; and time being given, he, by increased diligence and economy,



overcame the misfortune which had threatened to become his ruin.

Mrs Duncan had learned a lesson she could never forget; she had paid dearly for the indulgence of a passion for display, and she determined never more to be taken in the snare of vanity. Her legacy was paid in the course of a few months, and as she placed the whole into the hands of her husband, she declared that, in the exhibition of the most beautifully-furnished drawing-room, she should never have experienced a tenth part of the pleasure she now did in knowing it would lighten his cares and toils. She often reverts to the past with bitter self-upbraidings; but Mr Duncan, with his characteristic kindness, bids her cease to reproach herself, always averring that it was his own fault in consenting, in the first instance, against his conscience, to the purchase of that superfluous piece of furniture, the crimson damask window-curtains.

#### COPPER BALLOON.

An experiment is about to be made in Paris on air balloons, which is exciting the curiosity of the scientific world to an extraordinary degree. A balloon composed of sheet copper, the 200th part of an inch in thickness, is so far completed, that it is now exhibited to the public, and is expected to be ready for ascent in course of the present summer. The constructor is M. Marey Monge, who has undertaken the work for the purpose of testing the practicability of aerial navigation, and of rendering balloons subservient to the study of electrical and magnetic phenomena. The idea of a metal balloon originated with Lavoisier in 1760; and in 1784 a metallic globe was constructed, but without success, by Guyton de Morveau, the grandfather of M. Monge. In the present balloon, the sheets of copper, united by bands like the ribs of a melon, have been soldered by Dr Richemont's *autogenous* process; that is, the edges of the sheets have been fused together, without any soldering substance, by means of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. Upwards of 1500 square yards of copper have been used in the construction of this globe, which is about 30 feet in diameter, weighs 800 lbs., and is estimated to contain 100 lbs. of hydrogen gas. It is stated in the *Journal Universel* that M. Dupuis Delcourt, the celebrated French aéronaut, will shortly make an ascent in this balloon. The main object proposed by its constructor is the power of traversing the air by a system which he has developed in a memoir submitted to the French Academy. One of the advantages gained by the substitution of copper for silk, or other fibrous material, is, that the metal will prevent the escape of gas, so that the aéronaut may remain a long time in the air, and thus be enabled to study the constant atmospheric currents. It is likewise proposed to employ this balloon in deciding whether it is possible to prevent hail which is due to the electricity of concurrent clouds. As the balloon may be kept suspended a long time in the atmosphere, it is proposed to connect it with the earth by a metal wire, so as to conduct the electricity from the clouds; by these means it is supposed that the formation of hail, which is so destructive to the crops of the farmer and gardener, may be precluded. The idea of rendering balloons warders off of hail, or *paragrêles*, is highly ingenious, and most people will be glad to witness its realisation. It is questioned, however, whether M. Monge's machine will possess any practical advantage over those which have been constructed of well varnished silk by Mr Green, our own veteran aéronaut.

#### THE POETRY OF A STEAM-ENGINE.

There is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, in engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—‘intellect battling with the elements.’ And how exquisitely com-

plete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganised. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam-engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of an antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and, in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea-kettle?—*Illuminated Magazine.*

#### THE STORY OF LIFE.

[From ‘Poems, and Translations in Verse, from admired compositions of the Ancient Celtic Bards.’ By Robert Munro. Edinburgh: 1843.]

O FAIR are the waters that mirthfully glide,  
From their mystical home on the sunny hill-side,  
Or valley, or meadow, or echoing grot,  
From spoilers secure, and from cities remote.  
Beautiful waters! so gentle and bright,  
So joyfully leaping, they burst into light;  
Fond tributes of Nature, abundantly given  
To temper the burning refulgence of heaven.  
Affectionate waters! through sunshine and song  
They sprinkle the sward as they wander along,  
And lave the long tresses, and cheer the young flowers,  
Murmuring the joy of their primitive hours.

Onward—while kindred rejoicers draw near,  
Enlarging its form, and to speed its career,  
The streamlet in beauty and minstrelsy glides  
Where Nature in fairest adornment presides;  
Night stays not its journey the forests among,  
Sweet cadence it gives to the nightingale's song,  
Save when in the wildwood it lingers to sleep  
In the secret recess where the willow trees weep—  
O'er moorland, through greenwood, by night and by day,  
Those waters go gallily and gladly away.

But ah! their rejoicing endures not for ever,  
The songs of the streamlet are lost in the river,  
When sullied and mournfully wanders the tide  
Through the dark frowning haunts of ambition and pride;  
And few are the gleams on their marge that remain  
Of the scenes of past joy they can never regain,  
Ere the waters of fountain, and streamlet, and river,  
In the turbulent sea are entombed, and for ever.

For ever! O deem that betimes they return  
From the darkness and toll of their comfortless bourne,  
To the sunny hill-side, and the echoing grot—  
The valley or meadow from cities remote,  
When thither descending, in freshening showers,  
They lave the long tresses and cheer the young flowers,  
As they did in the joy of their primitive hours!

Like those waters' career is the story of life—  
From gladness to gloom, from affection to strife.  
The smiler that basks on its mother's fond breast  
Is glad—a joy-giver, a blessing—and blest;  
But soon to the youthful condemners of home  
The harbinger dreams of futurity come,  
While the glee of the hall, and the game of the field,  
In little misfortunes their warnings may yield—  
Earth's fiftful allurements but beckon them on  
To desolate pathways, to journey alone,  
Where high hopes will wither, and faithless depart  
The visions of bliss, the fond dreams of the heart.

And when the lorn wanderer toils 'midst the strife  
That ever prevails through the ocean of life—  
When his long-cheated vision must cease to survey  
The thoughts, scenes, and friends of a happier day,  
And a mantle of sorrow around him is cast—  
O 'tis good to recur to the beautiful past,  
And cherish the tribute that memory pours—  
The spirit to soothe in its loneliest hours!

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## STORY-TELLERS.

In nine cases out of ten, when a stranger finds himself in a mixed company where there are celebrated persons, he will be disappointed with them. Instead of the marks of genius and flashes of intellect he has been led to anticipate, he very often beholds plain, commonplace-looking men, who make remarks not a whit more striking than the most obscure of the party. On the other hand, some individual whom he had never heard of before, of whose very name he is perhaps ignorant—a person who has nothing remarkable about his appearance, except, indeed, a closer attention to the niceties of costume, than is observable in the more scientific part of the company—this man makes himself extremely conspicuous either by the brightness of his wit, the appositeness of his remarks, or the excellence of his stories. You think there must be some mistake, inquire the name of the brilliant talker, and are surprised when told he is not one of the celebrities you have come to meet. A little reflection, however, shows that the reason why he appears to be a greater luminary than the rest, is because he is in his proper sphere; while the more deeply philosophical professor or artist is not. If you want to appreciate the acquirements of your neighbour the scientific discoverer, go to his lectures or visit his laboratory; the Royal Academician's genius is best understood in his painting-room and by his pictures; that of the author by talking with him *tête-à-tête* in his study, or by reading his books. It is not their destiny to shine at the dinner-table. Powers of amusement they have none; they cannot make jests or smart repartees; and as to stories, like Canning's knife-grinder,

'They have none to tell, sir.'

On the contrary, the man who has a quick wit, or a talent for story-telling, being in his real element, is fully appreciated. His light shines with so much brightness, that it casts the philosopher into the shade. For this reason it is that, of all the various classes of 'men of society' which exist, none is so popular as the clever story-teller. Where he appears, conversation never flags, for its gaps are filled up by one of his narratives. Is there a painful pause between the courses of the feast? the story-teller banishes its tedium and the hostess's chagrin by a smart anecdote. Has a wine-glass been broken, or an awkward allusion made? the story-teller buries the misfortune by interposing an amusing tale; in short, he is in himself a fund of entertainment, which he is never slow in dealing out, or tired of affording. His reward is the numerous invitations which crowd upon him—the most recherché dinners, the choicest wines, the snuggest tea-drinkings, the most splendid suppers, are at his command. As,

he is usually a bachelor, accommodations for eating and drinking are next to superfluities in his domestic establishment; and, but for the necessity of having a place of address for his numerous invitations, the modern story-teller might—like his predecessors the bards and troubadours of the middle ages—wander throughout the year from house to house, from castle to country seat, and escape the expenses of board, lodging, taxation, and all the etceteras which a local habitation entail.

A story-teller of first-rate qualifications is obliged to possess an almost unlimited store of stories, and of so various a character, that he must be able to warrant them apropos of every topic of conversation that may chance to be afloat. Then, to make them glide discreetly, gradually, imperceptibly into the stream of conversation, requires consummate adroitness. He never dreams of introducing a story after the manner of bunglers, with 'that puts me in mind of a singular circumstance which happened to a friend of mine, who was one day,' &c. for he is convinced its failure may be reckoned upon as certain. Everybody knows that the main source of interest in the listener's mind springs from the narrative being in point to, and consequently illustrative of, the subject in hand. The clever story-teller, therefore, never lets you know by any such preface as the above that he is going to tell a tale, but artfully leads you into the very depth of the incidents before you are aware of it. He makes you think, for instance, that he is merely continuing the discussion on the subject under consideration—say the opium question—and you are not undeceived till you find your attention absorbed by a Chinese tale; your sympathies inveigled, perhaps, into the very depths of the 'Sorrows of Han.' Nay, even after the story is finished, when poor Han has been laid in the grave of his ancestors, the narrator keeps up the delusion by finishing off the catastrophe thus—'which, you perceive, fully bears out Mr Capsicum's remark, that the Chinese principle of filial love is so strong, that,' &c.—thus honestly replacing the discussion he had borrowed (for the sole purpose of bringing in his tale) exactly in the same position in which he found it, and not robbing Mr Capsicum of his opportunity for displaying his knowledge of Chinese manners and customs.

Your first-rate story-teller is so fully aware that the perfect harmony of his narrative with the prevailing tone of conversation is a thing of primary necessity, that he will sometimes sacrifice his best tale and be silent, rather than risk its not 'telling' on the auditors by telling it out of place. Now, it is obvious that the most capacious memory would be unable to retain a sufficient number of stories to suit all societies and all subjects that may be discussed in them. He is obliged to call in the aid of imagination to modify, alter, and invent, so as to bring the story he has selected within

the pale of the apropos: but all this he does with such a truth to nature, that his trespasses are rarely, if ever, detected. He colours a little, but it is to heighten effect, not to conceal the original lineaments. In this way, it is astonishing how vastly interesting he will make the most commonplace circumstance. While on my way with my friend Glib (the best story-teller extant) one day last winter to a dinner-party, a beggar-girl was encountered, who told the usual story about a sick father and several starving brothers and sisters, to excite our sympathy. Of course we did not believe her, but we asked where she lived. She gave us an address readily; it lay in our way, and we looked in to see if she had told truth. She had; for we found a man lying in a bed, and three wretched children. This was a great chance for Glib; he was set up with a new story at once; and when the time came, he made the most of it. Of course the distress of the country was one of the earliest topics after dinner when the ladies had retired. Glib chimed in at the right point of the discussion. 'Why, only an hour ago,' he began, 'an instance came under my own eyes that would have appalled the stoutest heart.' The tattered girl was then described in a most effective manner; her spare form, and sharp, want-expressing features, her piteous tones, were minutely portrayed. Changing the scene to her father's dwelling, Glib left not an article in the room, or a hole in the windows, undescribed. The few words we exchanged with the sick man were amplified with dramatic skill. One touchingly innocent exclamation which he attributed to the youngest child (but of which I had not the slightest remembrance), caused an electric sensation amongst the company. Of this he took full advantage. 'Here we are,' he said in conclusion, 'enjoying the choicest luxuries that a bounteous Providence and a liberal host can provide, while thousands are dying of want. Happily, however, there is one satisfaction we can lay up in our hearts—it is in our power to rescue at least one fellow-creature from the grave, and to snatch his starving family from destitution. Let us make up a purse for this poor man.' The story-teller was allowed to say no more, being interrupted by a clamour of assent, by the opening of purses, and the rattling of coin; and when the party broke up, Glib had the satisfaction of effectually relieving the distressed family. Verily, the story-teller sometimes hath his reward.

The proficient story-teller's triumphs are not, however, always so great. It is occasionally his misfortune to find amongst the auditory a matter-of-fact man, who, though he pays the most eager attention to his narrative, only takes an interest in it to find opportunities for tripping him up upon some unimportant discrepancy or immaterial omission. This sort of hostility is usually declared at the very outset, the enemy's first care being to put himself in possession of materials for contradiction by pinning the narrator down to time, place, and circumstance. At my last dinner-party, a piece of that sort of torment was inflicted on Glib. He had that morning 'caught' what he deemed a capital story, and succeeded pretty well, I thought, in introducing it in the midst of a discussion on costume and the superiority of Parisian tailors. 'I have heard,' he remarked, 'that the most eminent of these artists will not work for any but well-made men, lest their fame should be injured. Moreover, they carry their art to such a nicety, that they deny to their "clients" ordinary wear and tear for their garments. A friend of mine ordered a pair of inexpressibles of Monsieur Staub, and—'

'I beg your pardon,' interrupted a Scotch gentleman, 'but would you oblige us with the name of your friend?'

Glib winced, and said 'Smith' at a venture; but his tormentor was not satisfied.

'What! Christopher Smith of the Green?' he asked.

'No, John Smith of the Blues,' answered Glib, hoping to silence the querist by this manifest fiction. 'Well,'

continued the story-teller, 'the garment was duly made and sent home. My friend—'

'Mr Smith,' interpolates the rigid listener.

'Mr Smith, then, thought their fit was not good, and wore them to the tailor's to complain; but—'

'I daresay you will forgive me, but the question I am going to ask is really important:—of what colour were the trousers?'

'I cannot see the importance of the interruption,' replied Glib, reddening slightly; 'but, if you must know, they were gray trousers.'

'Not dress trousers?'

'No.'

'Then it is difficult to understand how a man can be so fastidious about his morning costume:—I say it does not seem very likely that—' Here the interrupter was in turn interrupted by the expostulations of the company, and Glib was allowed to proceed, after trying to remember where he left off.

'Oh yes, I recollect, my friend—'

'Smith—John Smith,' persevered the unsilenced man of fact.

'My friend went to Staub to show him the twist in the left leg. The tailor examined every seam, without finding out the cause of the misfit. At last he made the desired discovery, and looking with surprise and indignation at my friend, said in a tone of bitter irony, "I think you ordered these for morning wear—to promenade in—"

Mr Macnab again begged pardon. Would Glib positively assert that those were the identical words used by the tailor? Glib replied with that kind of decisiveness which a man assumes when in a pet, 'Most assuredly.' Upon this Mr Macnab's countenance became irradiated with a smile of triumph—it was evident he was going to say something which would annihilate the story, and prove it to be utterly unworthy of credit. 'Now, sir,' he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, 'do you mean to say that the tailor, being a Frenchman, spoke in English?'

The success of this query was not so annihilating as the querist imagined, for a ruefully appealing look from Glib to the company produced an off-hand vote of censure on the Scotchman, and the narrator was begged to go on with his story as if no interruption had occurred. But it was too late; Glib's enthusiasm had evaporated. Once more he had to 'try back,' to remind the company that the tailor impressed on his customer that the trousers were intended for walking. 'No wonder, then,' continued the man with severity, 'that there is a twist in the leg, for I perceive you have actually been sitting down in them!'

This was the point of the story; but, alas! it hung fire terribly. The general laugh which followed was evidently a forced one. The truth was, that Glib, rendered nervous by the interruptions, forgot to give his well-studied imitation of the Frenchman's manner—to shrug his shoulders, and assume a look of contempt and indignation when the tailor discovered the violence Mr Smith had done to his workmanship—and which was so necessary to give full point to the last sentence. Poor Glib was completely upset; he remained dumb for the rest of the evening, and the company was deprived of at least two more of his best stories. He conceived such a horror of the Scotchman, that he resolved never again to attempt a story in his presence.

The proficient story-teller never deals in second-hand articles; or, if he does, he takes good care that the tale, though not perfectly original, is not very generally known; for, if it should happen that one of his auditors has heard it before, he is subjected to another species of annoyance. There are some things which it may be declared as a rule, that every man thinks he can do better than his neighbours. Amongst these are, dressing a salad, poking the fire, and—telling a story. Wo, therefore, to the story-teller who takes a tale out of the hands of another who has been anxious to tell it: interruption is equally inevitable as if the table were sur-

rounded with thorough-going matter-of-fact men. The story-teller begins his tale, and the first symptom of dissent is a whisper made by the disappointed man to his next friend; 'Ah! I knew he would spoil it. The circumstance no more happened in Kent than it did in the moon. Why, it was in Birmingham.' The story proceeds; the company enjoy it; the malcontent gets more fidgetty, and at length assures the story-teller aloud that he is quite wrong—indeed he is; it is a pity such a capital story should be spoiled; the lady's name was Hopkins, and not Tomkins. 'Which-ever you please!' remarks the successful candidate, and forthwith proceeds to call his heroine Hopkins, to show, that the name is of no consequence whatever. On he gets a little further; and presently his rival assures him that he has again fallen into an error; he had it from the best authority—indeed from the cousin of an intimate friend of the young lady's brother—and she was *not* married at eleven o'clock, but exactly at fourteen minutes to twelve, which made it all the more singular. The professed story-teller—who must always have tact and temper fully at command—feels that to proceed would be useless; he therefore smother his chagrin, smiles blandly, and says that as Mr Captious knows the circumstances so much better than himself, perhaps *he* had better finish the anecdote. This is exactly what Mr Captious wishes; and he proceeds with the narrative, but of course makes a bungle of it; fails to get so much as a smile from his hearers; and the clever story-teller is amply revenged.

To meet these little crosses and emergencies, the 'man who tells a story capitally' (for by that generic phrase are the best of the order known) must possess nerve, self-command, and infinite good nature. To make his stories effective, he must be gifted with eloquence, a flexible set of features, consummate judgment to know when to bring in his tales, and that kind of modest assurance which gives a man a taste for hearing himself talk.

Though there are many who are famous for telling stories, and for nothing else, yet good story-tellers are to be found in all ranks and professions—the best of course exist amongst those who see most of the world and of human nature. Hence, if you meet with a first-rate hand in this line, you will most likely discover that he is either a barrister, an attorney, or a medical man; but for extent of stock and breadth of humour, none shine so much in this department of talk as commercial travellers. The general information and knowledge of human character they acquire during their journeys is extensive, and the number of their stories almost unlimited. I have heard that story-telling is by some considered a part of their profession, and a means of doing business. A customer is for instance shy with his orders; trade is dull, and the stock on hand 'moves' but slowly. The traveller instantly changes the subject, takes his seat on an edge of the counter, and begins to tell a good story. The shopkeeper smiles, pays eager attention, follows the tale to its climax—which the story-teller delivers with irresistible humour—the man of business laughs with the heartiest gusto, and in the very midst of his roars the cunning bagman returns to the attack with—'But to revert to those gingham; say fifty pieces by way of sample. I'll warrant they'll sell as fast as you can measure them.' 'Well, well,' returns the other, before his sides have done shaking, 'you may send them!'

Of story-tellers there are, however (as Tartini said of fiddle-players), two kinds—those who tell stories very well, and those who tell them very badly. Let us conclude the subject by taking a glance at the latter. Amongst the most conspicuous, are people who *will* tell stories in spite of every discouragement, and every assurance that they bore rather than amuse. Such individuals will sometimes stop the flow of an instructive or entertaining conversation by one of their prosy narratives, and so depress it by some twaddling history, that it never regains its buoyancy. Nothing is

so painful as the silence which reigns while the monotonous voice is doling out a single incident, in 'linked dulness long drawn out'—except, indeed, the still more sombre silence which at the close of the story takes the place of approbation. I have seen, however, one or two methods by which these nuisances have been abated. The first is by forestalling the tale; for as these people have seldom more than a limited collection of old stories, and have no memory for new ones, the first sentence generally tells what is coming. Some spirited listener immediately interrupts the beginning by saying, 'Oh yes, we all know; you mean about the man—a Spanish scholar was not he? Yes, a Spanish scholar, who kept reading a favourite author on his way to the scaffold, and when summoned by the executioner to the fatal block, turned down the leaf for fear he should lose his place!—a capital story, but everybody has heard it.' The poor man who ought to have told the tale makes a most piteous face, and seems ready to weep with vexation. Nevertheless the company is saved from a vast deal of dulness. Another plan, I have seen successfully put in practice is, when the prosing narrator has wasted a great deal of time, and is still only in the middle of his story, one of his hearers pretends to think it at an end, and cries out, 'Very good!' 'excellent!' 'an extraordinary catastrophe!'—the rest of his companions echo him, and he goes on talking about something else; leaving the unfortunate prosier in the middle of his story. Good-breeding, we know, demands that these expedients should be put into operation as seldom as possible, and when they are, with the utmost delicacy; but there is a point beyond which politeness may be allowed to step, and surely never with so many excuses as for the purpose of smothering a long dull pointless story, badly told.

## FACTS ABOUT THE CHINESE.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

CERTAIN transactions in the East have brought the Chinese more prominently before the notice of the European public at the present moment than at any former period. The mysterious veil behind which they have always shrouded themselves, by a rigid exclusion of foreigners from their country, has been lately thrust aside by the sword, and the insight thus afforded has added a few more facts to our already slender stock of information regarding them.

A striking fact arrests attention at the very outset of an inquiry into the state of this singular people: they exist, as we see them at the present moment, exactly as they did 3000 years ago. Not only did the same code of laws govern their remote ancestors as now rule them, but their dress, habits, manners, houses, and even persons (except the fashion of wearing long tails, which was introduced by their Tartar conquerors), are precisely similar. Whoever, therefore, sees a Chinese man or woman, beholds the counterpart of a being who lived thousands of years ago. Their similarity of person is explained by the exclusion of foreigners, and the interminable intermarrying of the same race, naturally reproducing the same set of features—a peculiarity so perplexing to strangers, that it is difficult to distinguish the countenance of one native from another. The strict accordance of their laws, customs, and mode of life, with those of the past, however, involves a longer explanation, but one of peculiar interest.

The prime canon of Chinese belief is, that their constitution and laws are *perfect*; and that the ancient sages who framed their institutions were infallible. The word from which we derive the term China is *Tchoung-hou*; one signification of which is, 'the kingdom per-

fectly governed.\* Impressed with such a belief, it follows that any alteration in, or addition to, the fundamental principles of the constitution and laws, would be a tacit contradiction of the omniscience of their sages; a piece of presumption they deem so unpardonable, that any person who publicly propounds a theory which cannot be found in, or borne out by, the ancient writings, is punished as a blasphemer. Originality, and all attempts at social or national improvement, are therefore in China capital offences; and it results, as their code of laws descends from the most important regulations of state polity down to the minutest arrangements of private life, and as it can never be legally altered, that all things are as nearly as possible at a stand-still.

That the basis at least of the Chinese government is of great antiquity, is proved by its form, which is strictly patriarchal. The emperor is considered as the father, or, as they themselves express it, 'the father and mother' of his people. As such, he possesses, theoretically, undefined, undivided, unlimited power. 'Heaven,' says Confucius, 'has not two suns, earth has not two kings, a family has not two masters, a sovereign power has not two directors—one God, one emperor.' Every expedient, therefore, which it is possible for ingenuity to contrive, has been put in practice to instil into the minds of the people a veneration for their ruler. Besides being their earthly father, he is deemed their sole mediator with Heaven, of which he is not only said, but believed to be the 'son,' for each dynasty has claimed a divine origin. He is held in law to be Heaven's sole vicegerent upon earth, every other sovereign being considered as his vassal.† He is seldom seen in public, and when he so far condescends, he is habited in yellow robes—the colour of the sun. In all the public courts and halls throughout the empire, he is represented by a yellow screen, before which his subjects are bound to knock their heads on the ground nine times, an operation called the *kow-tow*, or knock-head. To omit this deferential and difficult ceremony, or to offer the smallest disrespect to the silken representative of sovereignty, is a grave offence. When the Foo-quen (lieutenant-governor) of the Canton or Quangtung province wished to insult the English in the highest degree at the commencement of the late war, he ordered the curtain placed before Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of George IV. to be drawn, and then sat with his back to it.—The veneration of the Chinese for their emperor is carried so far, that even his palace is deemed holy ground; and for any but the privileged to enter it, is sacrilege. In the provinces an imperial edict is received with the burning of incense. In short, every act and ceremony which is calculated to excite superstitious reverence for, and to surround the emperor with, superhuman attributes, is prescribed by the law.

Far, however, from depending solely on the veneration and filial love of his so-called children, his celestial majesty is furnished with powers to enforce his authority which would be, if carried fully into effect, tremendous. The institution of a hereditary nobility being quite unknown in China, he has no troublesome peers to thwart his will; the prosperity or disgrace of the meanest subject is at his disposal; and though a large proportion of the population hold official employments, the entire patronage of the empire is vested in its ruler. He is not only the fountain of all honour, but of all mercy, for the lives of his people are in his hands. But he is never allowed to be seen in the character of an avenger; when any punishment is awarded, it is at-

tributed to the stern justice of the law; when mercy is to be shown, it is the emperor who extends it to the culprit.

The administrative machinery by which the emperor of China is assisted in governing the nation, is, without doubt, the most complete system of despotic rule ever contrived. Though simple in its principles, its details reach every link in the chain of society, from the steps of the throne to the interior of the humblest dwelling. Next after the emperor is a sort of privy council, consisting of six members, who also act as presidents of six other boards or committees, by which the business of the realm is carried on. The first of these councils—called *Li-poo*—takes an account of all the official appointments and cognisance of the punishment, degradation, or promotion of the various persons employed in the service of the state. No. 2 is *Hoo-poo*, or revenue-board, which has charge of the financial affairs of the country. No. 3—*Lée-poo*—executes the laws respecting rites and ceremonies. No. 4 is the *Ping-poo*, and forms a war-office regulating all business connected with the army. No. 5 is the *Hing-poo*, or supreme court of criminal jurisdiction. No. 6—*Kung-poo*—is the board of public works, which in China are very extensive, the country being everywhere intersected with canals, roads, and bridges, and provided with dams and sluices to ward off the frequent inundations of the innumerable rivers.

Connected with the board of offices is one of the most gratifying traits in the Chinese constitution, which is, that rank and honour—synonymous in China with official employment—can only be gained by merit and learning. An individual born of the humblest parents is eligible for the highest offices, provided his acquirements enable him to pass the requisite examinations; while the son of the emperor can only obtain honours by competing with the rest of the subjects. Hereditary distinction is so completely disregarded, that the emperor may appoint any successor he chooses, whether related to himself or not. That every inducement shall be held out for education, there is in each city at least one public school, in large ones several, superintended by a regular educational staff under the *Li-poo* board, where poor youths can pursue their studies. These consist in the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the Chinese classics, or works of the ancient sages, which embrace every subject, from the statutes to poetry and fiction. It is obvious that the highest endowment demanded of the scholar is memory: the more exalted powers of the mind must be rigidly suppressed; for wo to the unfortunate genius who should be convicted of putting forth an original idea, or obtrude the most trifling notion in opposition to the dicta of the revered sages and commentators! The humblest officials, however, can only be appointed on proving their full acquaintance with what has been written concerning their respective duties. Even the lowest policeman—a numerous body in the country—is to a certain extent a scholar. Candidates for subordinate honours 'go up' once a year in the hall of the literary chancellor of the district in which they reside; but for the most exalted degrees, examinations are triennial, and take place in the capital of the province, in Peking, and before the emperor himself. At the approach of these three-yearly exhibitions, public attention throughout the realm is excited to the utmost. Thousands assemble in the cities where the examinations take place; and the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff declares, that on one occasion as many as 12,000 strangers assembled in Canton during an examination for the *Keu-jin* (raised man) degree. As soon as the results are known, the country from one end to the other resounds with the names of the successful candidates, a list of whom is circulated in every city. Their parents and relations attach placards to their houses, to inform the public of the good fortune their son has brought on them, and they are overwhelmed with the congratulations of their friends. The literary ardour of Chinese students is unparalleled. Men of seventy have

\* From the Chinese dictionary of Khang-hi, quoted in Klaproth's *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Asie*, p. 267, vol. iii. This was one of the ancient names in use amongst the Chinese themselves, and which we obtained from the Malay term *Tchina*. Generally speaking, however, the Chinese call their country after the reigning dynasty. That of *Tsing* being now on the throne they speak of each other as *Tsing-jin*, or 'men of *Tsing*.'

† As explained at page 30 of our last volume, the functions of an ambassador from an independent kingdom are unknown in China—all who visit the country in that character are called tribute-bearers, and are said to come to pay homage.

been known to aspire to the rank of *Sew-tae* (flowery talent), and students of eighty to covet the distinction of 'raised men,' or *Keu-jin*.

Of all the offices to which successful students are eligible, none, except seats at the metropolitan boards, are so important as that of governors-general of provinces, of whom there are eight. In China Proper there are eighteen provinces, and a lieutenant-governor (*Foo-yuen*) presides over each. The jurisdictions of every subordinate officer, from this lieutenant-governor down to the petty magistrate, are defined with the most systematic precision. Every province is divided and subdivided into so many minute sections, that, while the Chinese have somewhat limited ideas of geography, the science of topography is nowhere carried to so high a point of perfection. This has been accomplished chiefly for administrative purposes, so that the duties of every official may be definitely marked out. Provinces are separated into districts, called *foo*, which are again portioned off into *choo*, and those once more into *hein*. The importance and nature of every town in the kingdom is at once ascertained by its terminating syllable. Thus, the native term for Canton is *Kwang-tung-foo*, which shows it to be the metropolis of a district. The same rule applies to the titles of chief magistrates; they are *foo-yuen*, or *choo-yuen*, or *hein-yuen*, according to the extent of their jurisdictions. Each district has a regular establishment of military, revenue, ceremonial, punitive, and engineering officers, the respective chiefs of whom are accountable partly to the *Foo-yuen*, but chiefly to one of the six boards at Peking. A list of all persons employed under government is published four times a-year at Peking, and is exactly of the same nature as our 'Red Book.'

The imperial statutes are collected in the 'Fa-tsing-hwuy-leen-sze-le,' or books of the laws of the Tsing dynasty, and are prodigiously voluminous. A competent writer declares, that there does not exist in the whole range of human action a single fault which is not noticed in this code, and its due punishment apportioned. The fundamental or abridged statutes have been translated into English by Sir George Staunton, and underwent elaborate criticism in the Edinburgh Review, which awarded to them the following praise. 'It is,' remarks the reviewer, with every show of justice, 'a clear, concise, and distinct series of enactments, savouring throughout of practical judgment and European good sense; and if not always conformable to our improved notions of expediency in this country, in general approaching to them more nearly than the codes of most other nations.\*—The scales of punishment are invariably regulated by strokes of the bamboo; hence the Chinese empire has been compared to a school, of which the magistrates are the masters, and the people the pupils. The bamboo is the ferula, and care is taken that the child shall not be spoiled by sparing the rod. The number of blows of the bamboo, together with its various weights and thicknesses, is placed opposite every possible crime and misdemeanour. That no person whatever may plead ignorance of the law, the penal statutes are printed in a cheap form and widely diffused, and every year sixteen discourses are read to the public on various subjects, and one of them inculcates the propriety of each individual becoming acquainted with the laws, and with the penalties of disobedience.'

Thus, not only are the laws framed upon the wisest principles, but ignorance of them is next to impossible. A stranger, therefore, becoming acquainted with the multifarious provisions for upholding and enforcing morality, loyalty, and all the social virtues, is apt to believe that the Chinese are the best-behaved people under the sun. Our short description, however, is as yet only applicable to the theory of the constitution: a knowledge of the practical administration of the laws dispels such an illusion; for the Chinese are—from the

very principles under which they exist, and consequently from a necessity only to be removed by an alteration of those principles—a nation of hypocrites. This is a comprehensive verdict, but its justice is readily explained.

Their prime and fundamental fallacy is their intense veneration for the ancients. Their code of laws—though without doubt the most wonderful monument of wisdom, worldly experience, and forethought, which remote antiquity has bequeathed to any nation—was perhaps as near perfection as the Chinese believe when applied to the habits of men who lived three thousand years ago; but the great alterations which time has since brought about, render many of those antique regulations quite inapplicable to the present state of society. Consequently, the entire population, including the government itself, unable to square their actions by their laws, study every art which hypocrisy can suggest to seem to do so. Their modern practices necessarily wage a constant warfare with their ancient theories, and the proficiency of the meanest peasant in warping and evading the law, is not to be surpassed by the most accomplished English special pleader; inasmuch that when we examine the actions of the Chinese as a nation closely, we shall discover, that from the emperor down to the beggar, the great business of life is as much to evade as to obey the law.

The anomalies produced by this rooted veneration for antiquity, act both for and against the people. In the first place, it materially lessens the emperor's despotic sway. Though theoretically the most absolute of autocrats, he is far more the slave of precedent and ceremony than his meanest subjects. Being considered the only mediator between man and Heaven, he is held responsible for every misfortune that happens to the nation, and every calamity is conceived to be the consequence of some sin he has committed. When insurrections, famines, earthquakes, or inundations (the latter being very frequent) afflict the people, he is obliged to do penance; he appears in the meanest dress, strips the palace of its ornaments, and suspends all court amusements; but even when thus humiliated, he is looked upon as the peculiar object of Heaven's regard. A specimen of one of his self-confessions and condemnations will show to what humiliations the emperor is obliged to submit. On the occasion of a destructive drought, the following display was made in the Peking Gazette for July 25, 1832:—'I, minister of heaven, am placed over mankind, and am responsible for keeping the world in order and tranquillising the people. Prostrate, I beg imperial Heaven to pardon my ignorance and stupidity, and to grant me renovation, for myriads of innocent people are involved by me, a single man. My sins are so numerous, it is difficult to escape from them.—Summer is past, and autumn arrived; to wait longer will be impossible. Knocking head (that is, performing the *how-tow*), I pray imperial Heaven to hasten and confer gracious deliverance, a speedy and divinely-beneficent rain, and to save the people's lives, and in some degree relieve my iniquities.'—Autocrat as he is, the 'celestial' monarch daily courts public opinion in the Peking Gazette. Each laudable action he may perform, with the motives and the various reasons that may have given rise to it, is announced in this vehicle for imperial panegyric, which is sent into every corner of the empire, and read in all the taverns and tea-houses. So much is he under the influence of custom, that he dare not omit the most disagreeable duty exacted of him, or swerve one iota from the example of the long train of his predecessors. While giving audience to his ministers, which he does on every fifth day, he cannot relax in the least from the fatiguing support of his dignity: he must not even lean back in his chair. Thus, though the lives and liberty of three hundred millions are said to be at his command, he is deprived of liberty himself.

But besides the national veneration for old usage, the numerical strength of the Chinese nation places

\* Edinburgh Review, vol. xv.



a very strong bar against the will of the emperor. There is nothing so much dreaded by the authorities as a mob, which is, according to one of their sayings, 'more dangerous than a troop of wild beasts.' The strongest instance which could be adduced of the combined power of ancient custom and the force of mere numbers, is the fact, that when the Mantchoo Tartars conquered the country in 1652, the usurper was, as his successors have been, obliged to conform to the Chinese ancient usages. The most they could do was to force the Chinese into wearing long tails, though many sturdy patriots actually lost their heads rather than conform even in so trifling a matter. The victors, instead of overrunning the country, and placing the natives in subjection, could only keep their footing by conforming to the prejudices and customs of the natives; and the military conquerors were, in point of fact, reconquered by the moral force of Chinese institutions. The national horror for foreigners obliges the Tartars to reside quite apart; and every town in China is divided into two sections by a thick wall—one for the Chinese, the other for the Tartars. These are, moreover, only permitted to take a small share in the civil administration of affairs, though the emperor himself is of Tartar descent.

So much for the anomalous and artificial position of the emperor. The condition of his ministers and underlings exhibits even more forcibly how little the ancient theory of the Chinese constitution agrees with its practical working. The impossibility, on the one hand, of obeying all the multifarious laws and regulations which it prescribes, and of practising the fine maxims of morality which it inculcates, and, on the other, the never-ceasing effort to appear to do so, produce a universal system of suspicion and trickery. Nearly every employé is a spy on the actions of his brother officer. To begin at the top of the official tree: the highest six officers of state, who preside over the six metropolitan boards, are spies over the actions and words of the members of each, which they regularly report to the emperor. For fear of intrigue and collusion, no two relations within the fourth degree can sit at the same board. In the provinces, the grand object is to detach every officer from the affections of the people, that these may be all centred in the emperor, and that there may be no plotting against the state. For a minister, therefore, to be popular, is to be truly unfortunate. No provincial officer, from a viceroy to the pettiest magistrate, can hold employment in a district where he has relations: he can neither marry nor purchase lands in it; and his term of office is seldom longer than three years—so that a constant change of officials goes on throughout the empire. The consequence is, that every placeman takes care to make the most of his time, and screws as many perquisites out of the unfortunate people over whom he has jurisdiction as he possibly can. But even when he has thus made a large fortune, he is very liable to lose it; for the government, after winking at his extortions till they have become something considerable, or too glaring to be tolerated, often pounces on the extortioner, accuses him of some crime—he is tried—his ill-gotten gains are seized, poured into the imperial treasury, and he is very often condemned to death. That accusers may not be wanting, the six presidents, or spies in chief, form themselves into a seventh board, called *T'oo-che-yuen*, for the purpose of despatching spies into every part of the country to examine into and report the conduct of the several officers. To complete this system, every individual is invited to send up accusations against the government servants. This was originally intended as a ready channel for the complaints of the people to the ear of the emperor, and is vaunted as such; but, like most other of the state regulations, it is abused in the way we have described.

The condition, manners, and morality of the Chinese people being thus completely formed by their institutions, and the mode in which those institutions are administered, they present a curious series of contradic-

tions, which in fact have tended to keep Europeans much in the dark respecting their true condition. Those who judge them by the theories and precepts of their sages, believe them unequalled for morality and good conduct; those who perceive how much these theories are departed from, must acknowledge that hypocrisy at least is a main characteristic of the nation. To the mode of life, ingenuity, and customs of this singular people, we intend devoting succeeding articles.

#### 'NEVER WASTE BREAD.'

THE Dutch are a reflecting and sententious people; and one of them, according to the report of a gentleman who had lived long among them, defined education thus—'Every word a precept, every action an example.' The Scotch, in their practice, seem very strictly to follow this definition; for with them example to the young is anxiously attended to, and instruction introduced upon every fitting opportunity. 'Mind the bairns! mind the bairns!' would a late Presbyterian pastor settled in London say, when calling to chide any laxity in attending church; and

'The father mixes a' wi admonition due,'

says Burns, in one of the most true and beautiful pictures of Scottish life ever drawn.

They give their instructions in various ways—by example, by precept, and by story. In humble and middle life in particular all are anxiously adhibited; for in these ranks generally the young person has nothing to look to but his or her good conduct; and often when strangers consider the young Scotchman or Scotchwoman as naturally wary and calculating, they are only following precepts, or reflecting on examples, anxiously impressed upon them by friends now far distant, and whose precepts have from that circumstance a sort of sacredness, for they are associated with all the deep and moving memories of home.

One of their earliest precepts is against unnecessary waste of anything; not from the natural and proper consideration that it is waste, and consequently an unnecessary and improper expense, but from the yet higher consideration that, however they themselves might be able to afford that waste, it is unlawful as others are concerned; as the rich cannot waste anything that they do not thereby render dear to the poor. And, above all things, they are apt to look with horror on the waste of human food, or indeed any food; first, from the trouble and toil it occasions to produce it; and next, because it is indispensable to existence. Bread in particular is recognised as the symbol of all subsistence, and is therefore termed 'the staff of life.' And as every Flemish child is taught to look with alarm on pulling up grass, as tending to destroy the tenacity of the soil, and consequently the security of the country which depends upon the maintenance of its dikes, so the Scottish child is taught to look with alarm on the waste of bread, because the want of that article is fatal, and in Scotland has been often felt.

The following little story, which the writer heard when very young from the lips of a revered relative, and has never forgotten, discloses also some other of the feelings peculiar to Scotland at that period:—'My father,' she said, 'was a tenant of the good but unfortunate Lord Pitsligo. It was in the spring of the '45, immediately after the defeat of the prince's army at Culloden, and when the gentlemen out upon that unfortunate occasion, and many of the commons too, were hiding for their lives, that I, then a very young woman, was left in charge of the house, my father and all the servants being engaged at their seed-time, and my

mother, who was delicate, being not yet out of bed. I was busy preparing breakfast, when a very old and infirm man came to the door, and in the humblest manner requested to be allowed to warm himself by the fire. He was trembling from cold, and I not only requested him to enter, but hastened to place a chair for him, and make the fire warmer for his use. After sitting a little time, he asked if I could give him a little bread and milk, and I immediately brought some, and placed the milk on the fire to take the chill off it. As I gave him the bread a small morsel fell on the floor, and I touched it with my foot to put it out of the way among the ashes, when the old man immediately stopped me. "Do not do that!" he said, trembling from cold or from emotion; "never waste bread! The time has been that I have given gold for a handful of drammack,\* kneaded in a soldier's bonnet. They that waste bread may fear that they shall one day come to want it!" As he said this, he stooped down and picked up the crumb I had dropt, and cleaning it on his bosom, and looking upwards, put it reverently into his mouth. I saw, as he stretched forth his hand, that it was fair as a lady's, and that his linen, though coarse, was very clean; and as soon as I could, without alarming him, I asked if I could serve him in anything further, as I thought I heard my mother call. I went to her, securing the outer door in passing, for I feared he might be some person in trouble, and told her what I had seen. She immediately sprung up to dress herself, requesting me to stay where I was, and in a very few minutes she was in the kitchen, closing the door after her. As I immediately heard her sobbing, I ventured to peep through the key-hole, when I saw my mother on her knees at the old man's feet, and bathing his hands in her tears. It was Lord Pittligo!

After many sufferings from age and illness, and many hair-breadth escapes in many disguises, and from living often in holes where scarcely a wild creature could have lived, he had drawn towards his own estates, to live the short period he might be allowed to live, or die among his own people; knowing that if they could not save him, at least he should have their sympathy.

He had been driven from a cave in the neighbourhood, in consequence of having been dragged by some soldiers, who did not know his person, to discover the scene of his own concealment; and where, if he had been found, instead of in its neighbourhood, he would certainly have been secured: he had therefore since been less comfortable. On a part of his estate there were some large cairns, called the Cairns of Pittligo, memorials, as it is thought, of former battles and burials. On the top of these the shepherds had formed hollows, in which they might sit sheltered, and yet see their herds. In one of these the old nobleman had taken up his abode, because from it he could see to a distance around, and on occasion creep into a hole that had been scooped out in it, just capable of receiving him, and even of concealing him if not narrowly sought for. There he spent many days, looking upon his ruined residence, and upon the lands no longer his, and envying, doubtless, the humblest labourer upon them; and there he had passed the cold and cruel night preceding this interview. I well remembered, said my old friend, "the thick carpeting of his spacious dining-room, its curtains of velvet deeply fringed with gold, and the proud looks of himself and his ancestors, as they were pictured on its walls, now ruined and blackened by the fire of the destroyer. I had even seen his proud bearing, as, walking on the sea-beach between his castle and the humbler but still beautiful residence of his near neighbour Pittulie, he endeavoured to persuade him to join in the rising for the prince; and the solemn courteousness with which he rode through the village, as he parted for the expedition, bowing on all sides to his tenants, who had come reverently to see him leave them; and, young as I was, I could not but contrast all this with what I now saw.

My mother, suspecting I might be listening or anxi-

ous, came out, and hurried me before her, putting her hand on her lips at the same time to impose silence. When we reached the bedroom she broke out afresh, regretting beyond everything that he must again encounter the cruel season, without the possibility of their adding almost any comfort. A blanket, however, or blankets, were, I suppose, carried that night to the cairn, and also some food and drink. He was soon after conveyed to Auchiries, where he lived long, and, after many escapes, at last died in peace. Everybody in the neighbourhood knew of his residence. The very children would go and peep through the chinks of the garden-door as he sat reading, but they never breathed his name. The farm on which the cairn where he was concealed is situated, though now disjoined from his estates, is called the farm of "Lord's-Cairn" to this day, and will never be named without remembering the cause; nor shall I ever forget the lesson he taught me, never to waste bread."

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE A DUEL.

REAL life has situations of tragic interest, compared with which those of fiction sink into the character of tame and modified imitations. The following is a description of a situation of this order—Colonel and Mrs Fawcett during the night preceding the duel which proved fatal to that gentleman, July 1843. The passage is extracted from a letter in which Mrs Fawcett addresses the public in vindication of her husband.

"He did not hear from Lieutenant Cuddy till near midnight, when he received a note, a few lines of which I read over his shoulder; and when I saw that their purport was, that Lieutenant Cuddy had failed in his endeavours to effect an arrangement, and that they were to go out, I fell back on my chair, nearly fainting, when my husband said in a displeased manner, "Oh, this is just what I feared—that you would fail me when I most required your firmness and obedience." He then went to order a carriage to come early the next morning, desiring me to get the servants to bed, but observed, that as it was already so late, it would be better for us both to sit up. He soon came back, and lay down on the sofa, whilst I sat by his side. Thus passed the remainder of that sad night. He occasionally dozed, but I saw he watched me strictly, and was uneasy if I attempted to quit him. However, I had no idea whatever of endeavouring to give information, for I well knew my husband's character; although he never had any concealments from me, and was kind, affectionate, and indulgent in the highest degree, yet he would never have forgiven the slightest interference on my part in a matter of honour and duty. I also never thought that Lieutenant Munro would fire at him; and as I knew his own resolve not to discharge his pistol, I was assured all would terminate happily, though I had a feeling of terror I could not then account for. \* \*

"Shortly after my husband had dressed and breakfasted, the carriage arrived (I think it was near five o'clock), and he sent me down to unfasten the hall-door, lest the ringing should rouse the servants, which I did. He then said, on taking leave of me, "God bless you, my beloved Annie! you have shown yourself this night to be a true and devoted wife; and remember, whatever happens, I go out with a clear conscience, for they have forced me into this, and I will never fire at your sister's husband." He then ran down the stairs, and let himself out."

The remote cause of the death of this gentleman was his having expressed dissatisfaction at the way in which his brother-in-law had transacted for him the sale of a house. Some high words which ensued on this subject could only be brought to a satisfactory result by the two men going out to take the chance of destroying each other. How inordinately strange that such a system should continue to exist in the nineteenth century

\* Meal and water.

—and stranger still, that it should be tacitly countenanced by courts and authorities, and seriously defended by many intelligent persons! It is unquestionably the purest relic of mediæval barbarism which has descended to our time.

#### HOUSE-FLIES.

Amongst domestic plagues flies are generally included. Few persons know from whence they come, or are aware that there are numerous species which inhabit our dwellings. Some of these species a good deal resemble each other, whilst others are so very dissimilar, that the smaller ones are supposed to be the young of the larger individuals. In our days, when natural science has arrived at such a degree of perfection—when every year brings forth works of amusement and instruction adapted to every age, as well as for every class of society—it seems incredible that any one should be so ignorant of the things which daily surround him, as to suppose that flies vary in size according to their age; and that, consequently, the large and small are the old and young of the same species. To assist in dissipating such errors, we glean from the Correspondence of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* the following facts, connected with the history of the common house-fly:—

There are fifty, perhaps a hundred, different sorts of flies and gnats which annually visit our apartments, and establish themselves as regular domestics. Amongst the most familiar of these are the green-bottle, the blue-bottle or flesh-fly, the larder-fly impatiently bouncing against the windows, the biting house-fly, which interrupts our reveries by its unwelcome attacks on the legs and ankles, and the lesser and larger house flies, alighting on our food, and soiling the furniture. All of them are unpleasant companions—tickling, teasing, devouring; the most unceremonious visitors—paying respect neither to time, place, nor person.

Their economy and transformation being similar, the domestic fly may be taken as the type of the whole race. Like most insects, it lays eggs, which are deposited in hot and moist dunghills, and among other putrifying refuse. These eggs are hatched into minute maggots of a dirty white and yellow colour, which feed till they arrive at about twice the size of a caraway seed, and in this state they tumble hither and thither, without any distinct organs of locomotion. When fat and full fed, the maggots lie dormant a few hours, during which time the skin hardens, and becomes an oval cylindrical case, of a chestnut colour; and in this respect the two-winged flies (*diptera*) differ from all the other orders of insects, which cast their skins when they become chrysalides. In the chrysalis state they remain from a few days to as many weeks, according to the temperature; many of them, no doubt, sleeping throughout winter. During this period of repose, the recent maggot is undergoing a wonderful transformation within his own skin, which ultimately opens at one end by a little circular lid, and out creeps the house-fly, with its body and six legs as large as at any subsequent period of its life; indeed the abdomen is often larger, as it is filled with a fluid necessary to the expansion of the wings. When the fly issues from the chrysalis, the only part which has to grow is the wings—these being at that stage two little crumpled moist objects on each side of the body. The first act of the insect, therefore, is, before they dry, to crawl up some object, when the fluid in the abdomen gravitates, or is forced into the nervures of the wings, and expands the wrinkles; at last these appendages are stretched out, and covered with a delicate transparent, but iridescent membrane, and then the little animal is ready for flight.

The house-fly, thus completed, is too well known to require any lengthened description. It still bears the technical name assigned to it by Linnæus (*musca domestica*); it is clothed with black hairs and bristles; the antennæ, or feelers, are black, and feathered; the eyes are remote, and of a dull brownish-red; the space between them is black, but the face is satiny yellowish-

white; and a similar line surrounds the eyes; the thorax or body is bright gray, with four blackish stripes down the back; the abdomen is ash-coloured, with clouded markings; and the six legs are long, slender, and blackish. The fly thus described is a very pretty animal; and when seen under the microscope, presents one of the most perfect and elegant objects in animated nature. Its whole anatomy and structure are beautifully adapted to its mode of life; its orbicular eyes enable it to see above, beneath, and around it; its proboscis, which it elongates and contracts at pleasure, can seize and extract the juices of the minutest particle; and its tiny feet, which act like a boy's sucker, enable it not only to climb the smoothest surface, but to walk even with its back downwards.

The domestic fly is very generally diffused; and British naturalists state, that the *musca domestica* of Canada, the United States, Cape of Good Hope, Hobart Town, &c. is one and the same with that which frequents our own apartments. To the same genus as *musca domestica* belongs the green-bottle (*M. Cæsar*), and the blue-bottle (*M. vomitaria*). The larder-fly, so like the blue-bottle, belongs to another genus (*anthomyia*), which also includes the lesser house-fly, vulgarly believed to be the young of *musca domestica*. The biting house-fly ranks under a third genus, termed *stomoxys*, from the structure of the mouth, which is horny, and formed for piercing.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### THORWALDSEN.

THE history of Thorwaldsen, the most eminent of modern sculptors, affords another instance of the wonders which are to be accomplished, by assiduous perseverance, in surmounting poverty and all the attendant evils it casts in the way of struggling but determined genius.

In 1770, a poor sculptor from Iceland, named Golskalk Thorwaldsen, travelled with his young wife, the daughter of a clergyman, to seek his fortune in Copenhagen. On the 19th of November, and while continuing their route, a son was born, who was named Albert, or Bertel. This was the afterwards famous sculptor. The father, after settling in Copenhagen, was not long in obtaining employment, and received several commissions for carving figure-heads for the Danish navy. Being constantly in the workshop, a chisel was amongst young Thorwaldsen's earliest playthings; for as soon as he had strength enough to hold a carving instrument, his father taught him to assist in the work. The extreme aptitude which he evinced made a strong impression on his parents, who, too poor to provide him with special instructors, sent him to the gratuitous school of arts established in Copenhagen. For some time he did not distinguish himself beyond his fellow-scholars; but in due time his natural genius developed itself, and in 1787, when he had attained the age of seventeen, he obtained a silver medal as a prize for one of his productions. It would seem that at this period he had no greater ambition than that of following his father's branch of the profession, and sculpturing allegorical ornaments for ships; but he was reserved for a brighter destiny. The historical painter Abildgaard, appreciating the superior talent displayed in his early artistic efforts, took him so far under his protection as to give him gratuitous lessons, and was pleased to find they were fully profited by. In 1789 young Thorwaldsen carried away a second prize, and two years later the gold medal; finally, in 1793, his diligence and abilities met with the highest reward the academy ever bestowed, namely, the 'prize of Rome'—that is to say, an annual pension of 1200 francs (nearly

L.50), guaranteed for three years, to enable him to proceed to, and study in, the metropolis of art. Before, however, taking his departure, he remained two years longer at Copenhagen, closely occupied in the study of his profession; but on the 20th of May 1793 he embarked on board a Danish frigate. His voyage was long and tedious. The vessel touched at a great number of ports, and did not reach Rome till the month of March in the year following. "Once, however, settled in the scene of his studies, he set diligently to work, though his early progress, like that of all true geniuses, was in his own estimation slow, and consequently discouraging. Comparing his own crude attempts with the *chef-d'œuvres* of the masters whose works he had come to examine and learn from, he despaired of ever approaching them even at a humble distance. On one occasion, it is said, that having laboured very hard on a figure for some time, and comparing it when completed with its original, the contrast produced so strong a feeling of despair on his mind that he broke it in pieces with his hammer. Others, however, who witnessed his labours, had a far higher opinion of his proficiency than himself, and, encouraged by their advice and plaudits, he continued to persevere.

Thus he worked on till the allotted three years passed, and his means of subsistence were at an end. Poor, unknown, and too modest to make a boast of his talents, Albert Thorwaldsen saw no other prospect than that of returning to Denmark, and again taking to his father's humble branch of art. A happy chance, however, detained him in Rome. When on the eve of departure, it happened that our tasteful and rich countryman, Mr Thomas Hope—then travelling to gratify his almost insatiable love for, and admiration of, the fine arts—visited the young sculptor's studio, and, struck with the beauty of a statue of Jason modelled in clay, immediately commissioned its execution in marble. For this he paid so liberal a remuneration, that Thorwaldsen, finding his means of subsistence assured for some time to come, abandoned his intention of revisiting Copenhagen, and remained in Rome. From this epoch the Danish sculptor rose rapidly in fortune and reputation. He soon became a formidable rival to the celebrated Canova; but though some of his full statues are scarcely surpassed by his Italian rival, yet it is upon the beauty of his bas-reliefs that Thorwaldsen's fame chiefly rests. His Jason soon obtained for him a European reputation; and, after a few years, one of the greatest treats afforded to strangers in Rome was a visit to Thorwaldsen's dwelling, the *Casa Buti*, on the Piazza Barberini. His steadily increasing affluence enabled him to make one of the finest private galleries to be found in Rome; for, besides several of his own sculptures, he made a choice collection of paintings by many of the most celebrated modern artists when they, as he had done, visited Rome for the purpose of study. Thus he became, in turn, a patron and a helper to struggling merit, and innumerable acts of generosity and kindness have been recorded of him. To mention only one. Amongst the crowd of patrons who desired to possess something from his chisel was the late king of Prussia, who accordingly sent him a commission; but the Danish sculptor declined it in these generous words:—"Sire, there is at this moment in Rome one of your faithful subjects who is more capable than myself of acquitting himself to your satisfaction of the task with which you have deigned to honour me. Permit me to recommend him to your protection." The rival thus so disinterestedly introduced to the notice of the king of Prussia was employed, and executed the

celebrated figure of 'The Spinster,' one of the most admired works in the Royal Gallery at Berlin. His name was Rodolph Schadow, one of the best sculptors Prussia has to boast of.\*

In 1819 the town of Lucerne commissioned Thorwaldsen to execute a monument in memory of the Swiss guards who, during the French Revolution, fell on the 10th of August 1792 at the Tuilleries. Unable to complete the order without assistance, he called in that of Aborn, a young artist from Constance. Thorwaldsen only made the model, which proved to be one of his grandest conceptions. A colossal lion, wounded by a lance, expires while covering a shield ornamented with fleur-de-lis, which, though unable to retain, he grasps with his claws. At the base of the figure are engraved the names of the soldiers and officers who were killed. Wishing to superintend the inauguration of this monument, he seized the opportunity of revisiting his native country. He arrived safely at Copenhagen, and during his short stay, Frederick VI., the reigning king, being employed in re-constructing the church of Notre Dame (which was destroyed in the bombardment of 1807 by the British fleet), commanded his illustrious subject to make statues of the Saviour and his twelve apostles. Thorwaldsen returned to Rome, where he worked incessantly to complete this extensive commission; and the statues remain to this day his *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Valery, a French traveller who visited Rome and Thorwaldsen's studio at the time of the near completion of these figures, thus describes both the sculptures and the sculptor. 'Their composition is noble, especially that of Christ, which displays an evangelical and simple sublimity, joined to all the majesty, with none of the terrible characteristics, of the Olympian Jupiter. Thorwaldsen, despite his twenty years' residence in Rome, remains in all respects the man of the north; and his rough exterior—which does not diminish the effect of his polite and benevolent manners—forms a striking contrast to his works, which are inspired by the loveliest forms of Grecian art, and to the soft Italian figures which surround his studio.' Other descriptions of his person, however, scarcely bear out the rough (*âpre*) aspect attributed to him by M. Valery. He had a fine and large head, which late in life was covered with white hair, falling in large curls on his shoulders. His eyes were blue, with a soft and pleasing expression, and his forehead was high and square. In figure he was robust.

Thorwaldsen definitively returned to his native country in 1838, after residing at Rome for forty-two years. He entered it in triumph; for the day of his arrival was made a day of national rejoicing: he was met by an immense crowd, who greeted him with welcome and acclamation. Poets composed verses in his honour. The king, Christian VIII.—who, before acceding to the throne, made his familiar acquaintance at Rome, and had retained a strong friendship for him—named him consulting councillor and director of the Academy of Fine Arts of Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen lived respected and honoured by his countrymen up to March in the present year. His death was sudden. On the 25th of that month he went to the theatre, and before the performances had commenced, fell back in his chair. Medical aid was instantly summoned, and he was promptly conveyed to his residence. But help was useless; for a few minutes after he was taken home he expired, without having spoken a single word, or shown the smallest sign of pain. He had reached his seventy-fourth year, and up to the latest moment of his existence continued to labour at his art: even the day previous to his death he worked at a bust of Luther and a statue of Hercules, which he had promised to complete at an early period for the palace of Christianberg. He did not leave, as was expected, much wealth; but all he had was bequeathed to a museum which he founded, and which

\* Schadow died early at Rome, and a handsome monument was erected to his memory in the church of *Andrea de la Fratte*.

bears his name. He was buried on the 30th of March, and a description of his funeral (derived from the *Berlin Gazette*) will show in what estimation art and its great masters are held in Denmark. The body lay in state during the 29th, in the room containing antique sculptures in the Thorwaldsen museum, and in this apartment several persons assembled on the morrow, and at eleven o'clock a dirge, composed by Holst and Kung, was executed by the pupils of the Academy of Fine Arts. After this a funeral oration was delivered by a Danish clergyman; when concluded, the body was removed to a hearse, while a company of professional singers executed a sacred cantata. On the plain open coffin were placed interwoven branches of the cypress and palm, and the canopy of the hearse was surmounted by one of the artist's last and most beautiful works—*Hope leaning on an anchor*. The procession was headed by 800 students, and followed by the most illustrious persons in the kingdom, including the president and all the members of the Academy of Fine Arts as chief mourners, together with the crown prince and other members of the royal family, ministers of state, officers of the army and navy, and upwards of 8000 citizens of all classes. The distance—about a mile—which the funeral passed in its way from the museum to the church of 'Our Lady,' was lined with soldiers, and with the different trades with their colours and insignia covered with crape, the members of each company in deep mourning. The streets were strewn, according to Scandinavian custom, with white sand intermixed with juniper leaves. At the church, the king, attired in deep mourning, received the corpse, and on its being set down, a requiem was sung. The bishop of Zealand performed the funeral service, and read an oration. The body was then lowered to its last resting-place. The queen and the royal family occupied the royal pew during the whole of the ceremony. The bells of all the churches in the capital tolled from eleven till twelve o'clock.

The works of Thorwaldsen are disseminated throughout Europe. His finest is the triumph of Alexander, a bas-relief ordered by Napoleon, but now adorning the Christianberg palace at Copenhagen. The Saviour and the twelve apostles is considered his next best effort, and after it the tomb of Eugene Beauharnais at Munich, and the mausoleum to Pope Pius VII. at Rome. The works of this sculptor which have found their way to England are in private collections. Besides Mr Hope's Jason, the Duke of Bedford possesses a *Psyche*, Lord Ashburton a *Hebe*, and Lord Egerton a *Ganymede*, sculptured by the great Danish artist. Thorwaldsen executed a statue of Lord Byron, to be placed to the noble poet's memory in Westminster Abbey; but it was thought by the proper authorities inexpedient to give it a place in the sacred edifice, and it still lies shut up in its packing-case in the cellars of the London custom-house unclaimed; though scarcely unheeded, for a project is on foot for redeeming it, and placing it in the parish church of Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, where Byron was buried.

The works of Thorwaldsen are conspicuous as much for their poetical beauty as for the severe taste which he always exercised over his genius; consequently they join to correctness of form that purity which never oversteps the modesty of nature. In this respect Thorwaldsen's sculptures contrast most favourably with those of his great Italian rival Canova; but such a comparison is unnecessary to establish the claims of the Danish artist to the highest place in the ranks of fame, for the branches of art in which both sculptors shone were different—Canova's best works being full figures, and Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs. There is one thing of minor importance which, however, materially detracts from a spectator's pleasure in beholding some of the Dane's best compositions—they are executed in an inferior kind of marble, the blue veins of which diminish the general effect of the forms. This is the more to be regretted, as their design and execution will be admired down to the latest posterity.

A magnificent monument will be erected at Copenhagen in memory of Thorwaldsen, for which subscriptions have already been opened, the king of Denmark making the first contribution.

#### NARRATIVE OF THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

THE narrative of Mr George Wilkins Kendall, an adventurous American, who volunteered with a party of Texans to proceed overland to Santa Fé, in Mexico, is one of the most interesting productions of the present publishing season, and, as presenting a faithful and graphic description of the dangers and difficulties to be encountered by travellers on the great western prairies, is assuredly more exciting than the most fancifully-coloured romance.\* Referring those who possess the means to a perusal of the work itself, we shall endeavour to afford others, who are less favourably situated, a glimpse of Mr Kendall's spirit-stirring pictures of life in the American deserts, with some notices of the expedition, its objects, and termination.

In the early part of April 1841, Mr Kendall, as he informs us, determined on making a tour of some kind upon the great western prairies, induced by the hope of correcting a derangement of health, as well as by a desire to visit regions inhabited only by the roaming Indian, and to participate in the excitement of buffalo-hunting and other wild sports. A favourable opportunity of following out his intention occurred in an expedition from Austin to Santa Fé, projected by the Texan government, with the assigned view of diverting the trade of northern Mexico to the Texan outposts, and of confirming the Texan rule within the limits of the Rio Grande. With the precise motives of the enterprise, however, our author was not inclined to meddle. He was a native of the United States, and wished not to interfere in the projects of a foreign nation, further than to accompany across the prairies a force capable of defence against hostilities. Providing himself, therefore, with a passport from the Mexican vice-consul at New Orleans, he sailed from that port on the 17th of May 1841 for Galveston, the principal Texan harbour in the Gulf of Mexico. At Houston, where he landed, all was bustle and preparation. Every one was talking of the Santa Fé expedition, which was 'looked upon as nothing more than a pleasant hunting excursion through a large section of country, much of which was unknown to the white man. Such portions of the route as had been previously explored were known to abound with buffalo, elk, antelope, and every species of game, besides fish and wild honey. The climate also was known to be dry and salubrious; in short, until a point high up on Red River should be gained, the trip promised to be one of continued interest and pleasure.' At Houston, other volunteers were found ready to set out for the starting-point at Austin, and with two or three of these, and provided with a stout horse, Mr Kendall began his travels.

We must necessarily pass over a variety of preliminary details of the Santa Fé expedition; it is sufficient to state, that it was not ready for setting out till the 18th of June; and most unfortunately for our author, he had so far incapacitated himself for the enterprise by a badly-sprained ankle, that it was necessary to place him in a Jersey wagon, drawn by two mules, and covered so as to protect him from the sun and rain during the long marches. Another gentleman, Jose Antonio Navarra, also unable to walk, was his companion in this irksome conveyance. Accompanied for a short way by General Lamar, president of Texas, the expedition at its outset had an imposing figure. Two companies, numbering some eighty men, were sent forward as an advanced guard; then came the wagons in single file, and the beef cattle that were to furnish the party with

\* \* Wiley and Putnam, London. 2 vols. 1844.

meat. One company was assigned for fatigue duty—driving the cattle, and cutting away the banks of the creeks, or removing any obstacles that might obstruct the passage of the wagons. The rear-guard brought up the long procession, and consisted of three companies, there being six in all. The artillery company possessed one brass six-pounder—nothing being so much dreaded by armed Indians as a field-piece. The number of volunteers doing duty was two hundred and seventy. In addition, there were about fifty persons attached to the expedition in some way—commissioners, merchants, tourists, blacksmiths, and other servants. All being well mounted and well armed, riding in double file, the cavalcade presented an imposing and animating spectacle. The fare for the party was simple enough—roasted or broiled beef, cooked on sticks or ramrods before the fire, with salt, coffee, and sugar. No bread stuffs were provided; yet the bracing air of the prairies, says the tourist, served instead of bread and dessert. 'Our meal over, knots of the volunteers would congregate here and there around the camp fires, telling stories of the marvellous, and spinning long yarns about border forays, buffalo hunts, and brushes with the Indians of the prairies. An hour or two would be whiled away in this manner, and then preparations would be made for retiring to sleep—a very simple process upon a campaign. A person has only to pick out a soft place upon the ground, roll himself up in his blanket, and take immediate possession of his bedroom; and though people who have never lived "out of doors" may picture anything but comfort with such lodgings, sounder, sweeter, and more refreshing sleep never visited the downiest couch than can be found upon the earth on one of our western prairies.' Sometimes, as a slight drawback on the pleasures of this kind of bivouac, the sleepers were involuntarily subjected to a shower which soaked them to the skin through their blankets; these drenchings, however, do not appear to have had any bad effect on the constitutions of the wanderers. Occasionally the bivouac was rendered somewhat critical by the intrusion of a rattlesnake.

'We had,' observes Mr Kendall, 'a troublesome and unwelcome visitor in camp on the night of the 4th of July. The storm had induced the mess to which I was attached to pitch a tent. The wet grass without probably drove a prairie rattlesnake to more comfortable quarters within our canvass, the first intimation we had of the vicinity of his snakeship being his crawling over one of us in an attempt to effect a lodgment under some of the blankets. A more disagreeable companionship cannot well be imagined, even if one has his choice from among all living, moving, creeping, flying, running, swimming, and crawling things; and to assert that any of us felt perfectly easy and at home with such a neighbour among us, would be saying what is not true. For myself, fearing to move lest I should molest the reptile, I rolled myself, head and all, under my blanket, and lay perfectly quiet until daylight. Where the intruder went, no one could tell, and we had the very great satisfaction of seeing no more of him. Very frequently, on the great prairies, a man wakes up in the morning and finds that he has had a rattlesnake for a sleeping partner: but there is one excellent trait in the character of these reptiles—they never bite unless disturbed, and will get out of the way as soon as possible, except in the month of August, when they are said to be blind, and will snap at any and everything they may hear about them.'

The line of route pursued by this remarkable expedition was altogether new. Journeys across the prairies to the Rocky Mountains had been usually performed from the Missouri, Arkansas, or other western waters of the United States. The line now to be described was considerably to the southward; commencing at Austin, about 30 degrees north latitude, and 98 degrees west longitude, it was designed to follow a north-western direction towards Santa Fé, near latitude 36 degrees, longitude 106 degrees, on the River Grande!

Ignorant of almost every landmark on the route, its officers were dependent on guides, little better than mere pretenders, who had been concerned in excursions in different parts of the territory to be crossed. Conducted by these ignorant pilots, the party, which was headed by General Macleod, kept, as it subsequently appears, too much towards the north, and got itself involved in a country wild, broken, and in some places impassable, with the still more distressing peculiarity of being destitute of fresh water, and possessing few animals that could be shot down for food.

The expedition had advanced only a few days on its march, when it reached the feeding grounds of the buffalo; and herds of that animal made their appearance, much to the joy of the hunters, but the chagrin of our author and his companion in the wagon, and not less of Mr Fitzgerald, a lively Irishman, who kindly acted as driver. One day the party in the wagon suddenly ~~lost~~ itself out of sight of the main body of the expedition. 'This circumstance did not in the least alarm us, as we anticipated no immediate danger; and the trail of the advance-guard was so plainly visible on the grass, that we could follow it at a rapid pace. While jogging briskly along at the foot of a prairie ridge, the roll running nearly parallel with our course, a buffalo cow came dashing madly past, and within but a few yards of us. Her tongue was out, and curved inward, while her tail was carried aloft, showing that she was running in hot haste, and apparently for life. One of the wagon curtains had at first prevented us from seeing aught in the rear of the buffalo; but as she swiftly sped past us, a pursuer in the shape of an Indian, who could not be more than ten yards behind her, appeared in full view. The savage was mounted on a small but beautifully-formed bay horse of short, quick stride, yet fine and powerful action. He was armed with a long lance, which he held poised in his hand, while a bow and quiver were strapped to his back. His dress was a buckskin shirt, with leggings of the same material, while his long black hair, although partially confined by a yellow band about his head, was waving in the breeze created by his rapid course along the prairie. He had scarcely got clear of the curtain which confined our view to objects only in advance of the wagon, when another Indian was discovered following immediately in his steps.

"Los Indios! los Indios!" cried Mr Navarro, with consternation depicted in his countenance, while he was eagerly feeling about in the bottom of the wagon for his rifle. "Camanches!" shouted Fitz, at the same time pummelling and kicking the mules into a break-neck gallop, in the hope of soon coming up with the advance-guard, which now could not be far ahead. "The whole tribe!" I could not help exclaiming, as I now looked out at the hinder end of the wagon, and saw still another well-mounted Indian dashing down the roll of prairie with the speed of the wind, and, to appearance, making directly for us. This whole scene was enacted in a few seconds, and in our lone and unprotected situation, our minds were but ill at ease on the score of an attack. The appearance of the last Indian, and the reasonable supposition that a large body might be following him, induced Fitz to kick and beat the mules more zealously than before, and at such a rate of speed did they go, that the race between him and the foremost Indian was close, and for a short distance well contested; while the buffalo led her wild pursuers along directly by our side, and so near, that the very earth thrown from their horses' hoofs rattled against the curtains of our wagon. The savages, though they must have been aware of our proximity, did not appear to bestow a single glance upon an object so strange as a Jersey wagon must have been to them, but kept their eyes steadily bent upon their prey.

'With mad eagerness this strange race went on, the Indians using every endeavour to overtake and lance the unfortunate cow; while we were even more anxious to gain the protection of our friends. I had noticed,



not a little to our relief, that the hindmost Indian wheeled his horse suddenly on seeing our wagon, and retraced his steps over the roll of the prairie, but the other two never deviated from their course. In a race of half a mile they had gained perhaps a hundred yards on us. An abrupt turn in the prairie ridge now concealed them from our sight, and before we had reached this point, the sharp reports of several rifles in quick succession convinced us that our unexpected neighbours had been seen by the advance-guard, and that succour was near if needed.

From the time when the Indians were first in sight, until they were lost to view by a roll of the prairie, could not be more than five minutes, yet there was an ordinary lifetime of excitement in the scene. Had we known that there were but three, or even three times that number, and had we been in possession of our limbs, with our rifles fresh loaded and in readiness, we should have taken their sudden advent with less trepidation; but neither Mr Navarro nor myself could more than hop about on one foot, and our rifles were in the very bottom of the wagon, where, in our over-haste, we could not get at them. We even found, on reaching camp, that our arms were not loaded; a pleasant situation truly for one to find himself in on being attacked by prairie Indians, whose movements are characterised by a startling rapidity, and who must be met with the utmost promptness, yet so it was. We took special care, however, not to be caught in a like predicament again. On arriving at our encampment, which was hardly a mile from the point where the Indians had passed our wagon, we found that all was hurry and excitement. A small but well-mounted party had already set off in pursuit, and General Macleod had prepared another party who were on the eve of mounting. The savages had driven the buffalo directly into the lines, the rifle shots we had heard turning the course of the pursuers, but not that of the pursued. The cow was shot with a musket by one of our officers, and found to be young, and exceedingly fat and delicious.

The course of the expedition led it through a village of the Waco Indians, who in terror abandoned their dwellings, and left them, with their contents, to the mercy of the Texans. All the spoil taken was a few pumpkins. On the 1st of July the party reached Cow Creek, near the river Brazos, and at an encampment here the author was favoured for the first time with the magnificent but much-dreaded sight of a *stampede* among the horses. We must leave him to describe this in his own words. 'As there was no wood near our camping-ground, some half a dozen men pushed on to a small piece of timber in search of it. One of them had a wild half-broken Mexican horse, naturally vicious, and with difficulty mastered. His rider found a small dry tree, cut it down with a hatchet, and very imprudently made it fast to his horse's tail by means of a rope. The animal took it unkindly from the first, and dragged his strange load with evident symptoms of fright; but when within a few hundred yards of camp, he commenced pitching, and finally set off at a gallop, with the cause of all his uneasiness and fear still fast to his tail. His course was directly for the camp, and as he sped along the prairie, it was soon evident that several of our horses were stricken with a panic at his approach. At first they would prick up their ears, snort, and trot majestically about in circles; then they would dash off at the top of their speed, and no human power could arrest their mad career. "A *stampede*!" shouted some of the old campaigners, jumping from the ground, and running towards their frightened animals; "a *stampede*! look out for your horses, or you'll never see them again!" was heard on every side. Fortunately for us, the more intractable horses had been not only staked, but hobbled before the panic became general, and were secured with little difficulty, else we might have lost half of them irretrievably. It is singular the effect that sudden fright has not only upon horses, but

oxen on the prairies. The latter will, perhaps, run longer and farther than the former, and although not as difficult to "head," because they cannot run so fast, their onward course it is impossible to stay. Oxen, so I was informed, have been known to run forty miles without once stopping to look back; and when they did finally hold up, it was simply because exhausted nature would allow them to go no farther. Not one in fifty of them had seen the least cause for fear, but each ran simply because his neighbour did. Frequent instances have occurred where some worthless but skittish horse has caused the loss of hundreds of valuable animals. In the instance I have above alluded to we did not lose one, but on a subsequent occasion no less than eighty-seven were irrecoverably lost by one *stampede*.'

Recovered from the effects of his sprain, Mr Kendall gladly resumed his journey on horseback, and on the 6th of August joined the spy company, whose duty consisted in discovering the best route for the travellers. This, however, was accompanied with no small danger; for, if left alone, there was the chance of being lost. On one occasion such a serious accident ensued while our hero was heedlessly led away in pursuit of a vagrant buffalo. Feeling himself alone, 'I put spurs,' says he, 'to my horse, and galloped to the highest roll of the prairie, with the hope of obtaining a sight of my companion or companions, but without success. A sickening feeling of loneliness came over me on finding myself in that worst of all situations upon a prairie—lost! The sun was still high in the heavens, and I could not tell which was north or which south. "I had my rifle and pistols with me, was well mounted, and had a sufficiency of ammunition; but I was not well enough acquainted with a prairie life to steer a course, even if I had known what course to start upon, neither was I hunter enough to feel confident that I could kill a sufficiency of meat in case I should be unsuccessful in finding my companions. Another thing: I had already found out, what every hunter knows, that the more hungry a man grows upon the prairies, the more unlikely he is to find game, and the more difficult it is to shoot it. There, then, I was, without a companion and without experience, starvation staring me in the face; or even if I was fortunate in obtaining meat, I still was almost certain to be killed and scalped by the Indians, or end my days in vain efforts to reach the settlements. I thought of home, and made up my mind firmly, that if ever I was fortunate enough to reach it, I should be in no particular hurry to leave it again.'

'I dashed off to what appeared a still higher prairie swell than the one I now stood upon—nothing could I see except a solitary wolf trotting stealthily along in the hollow below me: I even envied this most contemptible of the brute creation, for he knew where he was. I strained my eyes as though to penetrate beyond the limits of human vision, but all was a waste, a blank. I leaped from my horse, and sat upon the ground for a moment; it was only for a moment, for in my uneasiness I could not remain motionless. I tried to reflect, to reason; but so fast did thoughts of starvation and of Indian perils crowd on my mind, that I could come to no definite conclusion as to my present position with reference to that of my companions. In this dilemma fortune stepped in to my assistance. While upon one of the highest rolls of the prairie, I resolved to proceed in a certain direction, and, if possible, to keep it without variation. Whether I did so or not, I am unable to say; I only know, that after travelling at a rapid pace, it may be some five miles, I suddenly found myself upon a brow of a high and steep declivity, overlooking a narrow but beautiful valley, through which a small creek was winding. I had examined the prairies in every direction during my short ride, until my eyes ached from overstraining, yet had not for a moment allowed my horse to slacken his pace. I now paused to examine the valley before me. The reader may judge my feelings when, after a hasty glance, I discovered the white tops of the wagons far off in the distance to the right, slowly

wending their way down a gentle slope into the valley.'

Toiling onward through a wild region, with little fresh water, and exposed to the attacks of Indians, the expedition found it advisable to cross a ravine, a matter of great difficulty with the wagons. Having succeeded in getting over this difficult passage, while some of the party were digging in the sand for water, a loud report was heard. 'An Indian attack!' was the startling cry on all sides; but a calamity of a different kind awaited them. The long dry grass of the prairie had caught fire, and the explosion was that of the store of cartridges in a wagon. 'Before we could reach the base of the high and rugged bluff, the flames were dashing down its sides with frightful rapidity, leaping and flashing across the gullies and around the hideous cliffs, and roaring in the deep yawning chasms with the wild and appalling noise of a tornado. As the flames would strike the dry tops of the cedars, reports resembling those of the musket would be heard; and in such quick succession did these reports follow each other, that I can compare them to nothing save the irregular discharge of infantry—a strange accompaniment to the wild roar of the devouring element. The wind was blowing fresh from the west when the prairie was first ignited, carrying the flames, with a speed absolutely astounding, over the very ground on which we had travelled during the day. The wind lulled as the sun went down behind the mountains in the west, and now the fire began to spread slowly in that direction. The difficult passage by which we had descended was cut off by the fire, and night found our party still in the valley, unable to discover any other road to the table-land above. Our situation was a dangerous one too; for had the wind sprung up and veered into the east, we should have found much difficulty in escaping, with such velocity did the flames extend.

'If the scene had been grand previous to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was increased tenfold as night in vain attempted to throw its dark mantle over the earth. The light from acres and acres, I might say miles and miles, of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminated earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than that of the noonday sun. Ever and anon, as some one of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of this earth. A lurid and most unnatural glow, reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render still more haggard and toilsome his burned and blackened features.

'I was fortunate enough, about nine o'clock, to meet one of our men, who directed me to a passage up the steep ascent. He had just left the bluff above, and gave me a piteous recital of our situation. He was endeavouring to find water, after several hours of unceasing toil, and I left him with slight hopes that his search would be rewarded. By this time I was alone, not one of the companions who had started with me from the river being in sight or hearing. One by one they had dropped off, each searching for some path by which he might climb to the table-land above. The first person I met, after reaching the prairie, was Mr Falconer, standing with the blackened remnant of a blanket in his hand, and watching lest the fire should break out on the western side of the camp, for in that direction the exertions of the men, aided by a strong westerly wind, had prevented the devouring element from spreading. Mr Falconer directed me to the spot where our mess was quartered. I found them sitting upon such articles as had been saved from the wagon, their gloomy countenances rendered more desponding by the reflection from the now distant fire. I was too much worn down by fatigue and deep anxiety to make many inquiries as to the extent of our loss; but hungry, and almost choked with thirst, I threw myself upon the blackened ground, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. It was hours, however, before sleep visited my eyelids. From the spot on

which I was lying a broad sheet of flame could still be seen, miles and miles in width—the heavens in that direction so brilliantly lit up, that they resembled a sea of molten gold. In the west, a wall of impenetrable blackness appeared to be thrown up as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction. The subdued yet deep roar of the element could still be plainly heard as it sped on, as with the wings of lightning, across the prairies, while in the valley far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about in manner closely resembling a magnificent pyrotechnic display.

'Daylight the next morning disclosed a melancholy scene of desolation and destruction. North, south, and east, as far as the eye could reach, the rough and broken country was blackened by the fire, and the removal of the earth's shaggy covering of cedars and tall grass but laid bare, in painful distinctness, the awful chasms and rents in the steep hillside before us, as well as the valley spreading far and wide below. Afar off, in the distance, a dense black smoke was seen rising, denoting that the course of the devastating element was still onward. Much damage was sustained from this fire by the baggage and stores of the expedition.

The consequence was, that they soon experienced a difficulty in obtaining food. For lack of higher game, the hunters were glad to fall upon the colonies of dogs which occasionally enliven the dull silence of the prairies. The prairie dog is a small animal with short legs, which burrows in the ground, and is fond of living in societies. 'They are a wild, frolicsome, madcap set of fellows when undisturbed, uneasy, and ever on the move, and appear to take especial delight in chattering away the time, and visiting from hole to hole to gossip and talk over each other's affairs—at least so their actions would indicate.' Advancing from the more level plains, the expedition was gradually attaining a greater height above the sea, the ground rising by successive elevations. 'As the traveller journeys westward, he meets, at long intervals, ridges of hills and mountains, running nearly north and south, presenting the most serious barriers to his further advance. As he ascends these, he anticipates a corresponding descent on the opposite side; but in a majority of instances, on reaching the summits, he finds nothing before him but a level and fertile prairie.'

In ascending these table-lands, the commander of the party became daily more assured of the fact, that he was on a wrong course. A consultation of officers was at length held, when it was determined to despatch a party of one hundred chosen men on the best horses in camp, with instructions not to return till the settlements of New Mexico were found. On reaching New Mexico, a party was immediately to be sent back with guides and provisions. Anxious for adventure, Mr Kendall volunteered to make one of the party, which set out as soon as provisions could be prepared for the undertaking. On the 31st of August this adventurous little band bade adieu to the main body of the expedition, and pushed forward on a selected route. They had advanced into the Rocky Mountains, and were descending towards the Mexican settlements, when an officer of that state, Dimasio Salezar, noted for his brutal and sanguinary character, entrapped them, and made them his prisoners. This wretch had condemned them all to be shot, and the ceremony was about to take place; but a man named Vigil interposed, and their fate was suspended. They were now marched to San Miguel, where they were speedily joined by their companions, reduced by this time to a similar situation. In short, the expedition had ended in defeat and ruin, and it seemed next to impossible that they should escape the vengeance of the Mexicans. At San Miguel they were treated with the greatest cruelty, plundered of everything they possessed, consigned to a wretched prison, and subjected to severe privations. Then a toilsome march commenced, in which they were driven along like cattle by Salezar

towards Santa Fé. One gleam of relief gilded their fate, and it came from woman's gentle bosom. The women, says our author, 'came running out of the mud-houses in every direction, bringing tortillas, baked pumpkins, and dry ears of corn, and fairly shedding tears at our forlorn and miserable appearance.' The route lay along the banks of the Rio Grande for several days, during which they suffered extremely by night from cold. At their own request they were one night put into a house; but it was too small for their number, and a scene like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the horrors of a slave ship, ensued. 'In the front room was a single open window, two feet in height, perhaps, by eighteen inches in width, and through this small aperture came all the fresh air that was to be inhaled by nearly two hundred persons! In this room, and within three yards of the window, I stood firmly wedged and jammed, unable to move either forward or backward, to the right or to the left; yet even at this short distance from the window I soon felt sensations of suffocation. What, then, must have been the feelings of those in the farther room? Soon outcries arose from those in the rear. Half stifled, they shouted aloud to those in front to break open or tear down the door, and madly pressed forward as if to assist in accomplishing the object of their wishes. In the meantime, those nearest the window, who could speak Spanish, begged the guard to open the door and allow at least a part to leave the house; but the latter either could not hear their intreaties above the din, or heeded them not. An attempt to open the door inwardly was now made, but so great was the press in that direction, that it was found impossible to effect this desirable object; a battering-ram of human flesh was next brought to bear upon it, and with all the energy which desperation lends, did our men endeavour to burst lock or hinges—but it gave not way. In the midst of cries, imprecations, and half-smothered anathemas, we now heard a key turning in the clumsy and ponderous lock—Salezar had consented to pass fifty of us out, but no more. Being near the door, as the guard without opened it, I was carried out in the current among the first. How grateful, how instantaneous was the relief! Cold as was the northern blast, it was pure—we could now breathe. The guard escorted us to a cow-yard, and there herded us for the night. I crawled under the lee of a low mud wall, still reeking with the perspiration which had issued from every pore while undergoing the tortures of heat and suffocation—the cold wind penetrated my blanket and chilled me through, yet I was content.'

Late on the evening of the 24th of October, and after a march of uncommon length, they reached the little town of Valencia, and here one of the Texans died of cold and hunger during the night. In the morning, another was unable from lameness to proceed, and he was shot in cold blood by Salezar. The power of fear was now curiously exemplified in the person of a man nicknamed Stump, who had previously declared himself utterly unfit to set a foot on ground, and really appeared what he described himself. No sooner did this man see his comrade fall, and feel the certainty that he, too, would meet with a similar fate unless he put himself immediately in motion, than he became perfectly straight, and started at a good pace, which he never abated until he was in the lead of the whole party of prisoners—a position he pertinaciously kept through the remainder of the day, and in fact during the march. In the morning he could not walk a mile; he afterward *did* walk something like eighteen hundred, and without flagging.

Travelling onward for days through a miserable country, the unhappy prisoners arrived at a bend in the Rio Grande, which encloses a tract of ground called Dead Man's Journey; and across this level and desolate plain they were compelled to travel, and bivouac at night while the snow fell thick around and upon them. The effect given by our author of this terrible journey, as forcibly of some of the thrilling scenes of

Labauve in the Russian campaign. 'The sufferings, the horrors of that dreadful night upon the Dead Man's Journey, cannot soon be effaced from the memory of those who endured them. Although my sore and blistered feet, and still lame ankle, pained me excessively, it was nothing to the biting cold and the helpless drowsiness which cold begets. No halt was called. Had any of us fallen asleep by the roadside after midnight, it would have been the sleep of death. Towards daylight many of the prisoners were fairly walking in their sleep, and staggering about from one side of the road to the other, like so many drunken men. Completely chilled through, even their senses were benumbed, and they would sink by the roadside, and beg to be left behind, to sleep and to perish. A stupor, a perfect indifference for life, came over many of us, and the stronger found employment in rousing and assisting the weaker.' In the course of the next few days more than one of the remaining prisoners was shot by Salezar,\* who at length delivered them at the town of El Paso into the hands of more humane persons, by whom they were conducted forward towards Mexico. At Queretaro, an amusing circumstance occurred while they were quartered in a convent. 'We had scarcely been ten minutes in this place,' says our author, 'when we were visited by the usual crowd of vendors of oranges and other fruits, women with tortillas, frijoles, and guisado, all anxious to dispose of their little stock in trade. Mr Falconer picked out some half dozen oranges and sweet limes from the basket of a fruit-girl, and in payment handed her a dollar. There was not small coin enough among them all to change the dollar, and Falconer sent it out by a corporal, telling him to get it changed. The fellow shortly returned with *sixty-four cakes of soap* tied up in a handkerchief. Falconer told the corporal he wanted *change*, not *soap*. The corporal replied that it was the currency of the place—legal currency—and that there was no other. Such proved to be the case; and however singular it may appear, soap is really a lawful tender in the payment of all debts, and our companion was compelled to keep this singular substitute in the way of change for his dollar. He could not very well pocket it, as there was nearly a peck in bulk. The cakes are about the size of the common Windsor shaving-soap, and each is worth one cent and a half; in fact, a fraction more, as eight of them pass for twelve and a half cents, or sixteen for a quarter of a dollar. Each cake is stamped with the name of the town where it is issued, and also with the name of the person who is authorised by law to manufacture it as a circulating medium; yet Celaya soap—for it also circulates in that city—will not pass at Queretaro. The reason I cannot divine, as the size and intrinsic value appear to be the same. The municipal authorities of either town appear to have made no provision for equalising the exchanges between the two places, and there are no brokers' offices for the buying and selling of uncurrent soap in Mexico. Many of the cakes in circulation were partially worn, and showed evidence indisputable of an acquaintance with the wash-tub; but all were current so long as the stamp was visible. Frequently I remarked that our men would use one of these singular bits of currency in washing their hands and faces, and then pass it off for a plate of frijoles or an orange.'

Early in February the prisoners reached the city of Mexico, and here they were confined for some months, our author, from his lameness, being accommodated in an hospital for lepers, called San Lazaro, a place where many horrors were endured with indifferent patience. An attempt to make an escape being detected, our forlorn hero was summarily transferred to a prison, and put in irons. But all this barbarism was speedily to come to an end. The remonstrances of the United States ambassador and other influences were at length

\* We learn from another source that the infamous Salezar has since been put to death under circumstances of the most vengeful cruelty.

efficacious in procuring an order for the release of three prisoners, including Mr Kendall, and their chains being knocked off, they left the lock-up with a parting cheer from their less fortunate companions.

### BAIN'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

THIS extraordinary piece of mechanism is now in practical operation between the Nine Elms and Wimbledon stations, on the South-Western Railway. Its purpose is, says the *Atlas*, 'to instantaneously convey and print any message that is required to be transmitted from one place to another, no matter how remote the distance. By way of facilitating our readers' comprehension of this, beyond question one of the most beautiful existing specimens of inventive art, we shall consider it first and separately in its mechanical aspect. And this will be greatly assisted by comparison with a clock, to which, in many respects, it bears a close analogy. It has, then, in one frame, two distinct trains of wheel-work—to be likened to the going and striking parts of a clock—each set in motion by a weight and line of its own, and the second of which (again, as in the instance of the clock) is restrained or permitted to move by a detent under the control of the first. This first train is connected with a revolving pointer travelling over a dial, on which are marked the nine simple numerals, a cipher, and a space or full stop. Connected also with this train is a *type-wheel*, on the periphery of which are the same numerals, cipher, and space, that are engraved on the dial, and the rotation of which is synchronous with that of the pointer before mentioned; the starting points of each being so pitched, that whatever be the number indicated on the dial, that number will be presented by the type-wheel to the paper destined to receive the impression. To this we have only to add, that the speed of these parts is regulated by a fly made precisely similar to the "governor" of a steam-engine (but which also performs a most important duty, to be presently mentioned), and our description of the office of the first train is complete. The function of the second train of wheel-work is to *print* the result indicated by the first; and this is most beautifully contrived. The type-wheel before-mentioned is so centred as to allow of its being thrust bodily forward, independent of its rotatory motion. To a collar round its arbour are attached two steel rods extending across the machine, and abutting against a strong spring, the uncontrolled action of which would be to keep the type-wheel in contact with the paper to be printed. During the inactive state of the second train, however, the type-wheel is restrained, and the spring held in tension by a projecting piece on the connecting-rods, resting on the largest part of a *snail* on the main arbour of the train. This second train is only put in motion on the stoppage of the first; and its action is, first, by the rotation of the snail to the extent of the sixteenth of an inch, to suddenly release the spring, and allow the type-wheel to be forcibly pressed on the paper; and, secondly, by the completed revolution of the same part, gradually to draw back the type-wheel and re-compress its spring in readiness for another impression; whereupon further motion in this train ceases. It is by no means the least felicitous contrivance in the whole machine, that the "governor" which regulates the speed of the first train operates on the detent of the second. The usual collar on the governor-shaft descending with the balls on the cessation of motion, strikes on the tail of a lever which disengages the detent of the second train, and puts in motion the printing apparatus before-described. To complete this general view of the mechanism of Mr Bain's telegraph, it is only necessary to add, that the paper to be printed is wound round a cylinder rotating and traversing spirally upwards on a perpendicular screwed shaft; and that between the types and the paper is interposed one side of an endless blackened ribbon, to which progressive motion is given by the machinery, and which not only renders the type-impression visible on the paper, but, by its firm pressure on the cylinder, imparts to the latter the rotatory motion necessary for its reception of any continuous series of characters.

\* Omitting all more complex details, it will be readily seen from the foregoing description that, one machine being placed at Nine Elms, and another similar one at Wimbledon, and a power provided whereby an operator at one station can put in motion and stop the first train during any part of the revolution of its pointer, at the other station,

any combination of figures, referring, of course, to determined sentences, can be interchanged and printed with the rapidity of thought. The power employed is galvanic electricity, and the method of its application is as simple as beautiful and efficient. In the machine before-described, a magnetic needle of peculiar form is suspended within the sphere of influence of two electro-condensing coils. Any change in the electric condition of these coils causes, in accordance with the discoveries of Oersted, a deflection of the magnetic needle, which motion, in turn, is made to disengage the fly of the first train of wheel-work. The motion of this, of course, continues until the former electric state of the coils is restored, when the needle again traverses and arrests the motion of the train, whereupon, by the contrivances already detailed, the second train is set at liberty to print that particular figure at which the pointer was brought to rest. Practically to effect these changes, both machines, with their coils and needles, are placed in a galvanic circuit, extending, of course, from Nine Elms to Wimbledon. No battery, in the ordinary sense of the term, is employed, Mr Bain having discovered that a plate of copper buried in the ground at one end of the circuit, and a plate of zinc similarly placed at the other, with a connecting wire between them, are sufficient to excite electrical action—the moisture of the earth between the two plates, though six miles asunder, being abundantly capable of completing the circuit. Of this circuit so established, the two machines are made portions by the usual modes of connexion. The method of making and breaking contact at pleasure is too familiar to need description; but it must be mentioned, as a peculiarity of this telegraph, that, the current of electricity being constant, the mechanism of the apparatus is so arranged as to be detained in a state of rest while the electric circuit is complete, and to be set at liberty by the breaking of contact.

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

There are some men who appear born to good fortune, and others whose destiny appears to subject them to eternal failure and disaster. The ancients represented Fortune as a blind goddess, because she distributed her gifts without discrimination; and in more modern times, the belief has been prevalent that the fortunes of a man were ruled chiefly by the influences of the planet under which he was born. These superstitions, however ridiculous, show at least that the connexion between merit and success is not very conspicuous, yet it is not therefore the less perpetual. To succeed in the world, is of itself a proof of merit; of a vulgar kind indeed it may be, but a useful kind notwithstanding. We grant, indeed, that those qualities of mind which make a man succeed in life, are to a great extent subversive of genius. Nevertheless, numerous illustrious examples might be given of men of the highest genius being as worldly-wise as duller mortals. It is the pretenders to genius, rather than the possessors of it, who claim the large exemption from those rules of prudence which regulate the conduct of ordinary mortals, and array themselves in the deformities of genius, in the idea that they constitute its beauties. There are so *se* indiscretions, we believe, to which men of a vigorous fancy and keen sensibility are naturally heir, and for which it would be as unjust to condemn them with rigour, as it would be to blame one of the cold-blooded sons of discretion for being destitute of poetic fire. Yet every deviation from prudence is a fault, and is not to be imitated, though it may sometimes be excused.

The most important element of success is economy; economy of money and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincite us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous, as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this: work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success *must* come, unless, indeed, some unwise adventure, or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence, should arrest the progress onwards; but in the ordinary course

of human affairs, success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence towards every animated being. 'Happiness,' it has been finely observed, 'is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.' To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, nay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none; his life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion, and he will descend to the grave 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.—*The Apprentice.*

#### PERSECUTION OF NEW IDEAS.

Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood, was styled 'vagabond or quack,' and persecuted through life. Ambrose Pare, in the time of Francis I., introduced the *ligature* as a substitute for the painful mode of stanching the blood after the amputation of a limb—namely, by applying boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. He was, in consequence, persecuted with the most remorseless rancour by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of putting the life of man upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries! Paracelsus introduced antimony as a valuable medicine; he was persecuted for the innovation, and the French parliament passed an act, making it penal to prescribe it; whereas it is now one of the most important medicines in daily use. The Jesuits of Peru introduced to Protestant England the Peruvian bark (invaluable as a medicine), but, being a remedy used by the Jesuits, the Protestant English at once rejected the drug as the invention of the devil. In 1693 Dr Groenvelt discovered the curative power of cantharides in dropsy. As soon as his cures began to be noised abroad he was committed to Newgate by warrant of the President of the College of Physicians, for prescribing cantharides internally. Lady Mary Montague first introduced into England small-pox inoculation, having seen its success in Turkey in greatly mitigating that terrible disease. The faculty all rose in arms against its introduction, foretelling the most disastrous consequences; yet it was in a few years generally adopted by the most eminent members of the profession. Jenner, who introduced the still greater discovery of vaccination, was treated with ridicule and contempt, persecuted and oppressed by the Royal College of Physicians; yet he subsequently received large pecuniary grants from government for the benefit he had conferred on his country, by making known his valuable discovery; and at the present time its observance is very properly enjoined by the whole medical profession and the legislature.—*From a Private Pamphlet.*

#### FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF AUSTRALIA.

Many fruits grow and flourish in these colonies which can be reared in England only when they are housed, when means are taken to temper the keenness of the winter's blast, and when the temperature of the air is increased by artificial contrivances. It is a matter of doubt, however, whether anything is gained by the inhabitants of New Holland in this particular; for many fruits which are admirably adapted to the temperature and moist climate of Great Britain, either do not come to perfection, or will not grow at all, in the dry hot atmosphere of New Holland. A decision on the relative advantages and disadvantages will depend, in this instance, on the tastes of the individual; and, in arriving at a conclusion on this point, the native of Great Britain must not forget to bear in mind that every one is apt to attach somewhat more than its intrinsic value to that which is beyond his reach. For example, the Englishman will be in danger of forming a highly favourable opinion of the capabilities of that country for the growth of fruit, where the orange and the grape flourish and yield abundantly in the open air; but it will do him no harm to remember, that if the Australian colonist gain the orange and the grape, they lose the apple, the currant, the gooseberry, and that most delicious of all fruits, the

strawberry. As it is with fruits, so is it with flowers. The native flowers are many of them exceedingly beautiful, and the geranium is almost a weed; but still very many of the sweetest and most beautiful English flowers will not grow in the climate of New Holland. The native flowers are, with very few exceptions, perfectly inodorous, and they gladden the eye with their grateful presence but for a short period. The dreary wastes of New Holland are relieved by the varied tints of the native flowers in the spring-time only. But, few persons, I apprehend, would estimate the beautiful but scentless native flowers of New Holland, beyond the more quiet-tinted but sweet-smelling flowers of Great Britain. Even were they on a par in point of beauty and fragrance, the English flowers continue blooming a great part of the year, whilst the dull monotony of the arid shrubs of Australia is relieved only for a short time by beautifully-formed and exquisitely-tinted, but inodorous flowers. With all the charm of form, the Australian flowers must yield to the delicious fragrance and simple colouring of the flowers of the charming hedgerows of 'merry England.'—*Barlett's New Holland.*

#### THE DYING SPANIEL.

OLD Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,  
Thou who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;  
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,  
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!  
But thy heart is still living—thou hearest my voice—  
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;  
Ah! how different art thou from the Oscar of old,  
The sleek and the game some, the swift and the bold!

At sunrise I awakened to hear thy proud bark,  
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;  
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,  
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;  
And the streamlet flowed down in its gold to the sea;  
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleamed from the tree;  
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glowed,  
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou would'st gambol, and start from my feet,  
To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat;  
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand  
The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land:  
On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,  
Thou would'st crouch on the greensward, and gaze in my face,  
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,  
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and free,  
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;  
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,  
And I am a man, and of grief have my share!  
Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,  
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid of Truth;  
When Earth looked an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours  
Were cloudless, and every path glowing with flowers.

Now Summer is waning: soon tempest and rain  
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,  
And thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,  
Shalt die, when the snow-mantle garments the land:  
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,  
Which in spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee:  
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,  
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all who caressed thee and loved, shall be laid,  
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;  
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past  
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:  
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,  
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;  
And the gard'ner, when delving, will marvel to see  
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree!

Fraught things! could we read but the objects around,  
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,  
Some type of our frailty, some warning to show  
How shifting the sands are we build on below:  
Our fathers have passed, and have mixed with the mould;  
Year presses on year, till the young become old;  
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;  
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!

—*Domestic Verses, by Della.* [A recently published and very interesting volume.]

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## THE BACK STREET.

THE back street is necessarily a poor street, but it has a special character as a poor street. As one who forms part of a great society of uniformly poor people in a secluded rural district, is a different sort of person altogether from a member of a depressed class living in the immediate vicinity of rich people, so is a common poor street different from a poor street which is a back one. The latter is additionally poor by contrast, and by its containing things and persons which suggest affluence without partaking of it. The back street suffers by an unfortunate but unavoidable comparison. We turn the corner from a goodly well-to-do-street, and feel ourselves all at once plunged into one full of fifteenth-rate houses and shops. This is a trial which no mortal street can stand. We walk with an easy mind through a regular district of the humblest class; but we pity a back street. The worst peculiarity of back streets is their fallen-off broken-down appearance. Somehow they are always built at first on a supposition that they are to be nice genteel streets, fit for very tolerable sort of people; but they never keep up the character for more than three or four years, and regularly decline into something superlatively shabby. Not that back streets have not their struggles. They do their very best, I thoroughly believe, to resist the downward tendency of circumstances. Often we see a bit at the end, on one side, keeping up a neat appearance—painting the doors green once a-year with a desperate earnestness—and making great efforts to suppress a small broker who exhibits old candlesticks and stools out-of-doors at the corner; but it is sure to be in vain. One heroic Leonidas of a proprietor will linger with a powerful apparition of white gauze blinds after all his own sort of people have vanished; but even he has at length to go, for the sake of a better neighbourhood for his children; and then the case is settled. Our unfortunate back street never again holds up its head. It breaks all out in an inflammation of little shops, loses heart about its window-panes, and begins to have far too many children. The very scavenger disrespects it, and only gives it a cleaning when he likes. In short, it becomes an out-and-out back street.

It is wonderful, all things considered, how a back street lives. The inhabitants all appear extremely poor. Yet it generally contrives to have a small shop for the materials of jollity every alternate door, with rarely less than one good baker's and a tolerable butcher's shop, besides an infinity of places with three penny loaves, two cabbages, and a stick of pipeclay in the window. One wonders whence all the custom comes for these shops, for it is evident the fine streets do nothing for their poor neighbour, and there is no thoroughfare. There is even a grocer, who puts a sugar

barrel out in front of his door every morning, as if he was always just done with disburdening it of its contents: the boys have of course discovered the trick ages ago, and know there is not a particle of the sweet merchandise to be had in the inside for love or money; but still it seems to betoken a rather lively business. There is a smaller grocery concern, with two placards in the window, expressing 'Agent for Grey's Polishing Fluid,' and 'Fresh butter from the country every Thursday.' How do they all get business? Has the back street a self-supporting mutually-devouring character, or how is it? There are also two mangles, one old and well-established, the other a bustling noisy rival, eager for a share of trade. You hear the rumble of the machinery, mingled with a conflict of women's tongues, as you pass along. A chimney-sweep, with strong pretensions as to the putting-up of cans, has been established for years in one of the murky entries. He is an old man as black as Erebus all the week, but washes out gray and respectable on the Sundays. One of the most original sort of people about the street is a man who deals in asses' milk—recommended by the Faculty. He has a den in a back court for himself and cattle, the braying of which has often attracted the hostile attention of the police; but he always battles them off. There is also a small millinery shop, with a female name over the door, and a modest insinuation of neatly-ribboned gauze caps in the window. Look in beyond the inner screen, and you catch a glimpse of two poor women, of the age of possible mother and daughter, sewing away as for dear life. The back street has a kind feeling towards these two poor women, for they are unusually industrious and inoffensive beings—tried, moreover, with a sore oppression besides poverty, in the form of an unhappy husband and father, who has been corrupted out of all good feeling, and torments them for the means of supplying his base indulgences. Yet they struggle on, and add to the wonder already excited by the back street in general, as to its powers of self-support. It would almost appear as if there were still some people fed by the ravens.

Amongst the denizens of the back street is a retailer of flour, bran, potatoes, and other articles of rural produce, of which samples are duly presented in the window. But it is a shop of evidently scanty business, and has got quite dusty for want of encouragement. Step in for a biscuit, and you are served by a blooming rustic-looking maiden, whose manner strongly betrays how little she is used to such a kind of life. An old enfeebled man sits sunning himself in a wooden arm-chair within the window, lulled by the humming busy sound of the flies within the bespotted panes, and with an out-dated newspaper of mouldering appearance spread upon his knees. It is irresistible to make a remark about the fine weather to the sunbathing gentleman, and he hears it



agents, but intimates how much the crops need rain. There is a memory of the Lammernmires or Teviotdale in his very voice and the fading red of his cheek. But never more will the lark bid him a blithe good-morrow, never more will he delight to view the sheep and kye thrive bonnie O, on Whitedale leas or the Fairy knowe. He is a broken farmer, obliged at the end of a long hard-working life to seek shelter for his gray hairs in a back street in the city with his wife and two daughters, one of whom was the dispenser of the biscuit. A wreck of household furniture was nearly all that was left to the old Goodman when he forsook his farm; but some neighbours, pitying his state, gave him credit for a very small stock of articles wherewith to set up a shop; and behold him settled here, accordingly, to pine amidst the confinement and nastiness of a town over the recollection of better days. To turn such a man to the occupation of a shopkeeper, is like setting an honest shepherd's dog to play tricks. The concern does not, never can succeed. Meanwhile one of the daughters has gone to be a superior sort of servant. The other must remain to take charge of her infirm parents, and attend to business. What a cheerless life for beings lately so happily situated! At first the old man was able to walk almost every day to the outskirts of the town, there to catch a glimpse of the country; but now he hardly can move to the end of the street. He feels that he has had his last sight of the face of nature, that the green leaves and fresh blade must for the future be but ideas of the mind, till the eye that closes in death's sleep shall awake to see, and know all. One only joy ever visits the home of the poor victual-dealer. It is when an old country neighbour stumbles in upon them—no matter what sort of person he be, so he only comes from near Whitedale. The cold sorrow-subdued voice of the family then bursts up in a volcano of energy and gleesome excitement. Loud hearty salutations and inquiries break the forenoon stillness, and the visitor is almost dragged into the room behind the shop, and forced into a chair. There, with his delighted friends around him, he will discourse for a quarter of an hour about their old neighbours, and all the concerns of the country-side they once called theirs; while the best in the house is paraded, and everything but thrust down his throat. If anybody comes into the shop at that moment, Helen serves with a frightful impatience, and hurries back to devour up all that falls from the visitor's tongue, as if it were so precious, that to lose one word of it were a hardship. At length, at the top-flood of a conversation that might be heard as far as a hackney coach, the visitor rises to depart—to their infinite consternation, for they had reckoned him as their own for half a day at least—but country people always are in such a hurry when in town—and this consternation ascends in a perfect convulsion or whoop of anguish, as if they felt themselves the worst-used people in the world, and never thought to have been treated in such a manner by an old friend. Amidst the clamour Rusticus breaks off, but not without the most solemn promise to come again and see them next time he visits the town. He goes, and down again sinks the voice of the family to the low tenor to which sorrow has tuned it.

The back street is remarkable for the perpetual mutations of its inhabitants. It has one or two families of long years' standing, who look upon themselves as an aristocracy among the rest, one who is a miser, and the other the keeper of a warehouse, which gives no credit. But the bulk of the population is a year's continuance at most, or less. Much. The fact is, the back street is a harbour of refuge for persons quite unable to go to. Men-servants discharged for some reason or other, go frantically and set up a shop in the back street, and are interrupted by poverty in the midst of their career for professions, plunge headlong into the sea, and in the mad hope of living there by keeping a shop, get nothing but death. Meanwhile the poor man who is always the less inclined for a paid

education. Tradesmen who have failed in considerable streets, faintly think to get along under a jury mast in a small shop in the back street. Shops wake, therefore, into new life every few months, and almost immediately die again and make no sign, like babes which give up their breath before they have well drawn it. Presently come the bill-stickers, like so many Robin Redbreasts, and cover them all over with leaves. Long does the landlord wait for a new tenant; insanely but vainly does he denounce the bill-stickers; paste keeps the ascendant mangle all his efforts. At length the premises all at once some fine morning break out into a dashing eating-house, with a round of beef in the window, supported by a plate of sausages on the one side and a dish of mince collops on the other, looking all as if mankind could not fail to pour in as they went by to enjoy so many good things. Alas! 'I've paced much this weary mortal round,' and after a month, it is not half done. The shop for some time can't believe that it is not to be patronised, and goes on looking as bright and hopeful as ever; but it won't do. Mankind either have ceased to eat, or they know not where eating is best; and so, after a desperate struggle of a quarter, the shop resigns itself once more to the bill-stickers, who, like trusty undertakers, right soon come to swathe the corpse. One half of the shops thus fall asleep and wake again twice a-year at an average. In short, everything is in a state of tentation in the back street. It is a place of forlorn hopes and hopeless expedients. All that is unfortunate everywhere else, all that is cast out everywhere else, takes refuge here—step in the downward course to nothing. And all this is within a few yards of the back windows of elegant drawing-rooms, where prosperity indulges in its scarcely enjoyed revels. The aching head of the over-self-indulgent, and the dull bosom of those who, with world's wealth, pine from the very absence of all causes of worldly anxiety, throb within hearing of the curse of drunken despair as it staggers in from the tavern amongst anguished women and terror-stricken children, and the low moans which issue from the death-bed of those who, having only known life as a burden and a pain, are at last visited with one gleam of happiness in the prospect of soon leaving it. Huddled, indeed, is the geography of human bliss (or what is called so) and human woe!

Distinct as is the character of the back street, it is not always one thing; it has different aspects at different times of the day. Pass through it in the morning, and you see it at about its worst, headachey, stiff about the eyes, trying to look unconscious of anything wrong that may have happened over night. The kennels are in no good state, and the fragments of a broken lamp yet bestrew the pavement. Two shops are getting their shutters taken off, one by a girl with a gown not yet fully indued, the other by an old man wearing his night-cap. A cart with buttermilk is an object of general attraction. In the middle of the day things look a little neater. A medical man, who has left his carriage in the neighbouring street, is inquiring his way to a patient. The milk-cart is replaced by a wagon from which coal is sold in sackfuls, and an ass-cart dispenses shoals of haddocks and fresh herrings. Few of the ordinary inhabitants are seen in the street. In the evening, again, an entirely new scene is presented. The children, let loose from the schools, throng and fry about. Ten to one, as you go along undreaming of danger, you find yourself suddenly embraced by a skipping-rope, tripped up by a hoop, or hit in the cheek by a ball. The matrons stand in twos and threes at the doors, with dress put somewhat to rights, and knitting or other work in their hands, placidly surveying the sports of the youngsters. One or two of the younger women are seen tripping about with bright new-washed faces and hair excessively in curl, the admiration of journeyman carpenters returning from their work, and the young grocer standing in his door. Meanwhile the sun has edged himself so far round to the north, that

he is able, for once in the day, to send a few of his rays where in general all is dusky. Just at this time the place looks rather well. It is one little term of something like cheerfulness in the gloomy life of our street. But it soon passes away. Night comes, and on its wings brings things, as Thomas Hood says, which again alter the scene. The common sort of shops are now shut, but a chink in the doors of the taverns, and the swing of a bacchanalian chorus heard through the shuttered windows, tell that intemperance is in its full wakefulness. A few miserable women and children chant drearily along the brink of the kennel. One or two groups of drunken brawlers are seen on the point of quarrelling, and sometimes a window is heard suddenly thrust up, and the cry of 'Police!' issued from it in a tone of frantic alarm or indignant fury—too familiar a sound to be much regarded by any one. So concludes the day of a back street, to be followed next morning by the same headachey, eye-rubbing, unconscious look as before. And so will this truthful history ever go on; for, however the persons may be changed, the circumstances remain unaffected. And thus it may be that, if you are now revisiting the back street after an interval of a very few years, you see the very same sort of shops, the same sort of houses and people, the appearance of everything the same; yet, in the quick ordination of poverty, the population will have been so entirely changed, that hardly one person living here at the former time is now present. Where have all the hapless gone? Alas! where do they in general go? It might be troublesome to trace the fate of individuals; but of what has befallen them in the mass, it can puzzle no one to form a conjecture.

## FACTS ABOUT THE CHINESE.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

A FEW memoranda respecting the geography of China Proper are necessary, to render our facts concerning the Chinese themselves the more intelligible.

China Proper is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the great Asiatic continent, and consists, for the most part, of a series of steppes or table-lands, gradually rising from the shores of the Chinese and Yellow Seas to the western boundary. The coast line extends for 2500 miles, and consists of flats, and of the low hills upon which are grown the finest teas. The further we go inland to the north-west the higher the lands become, till we arrive at the snow-clad summits of the Yun-ling chain—a vast branch of the Himalaya ranges—which marks the western boundary of the country. Tracing the level from the sea in a northerly direction, however, the gradual ascent is interrupted by the great plain of China, which, being 700 miles long, and varying from 150 to 500 broad, is seven times larger than the great plain of Lombardy. The northern limit of China Proper is definitely marked by an artificial barrier 1250 miles long—the well-known great wall of China. What materially contributes to give the country its gradual elevation, is two parallel ranges of hills which intersect it from the north and west—where their height is great—to the east, where it is gradually depressed near the sea. The great extent of mountainous territory supplies China with springs which interlace it with water-courses in every direction. Next to the Amazon or Orinoco, two of its rivers are the largest in the world—the Hoang-ho, or 'Yellow River,' and the Yang-tse-kiang, or 'Son of the Ocean.' Besides natural water-courses, the indefatigable industry of the people has covered the country with canals, which are so numerous, that, when viewed from the heights of some districts, they appear like a network covering the land. The climate of China,

though of course different in various districts, has been pronounced to be one of extremes, it being in the same localities very hot in summer and very cold in winter. On the whole, however, it appears to be generally favourable to health, and uncommonly so to vegetation. In extent, China Proper occupies an area of 1,348,870 square miles; thus it is eight times greater than France, and eleven times larger than Great Britain.

Of their country, so well-watered, fertile, and productive, the natives are quite as proud as of their constitution, and consider it perfect.

Excessive egotism, joined to their intense adoration of antiquity, furnishes the key to those anomalies in the character of the people which have caused so many false notions concerning them to become current in Europe. In the first place, it fully accounts for their contempt for foreigners. Their own territory being capable of furnishing every necessary and luxury of life, they hold themselves quite independent of imports, or any assistance from other nations. As, then, the ancient legislators saw no necessity for intercourse with the rest of the world, they expressly forbade it; and according to the strict letter of Chinese law, a native who leaves his country is punishable with death, should he unwisely return. A stranger, again, who enters China, except with the express sanction of the emperor, and as a 'tribute-bearer' from some submissive nation, is ordained to meet with the same fate. It is treason to hold any intercourse—even to speak to—a foreigner without special license; and six Hong ('trade') merchants are appointed at Canton to transact business with the 'outside people,' or foreigners.

In this exclusiveness we discover a main cause of the vast population of China. Emigration—a great outlet for, and check to, a prolific populace—is thoroughly opposed not only to the law, but to the prejudices of the people; large families and crowded communities being deemed by them amongst Heaven's choicest blessings.

Although the numerical amount of the Chinese population has never been correctly ascertained, yet its unequalled density is undoubted. The few travellers who have been indulged with a sight of the interior of the 'celestial' kingdom, speak with astonishment of the multitudes they saw in the towns and villages, and of the concourse of passengers to be met even on the country roads. Every habitable spot throughout China is built upon, and every rood of ground capable of bearing produce is incessantly cultivated. As if to show that there is not room enough on land for the overgrown populace, the waters are inhabited: houses built in boats, and ranged in long rows or streets, float upon every river and canal, forming aquatic suburbs to the cities, towns, and villages. According to an official census taken by the native government in 1813, China Proper contained 361,693,879 'mouths.' Great doubts, however, have been thrown upon the accuracy of this official census, which is conjectured to be in excess, from the Chinese prejudice in favour of vast numbers. The mode of collecting it is, like everything else in this country, systematic, to a degree, in theory, but loose in practice. The whole nation is subdivided into ten Keü, or families; over them is a kind of constable, who must become acquainted with the number of individuals in each family, from a tablet kept by every householder, in which he inscribes the number of inmates. A hundred families constitute a Paou; a similar officer is placed over them. These report the census to the chief officer in the Heün, who again makes his returns to the Foo; thence the document is transmitted to the provincial treasurer, who sends in his statement annually

to the board of revenue at Pekin; and from these various documents the census is published in the imperial statistics. If the numbers thus collected and stated above be correct, and due deduction be made from the gross area of the kingdom for mountainous and inaccessible tracts, every square mile would be required to sustain 280 individuals.\*

This overcrowded community, drawing the means of life entirely from the land they exist upon, and scorning foreign supplies (the Russian trade by way of Kiakta and the Canton trade being but small exceptions to their grand rule), naturally is anxious to make the most of their country, and the Chinese have always, therefore, been regarded as the most assiduous cultivators. Their industry is unequalled.

Every expedient that ingenuity could at an early period invent, or energy accomplish, has been put in force to make the soil productive; every acre of ground able to bear produce is tilled; fallow and pasture are almost unknown. Water is led, by means of canals, into every district, for the double purpose of transit and irrigation. Roads occasion little loss of room, for these are very narrow, usually consisting of a mere bank raised above the rice-fields, which require at certain seasons to be nearly submerged. But, such as they are, the Chinese roads sufficiently exhibit the patient industry of their makers; for, besides consisting of carefully-constructed embankments, they are mostly paved with flag-stones. As agriculturists, the merits of the Chinese are confined to their industrious personal exertions in the tilling of the soil. With arrangements for increasing production, whether by amassing farms, or by taking advantage of scientific processes, they are entirely unacquainted. Yet such is the effect of their patient and assiduous labours, that the whole territory looks like a collection of gardens.

So great is the struggle for existence in China, that every sort of organic matter is converted into food. To eat everything which can possibly afford nourishment, is the comprehensive principle upon which Chinese diet is regulated. Asses, rats, and mice, invariably form part of a butcher's stock; puppies are regularly fed for the shambles; and cats have been seen ticketed up in the Canton market at a higher price than pheasants. Pork is the favourite dish; but the head of an ass is esteemed the greatest delicacy. No aquatic creature escapes the vigilance of a Chinese fisherman; seas, lakes, canals, rivers, pools, and even the furrows of paddy fields, are searched for fish. Less animal food of any kind is, however, eaten in China than elsewhere; and their chief vegetable diet is rice. Large eating is a vice of the upper ranks in China, in consequence, not so much of gourmanderie as a vanity attached to the supposition that one is rich enough to command an unusual quantity of victuals. To be fat is held as one of the symptoms of wealth and consequence; and, for the sake of this appearance, respectable men will eat to a degree of excess which to us might appear incredible. Several mandarins who visited the English admiral off Tang-choo, during the late expedition, made a breakfast which astounded the English beholders. One of the visitors, of immense size, 'weighing upwards of thirty stone, upon being questioned as to his powers of consumption, acknowledged with complacency that a sheep was his ordinary allowance for three days.† The disgusting nature of this vice is made the more glaring, when we reflect that the greater portion of the Chinese public are unable to procure a sufficiency of food; and it is said that thousands of the poorer orders annually die of starvation.

In domestic economy they are unsurpassed: there is no waste, no profusion in any branch, and the most trifling things are turned to advantage—even refuse being re-liged. The plan of *clubbing*, which we reserve

for our own operatives, has been in full operation in China for centuries. The Chinese are unrivalled for their 'clannishness,' and poor families of the same name, be they ever so numerous, join their resources, and often live in the same house. In the sacred instructions of one of their emperors, it is related that 'in the family of Chang-se, of Keang-choo, seven hundred persons partook of the same daily repast.'‡ Contentment reigns even amongst the most wretched, and they sit down to a meal, consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes, with cheerfulness, because they know no better.

The habitations of the Chinese prove they deserve the name Mr Davis has given them, of 'incurable conservatives.' They have not altered the shape or plan of their buildings from the earliest time. Those writers who contend that the present race of Chinese are of Tartar origin, point to their houses as one of the proofs of the conjecture; for in shape, however much they may be ornamented, they are precisely similar to a Tartar tent. 'A Chinese city,' says a learned writer, 'is nothing more than a Tartar camp, surrounded by mounds of earth to preserve themselves and cattle from the depredations of neighbouring tribes; and a Chinese habitation is the Tartar tent, with its sweeping roof supported by poles, excepting that the Chinese have cased their walls with brick, and tiled the roofs of their houses.'§ Everything in the country being regulated by law, the building of houses forms no exception to the rule. The habitations of the poor depend chiefly upon the nature of the materials to be procured nearest at hand. Millions of people live in mud-houses, but of these a great number are faced with brick; while in places where granite abounds, the cabins are composed of solid rock, which they possess great skill in cutting and joining, so that a seam is hardly visible. In woody districts, huts are built of planks. But there is no material so much in use as bamboo, not only for building purposes, but for every other: the tender shoots of the plant, when boiled, form a favourite article of food; furniture is made of it; and, in short, a long and not uninteresting article might be written on the uses to which the bamboo is put by the Chinese. They perform a series of superstitious ceremonies on beginning to build, and always commence with the hearth, though, with all their ancestors' wisdom, they overlooked chimneys; and for modern architects to add such conveniences now, would be flat impiety. Fires, however, are seldom used except for cooking, the requisite warmth in winter being supplied by fur clothing. The interior of a Chinese pauper's house consists of one room, to serve every purpose both for his family and domestic animals, amongst which a pig is always to be seen. The interior of a Chinese and an Irish cabin resemble each other in many respects.

The houses of the rich are surrounded with, and concealed by, high stone walls, and never exceed two storeys in height; so that nothing surprises a Chinese more than pictures or descriptions of the five and six-storeyed houses of European cities. Mr Davis reports that the present emperor inquired whether it was the smallness of our territories which compelled us to build so near the clouds? The magnificence of Chinese mansions is estimated in some measure by the ground which they cover; but much of this is often occupied by complicated passages. At the entrance within the stone wall is a space occupied by flower-pots, and often a small garden laid out with artificial rocks and mountains. The principal hall generally faces the south; and its walls are adorned with inscriptions, either drawn upon a lacquered plank with gilt letters, or written upon paper. This is the place of devotion, or hall of ancestors; for the religion of the Chinese seems chiefly to consist of a worship of their forefathers. An

\* According to the Imperial statistics, the cultivated land of China Proper extends over 1,597,980 square miles.

† Lord Jocelyn's Six Months in China.

‡ A Hint to the Working Classes, No. 19, new series.

§ Quoted by Mr Davis in his 'Chinese,' vol. II. p. 406.

‡ Encyclopedia Britannica, article 'China.'

idol and incense-stand is nearly always found in the principal room of a respectable Chinese. The temporary residence of the governor of Chusan, during the short time we held that island, was at the chief city, Tinghai, and is thus described by Lord Jocelyn:—'It was believed to have been the property of a literary character, and was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments open round the centre court, which is neatly tiled; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof are carved in the most chaste and delicate style; and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with a fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed.' In a house near Nankin, another traveller was struck with the beauty of the partitions, which consisted of trellis-work, covered with a delicate gauze. 'The passage between two of the "fragrant" (or women's) apartments consisted of imitations in a rich dark-coloured wood of an avenue of young bamboos, their graceful branches entwining overhead to form the arch, and their taper stems encircled by creepers, which cling to them in the most tasteful and picturesque manner conceivable.\* Most of the bed-places in the sleeping apartments for ladies, which were observed by the invaders, were less beds than large dormitories. A portion of the apartment, about eight feet square, is partitioned off, having a circular sliding panel by which to enter. The exterior of these partitions is often sumptuously carved, gilt, and ornamented. In the inside is a large couch, covered with a soft mat, hung with rich draperies and bullion silk tassels; this, with a little chair and table, makes up all the furniture of these elegant but ill-ventilated dormitories. The beds of people of middle rank are formed of hard planks covered with a mat, the pillow generally an oblong leathern box in which they preserve their valuables. In winter a great many blankets are used, but no sheets; for it is remarkable that, unlike other orientals, the Chinese use scarcely any bed, table, or even body linen. When a house is of two storeys, it is the upper one which contains the 'fragrant' apartments, otherwise they are situated close to the great hall. The windows consist almost always of oiled paper; very little glass being used in China; though shutters are sometimes made of pearl-oyster shells sufficiently clear to admit light. To country houses, gardens and artificial landscapes are indispensable; and few are without tanks or ponds, filled with quantities of the golden and silver carp, and overspread with the broad leaves of the nelumbium, or sacred lotus.

In towns, the narrow streets are chiefly occupied by tradesmen's shops, some of which are loaded with ornament. The sign-boards hang out at right angles to the house, as they formerly did amongst ourselves, and are of the most gaudy and alluring description; for the puffing system in retail trading appears to have been extensively practised in China, when it was quite unknown in the western world. The vista these splendid advertisements form on looking down a street, present a most singular and lively appearance. In some of the shops the public are warned, by sentences conspicuously pasted up, not to gossip, and assured by others that 'they don't cheat here.'

To dress, the Chinese attach great importance, and the costume of every grade is strictly superintended by the board of rites and ceremonies. The lower orders generally wear an untanned sheep-skin jerkin and cloth nether garments. But as the grade of life gets higher, the dress increases in splendour. The summer clothing of the upper ranks is a long loose gown, or gaberline, of thin silk or gauze, sometimes confined to the waist by a girdle, the sleeves loose, and the neck bare. The breeches are of the Dutch kind, being of most ample dimensions. Woven stockings of cotton or silk cover the legs; and cloth, satin, or velvet boots protect the feet. The soles are very thick, on account of the leather

not being sufficiently well tanned to exclude wet, without a great many layers; and the broad edges are kept clean with whiting, instead of blacking. In winter, fur jackets and leggings are added to the summer clothing. When the change of costume shall take place, is not dependent upon individual convenience, but on legal custom, and it is indicated by the cap, of which there is one for each season. On the commencement of the cold or hot weather, the viceroy of each province puts on his winter or summer cap. This important circumstance is noticed in the official gazette, and is the signal for every man under his government to make the same change.\* The summer cap is a cone of bamboo or chip, covered with a large quantity of red horse-hair, or with silken threads; at the apex is the button, which denotes the rank of the wearer. The winter head-gear is a dome of velvet or fur, with a broad brim sharply turned up—like the loose cuff of a coat—all round. Some of the ceremonial dresses are very splendid and costly, being of expensive silk elaborately embroidered with gold. Fur dresses are many of them of such value and strength, that they descend from father to son; hence some Chinese possess a large quantity of them, their stock being added to from that of deceased relatives. Mr Davis relates, that at an entertainment at Canton, where the party, according to the custom of the country, were seated in a room without fires, the European guests began to complain of cold, upon which the host immediately accommodated the whole number, ten or twelve, with handsome wide-sleeved spencers, all of the most costly furs, saying that he had plenty more in reserve. As the Chinese seldom change their under-clothing, they are personally uncleanly, and subject to cutaneous diseases.

The respectable Chinese wear many articles of convenience appended at the girdle, as swords, daggers, and pistols are, or have been worn, in Europe. Not the least conspicuous of these is a fan enclosed in a silk sheath, an article required both for coolness and as a direct protection in summer from the rays of the sun. One of the most ludicrous sights which our countrymen encountered in China, was presented by a visitor to one of our ships—a Chinese cavalry officer, who kept fanning himself from the moment he got on deck. A purse, often elegantly embroidered, a case holding a flint, steel, and tobacco for lighting a pipe, a variety of tooth and ear-picks, and a watch-pocket, are other articles usually carried in this manner by a Chinese of rank.

The following summary of the general appearance of the houses and costumes of the Chinese when collected in a town, was drawn up by an eye-witness:—The general appearance of every large Chinese town fully bears out its Tartar origin; for a stranger admitted into Peking, Nankin, or Canton, may fancy himself—from the low houses with curved overhanging roofs, uninterrupted by a single chimney—from the numerous pillars, and from the flags and streamers placed before the door of every official—in a Tartar encampment. The scene is full of animation:—the glitter of the painting, gilding, and varnishing which everywhere meets his eye, together with the gaily-ornamented lanterns of horn, muslin, silk, and paper, that hang over the doors—the confused noises of perambulating tinkers and blacksmiths in their little portable workshops—the buying, selling, and bartering—the bursts of laughter occasioned by jugglers, conjurers, quack-doctors, and comedians—the mirth produced by men carrying home their newly-married wives, accompanied by bands of music—the howlings of mourners burying the dead—the magistrates, attended by their factors and officers, parading the town—with now and then the procession of some man high in office, who is escorted by persons bearing flags, umbrellas, painted lanterns, and other strange insignia of office—this combination of sights

\* The Chinese War. By Lieutenant Ouchterlony.

\* The Chinese. By J. F. Davis, F.R.S. &c.

and sounds presents a spectacle which can be beheld nowhere but in China.

Having cleared the way by stating these general particulars of the Chinese and their country, we shall, in a succeeding article, take a nearer view of their social condition, ceremonies, and national customs.

#### EBEN ELSHENDER, THE MOOR-FARMER.

EBENEZER ALEXANDER, or, as he was usually called, Eben Elshender, a native of the north of Scotland, was originally a manufacturer, but not being successful in this line, and falling into low spirits, he went to spend some time at a village where an elder and more prosperous brother had a bleaching establishment, in the hope of recovering the tone of his mind by means of country air and exercise. The place seemed at first sight unlikely to cheer up an invalid of the mind, being situated in a high and sterile district, with a north-east exposure, and far from all other human haunts; but things turned out much better than might have been expected, and we shall tell how this came about.

Eben, in his wanderings in the neighbourhood, was speedily attracted to a hollow in the neighbouring moorlands, which might be considered as the only place within several miles presenting the least charm for the eye; a brook, fringed by a line of willows and a strip of green, formed the simple elements of the scene, and from its situation it had a look of seclusion and warmth. He was led, by what he saw here, to surmise that elevation is not an insuperable difficulty in cultivation, provided there be shelter; and soon becoming convinced of the fact, his active mind in no long time conceived that he might employ himself worse than in endeavouring to clear a little possession for himself, at a nominal rent, out of the neighbouring lands. He looked around, but, excepting the few patches in the neighbourhood of the village, the region was one either of unbroken heath or of moss of great depth, broken into pits, and filled with water even at midsummer. Nothing, therefore, could seem more hopeless. On the left only, as he looked northward, a large flat, lying far beneath him, and black and barren, or covered with brown heath, but looking to the sun seemed to offer the semblance of a cultivated field, and he determined to visit it. He did so, but found it very unpromising. The surface, though apparently smooth at a distance, was rough and uneven; the soil was either stony and shallow, or a deep quick moss, wet everywhere even in summer, and with no fall by which it might be drained. A rivulet skirted it on the east, and was the natural boundary in that direction; but a swell many feet in height rose on the bank, and closed in the surface of the proposed farm from almost the possibility of being drained; and there were similar embankments on the north and west. Still it was a large surface, not materially uneven; it lay beautifully to the sun, and he could not but think that, if drained, and sheltered, and cultivated, here might be an extensive, perhaps a valuable farm. It would not require deep cuttings, as in moss-flows, nor extensive levellings, as in very unequal surfaces. He determined to think farther.

He spoke of his purpose to no one, but he brooded over it for days, again and again visiting the ground, and at last he waited on the agent of the proprietor. Even from him he exacted a promise of secrecy, if nothing should follow upon his offer; and then, for a lease of thirty years, offered a shilling an acre for four hundred acres of that unbroken waste, with power to renew his lease for thirty years more, if he should so incline, at five shillings per acre; but with liberty, also, to quit at the end of five years, without being liable in damages from any cause.

Many landlords seem to fancy that though land is of no value in their hands, they have yet a right to be sharers in the profits produced by the intelligence, labour, and capital of others; and that they are extremely liberal in forbearing to share for a few years in what

had never existed for them, and yet will, at the end of those few years, be a valuable inheritance to them and their heirs for ever. The landlord in the present case was wiser. He saw that he was about to receive immediately, for a small portion of this moor in cultivation, almost as much as the entire moor brought as an inferior sheep-walk, and that at the end of thirty years it would exceed the original income of the entire possession; while this attempt at cultivation, if successful, would be an example of the utmost value, and might give his village that neighbourhood which it so much required. Not only, therefore, was the offer of our friend accepted, but wood for buildings was voluntarily offered, and a proper allowance for useful and well-constructed drains.

The villagers were astounded to hear that they were to obtain such a neighbour, but happy even in the hope of it. Enclosed as the place was by banks, which, instead of admitting it to be drained, would, if broken down, inundate it with water, it looked to them like a huge frying-pan, and of course there was no abstaining from some little quiet jokes. This last was indeed the worst aspect of the affair. There was a fall for draining within the farm, but not without it; there was no final outlet. Still, our friend determined on pursuing his experiment; and, as a first measure, determined to give his possession a good name: he called it *Glen-Eden*!

He next marked off the site for his standing on a very slight but bare and valueless knoll, being desirous at once to sit dry and to spare his good land if there were any. As he felt that nothing would be more apt to encourage him than the comfort of his home, as soon as his turf-cottage was roofed in, he had a floor laid down in one end of it, and raising up slight ribs of wood by the walls, and continuing them overhead, had the whole neatly covered by a thin boarding, which, with the addition of a little carpet and a slight curtain festooned over his couch—

A couch ordained a double debt to pay:  
A couch by night, a sofa all the day—

made his end of the tenement seem a palace, and enabled him to look on the storm or the sunshine with equal consciousness of snugness and security to health. Good fires soon made the other end very tolerable to his servants; and being washed with lime, though not plastered, it formed a very cheerful temporary residence. He had the rankest of the heath pulled and secured for thatch or fuel, intending to burn the rest on the ground as soon as the ground should be dry. He next laid out the fields, and ordered them to be cleared of stones—an operation that covered them in some places to the depth of several feet; and finally, he set himself to endeavour to lay the land dry.

For this last purpose, at the lowest part of the farm, but where the surrounding wall, as it may be termed, was highest (and this was on the east), he ordered a bank of moss to be dug out, and placed in a situation convenient for being dried and burned. In the course of this digging he came upon both stones and clay, treasures of great value in his circumstances; and lest the winter, by filling the pond with water, should render farther digging impossible, he pursued his labours with great assiduity. His determination was, that this reservoir should afford him an opportunity of draining the land, and should it prove unequal to this, that a pump or pumps, to be worked by a small windmill, should raise the water to a height enabling him to send it off his territories. In the meantime he knew what ridicule the suspicion even of such a project would draw upon him, and therefore he gratified inquirers by informing them that he was forming a fish-pond for the residence, and even expected to draw profit from the ice in winter, by letting it out for curling, though the game was not then known in that part of Scotland; and the parties, breathing softly, turned from him, and gently lifting up their hands and eyes, departed. Meantime he was intersecting his fields in numerous directions by drains, leading them into one another, diverging, branch-



ing, and every way varying them according to the inequalities of the ground; and after proving their running, carefully filling them with the stones taken from the surface, and all tending at last to the general reservoir. Even in winter, therefore, the land became drier and drier, and people now began to see the use of the pond. By the return of spring he had effectually drained a large space in front of his residence, and generally prepared it for the operation of the plough. And even in this, by a sort of natural instinct, he differed from the accustomed mode. Aware that oxen draw most gently and steadily, he had secured the temporary use of a strong yoke of these, to be tried in all such portions of the soil as seemed likely to be capable of being opened up by the plough. People from the village had been engaged to attend at the same time to complete, with the spade and other implements, what the plough might leave imperfectly done, and give him, if possible, a field; and they had by this time so entered into the spirit of the thing, that the attendance was large, and in many cases gratuitous. He had no lime for the present; but he had been scavenger to the village during winter, and he had secured all the runnings from his own cattle in a great tank. He now set to burning, in close kilns, all the turf he had been able to accumulate during the summer; and between these and the refuse of the few cattle for which he had been able to find food, he was enabled to plough and manure some twenty acres of land, which he sowed and planted with the usual crops, accompanying all the white crops with sown grass. To complete his experiment, he had procured a cask to carry out the runnings of his stables, &c.; and having placed it on a cart, and fitted it with a tail-box pierced with holes, such as is used for watering streets and roads, he, as a last operation, sprinkled this liquor, so far as it would go, over the ground that had been dressed with ashes, at night, that no portion of it might be wasted by the sun; and so closed the labours of his first spring.

Science had not then disclosed to us, what is now known to be true, that the terms good and bad land, as generally understood, are expressions without meaning, as almost every species of land requires some culture to make it productive; and by suitable means much may be made of almost any kind of land. Neither was it then known, as it now is, what are the precise ingredients necessary to the production of the various crops, and to which the soil is a mere matrix or receiver; and that burned earth or lime, and ammonia or the runnings of stables, and other usual manures, contain many of those necessary ingredients. But by instinct or accident, by reasoning from what he had noticed, or heard, or read, and perhaps so far experimenting without much knowledge or expectation, our friend had hit upon many things now known to be useful, and the result surprised many. Not only was there no failure in the crops of Glen-Eden (as they now began seriously to call it), but they were rich and beautiful. The oats, standing upon moss of great depth but drained—and that but for the draining and manure would not have borne a green leaf—were as luxuriant as if the depth of the moss had been the cause of their excellence. The other soils, lately so thin and dead, were now deep and dry, and bearing excellent barley, with a flush of clover about its roots. Potatoes, the gift of a warm and distant region, were flourishing in their little beds on this lately cold and barren moor, as if it had been their native and appropriate soil; and, in short, industry and intelligence had in a few months triumphed over the ignorance and neglect of centuries.

Till these things became apparent, however, our experimenter kept in the shade. He had dismissed all his workers, except his hind, whom he termed his 'resident manager,' and his wife, who was his sole servant, and a Gibeonite of a boy for looking after his sheep. As the crops began to show themselves, his hind urged upon him the beauty of their appearance, and the almost certain success of his experiment, and consequently the duty of resuming operations. According to all appear-

ances, his first crop would more than pay the expense that would give him a permanent and valuable possession; and as Eben inclined to this opinion, he determined to resume. As a proper preparative to this, he allowed his mother and sisters to visit him; and though they were shocked with the outward aspect of his residence, a black and cheerless-looking turf-hut, in the midst of a comparative wild, and guarded by a pet sheep and her lambs, that, as they approached, patted the ground in a very menacing manner, yet when they entered it, and found the servant cheerfully preparing for them a meal in the one end, while in the other was a little parlour such as a gentleman might inhabit with rest and enjoyment, they were not only surprised and pleased, but would gladly have protracted their visit, and were delighted to understand that they were speedily to join him.

Of course, from greater experience he rose to greater success: even his labourers worked more cheerfully from seeing the success of what had been done. Moss that had hitherto seemed a nuisance was to him a treasure, and husbanded accordingly; and stones that, above ground, were such an encumbrance, were, when placed in drains beneath it, of the utmost value. He became perfectly happy in his labour of improving, and almost regretted to think that one day it must have an end. Thirty years have passed since these operations were begun; the barren moor has been reclaimed into a valuable and productive farm; the once bare and rugged banks that impeded its draining have long been turned into boundaries covered with herbage of the softest texture, and crowned with woods at once an ornament and a shelter, and that being to be paid for, will render their owner rich. Even the deep and unsightly pool, that first assisted in laying the land dry, has been surrounded and screened by willows and alders, both useful in their way; and from the numbers of ducks and geese constantly breeding on its borders and floating on its bosom, must add no inconsiderable item to the profits of the farm. Where the first damp and disheartening turf-shed was erected, there are now warm and substantial offices; and fronting all, and flanked by garden walls, and behind them trees, stands a farmhouse, in its first days a cottage, but always the seat of plain abundance, and now of every comfort and a generous hospitality. Though in a climate not very genial, it is always warm; and from various flowering shrubs spread over it, seldom without flowers. It is the cherished residence of an industrious, ingenious, and very worthy man.

Many, stimulated by his success, soon followed his example, though on a less extensive scale; but the unpromising wild of thirty years ago is now a sheltered, cultivated, and comparatively fertile spot, and the abode of many industrious and contented families.

## HELP YOURSELF.

A TALE.

On the banks of the Savern, about half a mile from Worcester, there stands in the midst of a green, sloping towards the river, a small but neat-looking cottage. At the time to which the commencement of this little history refers, the spot was scarcely in a state of cultivation. No fences guarded the immediate approaches to the dwelling, and the grass grew wild and unweeded. Still, the profusion of creepers which clung around the porch, and two circular patches of earth that had been dug up before it, showed that some little pains had been bestowed to give the neglected plot a civilised appearance.

One sunny morning during a recent autumn, an angler in a small boat stationed himself immediately opposite to the cottage, under pretence of fishing; but his eyes were more frequently fixed on the door of the humble dwelling than on his float. After some hours of anxious watching, he was rewarded with a sight of the object he had shown so much patience in endeavouring



to see—a young and handsome girl came forth, and began collecting a number of flowers, and arranging them carefully in small bouquets. At the same moment, however, a good-sized salmon was nearly running away with the angler's tackle; and it was not till he felt the rod nearly tugged from his grasp, that he was conscious of his good fortune. His attention being thus divided between the fish and the lady, he lost both; for the salmon got clear off, and the girl retired into the cottage without the word of greeting he had intended to address to her.

'What a fool I am!' exclaimed the angler, 'to be waiting my time here, lying in wait for opportunities of seeing her, when there is nothing whatever to prevent my going boldly up to her door, and paying a regular visit.' He then paused a while to supply a length of gut to his line. 'Why, the fact is, I have not the courage, and that is the truth of it. Besides, she is always so busy with her painting, and it is a sin to disturb her. Then, again, she is alone very likely; and I know she never asks one in when that is the case. However, if she does not come out again soon, I certainly will make bold to call at the cottage.'

While the angler was muttering these words to himself, a dialogue, of which he was the subject, was going on in the cottage-parlour. There were two girls seated at a small table, busily employed in copying on China the bouquets just gathered from the miniature garden; for Jane Lambton, who was the hostess, gained her livelihood by her skill in that humble department of art. Her companion was a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, who occasionally visited her, and lent her a helping hand for amusement.

'Surely,' said Emilia Mason, 'that man in the boat must be young Thomas Polter, the attorney's son. I wonder what makes him choose this spot so often to fish in.'

'Perhaps,' replied Jane archly, 'you would rather he took his station now and then a little higher up the river, and a little nearer to a certain back-window of the parsonage.'

'Oh, Jane! how can you say such a thing. I am sure I never dreamed a wish of the sort.'

'Then I am sorry I put it into your head,' replied Jane laughing; 'for the mere suspicion of it makes you blush as red as this vermilion.'

Emilia Mason did in reality betray more emotion than the allusion warranted; and presently, when footsteps were heard approaching the cottage, she exclaimed, 'Bless me! I hope he is not coming to disturb us!' with an expression of fright and hope which was perfectly intelligible to her companion. Jane, however, betrayed anxiety of another kind, and trusted the angler was not going to intrude on them. On looking out, however, she saw him still in his boat.

A moment after, the outer door was opened, and a young man hastened into the little parlour with eagerness and haste. He saluted Jane with much more cordiality than her friend; and his looks seemed to express disappointment that the former was not alone.

'I have come, Jane,' he said, 'to tell you something of consequence which has happened to me.'

'Then perhaps I am in the way,' said Emilia, rising.

'Not at all, Miss Mason,' replied Jane Lambton; 'there is nothing Mr Barnton can have to say which you may not hear.'

'But it concerns my own private affairs,' added the young man.

This was a plain hint, that the young lady retired, and was afterwards observed in close conversation with the paragon, who had by this time landed.

The moment she left the cottage, Edward Barnton seized Jane's hand. He was much agitated, and exclaimed, 'Alas! all our hopes are disappointed. My uncle still refuses to do anything for me.'

The moment Jane could release her hand, she went

on with her painting with a degree of composure not at all in accordance with the excited state of her companion. He repeated what he had just said, adding, that Jane could not possibly understand the extent of his misfortune, or she would sympathise more warmly with him.

'On that point, Edward,' she replied, 'you know I cannot sympathise with you. You are always speaking of depending on your friends instead of on yourself.'

'Are they not bound to see me placed in a sphere of life to which I was born?'

'They have done all they can to do so already. They have given you a good education, and furnished you with opportunities for making your way in the world, yet you never use them.'

'Why should I?' he replied, a little tartly, 'when my uncle, the county member, might get me a government situation by asking for it.' Here young Barnton paused. He again took Jane's hand, and after much hesitation, proposed to her that they should marry at once, for he was quite certain that when his relations saw the new responsibility he had undertaken, they would the more readily exert themselves in his favour.

Whatever feelings of grief and unhappiness this proposal inwardly caused Jane Lambton, she did not exhibit them, but merely withdrew her hand, and resumed her task. It cost her, however, a mighty effort to suppress her fast-rising tears. When she had sufficiently mastered them, she spoke. 'Edward,' she said, turning her eyes full towards her lover, 'you think me cold, unsympathising, unfeeling, because I have invariably opposed your impracticable schemes for the future. That which you have just proposed I must reject decisively, and not without some feeling of indignation. It gives me more pain than all your former plans, wild as they have appeared.'

'Wild only to you,' replied Edward, stung with disappointment, 'who are worldly-minded, and, I must add, selfish!'

This was too much from one deeply, though rationally in love. Jane burst into tears; but Barnton, foiled in his intentions, and smarting under the bitter disappointment his uncle had that morning inflicted on him, heeded not the anguish he now caused, except to augment it. And unhappily for both, it was in this mood that Barnton—impulsive, easily-excited young man as he was—left the cottage.

When it was perceived that he had departed, Miss Mason rejoined her friend, with Polter. The sorrow, which so fully betrayed itself in Jane's countenance, took a widely different effect on the two visitors. Emilia was all sympathy and kindness, while Polter seemed perfectly bewildered and perplexed by it. 'So,' he thought, 'it is as they told me; Barnton is the lucky man after all, and I may pack up my tackle, row home, and never return to this spot again, for any chance I may have of making my way in Jane Lambton's regard. Poor girl! something has annoyed her. I'll ask her to accept a dish of the fish I have caught this morning.'

This intention was carried into effect on the appearance of old Mary, Jane's factotum and housekeeper; and Polter having gallantly offered to row Miss Mason up the river to the parsonage in his boat, left the lady, he so much, but so vainly admired, to solitude, often the best balm for sorrow.

Had a stranger observed Jane Lambton when left to herself, he would have perhaps been inclined to agree with the harsh opinion of her lover—that her disposition was phlegmatic; for all external signs of grief had passed away, and she went on painting with increased rather than relaxed diligence. Yet her thoughts were more busy than her hands. She mentally retraced her past sad history, to justify herself—though unnecessarily—for her repeated refusals to participate in the headlong course proposed by the being whom she loved with

enduring sincerity. The daughter of a gentleman, who had been ruined by a dissipated and wicked brother, she was, at the age of twenty, left—if we except the cottage and the small plot of ground which surrounded it—quite destitute. While her parents were alive, an attachment had sprung up between her and Edward Barnton, who was the son of a neighbouring proprietor. At that time it was thought she would have a good fortune; yet when, on the demise of her parents, the contrary was discovered, Edward's affection for her seemed to increase, and this, perhaps, strengthened her already strong affection for him. Her disposition was one of high principle and unwearied industry; and, contrary to the advice of her neighbours, she persisted in taking shelter under the only roof to which she had a right, and in obtaining her livelihood by an art which, in happier hours, she practised as an accomplishment. A life of dependence was quite uncongenial to her nature, and happy would it have been if her lover had been imbued with the same spirit.

In Jane's strong mind, however, sorrow seldom dwelt long, and the next morning she had manifestly recovered her usual composure. But her affection was doomed to receive a new and severe shock. She received a letter from Edward, in which his reproach of selfish coldness was not only repeated, but others added even more unkind and unfounded. He had heard, he said, of Polter's admiration of her, and doubted not that she thought him a better match than one with blasted and uncertain prospects. He bade her farewell. He was going to London, and would at last take the worldly advice she had so frequently given: he would endeavour to 'help himself,' by turning his attention and talents to literature.

Bitter, unkind, and undeserved as this letter was, Jane softened its effects by framing every possible excuse for her lover. Disappointment, she argued, had soured him, and he would in cooler moments reflect on what he had written, and retract it. She was, however, glad that he had at last made up his mind to exert his own energies, instead of constantly dancing attendance on the patronage and interest of his friends, as he had unwisely done for several years.

On the other hand, a proper sense of her own worthiness came to her aid, to point out that it would be highly inexpedient to receive Barnton again on the same footing as formerly, even were he to repent of his unkindness, until some decided change had taken place not only in his sentiments, but in his circumstances. She therefore, in her reply to his letter, simply disclaimed the feelings he imputed to her, and congratulated him on his resolution of depending on himself more than he had hitherto done. She declined his visits in future—at all events for a time—and the letter concluded with these remarkable words:—'You who have known all my misfortunes, must know my heart better than to suppose me capable of disregarding you in the hour of your affliction and disappointment. I am not ashamed to own that my affection for you is unchanged; but a change is necessary in your sentiments ere we might hope for happiness, even under the most favourable circumstances. That change you are about, you say, to effect. Go! I know it will be for your good, and have made a resolve, in which I fervently intreat your concurrence: it is not to see or communicate with you for twelve months. At the end of that time we will meet, either to be united, or to part—for ever!'

Edward, who had more of romance than of practical sense in his composition, readily agreed to this proposal in a farewell letter he sent to Jane. Next day he departed, to stem the strong current of life's stream which sets in against the unknown and unenergetic stranger in the overwhelming metropolis.

From the day of the separation, Jane Lambton and Edward Barnton trode their respective but opposite paths in the walk of life; that of the girl smoothed by parental energy and unimpaired self-dependence, that of the young man made, by his peculiar dispositions,

rugged and uneven—now sinking into a valley of despair, now raised on a summit of hope. In this way six months of the probationary twelve passed away.

It will be remembered, that during the February of the year before last there was some severe weather. Much snow fell, and the little plot of ground which surrounded Jane's cottage was nearly hidden by it. Still, it was not thick enough to conceal the improvements which had recently taken place. Fences had been put up and the two flower-plots removed to make a little lawn before the porch, the flowers being transplanted to a more genial situation behind the cottage, where a regular garden was formed. One evening about the end of the month Mr Mason and his daughter left the parsonage, and, guided by the dim light which appeared in the cottage window, traced their way amidst the snow to Jane's dwelling. On entering it, they found her painting with her usual assiduity.

'You must forgive me,' she said, after the first greetings were over, and her visitors were seated, 'but I am obliged to be rude. I must go on with my task, and talk the while, for there is not a moment to be lost. This biscuit\* must be finished for the furnace by to-morrow morning.'

'Why "must," Jane?' asked the clergyman, 'for well I know that one piece is of little use until the whole set be completed. Do not blush, for I know all about it; Emily has told me. You want to purchase something at the sale to-morrow. Now, suppose you leave off work at once, and let us all three trudge to town to-morrow morning, and make the best bargain we can. This day-week will do as well for Lord Bollington's dinner-service as to-morrow.'

'But——' stammered the blushing artist.

'I won't allow you to finish any sentence that begins with "but,"' interposed Emilia. 'You must obey your spiritual pastor even in things temporal; so drop your pencil, miss, and listen. He has come on purpose to scold you. Pray begin, papa.'

'All I would say, Jane, is simply in the way of caution respecting your unremitting exertions. Believe me, such constant application is a very bad economy of time. This light, which we can see from our parlour windows, betrays the late and early hours you keep; and I am sure you will ruin your health, and soon be able to do nothing at all.'

'Well,' Jane replied, 'I will promise reform; only let me transgress this once.'

'There is no necessity for it,' said Emilia; 'if you will only be a little more like a friend, and accept the proposal I made this morning.'

'Not for the world,' answered Jane; 'would you take from me all the pleasure I derive from my exertions? If I were to allow you to lend me, even for a day, the money to buy what I have set my heart upon, I should not value it in the least. No no, my dear kind friends; let me only finish this little task, and get my reward for it, and I will promise reform.'

'I perceive you are incorrigible,' said the clergyman, seeing her resume her pencil.

'So now, as our mission is ended, we will leave you to your task,' said Emilia rising. 'Do not rise, as you are so greedy of your minutes; old Mary will light us out. Good night, dear Jane,' continued her young friend heartily, as they shook hands; 'may Heaven reward your labours!'

'Amen!' exclaimed the pastor, with a sigh so deep that Jane was startled. Emilia had left the room, and Mr Mason, on taking Jane's hand, said, with a deeply sorrowful expression, 'I sincerely pray that all your toils will be repaid in the way you wish.'

'Have you a doubt, then?' asked the girl with anxious eagerness. 'Have you heard anything? Is he—?'

'I have heard,' was the hasty reply; 'but nothing fatal, or even alarming. Hope for the best; but be ever prepared for the worst. Time, the best physician for

\* The technical name of porcelain when in a state for painting on.

wayward as well as for sorrowing hearts, will *perhaps* bring all to a happy result. Good night.'

When left alone, Jane gave way to the agitation which Mr Mason's last words were calculated to produce. The agreement not to correspond having been rigidly kept, she was in total ignorance of Barnton's proceedings and circumstances, and eagerly caught at the least glimmer of intelligence respecting them. She knew that her friends at the parsonage were fully aware of the goal to which she desired to hasten. She had laboured with unceasing assiduity to make for herself a home—one, indeed, which might be rendered capable of being shared by another, should his career prove at the end of the twelvemonth as successful as her own. Alas! the hint which had been just dropped tended to lessen this hope, and Jane's bitter emotions could only find relief in tears. She did not, however, relax in her labours, and retired not to rest till her task was finished.

The next day Jane took home her painting, received the money for it, made her purchase (which was a quaint old writing-desk), and returned to the cottage. She seemed to attach a strange value to this article of furniture, for, when it arrived, she placed it with her own hands in a room concerning which many mysterious surmises had gone abroad. She always kept it locked, and no person but herself—not even her old housekeeper—was allowed to enter it. She, however, passed every hour she could spare from sleep and labour in this mysterious apartment. The windows were closed, except a small aperture at the top, and a hundred conjectures about Jane Lambton and her secluded little room soon floated about the neighbourhood; not one of the persevering attempts to fish out the secret, which had been made, having succeeded. Whenever the subject was alluded to, Jane invariably changed it, and betrayed so much embarrassment, that questions were seldom pressed. One thing was, however, certain, that the room was in the course of being gradually furnished, for every now and then there was brought to the cottage a curious old chair, an odd-looking table, or a parcel of books in bindings of a bygone fashion, which Jane seemed to have purchased out of her earnings; and these must have been deposited in the mysterious sanctum, for they were never seen in any other part of the house. So close a secret did Jane keep everything relating to this little room, that she never made allusion to it, even to her friends the Masons.

At length an uncertain light was thrown on the dim mystery. The carrier reported that he was ordered to call one morning for a parcel for London. This set curiosity on tiptoe to know what kind of a parcel it could be, and the carrier was watched; but nothing satisfactorily elicited. All that could be seen was a flat square box, directed to some unknown person in London.

It was, however, remarked, that after the despatch of this box, Jane took more relaxation, and worked less. Her spirits were lighter, her eye brighter, and her disposition more cheerful. Emilia Mason, who continued occasionally to assist her in her daily tasks, remarked that she performed them with more alacrity than formerly; but she forbore to question her friend on the change, as the subject was evidently painful, so she contented herself with guesses. 'It is clear,' she thought, 'that this improvement in Jane's spirits is in some way connected with the mysterious chamber, for she seldom goes into it now.'

One morning Emilia came rather earlier than usual. She appeared much agitated; not painfully so, but in a curious kind of half-pleasurable half-disagreeable flutter. She had something of consequence to tell her confidant, 'for,' she added archly, 'I keep no secrets from you, dear Jane.'

'Though you would imply I am not so generous,' rejoined Jane, 'But be patient; you shall know all in time.'

'You shall know all now,' said Emilia; 'for, last evening, what do you think happened?' George Polter came, and—

'Well, and what?' asked Jane, anxiously filling up the blank of her friend's hesitation.

'And—and—took tea with us.'

'Very likely; for I am told he does that almost every evening. But what else did he do?'

'Why,' said Emilia, struggling as hard as she could against some strong emotion—'he told me'—here the poor girl's feelings overcame her, and bursting into tears, she fell on her friend's neck, and murmured—'he said he loved me!'

Jane had great difficulty in restraining her own tears, but wisely fought against them by an attempt at pleasantry.

'Then,' she said laughing, 'he is a false traitor!—for have you not told me that I was at one time the object of his admiration?'

'So you were; and it was from his conversing with me of that admiration, and from my so truly sympathising with it, that when he found your heart entirely pre-occupied, his affection for me sprang up. He owned this last night.'

'But what will Mr Mason say about it?'

'Alas! Jane, I tremble to think. It may be very wrong; but I always loved George Polter; and if my father should refuse his consent, I shall be wretched.'

A new circumstance soon occurred to break off this interesting topic. The postman arrived with a letter having a large official-looking seal. It was now Jane's turn to be agitated. She broke it with a trembling hand, read the first line, and clasping her hands, looked upward, in the attitude of one at prayer. She exclaimed, 'Thank God!' and sank into a chair, weeping for joy.

We must now change the scene to London, and advance the course of events to the 1st of May. It is on that remarkable day that the exhibition of pictures is opened. Crowds of artists, amateurs, and critics of all denominations assemble in the rooms of the Royal Academy, anxious to get an early glimpse of the labours of native talent during the past year. On this occasion the day happened to be wet, and not so many persons as usual visited the rooms, but they still contained what may be called a crowd. Mixing with this motley but generally well-dressed assembly, was one individual who presented a contrast to it. His clothes were shabby, his face wan, his manner melancholy and depressed. He appeared to shun observation, devoting himself to the pictures, and marking the catalogue with the stump of a cedar pencil against the numbers of the most notable works. He refrained from looking to the right or to the left, lest he should be recognised by some person who knew him. Still, his efforts to avoid observation were of no avail, for he was accosted by a person equipped in a very different style. He was fashionably dressed; the pencil which he used was of gold, and the smile which he constantly wore, showed that he was on excellent terms with everything around him, but more especially with himself. Both these young gentlemen were critics—the one belonging to a new, unknown, and unimportant periodical; the other was attached to a journal of old standing, being a son of one of the proprietors.

The critics went over the pictures, as critics of that stamp and standing generally do, finding a great deal more to condemn than to praise. At length they were attracted to a painting which, though in a not very conspicuous place, had attracted a number of spectators. They overheard many praises lavished on it from lips recognised 'about town' as oracles, and at length were able to get a sight of it. It was a domestic scene; simple, unpretending, but full of sentiment and truth. It represented a small room, in the midst of which stood an antique writing-table, on which were strewn papers, writing materials, and an open book. Across a high-backed chair was thrown a dressing-gown—a pair of slippers lying negligently on the floor. There was only one figure, that of a female, who was placing flowers in a vase, her needle-work having apparently been just

laid on the table to arrange the bouquet. Honey-suckles and woodbines were creeping in at the window; and beyond it appeared a pretty landscape, intersected by a river. The tone, keeping, and character displayed in this simple subject, the expression—so fraught with happiness and contentment, which sat on the face of the female—the arrangement of the various accessories of the picture, gave to it a stamp of excellence and originality which caused each beholder to look at the catalogue to discover the painter. They found the picture entered thus—"His study"—Jane Lambton. One of the spectators, on reading these words, became agitated; his head swam, and he laid violent hold on his fashionable friend's arm to prevent himself from falling. He was led out in a state bordering on insensibility, and with difficulty reached his wretched home.

This little scene made a great effect on the fashionable critic; he attributed it all to the beauty of the picture, which he thought must therefore be very fine. Accordingly a high eulogy on Jane Lambton's production appeared next day in his father's influential paper.

In the torn-down depressed critic the reader will readily recognise Barnton. From the time he left Worcester, he had, instead of rigorously setting himself to some definite branch of art or literature, first created, and then fed himself on delusive hopes. His uncle had died in embarrassed circumstances, and his expected government situation was point blank refused. He made a set of literary acquaintance, not so much for the purpose of following literature as a means of existence, as an amusement. His family had become too poor to assist him; one friend dropped off after another, as his demands for the 'help' he refused 'himself' increased; and he was now reduced to a low stage of poverty and actual privation. True, his literary friends sometimes furnished him with employment, but it seldom brought pay; and it was to perform one of these profitless tasks that he found his way to the exhibition. It is a singular fact, that the earliest character which nearly every literary adventurer undertakes in the metropolis, is one which requires the greatest amount of experience, acumen, and learning—that of a critic!

In an ill-furnished room, in a court leading out of Fleet Street, Barnton had for several months dragged on a hopeful yet listless existence; but gradually hope after hope fell away, and now not one remained. He had refrained, according to the mutual agreement, from communicating with Jane; besides, the impression of her which he expressed in his farewell letter had always rankled in his breast. Would she sympathise with his distresses, even if she knew them? Far from it, he thought; she would, on the contrary, blame, or perhaps take no notice of his letter. He turned over the catalogue to assure himself that it was really she who had painted the successful picture; and even that, instead of gratifying, embittered his mind. 'Still,' he argued, 'the same cold, plodding girl, with no idea more refined than money, and earning it. Yet some sentiment was surely expressed in the picture? But who had awakened it? Certainly not he. A new rival had perhaps sprung up. Time would show, for the anniversary of their parting was near at hand. But how was he to live till then, short as the interval was?' Overcome with these thoughts and bodily exhaustion, Barnton threw himself on his pallet, and wept tears of vexation—not, alas! of repentance; for he was as far from 'helping himself' as ever. Never, brought on by grief and privation, confined him to that bed for weeks: never was an unfortunate dreamer rendered so perfectly helpless and destitute.

There was a very different aspect of affairs in Jane's cottage as the long-expected day drew near. Her increasing industry had been crowned with the brightest success. Her China painting was so much admired, and her pencil in such great request, that her prices doubled. Her picture was sold on the first day of the exhibition; and, to her astonishment, instead of the modest sum she

had asked for it, double its amount was enclosed from the purchaser, with a letter apologising for, rather than making a merit of the liberal act. He also commissioned her to paint another, leaving her to choose the subject.

O how happy Jane was when she went with Mr Mason to deposit this large accession to her savings in the bank! Her companion was not, however, so joyous; he advised her to moderate her expectations, for in proportion as they were raised, so would her disappointment be great. 'Remember,' he added, 'it is only a week to the time.'

Jane promised to bear the worst with resignation, even should the worst come. She could safely promise this if her present feelings would only last, they were so full of hope for the future—so modestly, yet truly self-applauding. The cottage, as she approached it on her return, lay smiling under a shining spring sun. She compared it with what it was last spring; then it was surrounded by a waste; now a pretty garden, and a handsome lawn, adorned it, and all effected by her own industry. 'What a pretty picture it will make!' she exclaimed, as she tripped in to tell Mary to get lunch ready for her kind friend the clergyman. A thought crossed her, and a tear stood in her eye. Would it be ever in her power to give the same order for him? O yes; she felt, she knew it would.

Poor Jane! with all her prudence and industry, she, too, nursed sanguine and chimerical hopes, the results of enthusiasm and romance, a tinge of which was by no means inconsistent with her otherwise staid and common-sense character. Day by day her glowing fancy planned out Barnton's career. Perhaps he was studying some science, or writing a great poem which would secure his fame. She always coupled him with industry and success, judging of his progress by her own, and never doubting that he would keep his promise, and strive for himself. It was these feelings which prompted her to choose the subject of her picture, and to which, perhaps, its success must be traced. Her whole soul was brought to bear upon it. It was like truth and nature, because she never once doubted that it would come true, sooner or later.

Borne up by this hope to the last, the important day arrived, without there being any visible alteration in Jane Lambton's demeanour. When, however, the postman brought her a letter, a full tide of emotion swept over her. 'He has not forgotten me!' she exclaimed; and old Mary could only with difficulty support her, so violent were her sobs.

It was long before her agitation subsided sufficiently to enable her to peruse the epistle. Luckily, the reaction was complete, and the girl was perhaps firmer, better nerved to encounter the shock that she was doomed to receive, than if it had fallen upon her in a calmer moment. The letter was in the form of a journal, commenced about four days previously—the writing was faint and indistinct. Barnton began by asking a blessing on Jane Lambton's head. He bitterly regretted they had ever loved; sickness had overtaken him; he was, he thought, dying, and wrote before the time, lest he should never live to see the day they had appointed to communicate with each other. Under the next day's date he described himself as worse—scarcely able to hold a pen. Under the third date he implored her to forgive his failings, and to forget him. This was all death, perhaps, had stayed his hand from writing more!

This, the direst ending of all her anticipations it would have been possible to inflict, Jane bore with wonderful fortitude. There was no time lost in unavailing grief. That night she and old Mary were on their way to London!

Jane, in alighting from the coach, was accosted by a well-known voice, that of Polter. 'I hope you will forgive us, Miss Lambton,' he said; 'but your measures not having been so swiftly taken as to escape the wishful anxiety of Emilia, she insisted upon my travelling up

in the same vehicle, to offer any assistance that lies in my power.

Jane thanked him from her heart. She had already had time to reflect that the step she had taken was sufficiently rash to be open to misconstruction, and was glad to avail herself of Polter's guardianship. He, who knew everything from Emilia, knew what to do, and having deposited Jane and her attendant in the inn, went straight to Barnton's lodging.

The morning was just breaking as he entered the court. He found the house with difficulty—knocked, and was answered by a saucy girl. He inquired for Barnton; but as he was only known to the handmaid as the 'two pair back,' there was some difficulty in making her understand whom he meant. Her reply was, that she believed he was dying, but that he was welcome to go and see.

Lying on a wretched pallet, and surrounded by every mark of destitution, Polter beheld, not without shuddering, his former friend. Barnton's impaired consciousness prevented him from at first recognising his visitor. When he did, he grasped his hand with a faint pressure, and tears stood in his eyes. Polter, who knew that too much sympathy tended to aggravate rather than to assuage suffering, made as light as he could of his friend's condition, and assured him that he was commissioned by his best friends to allow him to want nothing. Barnton scarcely heeded what was said. In a faint voice he inquired about 'Jane.'

This inquiry Polter declined to answer for the present, alleging the sufferer's weakness as an excuse for not agitating his feelings. He begged him to calm himself, while he went to obtain proper assistance. He then hastened to a physician known to his father, and brought him to Barnton's bed-side. Nourishment continually administered was prescribed, and its effects were visible on the patient's frame even before the end of the day. On the morrow it was thought safe to communicate to the patient what had happened—that Jane had travelled to London on purpose to help him, now he could no longer help himself. The physician, however, forbade any interview for the present; and it was not till Barnton was able to be removed from his wretched abode that the lovers met.

Polter had already established Miss Lambton and old Mary in lodgings, and it was there that the meeting which had caused Jane so many pleasurable anticipations, and such bitter disappointment, took place. Jane's true, enduring, and sincere affection was forcibly displayed at this interview. Every violent indication of emotion she purposely suppressed, lest it should affect the invalid. The characteristics of their sex were changed; for while the girl displayed a vigorous mastery over her mind, the man wept. The first emotions over, a new and delightful set of feelings stole over Jane Lambton; she was at length near him to whom her heart was knit—she was able to help him, and this ability she had earned by her own unaided exertions. But, more than all, it was manifest that he still loved her; for his proud, hitherto unyielding spirit, did not refuse the proffered assistance. Still he accepted it under a solemn promise, which he made to himself, never to need assistance again if his own exertions could prevent that necessity.

Barnton has kept his word. As soon as his recovery was complete, he separated himself once more from Jane Lambton. She returned to Worcester, while he sought employment in London with untiring perseverance, and at length gained it—condescending to commence as clerk to a merchant at a very small salary, out of which he contrived during six months to save money. Recently, the firm which had so long employed Jane required the services of such a person as Barnton, and having obtained the most satisfactory testimonials, he was engaged. Meantime Jane, devoting herself entirely to her easel, had given up China painting, and her next picture established that reputation as an artist which she now enjoys. In the present year's catalogue, how-

ever, her name will appear as Mrs Barnton; for George and she were recently married by Mr Mason, who had already made Polter and his daughter man and wife.

Mr and Mrs Barnton reside in the cottage, and, small as it is, they find it quite large enough for happiness. As Barnton's daily employment leaves him some leisure, he employs it profitably by contributing to the periodical literature of the day. The scene of these labours is 'His study,' and thus the dearest wish of Jane's heart is fulfilled—her picture is realised.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY IN 1843.\*

At no period since the days of early Spanish discovery were men so intent upon exploring little-known regions as during the present century. This is well, since nothing facilitates the progress of civilisation more than thus bringing the distant and uneducated people of the various quarters of the globe in communication with their more favoured brethren. As to what has been done during the past year will soon demonstrate our position.

In Europe, Hommaire de Hell employed himself, and is still actively engaged, in exploring the Crimea and the steppes of Russia. With indefatigable zeal he has crossed a great portion of this country in every direction, followed the course of rivers and streams on foot and on horseback, visited the Russian shores of the Black Sea, of the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian; joining to all this the study of man in every sense. His wife accompanies him, taking careful and ample notes of all that she observes. Odessa was the starting point, whence he diverged in every direction which promised interest or advantage: the Volga, Astracan, the Caucasus, the Calmuc Cossacks, were each examined in their turn. His examination of the Caspian Sea is singularly interesting. For a long time a diminution has been observed in the waters of this great inland sea, even distant salt lakes marking the former vast extent of its surface. M. Hommaire's examinations tend to prove a former union with the Black Sea, its separation from which, and the decrease in the waters of the Oural, Volga, and Emba, partly caused by agricultural operations on their banks, appear to be the principal causes of the phenomenon. Xavier Marmier, a French traveller, has recently visited Finland, St Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and Cracow, collecting much interesting matter relating to the literature of a people becoming daily more and more interesting. The Russian government, also, has favoured exploring expeditions; that of Humboldt to the Oural mountains, and the geological examinations of Baer, who in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and the islands on the coast of Finland, has discovered subterraneous stone labyrinths of great antiquity, to the origin of which no clue is yet known.

Flandin and Coste, lately engaged in drawing the ruins of Persepolis, have started to examine those of Nineveh, said to be recently discovered by Botta. The site of the ancient capital of Assyria was known to be near Moussoul, on the Tigris, and called Nino. Botta has therefore only found the ruins, not the place, and having bought them for a few thousand francs, it will soon be known how much remains of the great city, which, according to Strabo, was three days' journey in circuit. Eugene Bore—it will be seen that the French are great travellers—is now in Persia; while Tchilmatcheff, late of the Russian expedition to Khiva, has announced his travels in Altai.

In Africa, despite the terrors of the climate, much has been done, though many have perished, victims to their zeal. A Norwegian, Mensen-Ernst, on his way to discover the sources of the White Nile, died in Upper Egypt, where he was buried near the first cataract. Nestor Lhôte, a learned Frenchman, died also in the

\* This article has been prepared for our pages by a gentleman who, from official situation, enjoys considerable advantages for the purpose.



same country. A crocodile devoured Dr Petit in the river above-mentioned, which proved also fatal, a short time afterwards, to a Mr Lloyd. Still, others advance in their footsteps, and one Frisse, in April, pushed up the country to visit the ruins of Carnac, ere they were quite destroyed by the workmen of Mohammed Ali. Meanwhile, a Prussian scientific commission, under Lepsius, was exploring a portion of the same country, discovering and describing a hundred and six tombs near the pyramid of Gizah. Despite its terrors, in how many points has Africa been assaulted by the enterprise of Europeans?—through Egypt and Algiers, Senegal and the Niger, the Cape and Port Natal, and Abyssinia. While Lieutenant Christopher has discovered a river of great depth and width, bordered by a most interesting people, while Harris has penetrated to the Christian kingdom of Shoa, Rochet d'Hericourt travels in Abyssinia, strengthening the commercial relations of France in that quarter. It is stated in his recent letters, dated Ankober, that he is about starting to visit Djingiro and Anaria, as well as the lake Aoussa, as he calls it, about fifty miles from the sea, and receiving the waters of the Aouache. To cross Africa is the ultimate object of the French government agent. Abadie, Combes, Tamisier, and the late Dr Petit—whose materials on the Azoubo-Gallas are deeply interesting—have penetrated also into these regions. Thibaud and Arnaud, in Nubia and the Bahr-el-Abiad, are seeking the sources of the White Nile; as well as Mr Bailey, an English traveller, who is penetrating in the direction indicated by the natives—that is, about Bakka-Kalla. Captain Jeheime and his subordinate, Parsama, are exploring the coast of Socotra and the north-east of Africa. Berbera, or Beurbura, presents the singular aspect of a town without any government. The Somalis, who inhabit it, are fine well-made men, darker than the Arabs, with regular features, large eyes, and an intelligent expression. Tadjoura will, it is said, be constituted a British port for trading with Abyssinia. In Algiers, the French government is carrying on extensive geographical surveys, which from time to time are given to the public.

In America, which, since the publicity given to its ruined cities, has become doubly interesting, much has been done. Major Poussin has visited the United States, and an elaborate work is promised. California, of which Forbes's history is the only satisfactory account ever yet published, has just been explored most fully by Dufos de Mofras; and his account of his labours on a country which promises so wide a field of emigration, is looked forward to with much interest. Farnham's Travels in California are announced, and, if we may judge from his previous delightful work, will be valuable. Gay's researches in Peru and Chili will unfold much that is mysterious in these celebrated countries: on the kingdom and town of Cuzco in particular, it is said that Mr Gay will give extensive information. De Castelnau, after exploring Florida, has started to mount the Amazon river, and cross the cordillera of the Andes. This is a magnificent field for geographical research. Since Francis Orellana, in 1539, who first spoke of a republic of Amazons; since Pedro de Ursoa, who sought in 1580 the famous lake of gold and town of El Dorado, this part of the country has been little visited: Raleigh, Pedro Texeira, in 1638; Fathers Acuna and Artieda, Father Fritz, Condamine, in 1743; Messrs Smith, and Min, and Humboldt, make up, we believe, the entire list. De Castelnau, therefore, has a fine and little-explored field; and in proportion as his task is immense, and fraught with difficulty and danger, in proportion will be the reward. Accident appears to have recently aided very much the cause of science. While Humboldt, by means of his vast erudition, is seeking to prove that America was known to Europeans before the time of Columbus, one Nathaniel Schoolcraft, agent of the United States government at Michillimackinac, has found in the valley of the Ohio a stone bearing an inscription composed of twenty-four Runic figures, a

silver pair of pincers, exactly similar to those so often found in bronze in Scandinavian tumuli, has been discovered in Bahia by Kroyer, a Danish naturalist; arrows collected in California are the same as those used by the Greenlanders, undoubted Scandinavians; and three Peruvian vases lately dug up are no other than Etruscans. A vast amount of attention has been excited amid the learned by these curious facts.

Oceana, or the South Seas, is rife in voyages. Baron Thierry, at the Bay of Islands, leading a miserable life, is a curious feature in colonisation. His history is strange. Born during the political emigration, of French parents, held at the baptismal font by the Count d'Artois, the Baron Thierry yet received an English education. Wishing to colonise New Zealand, where he had purchased some million of acres, he essayed to obtain the support of the British government, failing which he sought that of France. Losing his means in a speculation, one fine morning he found himself in the West Indies, whence he crossed over to Panama, tried to colonise the Musquito shore, and failing, sailed for the Marquesas. Here he obtained, by way of pastime, a sovereignty over Nouka-Hiva, and then started for Tahiti, whence he visited New Zealand, where his unfortunate attempt was an utter failure. Here he learned that France had seized the Marquesas. Recollecting that he was king of Nouka, he was indignant; but not possessing the means of warring with France, he sold his sovereignty to a Belgian, and Thierry I. abdicated in favour of a good citizen of Brussels. It appears that Borneo is likely to become a colony of Great Britain. Mr Brooks, whose residence in that country has brought it into prominent notice, has already obtained a cession of the territory of Sarawak, sixty miles long and fifty wide, admirably fertile, and producing almost every conceivable vegetable and plant. The return of Ross is an event of great importance in a geographical point of view, and doubtless, when the details are fully known, will prove of deep interest. Such are the principal features in geographical progress for the year 1843, which, it must be seen, are of great importance.

## POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. IV.—JEAN DE NIVELLE.

'Like Jean de Nivelle's dog, he runs away when you call to him.'  
—French Proverb.

LIKE a great many popular ditties, the rhymes with the above title keep their currency amongst the populace of France, less on account of intrinsic merit, than from their being wedded to a pretty tune, which it is always deemed a sort of profanation to set to other than the original words. It would appear that, when in 1695 the French overran Belgium, they brought the melody away amongst other spoils, and transported it to Paris, where it at once became popular. Our translation is derived from a broadside ballad printed at Namur in 1680, and which is now very rare.

JEAN DE NIVELLE.

Jean de Nivelle is a name  
Which belongs to a hero of fame;  
In war, or when near to a belle,  
No rival has Jean de Nivelle.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!  
Jean de Nivelle has three tails;  
Three palfreys with long manes and tails;  
Three blades of a terrible brand,  
Which he seldom takes into his hand.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

\* The exigencies of English rhythm and rhyme force us to take some freedoms with this stanza. The verse stands thus in the original:—

Jean de Nivelle a trois queues,  
Trois palfreux et trois chevaux;  
Et puis trois lances de saint Georges,  
Qu'il laisse parler à l'occasion.  
Ah! quel vaillant!  
Jean de Nivelle est bon enfant.



Jean de Nivelles has three halls,  
Without rafters or roof on its walls,  
So that swallows are chiefly his guests,  
And they fill up his rooms with their nests.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

Jean de Nivelles is oft seen  
In three coats—one yellow, one green,  
The third thin, like paper, and white,  
Which he wears when it freezes at night.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

Jean de Nivelles has three steeds;  
One in front, one behind. When he speeds,  
His beautiful mistress to see,  
He puts into harness all three.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

Jean de Nivelles has three pigs;  
One tumbles, while one dances jigs;  
And the third up a ladder ascends,  
Then turns and as nimbly descends.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

Jean de Nivelles has three cats;  
One is blind, but a demon for rats;  
And the others, with infinite grace,  
Are at work manufacturing lace.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

Jean de Nivelles also shows  
Three children; but one has no nose;  
No teeth has the second; 'tis said  
The third has no brains in his head.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

Jean de Nivelles has one dog,  
Who barks no one else will e'er jog,  
For the louder to him you may cry,  
The further away he will fly.

We know very well,  
A fine fellow is John of Nivelles!

And now, who is this Jean de Nivelles, whom his dog has made so proverbially celebrated? To answer this, we must collect the sage ideas of the curious in old proverbs. Bruzen de la Martinière partially solves the riddle. 'Jean de Nivelles,' he remarks, 'of whom so much is said, is nothing more than an iron figure which stands straight on his legs on the top of a tower beside the clock of Nivelles\* on the Grand Place. This metal statue strikes the hours with his hammer.' But this explains nothing about the dog; and we shall get no nearer to the solution even if we cite M. Dewez's Geographical Dictionary, which says, 'Jean de Nivelles, who has made such a noise in the world, is simply a bronze effigy placed outside the tower of the college, which strikes, not the hours, as others have stated, but the half hours, with his hammer on the great clock.'

Further research, however, informs us that this figure is a monument to which has been attached the name of a historical personage who bestowed the collegiate church of St Gertrude on the town of Nivelles; whether correctly or not, remains to be proved. John II., of the Montmorency family, espoused Jane de Fosseux, a lady of Nivelles. One of the sons proceeding from this marriage was called Jean de Nivelles. John the second became a widower, made a second marriage with Marguerite d'Orgemont, and followed the fortunes of Louis XI.; whilst his son, John de Nivelles, enrolled himself under the banner of Charles the Bold, who secured him possession of the estates to which he was born. His father, incited by the French king, and by Marguerite d'Orgemont, summoned him three times by three sergeants and heralds at arms, to hasten and join his father's soldiers, and to fight for the king of France, the legitimate sovereign of the Montmorencies. But Jean de Nivelles, who had secret warning that it was intended to cast him into a solitary tower, flew from his father's embassies. He was consequently disinherited, and designated by his father 'a dog,' which gave rise to the national proverb, 'He is like a dog, or that

dog Jean de Nivelles, who runs away when he is called.' He afterwards settled in Belgium, where Charles the Bold heaped fortune and honours upon him; having married Gudule Vilain, of Ghent, lady of Liedekerke, and was the grandfather of Phillip of Montmorency, Count of Horn, who was beheaded at Brussels in 1568.—Another account says that John of Nivelles was one of the most powerful Belgian nobles, who called himself also John of Montmorency. Having a character naturally turbulent, he did not check the violence of his temper even towards his father, and in a domestic quarrel actually struck him. Though cited for this unfilial act before the court of parliament, he refused to appear. In vain was he summoned, according to custom, by the sound of trumpet at all the cross-roads of Paris: the more they summoned him, the faster he flew to the coast of Flanders; and the populace, who are never at a loss for quaint expressions to apply to individuals whom they favour or despise, called him 'the dog Jean de Nivelles, who runs away when he is called!'—an expression which has passed into a proverb.

There is a third version of the story of the iron figure of Nivelles, which is far more probable than either of the above: Bouchard V., sire of Montmorency, who often visited Belgium, was in 1156 at Nivelles, and paid his respects to the abbess of St Gertrude, she being the lady of the manor. The noble and reverend lady received him while surrounded by her canonesses. With one of these nuns Bouchard fell in love, and the after-consequence was the birth of a son, who was named Jean de Nivelles. He grew up a fine man, and good cavalier, and gained honour at several tournaments. At the court of the good Duke Godefroid-le-Courageux he won the heart of a young and noble damsel, with whom he eloped towards a small estate his father had given him near Nivelles. Hastening joyously along on his palfrey with the lady behind him, and followed by a faithful greyhound, he encountered a richly-caparisoned and noble knight, who, on observing the youth and beauty of his companion, barred his further progress, and disputed the lovely prize with him. Though Jean had not the smallest dread of breaking a lance with the stranger, he proposed, in place of fighting, that the question should be left to the decision of the lady, who should be free to choose whichever of the claimants for her hand she had the greater fancy for. The stranger knight consented; and—alas for poor Jean!—to his great surprise and mortification the fickle damsel left him, to go with the grand cavalier. Jean sorrowfully continued his route, having nothing to comfort him but his dog. But soon after, the damsel, who loved the hound because he was pretty and faithful, told her new lover that he must obtain it for her. The cavalier returned, overtook the disconsolate lover, and demanded his dog. 'Let us,' said Jean as calmly as he could, 'adopt the same expedient upon this animal as settled our dispute about the lady. Call the dog to you, and if he follow, he is yours.' The knight declared that Jean had spoken wisely; but when he called the gentle greyhound, it did not follow the example of the false lady. On the contrary, the more the cavalier called it, the more quickly it flew towards its master, who was thus allowed to keep it. This is perhaps a truer, certainly a prettier, explanation of the proverb than either of the former.

#### LONDON CHIT-CHAT.

MAY, 1844.

'THE season,' as it is called, has commenced. The town is full, the streets at the west end are crowded with carriages, public amusements abound, and the weather, though labouring under the influence of an east wind, is dry, sunny, and pleasant. Since arriving in the Great Metropolis, I have sauntered a good deal about both in the interior and environs, and in different quarters have observed tokens of extension and improvement. Where will this vast aggregation of brick houses terminate? At Camden-town—no longer an isolated suburb—on the north, I noticed the

\* Nivelles, or Nivelles, is a small town in the province of Brabant, famous for its manufacture of fine linen.

other day whole lines of streets, crescents, and places rising into habitable existence; and the same thing is seen in the space between Kensington and Brompton, which is rapidly filling up with squares and streets, some of them more than usually handsome. In a new and partially-formed square in this quarter I had the curiosity to ask the annual rent of a house, and learned it was £110--the accommodations not being better than those of a sixty-pound house in Edinburgh. In the new buildings, generally, there is a sensible improvement. Domestic architecture is advancing in elegance; a taste is displayed in the windows, doorways, and elevations, which one does not see in the bald house-architecture of fifty years ago--a circumstance doubtless ascribable to the free general discussion now-a-days of all matters in which the fine arts are concerned.

What is somewhat curious, while taste in building private mansions is on the advance, taste in public edifices, of nearly all kinds, is still about as poor as it was in the dark age of the reign of George III. The only way one can account for this anomaly, is by supposing that in most instances public structures, abandoned to the management of ill-selected committees, are either jobbed or neglected. The only great building of the day which is felt to be entirely satisfactory is the grand Gothic edifice in the course of being erected for the accommodation of the houses of parliament. It is now getting into shape, but years will still be required to finish it. The new Royal Exchange is in some respects a fine building, and occupies a good situation, considerably improved by the removal of old houses in its neighbourhood; yet it is singularly defective in grandeur. The front, a pediment with Corinthian columns, wants bulk and height. Timidly conceived, it sinks beneath the adjacent buildings, which it ought, on the contrary, to have risen against and overshadowed.

A few days ago Trafalgar Square was laid open to the public. This space of ground, which, as long as I remember, has been surrounded with boards--a favourite field for all sorts of bill-sticking operations--has been at length united with the common thoroughfares around it. Situated in front of the National Gallery, and behind Charing Cross, at what may be called a great centering point, the square promises to be one of the finest things in the metropolis--a kind of Place de Concorde--with monuments and fountains as its principal ornaments. The ground being excavated to bring it to a level, the area is necessarily below the street on the north, and on this side it is bounded by a granite wall and parapet, and is reached by flights of steps. On the west and east it has also bounding walls, and it is entirely open only on the south. Unlike as this inequality makes it to the places of continental cities, the lowering towards the north is perhaps an advantage, for it gives the effect of a little more height to the National Gallery, for which everybody is exceedingly thankful. Within the open area are two ponds, enclosed by raised walls of granite, uniform with the surrounding walls of the square, and these patches of water are farther, as I understand, to be decorated with jets d'eau--the liquid furnished by Artesian wells now in preparation. At the north-east angle, and therefore at a prominent point of the square, is placed Chantrey's equestrian statue of George IV. A pedestal for a similar statue at the north-west angle is still vacant. The great object of the square, however, is the column placed in the middle, almost to the interruption of the passengers on the trottoir from the Strand to Pall-Mall. This handsome pillar is surmounted by a bronze statue of Lord Nelson, which has been a mark for much amusing criticism. The cocked hat is certainly grotesque, though how to get rid of it, and yet preserve the character of the admiral in his full dress, is a difficulty which I cannot pretend to solve. I am inclined to think that the cocked hat might pass muster, and that the great defect of the exhibition is an ugly coil of thick rope which the figure almost seems to sit upon. Here I think the artist has been singularly unfortunate, and I would hope that this ungainly object might yet be in some way modified.

So much for the *physique* of Trafalgar Square, now for its *morale*. Trifling as is the accession to the open grounds of London, the laying open of what is but a small patch of ground indicates a progress in the right direction. Let us hope and trust that open-air loitering spots will elsewhere be set apart within the densely-crowded compass of the metropolis--something to attract idlers from the public house. Much requires to be done for this purpose. In a walk along Holborn and through St Giles last Sun-

day evening, I observed every gin and beer-shop crowded with customers. Surely, thought I, society has not done wisely in presenting no other scene of attraction to these revellers. Apropos of metropolitan intemperance, a return has lately been made to the House of Commons on the subject, from which a few facts may be gleaned. In 1831 the total number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness by the metropolitan police was 31,352, and in 1832 it was 32,636. From this number it has gradually declined, notwithstanding the increase of population, and a great extension of the police bounds, to no more than 10,890 in 1843. The proportion of male and female cases has remained much the same. From 19,748 males, the number has declined to 6752; and from 11,605 females, the number has declined to 4138. So far, there appears to be a distinct decrease of gross intemperance; but from a corresponding report on disorderly conduct, one would be led to infer that there is, on the whole, not any great improvement in the general habits of the lower classes of London. In 1831 the total number of persons taken into custody for disorderly conduct was 10,383. In 1834 it was 11,660; from which it increased to 14,855 in 1843. Perhaps in this, as in many similar returns, an allowance should be made for increased vigilance in the police: what is now considered disorderly conduct, may at one time have been passed over as harmless peasantry. The want of explanation on such points renders returns of delinquency of much less value than they might otherwise be.

The other day I went with some ladies to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to see what is at present spoken of as the chief curiosity among the sights of London, an American dwarf, usually known as General Tom Thumb. We were all much amused with the exhibition of this little creature, whose smallness exceeded our expectation. On entering the hall, we found it occupied by a concourse of ladies and gentlemen engaged in observing the antics of the dwarf, who was merrily trotting up and down a large table, carpeted, and surrounded by a railing to prevent his falling off. On the table were also a chair, table, and sofa of miniature dimensions, suitable to the size of the little fellow; and at one end was a tiny scaffold, with a stair, covered with red cloth, which he occasionally climbed, to be more conspicuously observable. One could not but feel interested in such a singular spectacle, yet the interest was mingled with a degree of pity. We had before us a human figure, dressed as a fashionable gentleman, in coat, trousers, Wellington boots, waistcoat, and cravat, and yet not more than twenty-five inches in height. The face was quite infantine, and so also were the movements and speech of the dwarf. An exhibitor, whom we could not mistake for anything but an American, kept him in conversation, and led him to show off a few of his pranks. One of these was selling a history of himself for sixpence, the ladies pressing forward to buy copies, and each receiving a kiss on being handed the book. Of course one was purchased by a lady of our party, and from this I extract the following particulars.

Charles S. Stratton, the true name of the little hero, was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States, January 11, 1832, and is now consequently upwards of twelve years of age. His parents are people of the common size, with nothing at all remarkable in their physical or mental organisation. At his birth, the general, as he is usually called, weighed 9 lbs. 2 oz., which is rather greater than the average weight of children at their birth. There were no extraordinary circumstances attending his advent, or preceding it, and he was considered a very handsome, hearty, and promising boy. Nothing remarkable was noticed respecting him until he was about five months old, when he weighed 15 lbs., about which time his parents and their neighbours began to remark that he did not continue to grow. Still, there were no indications of disease; and expecting that he would soon take a start, his parents thought little of the matter. Time passed on, and the general became remarkably strong, playful, active, intelligent, and handsome--increasing in vigour and the manliness of his proportions, but not increasing one inch in height, or one ounce in weight. It is proper to state, that he has always enjoyed a good appetite, partaking freely of the ordinary dishes found upon the tables of the labouring classes, has sound refreshing sleep, and has always been in the most perfect health, with the exception of those slight colds, &c. to which the best-regulated constitutions are liable. Since his birth, his parents have had two other children, who are now well-grown and interesting girls of

nine and seven years of age. There is nothing in his history or appearance, or of his family, to give the least clue to the astonishing phenomenon which he exemplifies.

His height is now twenty-five inches, and his weight only 15 lbs. 2 oz. When walking about a room, his head scarcely reaches to the knees of a person of ordinary stature, and is about on a level with the seats of the chairs and ottomans of the drawing-room. Thousands have visited Major Stevens, long known as the American dwarf, at various museums. But beside General Tom Thumb he looks like a giant, being about twice his height, and four times his weight. The first time that Stevens saw Tom Thumb he was as much astonished as any other visitor; and after looking down at him a while, he pleasantly remarked, 'I may be exhibited hereafter, perhaps, but it will be as a giant.' Jeffrey Hudson, the amusing dwarf who cuts so conspicuous a figure in Peveril of the Peak, till about thirty years old was only eighteen inches in height, and so far he beat Tom Thumb in littleness; but Jeffrey afterwards shot up to three feet nine inches. The feat of concealing Jeffrey in a pie, could be equally well performed with Tom Thumb. Often, continues our authority, he has hidden himself in ladies' muffs; and at Boston he was carried a considerable distance in a lady's work-basket. In strength, activity, and vivacity, the general is remarkable. He is constantly engaged in walking about, talking, and in various pastimes and employments, from early in the morning till late at night, without showing signs of fatigue, and seems the happiest little fellow in the world. Never was a human being of any size blessed with a kinder heart or more excellent disposition.

The account goes on to state, that after having visited many parts of America, and been seen by vast numbers of people, he is now on a visit to Europe with his parents, who have engaged as their agent Mr Barnam from the Museum, New York. Since his arrival in London, he has appeared several times by invitation before the Queen and other members of the royal family. We are likewise informed that the general's education has, until recently, been neglected, which one could very easily imagine, considering the temptation to make a continual show of his person. There is, however, it is said, no lack of intelligence or aptitude to learn, and he is now advancing in the art of reading and other branches of education. Care is also devoted to his moral and religious education; and the general was never known to utter a falsehood.

So much for the written account of this extremely interesting dwarf, some facts in which I should have doubted, if the difficulty of practising any imposition in the case had not been obvious. I should have been inclined, for instance, to believe the age exaggerated, as the face is more like that of a child of six or seven than thirteen years old. His head is small, though in proper proportion to his body; his hair is black, and his face bears an exceedingly small and infant-like aspect. The only personal defect seems to be an undue stiffness of arms, his small chubby hands being scarcely able to meet behind his back. His feats in personating ancient statues, Napoleon, and other characters, though clever for a child, are not more remarkable than what have been often performed in the London theatres by girls of seven or eight years of age. Nevertheless, the general is unquestionably a great curiosity, and excites a lively interest in his favour. I should only be fearful that the constant action of his brain—the incessant obligation to chatter and show himself off—would be attended with the usual effects of excessive mental excitement in infancy. There is already a pertness in his looks and sayings which indicates the ordinary forced condition of mind in American children; and this, as well as the toil of exhibition, should be carefully abridged, otherwise it is not likely that the little fellow will reach the age of his prototype Hudson.

#### PRINCIPLES OF ART APPLIED TO DOMESTIC USE.

You are going to decorate your drawing-room or dining-room both with furniture and colouring. Before you speak to your upholsterer or house-painter, have a perfect understanding and recognition of what is the aspect of the room. Let no circumstances make you regardless of this fundamental consideration. No cost will remedy the forgetfulness. Spend what you will, you will always regret having a cold colour in a room lighted from the north, or a very hot colour in a room lighted from the south. If the

aspect be north, north-east, north-west, or due east, the general tone of colouring should be positively warm. Blues, greens, and all shaded colours which involve any predominant use of blues, must be avoided. There is a drawing-room in the Reform Club, looking north, which may convince any one of the mistake of forgetting aspect. The walls and curtains are blue; with all its elegance—and its ceiling and cornice are beautiful—the effect of this room by daylight is always chilly. It would be just the reverse if it looked upon Carlton Gardens. There is also a room in Windsor Castle, looking on the north terrace, called Queen Adelaide's room, which is decorated with blue and silver, a most frigid-looking room even in the midst of summer. In such aspects the choice should tend towards reds, and all their various combinations with yellow. As the aspect approaches east and west, so the colours should verge towards yellow rather than red tints. In an eastern aspect, tints of light yellows, lemon-colours, &c. are always effective and cheerful. If the aspect of the room be south, south-west, or west, and open to the sun, then we may venture on the use of cooler colours, even on positive blue, should our taste lead us in that direction.

The supply of light, the size of the room, and its purpose, appear to be the chief circumstances which ought to regulate the strength or depths of the colours to be used. Where the light is strong, unobscured, and plentiful, the tone of the colouring may be full; on the other hand, where the supply of light is small, the tone of the colouring should be light. In the houses of the ancients, the strongest and darkest colours, even blacks, as we have already observed, were used on large surfaces when the apartment received a direct and full light from above. Under a strong and abundant light, full-toned colours preserve their brightness and distinctive character, but when the light is feeble, and the supply of it limited, they become dull and gloomy. Full-toned colours lessen the apparent size of the room; light colouring enlarges it. A little attention to the proportion between the space to be coloured and the depth of the colouring, becomes therefore of great importance. If you wish to make your room appear as large as possible, then exclude dark colouring, not only on the large surfaces, but even in the patterns of the paper-hangings, and in the mouldings and ornamental parts. The nature of the use to which the room is applied should also influence the decision as to the tone of colouring. If the room is used mostly by artificial light, which, being less pure than daylight, materially modifies the appearance of most colours—much or little, according to their strength—then keep the colouring light. If, on the other hand, it is a room for occupation during daylight, then the tone of colouring must be deep. Red and green, with black, appear dark and grave; with white, they appear gay. We see these effects strikingly illustrated in book wrappers. Black letter-press is applied indiscriminately to red, blue, lilac, green, and yellow covers. A publisher of taste would do well to consider how much the purchase of a book is affected by the first impression it makes.—*Athenæum*.

#### INSANITY CURED BY MENTAL EMPLOYMENT.

A carpenter was admitted as a patient into the Asylum at Wakefield. He had previously made several attempts at self-destruction, and was then in a very desponding state. After the diseased action had subsided, great dejection still remained. He was, however, most fortunately placed under the care of the gardener, who was then constructing a grotto or moss-house in the grounds. The contriving of the building offered a scope for his ingenuity and taste. He was consulted on the arrangement of the floor, which was formed of pieces of wood, of different kinds, set in various figures. He was furnished with tools, though he was, of course, most carefully watched. He took to great interest in the little building, that the earnestness of his thoughts was changed—all his miseries were forgotten; and his recovery took place in the end of a few months. He very justly attributed his restoration to the 'moss-house.'—*Sir W. C. Ellis on Insanity*.

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## TWO DAYS IN BIRMINGHAM.

I HAD lately, in the course of an expedition southwards, an opportunity of spending two days in Birmingham, and, spite of the triteness of the subject to many, I am tempted to give a brief and rapid sketch of the principal wonders of that great seat of the most national of our manufactures.

In the midst of a green and beautiful part of Warwickshire, this city of many busy hands is found seated on and amidst a number of rising grounds, over which may be seen at all times hovering a dingy canopy of smoke vomited from the mouths of a hundred tall chimneys, and giving token of the untiring industry of the inhabitants. Placed within a few miles of the coal and iron mines of Staffordshire, with which, and the other populous districts of England, a ready and economical communication is kept up by canals and railways, and salubrious from its generally elevated position, a more favourable spot could not be pointed out for the seat of a large trade in metallic manufactures; and accordingly, from less to more, the town has grown up to be the principal mart of that species of wares. Its only rival, indeed, is Sheffield, though rivalry is scarcely a proper term; for the manufactures of Sheffield are of cutlery, not made at all in Birmingham, and a few other branches not largely pursued here. The manufactures of both, however, possess a general resemblance, and are conducted upon a similar scale and principle. 'Factories,' which one now hears so much about, are of two classes; one, which embraces the production of cotton, silks, and other tissues, being conducted on a magnificent scale, with large buildings and the most expensive machinery, consequently involving the outlay of enormous capital—usually from L.100,000 to L.200,000 in one concern: the other, not by any means imposing, and which, requiring a union of operative skill with the labour only of small machines, can be carried on by a limited capital—from L.20,000 to L.30,000 at the utmost. To this second class the manufactories of Sheffield and Birmingham belong. In the latter town, to which I exclusively direct attention, a population of upwards of 220,000 is chiefly employed in trades in which a considerable amount of personal labour and ingenuity are required. Metal-rolling; brass-foundry; nail, pin, and button-making; japanning; papier maché; pencil-case, steel-pen, and lamp-manufacturing, are among the multifarious trades pursued by as many as 2100 firms. Some of these firms are so limited as to consist of only a master and a few operatives, while others number as many as five hundred workers. In many instances the small firms may almost be described as of a domestic character, the work being carried on in the houses of the masters, and for the supply of certain articles to the larger capitalist.

On the morning after our arrival, the first establish-

ment to which a kind friend obligingly conducted us was one of the largest in the town—a rolling mill, where lumps and bars of various metals are pressed into sheets and strips of different sizes and thicknesses. Moved by two steam-engines, one of '80 and another of 60 horse-power, there were here seen various machines of enormous force for rolling and cutting the pieces of metal presented to them. The rolling machines consist principally of smooth iron cylinders revolving at a regulated distance from each other, which, by dragging in the piece of metal offered to them by a man on one side, squeeze it to the desired thickness, and deliver it to a person opposite. Yet the thinning, for the most part, requires several successive pressures, the distance between the cylinders being lessened each time by regulating screws. In this way a lump of iron, the size of an ordinary brick, may be pressed out to a thinness suitable for a sword-blade or some other implement. As an example of what could be done in this way, a piece of tin about an inch and a half in length, an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, was, by successive pressings between rollers, squeezed to seventeen feet in length, and made to have all the appearance of a glittering ribbon of metal. Copper for coins, sheathing, and other purposes, metal for buttons, zinc for house covering, &c. are by such means pressed with ease, as far as personal labour is concerned, and with the most surprising quickness. After being pressed, the sheets of copper are placed for a certain time in an oven to be annealed, whence they are finally dragged by large pincers, to be cooled in water. The floor of the large workshop in which these diverse operations are performing is deeply layered with pieces of iron, and the noise of handling and throwing down the metal is incessant.

At this establishment we saw several other processes, among the rest the grinding of sword-blades on large revolving sandstones: but not to linger on such particulars, I shall proceed to what is decidedly the most curious of the Birmingham manufactories—an establishment for button-making. I confess, that, till I was introduced to this branch of art, I entertained by no means a sufficient respect for that apparently insignificant object—a button; nor are the ideas of the world, I fear, much more enlightened on the subject. To the initiated, buttons are an important article; much ingenuity is displayed in their manufacture, and by some makers more capital is expended in wages than is imparted to the whole population of many a rural parish. Great improvements have been effected in this manufacture in recent times. There are now not only gilt, plated, and metal buttons—buttons of horn, pearl, glass, and enamel—but buttons of muslin and silk, such as are seen on black or coloured cloth coats, buttons of linen for shirts, and a peculiar kind of metal buttons

for braces. I should imagine, from what came under our notice, that there are at least two dozen species of the genus button, each species subdivided into numerous varieties, as respects size, quality, colour, and other circumstances. Perhaps at the head of the whole mechanic of button fabrication we should place the artist who contrives new varieties, for there are persons in Birmingham who live by this exercise of the inventive faculty. Modelling in wax any new pattern of button which strikes their fancy, they submit it to the different manufacturers, one after the other, for approval, and if adopted, the ingenuity obtains its appropriate reward. The modelling of roundish gilt buttons of an ornamental pattern for dress-coats is among the principal resources of this order of authors—authors of a button! Nor do I doubt that as great fortunes have been realised from the copyright of a good button, as from productions of much higher pretensions.

In the large establishment I visited, nearly five hundred persons were employed, the whole distributed through a number of brick buildings of two or three storeys in height, and surrounding interior courtyards—the rooms generally spacious and well-ventilated. Each species of button had its own department, and, as may be supposed, there was a minute division of labour. The first department into which I was conducted was that for the metal, gilt, and plated sorts. A button of any of these kinds consists rudimentally of a disk punched from a plate of metal. The making and fixing of the shanks are more curious operations than the actual cutting out of the button. The shank being formed by bending and shaping, is dipped slightly into a soldering composition, and placed as it is to stand on the under side of the button. To make it adhere, the button with the shank are stuck between a bent piece of metal not unlike a Jew's harp in shape, and such clasps, each holding its button, are placed hundreds at a time in an oven, where the heat effects the required union. The placing of the shanks on the buttons in this manner is performed by women with amazing rapidity. The gilding or silvering is effected by a chemical wash: on rinsing a certain quantity together in an earthen jar along with the required chemical and metallic compound, they assume a different colour, and the process in some cases is finished by stoving a short space of time in an oven. A handful of brace buttons were thus given a beautiful white appearance during the few minutes we were looking on. The stamping of the buttons for livery, army, or naval uniform, or with any ornamental design, is an important branch of the art. Presses, however, such as are employed for striking coins and medals, are not used. The machine for striking the pattern is very simple. The button being placed to receive the blow on the upper surface, a weight faced with a die is allowed to descend smartly upon it, so as to produce the impression. To cause the weight to fall straight on the top of the button, it is guided in its course between two upright iron bars. When the blow has been given, the weight is instantly raised again by a cord passing over a pulley down to a loop round the right foot of the operator. The workman's foot, therefore, is the agent of force, while his hands are busy arranging the buttons. A row of a dozen men at a bench, each with his apparatus before him, will in this manner stamp an immense number of buttons in a day. In some parts of the operation boys assist; and in the apartment we observed two of these, young creatures in pinafores, busily shaking bags of buttons for the purpose of wearing off rough edges by the attrition. This exercise appeared too hard for such little fellows. The finer kinds of round gilt buttons are chased by the hand; but this delicate and artistic kind of work is performed by men of a higher class.

From the metal, I was led to the Florentine and silk-button department. Florentine is a twilled worsted stuff, and the greater number of buttons on cloth garments are now formed of this material. While a metal button consists of only two things—the disk and the shank—a Florentine button, as may be observed on dissecting one, is a much more compound article. Each consists of two pieces of cloth, a morsel of pasteboard and glutinous material, an interior skeleton of metal, and an outer disk of metal, through which a portion of cloth is projected to form the shank. To prepare and put all these together in a single button, fourteen pair of hands, and a number of machines, are employed, and yet by the division of labour a set of fourteen buttons can be sold for three-halfpence. We have, indeed, in the Florentine, and also the figured silk-button, one of the finest specimens of British art. What a stretch of ingenuity has been exerted in the complication of the structure, may be guessed from the external appearance of the object. We observe that by some means the materials, soft and hard, have been crushed into shape; but how, no one can conjecture. Yet, as in all other wonderful products of art, one requires only to see the thing done, to admire its simplicity. Pressure by small stamping presses is the universal agent. The materials being placed in a certain manner under the point of one of these presses, a sudden jerk and squeeze produces a button in an advanced stage, and by another press the rim is crushed in to a level with the under surface. All the operations are performed by women and girls. In room after room you see from fifty to sixty females seated at long benches, and each busily engaged with her small iron press in thus forming the buttons into their proper shape. When the silk or other material has a raised flower which must show itself in the middle of the button, great care is employed to effect this critical result; for if the flower be but in the slightest degree off the centre, the button will be rejected by the tailor. The marking of centres while the cloth is in piece, is a branch of the button-making art requiring a fine eye and judgment. An instrument resembling a large needle, on which there is a moveable ring, is held in the hands of the girl as she sits looking at the cloth before her. Rapidly she places the point of the needle on the centre of the flower, while with the other hand she brings down the ring on the cloth, and as the ring has previously been daubed with whitening, it leaves a circular white mark on the cloth. Another operator stamps out the cloth exactly on the circles, and the round pieces so prepared are ready for coming under the presses. On leaving this department, I was shown the dépôt whence the cloth is served out; and here I was told that some thousands of yards are used in the manufacture monthly. On leaving the Florentine and silk departments, I was taken into those devoted to the making of white linen buttons for shirts and other articles, which were also full of the same kind of interest, and then conducted through several apartments in which numbers of children and women were employed in placing the various kinds of buttons on cards, and tying them up in packets. The sewing of the shirt buttons on blue cards was performed with amazing celerity. A dozen little girls were engaged in this work, and I was informed by a superintending matron that one of the most nimble-fingered girls under her charge could sew on 3600 buttons a-day, or upwards of 21,000 per week. Sewing at this rate, the hands do not seem to be an instant at rest, but perform their evolutions with the expertness of the most accomplished juggler. An exceedingly good hand, I was told, could touch thirty gross a-day, which will yield wages of 10s. weekly.

The impression left on the mind by a walk through this large button-manufacture is, that the work, on the whole, is light and cleanly, though demanding a constant stretch of attention. A considerable number of the women are married, which is an unpleasant feature, inasmuch as their families must thereby be deprived of their care; and not a few of the children seem too young for any regular occupation; yet by the respectable proprietor of the establishment much is done in the way of moral

supervision; and he has justly remarked, in his evidence before government commissioners, 'that if the children were excluded from the manufactories, they would be neglected by their parents, not sent to school, and left to stroll about the streets. In the event of any legislative restriction on this point, it would be imperatively necessary that attendance at school should be enforced, or the most dangerous consequences would result.'

The scene which we encountered at one of the largest pin-manufactories in Birmingham, impressed us far more forcibly with the sad spectacle of infant labour; for here there was not only irksome bodily toil, but positive squalor and wretchedness. Pin-making is divided into the following departments—wire-drawing, wire-straightening, cutting, pointing, head-spinning, head-cutting, heading, cleaning and whitening, and sticking or papering. The whole are conducted in a few workshops of mean appearance, dirty, and badly ventilated. We were first shown the process of drawing the wire to the proper fineness, which is done by revolving horizontal wheels in rapid motion drawing the wire through holes of the required compass; the wire I happened to see was thus reduced a third in thickness, and consequently extended a third in length. Removed in coils from the drawing-bench, the wire is next straightened into lengths of perhaps ten or twelve feet. A wheel which draws the wire between fixed iron pegs on a table, very simply effects this purpose. Men and boys are engaged in these operations. The wire is now cut by a machine into the length of four or six pins, according to size. Next, a handful of perhaps fifty of these lengths of wire, spread out evenly like the teeth of a comb, are held slopingly to a grind-stone, and moved between the fingers in a particular manner, till they are all pointed on one end; the other end is next pointed in the same manner; and so on with the different lengths into which the pieces of wire are cut. The process of pointing can scarcely fail, I should think, to affect the health of the operator; for although the brass dust flies away behind the stone into a wooden receptacle which covers it like a hood, a portion at least will reach the mouth and lungs of the grinder; yet he employs no precaution to avert any such injurious consequences. From the pointing department, in which ten or twelve men were engaged, we entered the room devoted to head-making. The spinning of the heads is performed by boys. A long wire being fixed to the spindle of a wheel, another wire is spun round it; when the inner wire is filled, it is drawn out, leaving six or eight feet of spiral, like the fine spring of a brace. With a handful of such spirals, a man sitting at a scissor-like machine chops off at each movement a portion of each, to the extent perhaps of two rounds. In this manner vast quantities of heads are prepared by one or two men and boys for the heading department, which is the only one displaying great mechanical ingenuity. Conducted down stairs to the heading-room, we were startled with the unsightly appearance of from fifty to sixty children, more dirty and ragged than English children usually are, sitting in rows at low benches, and each working with incessant diligence at a little iron machine moved by a treadle beneath. The process commences with catching up a head with the pointed end of the pin, and placing the pin in a small orifice in the machine, so as to leave the head only visible; a weight or die let fall by a sudden jerk, communicated from the treadle, at once fixes the head, and gives it the neat shape which pin heads now usually have; and the operation is completed by a movement which ejects the pin, and leaves room for its successor. It is impossible to describe the dexterity with which the small fingers of the juvenile operative catch a dozen heads on the points of as many pins from a quantity lying before him, and with what quickness he drops one after the other into the machine, jerks on its head, and expels it as a completed article. The fixing of fifty heads per minute seems a fair calculation, and multiplying this number by fifty operators working ten hours a-day, we have produced in this single apartment 150,000 pins per hour, or 1,500,000 in a day, or nearly ten millions weekly! No wonder there have been grave

inquiries as to what becomes of all the pins! The pin, however, is not yet finished. From the heading-room the pins are carried to an outhouse, where they are cleaned in a barrel with a quantity of hot water and a detergent ley. After tempering in an oven, they are boiled in a solution of tin, which tins or whiten them. They are then cleaned in cold water, and next dried and polished by being churned in a barrel containing dry rough bran. The bran is then winnowed out, and the pins are ready to be carried to the final department of papering. The sticking of the pins in papers occupies a number of young women, who perform their task with great neatness and dexterity, assisted by an instrument for holding the paper in folds before them. Thus ends the history of a pin, whose progress is doubtless at variance with humanity, in so far as the employment of young children is concerned. Yet that vagrancy and destitution would be the lot of these unfortunate creatures if not allowed to work at this or some other employment, is perhaps equally certain; and hence the main difficulty of all legislation about infant labour.

From the pin establishment we proceeded to a manufactory of cut nails, and then to a manufactory of screw nails. Hand-made nails continue to be produced in large and perhaps undiminished quantities in different parts of the country; but machine-made nails are now also used to a very large extent. The factory we went to see was devoted exclusively to the making of nails by machinery. A steam-engine of fifty horse-power moved long ranges of machines, before each of which stood a lad with a rod of iron in his hand, and the duty of this operative consisted in little else than holding the rod to the machine, which chopped off and stamped a head upon the nails at the rate probably of fifty in the minute. The nails dropped in a finished state from a hopper into a basket. About a hundred men and boys were employed in this work; and I was informed that the produce of nails, large and small, is from fifteen to twenty millions weekly. It is not unusual to receive an order for a million nails, all of one size. The screw-nail manufactory is a different concern. In this establishment we found a considerable number of women employed, in one room as many as sixty, all busily engaged in turning the screws at small iron engines placed before them on a bench. The cutting of the lengths, heading, screw and notch cutting, and other parts of the process, although performed by the agency of steam-power, appeared throughout to be anything but work for women. Some of these females can turn out 24 gross of screws in a day, and at this rate they will realise from 6s. to 8s. weekly. Hard as the labour is, the workers were apparently healthy.

Among other establishments to which our friends introduced us in Birmingham, the most interesting was one for the manufacture of papier maché articles. All kinds of papier maché ware are here produced, many of them in a style of great elegance. Papier maché I had supposed to be a French invention, but I was here assured that it is of English extraction, and that there is nothing French about it but the name. Be this as it may, it is an ingenious art, and does credit to its discoverers. The paper, the basis of the workmanship, is not by any means mashed, as one might imagine, but consists of layers pasted together, sheet after sheet, upon a model; at each new accession the fabric being smoothed and dried in an oven. The whole process is in the hands of women, numbers of whom may be seen pasting the sheets, and rubbing them smooth on the previously-spread and dried layers. The paper is a stout material, greenish in hue, and is generally increased by layers till upwards of the eighth of an inch thick. The article is then cut from the model, rubbed to a state of great smoothness by pumice and other stones, and then varnished. It is again smoothed, and again varnished, till it has attained an almost metallic brilliancy. The last polishing is done by women's hands, and the cultivation of soft hands is therefore a matter of great importance to these operatives. A woman having broad soft palms and elastic fingers and thumbs commands the highest wages as a polisher. When the article is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the process of



rubbing is more tedious. The pearl being laid on according to the required pattern, coat after coat of varnish is brushed over the whole article, till the varnish is filled up to a level with the pearl. The whole is now rubbed, the varnish on the top of the pearl coming off first, until the surface is perfectly smooth. Those who have wondered how papier maché articles are inlaid with pearl, will now understand that pearl inlaid with varnish would be a more correct form of expression, and that the process is therefore one of the most simple in the arts. The gilding and painting of the articles were exhibited in another apartment, an atelier, in which we found some clever young men designing landscapes and figures on the objects before them. After receiving these embellishments, the articles are coated with a transparent varnish, and, when dry, are ready for sale.

Not to tire the reader, I shall not drag him after us to any more of the manufacturing establishments of Birmingham, but conclude with a few remarks on what is not less interesting, the social condition of this great hive of mechanical industry. From the miscellaneous nature of the employments, and the working of different members of the same family, old and young, male and female, at different occupations, it is stated that the population suffers considerably less from depressions in trade than that of most other manufacturing towns of a large size. The wages generally realised are not too low to obtain the means of subsistence when employment can be procured at all; but, according to the result of inquiries by the factory commissioners,\* it appears that improvident habits are not less common here than elsewhere. Besides a general want of economy, drunkenness, we are told, with all its attendant miseries, prevails to a great extent: as is almost invariably the case, 'it most generally prevails among that class of workmen who obtain the highest wages, and these are often found in the most deplorable and abject condition. The improvidence of which we are speaking is to be traced in very many instances to extreme ignorance on the part of the wives of these people. The females are from necessity bred up from their youth in the workshops, as the earnings of the younger members contribute to the support of the family. The minds and morals of the girls become debased, and they marry totally ignorant of all those habits of domestic economy which tend to render a husband's home comfortable and happy; and this is very often the cause of the man being driven to the alehouse to seek that comfort after his day of toil, which he looks for in vain by his own fireside. The habit of a manufacturing life being once established in a woman, she continues it, and leaves her home and children to the care of a neighbour, or of a hired child sometimes only a few years older than her own children. To this neglect on the part of their parents is to be traced the death of many children.' A similar tale was told us at Birmingham, which, though exceedingly salubrious in point of climate and situation, has a large ratio of mortality in comparison with that of the metropolis and the agricultural districts. 'According to the second report of the Registrar-general (continues the authority above quoted), the ratio is proportionally greatest in Manchester, next in Leeds, then in Liverpool, and fourthly in Birmingham; in each of which places more than one-half of the total number of deaths registered are those of children who had not attained their fifth year; whilst it is remarkable, that in the metropolis the number of registered deaths of children under five years of age is only in the proportion of one to nearly two and a-half of the total number of deaths. In the parish of Birmingham, in the year registered from July 1, 1838, to June 30, 1839, the total number of deaths of all ages was 3305; of which number 1658 were under five years of age. Of this last number more than one-half died in their first year.' No commentary on the excessive employment of female labour in factories could, we think, be more expressive than this solitary fact.

Yet all is not a cheerless scene of labour, improvidence,

and premature decay. There is great activity of mind among the industrious orders of Birmingham. Instruction, a taste for reading, and other tokens of advancement, are becoming daily more observable; one important means of melioration, however, being still wanting—extensive open grounds for out-door recreation. Great benefit, as I learned, had arisen from the establishment of Sunday schools, without which many thousands would have remained for ever ignorant of letters. A school of design, aided by government, has latterly been added to the means of popular education, and is now well attended. Some years ago, a class of institutions had been established in Birmingham, which I was anxious to hear something of. These were styled self-supporting dispensaries, and were designed to reform the abuse of charitable medical attendance, which was evidently undermining the independent feelings of the people. The dispensaries got up for this purpose had not been unsuccessful; but they have ultimately declined, and given place to institutions more comprehensive and serviceable to the working man and his family. This new class of institutions, suggested and greatly forwarded by Mr Sanders, surgeon in Birmingham, are much upon the plan of the benefit, sick, and burial societies common in Edinburgh and other large towns in Scotland, and are for the most part connected with congregational Sunday schools. They are styled 'Provident and Independent Institutions,' and their declared objects are, 'to enable the provident and industrious of both sexes, and of all ages and trades, residing within three miles of the place of meeting, to provide against sickness either by mutual assurance or by independent savings; also to enable them to provide for the exigencies arising from old age, births, deaths, and want of employment; and to do it at such time, and in such manner, as shall best suit the circumstances of each individual; and to obtain perfect security, with good and regular interest for their money.'

Those who take an interest in social economics will be pleased with the following account of one of the most successful of these institutions, which began in 1835, and now numbers upwards of 600 members, a large portion of whom are children in the Sunday schools. It comprises three branches—a saving-fund, a medical attendance fund, and a sick-pay fund; and one of its peculiarities is the employment of well-educated surgeons, and the supply of all medicines required for the sick member. A medical certificate is necessary on admission; and both entrance and future payments are regulated by age—a rule too frequently neglected by such associations. The saving fund is conducted on similar principles to those of the Savings' Bank, interest at the rate of L.3. 6s. 8d. for the year upon the hundred pounds being added half-yearly to the sum deposited. Every facility is afforded for the withdrawal, at any time, of the money so invested. The medical attendance and sick-pay fund, though kept in separate amounts, may be considered as undivided, and in the following remarks will be so treated. 'The subscriptions vary from one penny to about one shilling per week, according to the age of the member and the weekly sick-pay insured. The children in the Sunday schools, by subscribing a penny, insure in case of sickness the attendance of a surgeon, the supply of the requisite medicine, two shillings per week sick-pay, and one pound at death. Children out of the schools pay 1½d. to secure the same privileges. A member entering at thirty years of age, by subscribing 1½d. per week, would insure medical advice, medicines, 20s. per week sick-pay, and L.10 at death. The great advantage of early entrance and continuance in these clubs will be seen by the following illustrations. To secure 12s. per week in sickness, with medical attendance and medicines, and L.6 at death, the weekly subscription of a member entering at 21 years of age is 5½d.; if he enter at 31, it is 7d.; and at 41, 10d. The subscriptions for members entering late in life may be high, compared with the rate of payments in ordinary clubs, but the security of the institution, by rendering it a refuge for old age, and an unfailing resource in after-life for sickness and infirmity, fully justifies the additional charge.' At present, the society has a well-secured fund amounting to nearly L.600 to meet all

\* Sanitary Inquiry—England: 1842.

claims, notwithstanding the many demands upon it. As many of the working-classes, from an ignorance of the principles of assurance, connect themselves with public-house clubs, and are too often the victims of miscalculation or fraud, I am happy to make them acquainted with a class of provident institutions on which they may rely with confidence and satisfaction.

So ends my two days in Birmingham.

## THE DEATH BLANKET.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

A CAREFUL examination of the map of North America will show that the Blackfeet are a race of Indians dwelling on the Marias, the Yellowstone, and other tributaries of the Missouri, bounded towards the north by the Ojibbeways and Knistenauxs, on the west by the Flatheads and Shoshonies, on the east and south by the Corbeaux, or Crows. In number about sixty thousand, they are warlike and predatory in the extreme, treat the traders with haughtiness, which, considering the fate of such aboriginal tribes as have mixed with the whites, is the less surprising; by their enemies are called blood-thirsty and relentless; and by the few white men who have dwelt amongst them from other motives than that of disposing of the insidious fire-water in exchange for furs, are designated as brave, fearless, honourable enemies, and true specimens of nature's gentlemen.\* Their costume is picturesque and elegant, though one feature in it is of a terrible cast. Beautifully dressed deerskin tunics, leggings and mocassins of the same, with a band two inches in width down the seams exquisitely embroidered with porcupine quills, and further ornamented with small locks of black hair taken from the scalps of the enemy—such is their apparel. When mounted on their sturdy horses, with the short bow of horn or *bois d'arc*, the arrow, shield, and long spear, they may not inaptly be called the American Arabs. The skin of a buffalo bull, carefully garnished with porcupine quills, and painted rudely inside with representations of battle scenes, is often used as a cloak. Their spear heads are of steel; and their shields of buffalo, hardened with glue from that animal's hoof, will, when carefully turned, glance a rifle bullet. The women, obedient and meek, dress not so expensively, unless, indeed, it be a favourite young wife, upon whom, by way of great kindness, a coat of mountain goat-skin and a robe of young buffalo hide may be lavished. The costume of the children is so natural as to require no description, being, indeed, somewhat less intricate than that of the fat little native of Yucatan described by Stephens as putting on his hat as his sole article of clothing.

In the year 1828, a year ever memorable in the traditions of the Blackfoot nation, a village of this people was temporarily situated at the junction of a small stream with the Yellowstone. The tents were pitched on the right bank of the river to the number of 2500, placed along the water's edge in the position each thought most handy and convenient. For many days had they dwelt in that region, the buffalo being abundant and fat, and the hunters fully employed in laying in a stock of this staple food of the prairie. No animal is of greater utility than this mighty monarch of the American plains, the countless myriads of which, wandering hither and thither over the ocean-like expanse from the Rocky Mountains to Canada, and the frontiers of the States, is

bread, meat, and clothing to the wild red man. As it migrates, the Indian follows, and keeping in the rear of the mighty horde, chases it with his sturdy horse and unerring bow; and rarely, indeed, is the warrior without the means of satisfying his appetite. When it is remarked that the buffalo bull often weighs 2000 pounds, it is at once seen what an acquisition a single animal is to a village. If this were the proper place to do so, we could expatiate through many columns on the various uses of this animal. The wigwams of the Blackfeet are made of buffalo skins sewed together, having been first dressed and shaped in a convenient manner. Some thirty pine poles, twenty-five feet in height, and lashed together at the summit, formed the frame, a hole at the top giving both light and vent to the smoke. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this species of tent, which can be taken down and packed on the baggage horses, or dogs, with the utmost rapidity.

Early one morning, a short time after the sun had first shown itself from behind the low grassy mounds in the east, there lay concealed, on the ridge of a green knoll overlooking the village, a human being. His position was such as to command a full view of the whole of the lodges, the river, and the far-spreading prairie, which, like a huge sea, swelled interminably to the east and the west, the north and the south. The muddy and cream-coloured Yellowstone rolled majestically at his feet, herds of buffalo were visible grazing afar off, but for neither had the stranger any eye. His glance was fixed upon the village, in which was visible the stir of a hunting party. Presently a long line of mounted warriors rode forth scouring the plain, and eager for the fray, though buffaloes, and not men, were the game sought after. Still, the excitement was great, death was to be dealt around, and to the wild untutored Indian the chase was the mimic representation of that far fiercer war held by him to be more ennobling and manly. At length the women, children, and old braves alone remained within the circle of the wigwams; and most of the former began to employ themselves in the exercise of those duties which constitute the peculiar employment of these laborious and patient creatures. Some were engaged in dressing skins of deer, goat, or buffalo, others studiously laboured at making pemmican, drying buffalo meat, and preparing marrow fat, called 'trapper's butter,' and the other luxuries afforded by the carcass of the bison. Others, again, more femininely domestic, were sewing mocassins or tunics, nursing, meanwhile, their dark-skinned babes, which, mild and innocent as they appeared, were doomed, if they lived, to follow the war-path, to chase their hereditary enemies, the Crows and Assineboins, and to take their reeking scalps. Low, monotonous, and yet musical was the lullaby of these embrowned dames as they rocked the cradles by their every motion, it being, as usual, suspended to the back by a strap across the forehead. A few maidens, not yet entered on their matronly duties, sauntered down to the river side to bathe their dusky limbs, and these it was that the stranger watched with the most evident interest. Presently one more comely than the rest, and who, though not more than sixteen, presented the air and mien of a princess—so firmly, majestically, and bravely did she walk—separated herself from the rest, and, as if seeking for a more convenient spot, wandered down the stream towards the mound in question. A smile crossed the face of the skulking stranger; and rolling himself down the declivity on the opposite side to the village, he stood awaiting the girl's approach. Though darkened and tanned by exposure, it was plain that he was a white man. Henry Williams, such was his name, a student of medicine, had, some six months back, reached the station of the American fur company at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri. Throughout the year, large parties of Indians assemble at this spot to trade peltries for powder, whisky, beads, &c. and among these were the Pe-a-gan Blackfeet above-described. Henry Williams had never been decidedly in love;

\* Many names might be mentioned in connexion with this view of the subject; Catlin is, however, the most conspicuous. I heard my account from trappers, who painted the Blackfeet, as Farnham has expressed it, 'blood-thirsty and thievish.'

many times he had fancied himself assailed by the tender passion, but each time some little absence or other circumstance had disproved the idea. His heart was then peculiarly open to new impressions. He saw Ah-key-nes-tou, a young and handsome Blackfoot (by the way, that pedal limb was in her a ruddy brown), the affianced bride of In-ne-cose, the Iron-horn. More reason for loving her. In-ne-cose was a morose and ill-favoured Indian, whose only recommendation was his wealth, since he was even not full-blooded, his father having been of the hated race of the Crows. Many years a prisoner among his father's clan, and at length released, his valour earned for him a high place among the relatives of his mother, though some shrewdly surmised that his abandonment of the country of his father arose from reasons not much to his credit. Still he was rich in peltries, scalps, and horses, had four wives already, and who could refuse him his daughter, even though that daughter were Ah-key-nes-tou? Williams thought the match a decidedly improper one; and as the girl wanted yet two months of sixteen, when the warrior was to claim his bride, he determined if possible to prevent it. The task was far from an easy one, since Ah-key-nes-tou, though she owned to a secret predilection for her white lover, yet knew that she had been paid for, two horses having been duly received from In-ne-cose by her parents. Now Ah-key, as Williams called her, was an honourable girl, and having, ere Henry paid his court to her, been proud of the richest man in the tribe as her suitor, had not refused her consent to the match, especially when her little heart was gratified by the sight of two noble horses handed to her father in exchange for his daughter. But Williams had, during some dozen stolen interviews, filled her head with newfangled notions. He had persuaded the dusky damsel that mutual love was the most delightful thing in existence; had offered to quit home, friends, all for her sake; and, wedding her, become a wild hunter of the prairie. Last, but not least, he intended to offer six horses as his bridal gift. Still, In-ne-cose had been accepted; Ah-key considered herself his affianced wife, and both the lovers were particularly miserable and uncomfortable. Williams had left the steamer in which he was journeying up stream, and which for the first time visited that remote spot in the wilderness, to hurry on to the Pe-a-gan Blackfoot village overland, and was one day in advance of his white friends.

Williams and Ah-key met, and, without speaking, seated themselves on a green bank. The young man took the girl's hand, and looking her fondly in the face, remained silent during some minutes. At length he spoke. 'The days have been very long while the red-rose was absent from the sight of the young medicine. The sun was very bright, but I could not see; the moons are going fast, and the red-rose opens not its buds; soon, and the Iron-horn will want a fifth bride in his wigwam. The young medicine wishes but one bride; the earth is very full, but his tent is empty.' A slight tremor shook the Indian girl as she replied. It was, however, but for an instant. 'Ah-key-nes-tou has a heart, and it is very red; her father willed her to be the wife of a chief. Two have come, a red-skin and a pale-face. The red-skin is brave, but his heart is black; it is that of a Crow. The pale-face is young, and his tongue speaks no lies; he has no mate. The heart of Ah-key-nes-tou is very small; it can hold but one. I see it, and it shows me the face of a young medicine; but a wide river parts the red-rose and the pale-face. In-ne-cose had in his hand a black horse swift as the antelope, and a brown mare which never tires; they are not to be found in their place. The father of Ah-key-nes-tou counts two more than he did when the moon was young.'

'But,' replied the young man, as with mixed joy and grief he listened to the sad musical tones of the Indian girl, 'the medicine of the pale-faces is rich; he will give three horses for one that the Iron-horn has sent.'

To be valued at six of those useful animals was almost too much for the Blackfoot maiden; but she restrained her emotions of pride, and replied, 'The heart of my brother is large, he sets no count on a stray mule, but he cannot bring back the young moon. In-ne-cose misses his two steeds in the chase, and wants a squaw to dress his meat.'

Now, the idea of Ah-key's becoming anybody's squaw save his own, was more than Williams could look at patiently. His indignation would have exploded in words, but that, just as certain sentences of dire import were crowding to his tongue, his pretty young Blackfoot mistress rose calmly, and yet with so keen a fire in her eye, that Henry saw something unusual had happened. 'My brother is very wise,' said she smiling, 'but he does not hear a snake in the grass. The Iron-horn sees afar off; the young medicine of the pale-faces is not in his own wigwam. But no Blackfoot must say a brave has hidden near the camp of his friend. The red-rose will see if the water of the river can make her white, and my brother must go eat in the village of the Pe-a-gans.'

Williams comprehended at once that In-ne-cose had been watching them. Though this was no pleasant intelligence, yet could he not but smile at the quiet humour of his ruddy mistress, who, sooth to say, could not be called fair. Her behest was obeyed in an instant, after a rapid interchange of certain glances, which, amid lovers of all nations, creeds, and colours, are intuitively understood. His ponderous western rifle was then shouldered, and the summit of the mound once more gained. Standing so as to be seen by the whole village during some minutes, he slowly descended, and walked towards the lodge of the principal chief, an old brave, who, besides being the father of Ah-key-nes-tou, had the additional recommendation of being a personal friend, in consequence of the interchange of certain gifts, wherein the white man had shown himself unprecedently liberal. The reception by the old man was cordial and warm; breakfast and a pipe being immediately offered and accepted. After a due time devoted to the inhaling of the odoriferous kinnee-kinnee, Williams cautiously broached a subject which had occupied the thoughts and tongues of both on more than one occasion—namely, the disposal of the old man's daughter. The chief owned that he should be highly honoured by the white medicine's alliance, and equally highly pleased by the promised horses; but the affianced state of the maiden was a matter of by far too serious moment, he argued, to be treated lightly. 'In-ne-cose' is a warrior, a brave; his wigwam has many scalps; he has smoked his pipe in the council-chamber, and his arm is very strong. The people of my tribe would say that War-Eagle was an old squaw if he shut his eyes against In-ne-cose.' Williams owned that there certainly were difficulties to be got over, but still could not think any of them insurmountable. He therefore quietly informed War-Eagle that a fire-ship was expected to reach the village before sunset, when his baggage and tent would be landed, preparatory to his taking up his residence among the Blackfeet. War-Eagle appeared pleased at the determination, and pointed out the summit of the hill where he had been first seen as an appropriate camping-ground. Williams assented, and then mounting a swift horse lent him by the good old chief, hurried after the hunters.

Towards evening the approach of the steamer Yellow-stone, or rather the fire-ship, being noised abroad, the whole population of the village, male and female, young and old, congregated on the water's edge to witness its arrival. There is no greater error in circulation with regard to the Indians, than that of either supposing them without curiosity, or as disdaining to evince any emotion of the kind. On great occasions, in solemn deliberation, when within view of thousands of whites, and perhaps among certain of the nobler tribes, the famed Indian stoicism certainly exists. But in their native wilds, surrounded only by their wives and little ones, they are

Under these circumstances, it cannot well be supposed that they will long rest content with things as they are. A mental movement, or march of intellect, may be among the moral phenomena of this country within the present century.

### BEAU BRUMMELL.

BEAU BRUMMELL was one of that class of whom the world is inclined to say it could better spare better men. The emptiness of the assumed merits, and the utter inutility of the life, are acknowledged; but yet there is a fascination which all but persons determined to be very severe will hardly fail to feel. That there was a full measure of this indescribable charm about Brummell, was proved by his actually, without rank, and with little fortune, acquiring a kind of ascendancy over a large portion of the proud aristocracy of England. It may be said to have also proved itself by the publication, thirty years after the conclusion of his reign, of a book, in two volumes octavo, professing to record his life.\*

From this work it appears that Brummell was born in 1778, one of the children of a man of humble extraction, who had risen by merit to be private secretary to Lord North and high sheriff of Berkshire, and who left about sixty thousand pounds to his family. The beau was educated at Eton, where his conduct was so good, as to save him from being on any occasion subjected to corporal punishment; but already his taste in dress was beginning to appear, and he gained the sobriquet of *Buck Brummell*. His education was continued at Oxford, but for no long time, as he entered the army at sixteen in the capacity of a cornet in the Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales's regiment.

A patrimony, which during his minority increased to thirty thousand pounds, might, with his pay as an officer, have kept him at ease for the whole of his life; but Brummell had no idea of the value of money, and he naturally wished to spend on the same scale as his companions, the chief of whom was the prince. Then his tastes were of the most luxurious kind. We acquire an idea of his notions about expense from the answer which he gave to a lady who asked what her son could dress well for—'Why, with strict economy, it might be done for L.800 a-year.' Even the duties and restraints of his commission were quickly felt to be too much for the self-indulgent habits of Brummell, and he quitted the army at twenty. Not long after this period, he is found to have ascended to the summit of fashionable notoriety, and to have become arbiter and autocrat in matters of foppery, even the Prince of Wales yielding to him in this respect. According to his biographer—'Brummell's tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson in Cork Street, Weston, and a German of the name of Meyer, who lived in Conduit Street. The Stultzes and Nugees, &c. did, I believe, exist in those days, but they were not then held in the same estimation as their more fortunate brethren of the shears. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the prince; and the latter had a page's livery, and on great occasions superintended the adornment of his royal highness's person. The trouser, which opened at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons and loops, was invented either by Meyer or Brummell; the beau at any rate was the first who wore them, and they immediately became quite the fashion,

and continued so for some years. A good-humoured baronet and brother Etonian of his, who followed him at a humble distance in his dress, told me that he went to Schweitzer's one morning to get properly rigged out, and that, while this talented purveyor of habiliments was measuring him, he asked him what cloth he recommended. "Why, sir," said the *artiste*, "the prince wears superfine, and Mr Brummell the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John; you must be right. Suppose, sir, we say Bath coating—I think Mr Brummell has a trifle the preference."

What were the foundations of the empire which Brummell had established? Undoubtedly personal elegance was the first quality concerned; next was the really perfect propriety of his manners; lastly, but not leastly, must be adduced the imposing power of his self-esteem, which gave him an unflinching confidence in all he said and did amongst his companions. Let us take from Captain Jesse a few personal traits of the beau. His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well shaped, the forehead being unusually high. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were gray and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful.

This flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous or satirical remarks, his whole physiognomy giving the idea that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone far more resembling that of the "School for Scandal" than the "Gambler," or any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing.

Brummell was one of the first who revived and improved the taste for dress, and his great innovation was effected upon neckcloths. They were then worn without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, rucking up to the chin in a roll. To remedy this obvious awkwardness and inconvenience, he used to have his slightly starched; and a reasoning mind must allow that there is not much to object to in this reform.

He did not, however, like the dandies, test their fitness for use by trying if he could raise three parts of their length by one corner without their bending; yet it appears that if the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort or inspiring impulse, it was always rejected. His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, "Oh, they are *our failures*." Practice like this, of course, made him perfect, and his tie soon became a model that was imitated, but never equalled.

The method by which this most important result was attained was communicated to me by a friend of his, who had frequently been an eye-witness of the amusing operation. The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large, that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded.

His morning dress was similar to that of every other gentleman—Hessians and pantaloons, or top-boots and

\* The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell. By Captain Jesse, author of 'Notes of a Half-Pay in Search of Health.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley.

buckskins, with a blue coat, and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat—of course fitting to admiration on the best figure in England. His dress of an evening was a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons which buttoned tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera hat; in fact, he was always carefully dressed, but never the slave of fashion. Still, he criticised severely the dress of others, more particularly when there was a want of neatness in it. A nobleman now living told me that when he was a young man, Brummell not only noticed him a good deal, but from the way in which he patronised him, evidently appeared to think that he was doing him a great kindness. They were walking together arm in arm one day up St James's Street, when Brummell suddenly stopped, and asked Lord — what he called those things on his feet? "Why, shoes," he replied. "Shoes are they?" said Brummell doubtfully, and stooping to look at them, "I thought they were elippers."

Another trait—The Prince of Wales took snuff, a sufficient reason for the almost universal adoption of the custom. But even this Brummell did in an elegant manner, scarcely inferior to that of his royal highness; like him, he opened his box with peculiar grace, and with one hand only, the left. One of the great amateurs of this nasal pastime, and a friend of Brummell's, still survives; and Lord P——'s cellar of *snuff*—not *wine*—is said by the tobaccoists to be worth three thousand pounds.

With these qualities, half whimsical as some of them were, Brummell associated others which must be regarded with more respect. He was a good writer of versified pleasantries for the amusement of his friends, and an invariably cheerful companion. One thing that tells much in his favour is the friendship which he inspired in many bosoms not supposed to be too much addicted to that sentiment: several of the gay associates of Brummell continued steadfast in their regard through all his errors and misfortunes, and even supported him when all other means had failed. Captain Jesse introduces an anecdote which speaks to good manners having been somewhat more than a mere matter of form with the beau. Shocked one day in latter life by the omission of an act of courtesy to a lady on the part of a young friend, he thus addressed the delinquent:—

"Civility, my good fellow, may truly be said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position. When I was young, I was acquainted with a striking example of what may sometimes be gained by it, though my friend on this occasion did not, I assure you, expect to benefit by his politeness. In leaving the opera one evening, a short time previous to the fall of the curtain, he overtook in the lobby an elderly lady making her way out to avoid the crowd; she was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair; in fact she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume. So singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half-a-dozen Lord Dukes and Sir Harrys sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress and infirm gait.

"Directly my friend caught sight of them, and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge of a Bow Street officer, and with his best bow offered her his arm. She accepted it, and on the stairs he inquired whether she had a chair or a carriage? at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. "Thank you, sir, I have my chair," replied the old lady, "if you will only be good enough to remain with me until it arrives." As she was speaking, her servants came up with it; and making the cavalier a very stately curtsy, she requested to know to whom she had the honour of being indebted for so much attention. "My name, madam," replied the stranger, as he handed her to her chair, "is Boothby, but I am usually called Prince Boothby," upon which the anti-

quated lady thanked him once more, and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a-year! "Now, my good sir," said Brummell to the abashed youth, "for the future, pray remember Prince Boothby."

The stories told of Brummell raise fastidiousness almost to the ideal. He gave up an intended matrimonial speculation for a reason which he thus stated to a friend. "Why, what could I do, my good fellow, but cut the connexion? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage." He himself confessed to having, on one occasion, consumed a pea. He had heard there was such a liquor as port. The Duke of Leinster asking his opinion of his coat, "My dear duke, do you call *that thing* a coat?" He blamed his servant for having given him a bad cold, by allowing him, on a journey, to be shown into a room containing a damp stranger. Some exercises of his self-complacent wit, at the expense of Mrs Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales, led to a rupture between the latter personage and himself, in which the beau always considered himself as the ill-used party. Soon after this event there occurred a rencontre between the prince and Brummell, of which the following carefully-ascertained particulars are given by Captain Jesse:—"Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepont, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover Square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the prince; Pierrepont knew him slightly; and Brummell was at daggers-drawing with his royal highness. No invitation, however, was sent to the prince: but the ball excited much interest and expectation; and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his royal highness intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation, which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how they were to receive their guest, which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: when the approach of the prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepont, as knowing the prince, stood nearest the door with his wax-light, and Mildmay, as being young, and void of offence, opposite; Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The prince at length arrived, and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepont, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley, and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" Those who were in front, and saw the prince's face, said that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire."

Another anecdote respecting this quarrel shows in a striking manner the infinite self-command possessed by the hero of fashion. "Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom one is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market Lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends; and not seeing the prince or his party,

he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the regent, who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move: they looked straight into each other's eyes, the prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders: there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the regent he recognised his rank; but he offered no apology for his inadvertence (as a mere stranger would have done), no recognition as an acquaintance: as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising.

In 1816 the reign of Brummell over Bond Street, and parts thereunto adjacent, was abruptly terminated by the pressure of clamorous creditors. He took up his residence at Calais, and there for some years lived in comfort, maintained, it is said, solely by the kindness of his friends. In 1830 he obtained the appointment of consul at Cádiz, with a salary of £400 a-year, of which, however, £320 was set aside to liquidate his debts. Even this was taken from him in a few years by the abolition of his office, and he thenceforward depended solely on the bounty of those who had known him in his best days. It would be painful to pursue his story through his last years, which were rendered dismal by disease and paralysed reason. One picture, however, claims notice—the beau sitting by the hearth alone, under the impression that he was giving a fine evening party, having lighted card-tables in his room, and his servant to announce the imaginary entries of the gay and distinguished who had attended at his invitations in London thirty years before. Fiction has nothing superior to this. The poor beau was at last brought so low by a loathsome disease, that but for the religious enthusiasm of the Sisters of Charity, he must have died unattended. This event took place in 1840.

### THE ROYAL NAVY OF FRANCE.

THE French navy, to which, for several years past, attention has, from various circumstances, been much attracted, is a maritime force of greater power than is perhaps generally believed, when we consider the number of ships, the manner in which the department is superintended by the government, and managed by the officers and men belonging to it. To supply a deficiency which, it is believed, exists amongst general readers, we have drawn up the following statistics on the subject.

The head-quarters, or administrative department of the royal navy of France, is the office, in Paris, of the Minister of Marine and Colonies, which nearly corresponds to our admiralty. The minister is assisted by a general secretary, four directors, three chiefs of division, sixteen principals, nineteen head clerks, and one hundred and sixty subordinates, making in all two hundred and four individuals, whose united emoluments amount to about £34,800 annually. From this central administration orders are issued to the provincial superintendents, or maritime prefects, whose duties bear some resemblance to those of our port-admirals. Their jurisdiction extends over the five maritime *arrondissements* into which the sea-coast of the kingdom is divided. The first of these faces the English Channel,

and extends from Dunkirk, the northernmost town of the country, southward to Cherbourg, which is the chief port. The second division takes in all the coast-towns between Cherbourg and Quimper, having Brest for its chief port. The third department stretches from Quimper to Paimbœuf on the Loire, the maritime capital being Lorient. The fourth naval prefecture begins at the Loire, and ends at Bayonne; chief port Rochefort. The second, third, and fourth divisions face the Bay of Biscay; while the fifth forms the Gulf of Lyons in the Mediterranean, having Toulon for its principal port. Each of these *arrondissements* is subdivided into *quartiers*, superintended by an officer subordinate to the prefect; and under him, again, there are inspectors, commissioners of dock-yards, store-keepers, clerks, and other officials, to the number of 2,400. These belong to what is called the administrative marine service. We now come to the navy itself.

The present number of first-class ships is seven, each carrying 120 guns, of which four are in commission; namely, le Friedland, le Montebello, l'Océan, and le Souverain. The other three were, in 1843, being built in the dock-yards of Brest and Rochefort. Besides these, there are thirteen vessels pierced for from 100 to 120 guns, twelve of 90, five of 86, and nine of 80 guns, making in all fifty-four ships of the line. Of frigates, sixteen have 60, one 58, seven 52, eleven 50, six 46, and five 40 guns. Ten of the corvettes carry 30, three 28, eight 24, and four 20 guns. Six *corvettes avisos* (cutters for carrying despatches) carry 16 guns each. Of brigs, there are twenty-five with 20 guns, three with 18, four with 16, besides twenty-three *bricks avisos*, having 10 guns each, and eight smaller brigs, each carrying 8 carronades. Of inferior craft, the French possess numerous galleots, cutters, luggers, *gabares* (a lighter masted and rigged), transports, and about five-and-forty war-steamers. The rule adopted in 1841 was, that the steamers and one-half of all the vessels in the service must be kept launched, the other half remaining on the stocks, and forwarded to such a stage of finish as would enable them to be afloat at a short notice, in case of war. The total number of vessels in commission and on active service seldom reaches one hundred and fifty.

The construction and regulations of the French naval service is not very dissimilar to our own. In peace, it has only two full admirals, though ~~the~~ more is added during war. Ten vice-admirals and twenty rear-admirals are, however, always in the navy list. The number of *capitaines de vaisseau* (a rank equal to the post-captain of our service) is fixed at one hundred, of which twenty-three belong to the first class, and sixty-seven to the second. There are also two hundred captains of corvettes (we should call them commanders), sixty-six of whom belong to the first, and the rest to the second class. The number of *lieutenants de vaisseau* (first lieutenants) is five hundred, from which one hundred are selected for the first class. To the grade which corresponds to the midshipmen of the British navy, the title of *enseignes de vaisseau* is given, and of them there are six hundred. Those merry little probationers, who sail in all large English ships to learn navigation practically as well as theoretically, known as 'young gentlemen,' are more happily named by the French *élèves*, or pupils. The complement of the first class is two hundred, but the number of the second has no limit. To enter the French navy as an *élève* of the second class, the young aspirant has to pass an examination, and to remain two years in the ship's school. After his reception into the second class, he must spend other two years on board before he is eligible to be raised to the first class; he is then fairly on the first step of the ladder of promotion.

The sanitary department of the French navy is superintended by a medical staff, which consists of a first officer of health, or physician in chief; a second officer of health, or physician in ordinary; and a principal apothecary. The active medical service is per-



formed by an adequate number of naval surgeons, who are divided into three grades, and are distributed throughout the fleet.

#### A NEW EXPLANATION OF OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

THE *Polytechnic Magazine* [London, John Mortimer] presents, in a recent number, a paper by Dr Thomas Stone, in which an attempt is made to show the identity of certain extraordinary cases, called witchcraft and demoniacal possession, with the conditions which, in our age, attract attention under the denomination of mesmerism. It appears that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such cases were of frequent occurrence in both France and England, and were generally much of one character; that is, an individual, usually of tender age, and most frequently of the tender sex, was found liable to trance and convulsions, during which, in some instances, there was a talking of languages supposed to be unknown to the patient, and, in rarer instances still, an alleged power of telling what was taking place elsewhere, or what would hereafter take place. In some cases, these conditions appeared independent of all external agency; in others, the patient seemed liable to a peculiar influence from a certain person, who accordingly was believed to be practising a malignant and supernatural art. In all instances, there was, to all appearance, an utter insensibility to pain, as well as to pungent and disagreeable odours.

The case of Anne Milner of Chester, in 1564, is described by a report signed by Sir William Calverly, his wife, and other persons of distinction. "We went at about two of the clocke, in the afternoon of the same 16th day of February, and there found the mayden in her trance, after her accustomed manner, lying in a bed within the haule, her eyes half shut, half open, looking as she had been agast, never moving either eye or eyelid, her teeth something open, with her tongue doubling betwene, her face somewhat red, her head as heavy as lead to lift at; there she lay still as a stone, and feeling her pulse, it beat in as good measure as if she had been in petite health." The report then describes her becoming violently convulsed. "She lifted herself up in her bed, bending backwards in such order that almost her head and feet met, falling down on the one side, then on the other." A person of the name of Lane, who was reputed to possess great power over demoniacs, is then called in, who first, as the report expresses it, "willed" that she should speak, and then "willed" that she should rise and dress herself, all which she did to the astonishment of the bystanders, and a certificate to that effect was signed by all present on March 8, 1564. Here it will be perceived," says Dr Stone, "that the theory of volition, or the power of the will on the part of the mesmerist, was fully recognised."

Glanvil, in his well-known book on witchcraft, amply reports the case of Jane Brookes, who suffered for this alleged crime at Chard in 1658. She was indicted for bewitching a boy named Richard Jones, whose paroxysms were certified by many witnesses. "The boy," says Glanvil, "fell into his fits on the sight of Jane Brookes, and lay in a man's arms like a dead person; the woman was then willed to lay on her hand, which she did, and he thereupon started and sprung out in a very unusual manner. One of the justices, to prevent all possibilities of legerdemain, caused Gibson and the rest to stand off from the boy, and then that justice himself held him; the youth being blindfolded, the justice called as if Brooks should touch him, but winked to others to do it, which two or three successively did; but the boy appeared not concerned. The justice then called on the father to take him, but had privately before desired one, Mr Geoffrey Strode, to bring Jane Brookes to touch him, at such a time as he should call for his father; which was done, and the boy immediately sprung out after a very odd and violent fashion. He was afterwards touched by several persons, and moved not; but Jane Brookes being again caused to put her hand upon him, he started and sprung up twice, as before. All this while he remained in his fit, and some time after; and being then laid on a bed in the same room, the people present could not for a long time bow either of his arms or legs." In these fits the boy is said to have been able to describe the appearance of Brookes and a sister of hers named Alice, and the clothes they wore at the time, although they were living at a distance (the clairvoyance of the mesmerists, according to Dr Stone).

In the case of Florence Newton, tried at Youghal in 1661, one of the practices of the mesmerists is precisely described. It is stated that, during the trial, when the accuser had closed her evidence, the prisoner looked at her, and made certain motions of her hands towards her, upon which she immediately fell into fits so violent, that all the people that could lay hands upon her could not hold her. "In the year 1696," says Dr Stone, "a commission was appointed in Scotland by the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council to inquire into the case of Christian Shaw, daughter of John Shaw, of Bargarran (Renfrewshire). A quorum of these commissioners being met at Bargarran, and the accused persons confronted before Lord Blantyre, the rest of the commissioners, several other gentlemen of note, and ministers, the accused, and, in particular, Catherine Campbell, were examined in the presence of the commissioners. "When they [the accused] severally touched the afflicted girl," says the report, "she was seized with grievous fits, and cast into intolerable agonies; others then present did also touch her, but no such effects followed; and it is remarkable that when Catherine Campbell touched the girl, she was immediately seized with more grievous fits, and cast into more intolerable torments, than upon the touch of other accused persons, whereat Campbell herself being daunted and confounded, though she had formerly declined to bless her, uttered these words:—'The Lord of heaven and earth bless thee, and save thee, both body and soul.'" During these trials, we are informed that the prisoners were called in one by one, and placed about seven or eight feet from the justices, and the accusers then stood between the justices and them. "The prisoners were ordered to stand right before the justices, with an officer appointed to hold each hand lest they should here-with afflict them; and the prisoners' eyes must be constantly on the justices, for if they looked off the afflicted, they would either fall into fits, or cry out they were much hurt by them."

In the year 1697, Richard Dugdale, a boy, nineteen years of age, excited considerable attention in Surrey as a demoniac; his fits were witnessed and verified by numerous clergymen, physicians, and persons of respectability. His fits commenced with violent convulsions, his sight or eyeballs turned upwards and backwards; he afterwards answered questions, predicted during one fit the period of accession and duration of another fit; spoke in foreign languages, of which at other times he was ignorant, and described events passing at a distance. Here again I shall quote verbatim the words of the narration: "At the end of one fit the demoniac told what hour of the night or day his next would begin, very precisely and punctually, as was constantly observed, though there was no equal or set distance of time between his fits; betwixt which there would be sometimes a few hours, sometimes many; sometimes one day, sometimes many days." "He would have told," says one of the deponents on oath, "when his fits would begin, when they were two or three in one day, or three or four days asunder, wherein he never was; that the deponent knoweth of, disappointed." On one occasion, while the minister was preaching to him, he exclaimed, "At ten o'clock my next fit comes on." "Though he was never learned in the English tongue, and his natural and acquired abilities were very ordinary, yet when the fit seized him he often spake Latin, Greek, and other languages very well." "He often told of things in his fits done at a distance, whilst those things were a-doing; as, for instance, a woman being afraid to go to the barn, though she was come within a bow's length of it, was immediately sent for by the demoniac, who said, 'Unless that weak-faithed jade come, my fit will last longer.' Some said, let us send for Mr G.; the demoniac answered, 'He is now upon the hay-cart,' which was found to be true. On another occasion, he told what great distress there was in Ireland, and that England must pay the piper. Again, one going by him to a church meeting, was told by the demoniac in his fit, 'Thou needst not go to the said meeting, for I can tell thee the sermon that will be preached there; upon which he told him the text, and much of the sermon that was that day preached.' Lastly, it is certified by two of the deponents that "the demoniac could not certainly judge what the nature of his distemper was, because, when he was out of his fits, he could not tell how it was with him when he was in his fits."

After stating a great number of similar cases of individuals, Dr Stone adverts to others in which numbers were concerned—as that of the nuns of the Ursuline convent in

the city of Loudun in the days of Cardinal Richelieu, who were all violently convulsed, and displayed extraordinary strength, and apparently supernatural knowledge—that of the Convulsionnaires of St Medard, who exhibited phenomena of the same description at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, &c. He argues very plausibly that all such cases are either analogous to, or identical with, those of mesmerism, and of course form an argument for the reality of the wonders of that science, so far as these are not deceptions. 'How these effects,' says he, 'were produced, whether by exciting the imagination or the fears, or otherwise affecting the nervous system of the afflicted, is not the question at issue; all we have to do with is, the simple fact that such phenomena really were developed, that the report of them is not false, that they were not feigned, but were veritable effects, depending on the operation of causes which were not then, and may not yet be, clearly understood. That they are referrible to some fixed principle, however occult, may be inferred from the very circumstance of their constant uniformity; that is to say, these symptoms of possession have been alike in all parts of the world, although it is manifest there could be no collusion or contrivance between the distant parties which exhibited them, whereby any such agreement could be simulated.'

### GUANO.

SOME recent and interesting proceedings respecting the importation of this highly fertilising manure from a new source—the west coast of Africa—are described as follows in the Glasgow Herald newspaper:—

'The mystery which so long attached to the position of the recently-discovered guano islands on the west coast of Africa having been now cleared away, we may be permitted to give a few particulars on the point, especially as the subject is still one of very great interest to agriculturists and the public generally. According to the observations of Captain Farr, of the Ann of Bristol, now discharging at the Broomielaw, and who had the honour of bringing last year the first cargo of African guano to Great Britain, the island of Ichaboe—in which the quality is of a superior kind—is situated in 26 degrees 19 minutes of south latitude, and 14 degrees 50 minutes of east longitude, four days' sail north of the Cape of Good Hope, and 14 degrees south of the Portuguese settlement of Benguela. It is a small rocky islet, about two and a-half miles from the mainland of Africa, on which, at a distance of half a dozen miles, is a native settlement, and from the inhabitants giving the name of Ichaboe to the island, it has been so called by our own seamen in our own language. The manner in which the guano treasures on this coast were opened up to the enterprise of British merchants is both curious and interesting, and the following recital of it is, we believe, the correct one. An American trader, having observed the interest which the importation of Peruvian guano was creating in Britain, as well as the high prices which it readily commanded in the market, was reminded that he had seen large deposits of a similar substance on the coast of Africa, and he accordingly published a short narrative of his observations in an American journal. This account fell under the notice of an English captain, who transmitted it to his relatives in Liverpool, and by them an expedition of, we believe, five ships was fitted out in the close of 1842 for the purpose of being loaded with the African guano for the British market. The instructions, however, which were given to the masters of these ships must have been of an imperfect kind, for four of them returned without having succeeded in the object of their search, and the fifth, namely, the Ann of Bristol, was nearly in the same predicament, when accident revealed the El Dorado which was destined to exert such a potent influence in fertilising our soil. Captain Farr happened to be at Cape Town, and one morning stepped into a coffee-room for breakfast, and while partaking of his repast, he entered into conversation with the master of an American whaler, or sealer, to whom he explained the regret he felt at being likely to return to England without being able to fulfil the object of his mission. The American bethought himself for a moment, and then stated that he had been on shore on some islands of the exact description which the other was in quest of; and, in short, he gave Captain Farr such information as enabled him to find out the island of Ichaboe, and to take the first cargo from a deposit which may

have been in the course of accumulation from the earliest ages in the world's history. With this cargo he sailed for England, and having put in at a port on the coast of Ireland in July 1843, he there found instructions awaiting him, which directed him to proceed to Dumfries and unload; and he accordingly proceeded to Carsethorn on the Solway, where the Ann was discharged, and the guano carried to Liverpool in lighters. Notwithstanding the secrecy with which these proceedings were managed, some hints respecting them reached the ears of Alexander and John Downie of this city, who despatched their confidential manager, Mr Moncrieff, with the view of obtaining such information as would open up the African guano stores more generally to British industry. A negotiation was accordingly begun at Dumfries, and terminated at Bristol, the result of which was, that Captain Farr agreed again to proceed to Ichaboe, and at the same time point out the way to a fleet which was despatched by the Messrs Downie, with sealed instructions, in the autumn of last year. Already several of these ships have arrived in Scotland, while one of them has discharged a cargo in the West Indies; and the matter being no longer a secret, a number of vessels were, at the date of the last advices, loading at Ichaboe for various ports in Great Britain. Guano is also obtained at Angra Pequena, forty miles south of Ichaboe, but it is not by any means held in such high favour as the product of the latter. It is much to be wished, indeed, that these additional supplies might be the means, by reducing the price of the article, of enabling the farmer to use it on a more extended scale; but there seems to be little prospect of this in the meantime, for the demand more than keeps pace with the supply—a great number now taking the article who never used it before, and those who formerly employed cwt.s. now taking tons.\*

At the time of Captain Farr's first visit the island was covered with penguins, gannets, &c. but principally the former, in numbers which altogether defied calculation. They seemed to have no acquaintance with, nor fear of man, and, in fact, offered a resistance to his encroachment on a domain which had been peculiarly their own for thousands of years. Since the crews of so many ships, however, were located at the island, the birds have almost entirely deserted their former territory, and retired to fulfil the purposes of their nature to more remote and inaccessible shores. The specimens of the penguin from Ichaboe which we have seen are about two feet in height, and as a great portion of their time is spent in the sea, they are furnished with small flaps or paddles, instead of wings, which enable them to move through the waters with great velocity, though they are unable to fly. The female lays and sits upon one egg at a time, and a hole scratched in the deposit subserves all the purposes of a nest. In this way a succession of incubations goes on for several months in the year, the young bird making its way to the sea as soon as it is able. It is the opinion of the seamen, however, that vast numbers of them never reach their destined home in the waters, but are crushed to death in their progress to it by the dense battalions of birds which have almost to maintain a struggle for bare standing-room; and in this way the guano heaps are increased as well by the bodies of the birds as by their droppings. The bodies of seals are also found on the surface of the guano deposits, which leads to the belief that they may have occasionally taken shelter there from a storm or hurricane, and having been overpowered by the potency of the ammoniacal vapour, have been unable to return to the water, and died where they lay. The guano which is brought to this country is found under a loose covering of decayed birds, recent dung, &c. and is so firmly imbedded, that it requires to be dug out by the laborious operations of the pick-axe. When thus disengaged, it is put into bags, and transferred by a sort of rope-ladder from the island to a boat, which lies at the outer edge of the surf, and from thence it is duly emptied into the hold of the vessel, which is anchored at a short distance. Ten men will lift about fifteen tons per day, but the operation is a very laborious one; and the sun is so powerful, that few of the crews escape without having their faces and hands blistered so that the outer skin is peeled off. The trip to or from the island extends to from fifty-five to seventy days, or, including the time necessary to take in a cargo, the voyage out and home requires from six to seven months. When Captain Farr left

\* A farmer in Roxburghshire contemplates using this year guano to the amount of two hundred pounds.—Ed. C. E. J.

Ishaboe, he estimated the guano deposit on that island alone to extend to 1000 feet in length, by 500 in breadth, with an average depth of thirty-five feet, containing perhaps from 700,000 to 800,000 tons. It is evident that this supply will soon be exhausted in fertilising the soil of Great Britain and her dependencies, but it is to be hoped that vast stores of the material yet exist which have never been disturbed by man. On this subject we quote the following cheering statement from the South African Commercial Advertiser, published at Cape Town in January last:—

"On the rocky headlands, or on the rocky and unmo-  
lested islands on the west coast both within and beyond  
the boundary of this colony, where the sea-fowl, from a  
vast expanse of open ocean, come to breed, enormous  
masses of this manure have recently been discovered; and  
it seems probable that all the way up the coast into the  
Gulf of Guinea, and beyond it, similar treasures await the  
agriculture of the world, by which means the sea will ren-  
der back to the land much more matter fitted to form  
organised, that is, vegetable and animal substances, than  
the rivers carry down into its depths, or the fleets of the  
nations deposit in their courses over its surface."

### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

'Drowned! Drowned!'—*Hamlet*.

[From Hood's Magazine, May, 1844.]

One more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurried—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

Let her plunge boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran;  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently—kindly—  
Smooth, and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rack.  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

### NEW DIVING-BELL.

French journals mention with just triumph a discovery by Dr Payerne, which promises to be of vast utility in submarine operations. It is well known that the metal coffers used as diving-bells are supplied with respirable air by means of a forcing pump stationed above water. A constant stream of air is injected through a flexible tube, thus requiring several relays of workmen for the pump, and thereby rendering the process one of great expense and unremitting vigilance. Dr Payerne proposes to do away with this by using a bell of a new construction, in which he prepares his own atmosphere. By a chemical apparatus he absorbs the carbonic acid gas, and produces oxygen and nitrogen in proper proportions to form a respirable mixture. An experiment was lately made in the Seine with this new bell, which completely succeeded—the inventor remaining under water for fully half an hour without feeling the least inconvenience. It is stated by the scientific journals, that with Dr Payerne's apparatus a person may remain under water for an indefinite period at the depth of 150 feet; and hopes are confidently entertained of the invention being shortly adopted in the erection of deep-water structures, in searching for sunk treasure, in fishing for coral and pearl, and in other submarine operations.

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## NO PERSON UNIMPORTANT.

THE pride of class and individual state tend to make many members of the social scene appear extremely unimportant, or rather destitute of all importance. And, in our ordinary moods, we are accordingly very apt to feel towards such persons as if they were scarcely entitled to be reckoned as existing. We here commit a great, though perhaps a very natural mistake. It would be of little use in this place to show its inconsistency with high doctrines as to the nature and destiny of man, but the same end may be served if it can be shown as fallacious upon the simplest worldly considerations. No member, then, of any body of men can be unimportant, so long as men live in society, for in that state—such are the relations arising from the fact of our all partaking of the same nature—the highest are liable to be affected in some degree in their fortune and happiness by the meanest. So bound up are we together in interests, that what hurts one hurts all, and we really thrive as much in things favourable to our neighbour, as in those bearing immediately upon ourselves.

First as to a community of bodily qualities. Here the pride of natural endowment, as well as that of conventional dignity, is sadly humbled; for, as is well known, there is not the slightest difference between the physical constitution of the greatest man and that of the humblest. Both, accordingly, are liable alike to influences calculated to operate injuriously on the bodily frame. When any one asks, therefore, of what earthly consequence to the proud and great is the existence of any particular specimen of the humble, it may be sufficient to point out that an infectious disease affecting the latter may be communicated to the former, and involve both in common ruin. How often has it happened that a beggar has brought to a city a malady which has swept off multitudes of the higher as well as inferior classes! The rising of disease among the miserable classes, and its spreading upwards among the affluent, is unfortunately a phenomenon not confined to past periods of history, but every day exemplified in our own country.\* It is on such occasions that the importance we are all of to each

other is brought most affectingly before us. We then see how it ~~ought~~ have been of consequence to some family living in easy and elegant circumstances, that some other particular family living in wretchedness, in a distant part of the same town, had been in time succoured with a brotherly help, and so redeemed from the danger they were in of proving a bane to all around them. It is a terrible form of admonition, but is it not a just one, considering that we really are one family, and therefore ought to love and cherish one another? Even where the punishment is not of so severe a kind, we can be at no loss to see others befalling the higher classes for their neglect of those of poor estate. The care of the disease which has been allowed to arise, the charge of the helpless dependents of those who have perished—these being exactions so much greater than what would have prevented the evil at first—may well be regarded as penalties incurred by society for its omissions of duty. Man, in his hardness of heart, or under the guidance of false principles, may rebel against these ordinations of Providence; but, till he can change the arrangements by which we all move and breathe, he must choose between the two courses, either to regard all his fellow-creatures as brothers, and to act by them accordingly, or to remain exposed to the many dangers by which, through his neglect of this maxim, he must ever be surrounded.

We may now inquire how the humble become of importance to the rest from a community of moral constitution. This is simply because moral conditions follow the same law as physical, and that we are thus, as in the former case, enabled to affect each other for good or evil. In the classes called miserable, who are the humblest of all, there must needs be, as a general result, very low moral conditions. Here, indeed, we usually find a concentration of almost all the vices of which our nature is capable. The corruptions spread outwards and upwards, exactly like a pestilence, and inevitably tend to contaminate the better classes. Even in the necessity which they occasion for a defensive vigilance on the part of their superiors, they do a great injury, for thus are men's hearts shut up, and mutual love and confidence extinguished. Still worse are the results of the penal severities which they call for, for every blow of the sword of Justice tends in some degree to harden the feelings of the community. Thus are the mean made important to the exalted; thus does the moral situation of the poorest and vilest of mankind become a matter of some interest to the very highest, wide as is the social gulf which appears to lie between them.

This concludes the case of a humble body against a high one. Let us now see how it stands with regard to an individual against the whole mass of society. There is a tendency in many persons to suppose that

\* I have witnessed a pretty general epidemic fever in the New Town of Edinburgh (its winter of 1828-9) consequent on that previously prevailing among the poor in 1827-8, but occurring when the poor in the Old Town were nearly exempt from the disease; and it is well known that one of the most virulent epidemic fevers recorded in history—that which afflicted France in 1828—although beginning as usual by families, general distress, and indigence, and bands of wandering beggars, soon extended rapidly upwards in society, and ultimately acquired its vulgar name (*Trouse-gaiant*) from its frequency and fatality among a part of the population certainly very different from that which has chiefly suffered of late years in Scotland.—*Dr Wilson on the Contagious Fever of 1842*, p. 62.

they are unimportant to their fellow-creatures, and that their conduct also is unimportant, because they form respectively but *one* out of a mighty number. There could not well be a greater mistake than this, for there is no such thing as a thoroughly detached and isolated individual: we are all inextricably tied up and interlaced with each other; so that no man can live or act without affecting others in some degree, and to some purpose, concerning their weal or woe. Look alone to the principle of imitation. Through this principle every one is, consciously or unconsciously, modifying the tendencies of all who have opportunities of seeing or judging of him. That disposition which more or less inspires us to walk by some neighbouring example, tells powerfully, even by itself, in making everybody's conduct important. Superadded to this, there is a disposition in many to venerate those with whom they are brought into contact, albeit perhaps unworthy of the feeling; and where this is the case, there will be a much more powerful tendency to follow the line of conduct exemplified. Who can tell what fascination he may, every moment of his life, be exercising over some humble, though unknown worshippers, leading them right or wrong according as he may chance to act? There are no doubt very various degrees of personal influence; yet it is equally indubitable that hardly any person is so extremely humble as not to be surrounded by some who, either from imitation or veneration, or from a mixture of both, will be affected to good or evil by his example.

Besides this, it is in the very nature of every moral phenomenon to be diffusive. A good or bad act is like a stone dropped in a pool, which sends out a succession of waves all round, until the impulse first given is exhausted. The good act goes forth smiling in the face of mankind, and makes all smile delightedly who see or hear of it; the bad act bursts out with a frown, which darkens all around it. That is to say, when we witness or are informed of an act comprising conscientiousness, kindness, self-sacrifice, magnanimity, or any other noble principle, we naturally are warmed by it into a love of the same good principle, and are strengthened in a wish to do likewise. And when we see or hear of an act comprising inhumanity, base deception, or injustice, we are at the best roused into the exercise of a resentful principle, which, though we may call it honest indignation, does in reality give us no positive advance as moral beings—possibly we are only sullied by the passing of a wave of the muddy waters of error over our minds. Accordingly, that there should ever be a bad deed done, or a foul or harsh word spoken, is a misfortune and an evil to all around—no saying to how remote a shore of society's mighty ocean. A moment sees the deed done or the word issued, and years may not see its waves spent on those distant beaches. Little, and apparently trivial at first, it may so act and react in the sphere which it affects, that at length it comes to be a wide-spread and devouring mischief. Thus is the peace of families daily broken; thus do poor mortals, by momentary slips, lay up stores of calamity for themselves; thus arise wars and desolations of kingdoms, retarding the coming of good to man indefinitely. If this is a true view of the matter, it follows that no man's conduct is unimportant to society. Individually, we reap the benefit of every good emotion that rises in the bosom of another: collectively, we are punished for the errors of every individual.

If the humblest be thus morally important to the rest, how much more so are those whose position gives them more than the average proportion of influence. All conduct bears an immense increase of consequence when it is connected in the popular mind with rank, wealth, talent, and other things usually held in esteem. Consequently, is the responsibility of those so endowed for their every word and deed. Here there can, indeed, be no pretence of the unimportance of individual conduct; for the effects are open, palpable, and univer-

sally acknowledged. It would be too much to expect that the claim upon such persons should be in every case carefully regarded, but let its importance at least be as generally impressed as possible. The responsibility seems particularly obligatory where the superiority conferred is that of superior intellect. We there look more expectingly for every form of good, and are the more rejoiced or saddened as our expectation is gratified or disappointed. Pitiable, too, is it for the erring spirit himself, for how thoroughly does he thereby baulk the design which Providence had formed in his favour! Men of superior intellect are the natural leaders of their species. They have a rank placed before them, to be secured by the right use of their abilities. Their abusing that gift is as thoroughly a casting of precious fortune at their feet, as is the prodigal spending of a miser's hoard by an impatient heir. They might go crowned amidst their fellows, with the palm-trees of triumph waving around them, and they consent to wallow in the mire, to the disgrace of themselves and the pollution of their neighbours.

Let no one, then, ever say to himself or others, I am of no consequence; I am poor and despised, and of no account; or, I am only one among many, and have no influence. The poorest class tells powerfully on the highest. The despised is a subject of very fair anxiety to the most exalted; and every person, however limited his gifts, is continually operating for good or evil on all around him.

#### JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

##### RETURN THROUGH CANADA—EMIGRATION.

I BELIEVE I have mentioned that I was in one of the thinly-settled townships of Simcoe. The beautiful but short Indian summer was now over, and the coming winter began to cast his gloomy shadow before. A few of the trees, however, were still clad in their gayer livery of autumn, variegated with orange or yellow on a rich green ground. The approach of winter anywhere is dismal, but in a Canadian forest it is peculiarly so. The misty rain comes down sullenly, thickening the whole atmosphere, and imparting its own sulky unsocial disposition to everything it comes in contact with. The leaves, summer friends as they are, fading under the first breath of adversity, drop silently away, one by one, leaving the once lusty and jovial beech and maple to bow the head under the pressure of misfortune, while the tall dark evergreen pines and hemlocks stand aloof like cynic philosophers moralising on the hopes and extravagance of youth, vouchsafing not even a look of pity to their stricken brethren. I tramped along, now half up to my knees in a puddle, and now extricating myself with difficulty from some hole lined with stiff adhesive clay. I was wet, cold, and dispirited, my fur cap conducting all the rain that fell on it down my back, and each of my boots charged with about a pint of mud and water. I had not for several miles past seen any farther mark of civilised life than the path before me, and I had already resolved, on arriving at the next house, to remain there until the winter set in—as my labourer, I knew, would be considered a good equivalent for my board and lodging—and then to make my way back to some more civilised part of the country, as I began to fear that I should only make a good leatherstocking in fine weather. It was late in the afternoon when I reached a clearing, and one of which the appearance was not very promising. It was manifestly the work of a person unaccustomed to backwood life, most probably of some poor emigrant from the old country. The small patch of land was only partly surrounded by a worm fence, which was broken down in one or two places, and a thin cow was endeavouring to extract nourishment from the stubble of the last crop of corn. The house had a dirty and neglected look, and an old hat supplied the place of one of the panes of glass. But this

was nothing to the scene inside. According to the custom here, I walked into the house without knocking at the door. The room was unswept, the furniture out of place, and the culinary utensils that had been in use for the last week were lying in disorder about the hearth; but the cause of this unwonted appearance was soon visible. Crouching over the fire, cooking supper for herself and a child who hung screaming in her arms, was a young woman, certainly not more than twenty, and who had evidently been very pretty, though now pale from sickness both of body and mind; and every now and then she turned round with an expression of anxiety, to listen to the indistinct mutterings of her husband, who was lying in bed delirious and much reduced by fever. She did not seem at all surprised to see a stranger, nor did she ask me, as customary, for news; her own situation seemed to have absorbed all her thoughts. I sat down with her to the frugal supper of porridge, for she was too weak for any more complicated cookery; and during the meal she related to me her short but affecting tale. Her husband, whose name was Mathews, and his elder brother were mechanics, who had, by the death of a relation, received a small sum of money, which they had resolved to lay out in settling themselves up in Canada. When they reached the land of promise, they found that their own trade was not a good one, and it was determined to purchase a farm. But a disagreement arose between the brothers as to the district in which to settle, and the share of the profits each was to have, and they separated. The younger one, who had the smaller share of money, bought some uncleared land, and built a log-house; but it was not known what had become of the elder brother. At first the solitary couple got on pretty well, in spite of the hardships inseparable from the commencement of the career of a poor emigrant. They had paid for their land, and if they did not make any profit by their first harvest, they had at least grown enough to support themselves, and had great hopes for the future. But the usual scourge of the backwoods attacked them; a fever first prostrated the wife, and when she was beginning to recover, her husband was taken ill, and had been laid up for the last month. She herself was almost perfectly helpless from the weakness left by the disease, and the fatigue of attending her husband and child; and the neighbours, of whom only one or two lived within the space of several miles, although they did come in sometimes to assist her, and to cut wood for fuel, were poor, and only themselves beginning the world, and had perhaps sick of their own to attend to. The doctor, who lived seven miles off, was very kind, and came once or twice a-week to see them, bringing different little delicacies; but his time was valuable, and there were others who were as badly off as they. Now, thought I, here I am in a capital situation to experience something of life in the backwoods, and can not only pass my time very pleasantly until the commencement of winter permits me to travel, but shall also have the satisfaction of being of service to these good folks. There is nothing like beginning at once; so I took off my coat and braces, tied a handkerchief round my loins, and shouldering an axe, speedily made my debut as a wood-chopper. After much puffing, and panting, and stopping for a moment or two to wipe my forehead, I at last managed to get a small tree down, although, I must say, it looked much more as if it had been gnawed down by the beavers than felled by the axe. The fall of your first tree produces a glorious feeling; shooting your first tiger is nothing to it. The denizens of the forest here are giants in height. There is no room for them to spread, and so they grow upwards, to receive as much light and rain as they can; and when you succeed in felling one, it comes toppling down, crashing through the branches of its neighbours, and as it falls, thundering on the ground, making the woods resound with its noise. When I had the tree down, I lopped off the branches, and cut the trunk up in the orthodox lengths of four feet each, and then split these until they were of

such a size that I could carry three or four in my arms at once. We had a roaring fire that night! After having pretty well 'used myself up' with chopping, and carried the wood in with a great deal of difficulty, I milked the cow, which, by the way, is the duty of the men all over America. I now informed Mrs Mathews of my intention to stop a few days with her; and in order to do justice to her request to make myself perfectly at home, I made a complete survey of the house, and looked into all the closets, so that I might know where to find any article I required. I determined on making the room, or rather loft, on the top of the house my bed-chamber. In all log-houses, I think, in the whole continent of America, this room is the same, and has the same contents. There is always a bed, covered with a buffalo-skin, in one corner for strangers, and sometimes a bedstead. There is always a long string of dried apples, which are, when ripe, pared, quartered, and strung, and a quantity of ears of Indian corn picked out for the seed of next year; and there always is a spinning-wheel and a quantity of yarn, and sometimes a loom. After I had finished my survey, I resolved to prepare a more substantial meal than the one of which I had partaken. Now, gentle readers, I will inform you that I am a modest quiet person, seldom talking about myself, and giving way to everybody on all points except two—these are, cooking and fishing. I do not profess to have a genius for anything else; but in these I certainly come out very strong. In the voyage out, my cookery was the theme of universal admiration. I discovered no less than fifteen new methods of cooking rice, which perhaps I may one day give to the world; and biscuit-puddings, *à la Brown*, were quite the rage. The modesty, however, for which I have taken credit, prevents me from informing you of the excellence of the flour-cakes I made on the present occasion, which were raised with carbonate of potash, or saleratus, as it is here called; neither shall I vaunt my fried ham, although the natives of America generally (who are in a lamentable state of heathenism with regard to cookery) associate this rich viand in the frying-pan with twice its own weight of grease. Suffice it to say, that the care-worn lady of the house approved heartily of my doings. Both Mr Mathews and his wife began to recover fast, and we made an agreeable party in the evening over our cider and apples. They were good-humoured intelligent people, and, for their station in life, possessed a better appreciation of good cookery than any others I have met since. I felt as if I had known them all my life, and took as much interest in the farm as if it were my own. But my cash was running low, my clothes were becoming somewhat the worse for wear, and I found that, in order to retain sufficient money to carry me home, I must work in some way or other for a new suit. In the midst of my cogitations on this subject Mr Mathews's elder brother came home to see and be reconciled to him, and brought his family with him; so that, finding myself one too many, I betook myself, without further consideration, once more to the road. I may as well add here—for it marks the vicissitudes of a settler's life—that I received a letter from this couple a short time ago, informing me of their perfect health, and that they expected in a few years to be rich—that is to say, in land and stock, as money is rather a scarce article in Canada.

Bathurst and a part of Simcoe district are chiefly occupied by half-pay naval and military officers, and such a neighbourhood should be chosen by those who are fond of good society, and who have some income, if it were only fifty pounds a-year, on which they could fall back if, through neglect, their crops should not be successful. The farm of a half-pay officer, in general, is considered a perfect joke among the other settlers. Enough corn is grown to supply his family and pay his servants' wages, and no more; and if he has a hundred a-year besides, he is quite a nabob, and requires to do nothing but to shoot and fish, and enjoy himself. When there are a dozen or two of such independent



gentlemen collected within the space of a couple of miles, they lead a very pleasant life. They have a reunion at one or other of their houses every evening; in fine weather they have pic-nics and fishing excursions, and in winter go out sleigh-riding in procession, waking up their more quiet neighbours when they return at night by a concert principally sustained by cornet-à-pistons and the human voice divine. But they who have nothing to depend upon but their farms, had better avoid such a neighbourhood; for there it is almost impossible for a man who is fond of good society, and who cannot spare time or money to enjoy it, to avoid being ruined. His wife must receive visits, and have a handsome sleigh; and his daughter will throw aside the Cook's Oracle to study Lord Byron; and he will soon find that he will have to 'clear out' for some more quiet neighbourhood, and recommence life perhaps in a far worse condition than he began it. The settlers in this quarter are all exceedingly hospitable; but I did not get on so well with them as with the farmers. The information on the state of the markets, which I took every opportunity of collecting, and which I retailed to great advantage everywhere else, did not produce the slightest interest here; and I was set down as an ignoramus because I did not even know the name of the favourite for the Derby, and had not the slightest idea whether the hundred and ninety-ninth regiment had adopted percussion muskets or not.

Before starting back for the United States, I will say a few words on the different classes of emigrants. Canada offers the greatest inducements to agricultural labourers; they are *always* in request, and at good wages. Mechanics may remain out of work for months at a time, but good farm-servants can almost anywhere obtain situations. They are treated well by their employers; and from the excellent system of education, the mere contact with the older settlers highly improves both their minds and morals, and in a short time they may count on being themselves employers of labour. I never knew or heard of a sober industrious couple that came out, even if they had not a farthing in the world when they arrived in Toronto, who had not, at the end of ten years, a well-stocked farm of their own. I do not think that, in general, single mechanics are better off than good workmen at home—perhaps the only exceptions are blacksmiths, tailors, and shoemakers. Their wages are nominally higher; but owing to the great scarcity of money, work is generally paid on the truck-system, and an order for a barrel of flour or a ham is of very little use to a man who is paying two dollars a-week for his board. If a mechanic of any of the common trades has a few pounds to spare, and cannot get work in the large towns, let him buy enough of land near some village in a good situation, to support his family. If a skilful workman, he will soon have a connexion in the surrounding country; and when the neighbourhood becomes more populous, his established reputation will prevent all injury from competitors. But to all intending emigrants I say—marry. It is an axiom with the domestic economists of North America, that a man and his wife can live for less than a single man, even in a city. But do not suppose that a wife can be easily met with in Canada. Women are in as much demand there as dollars; and none that are young and in good health need remain for many months without being either married or engaged. When families bring out female servants, it is necessary, in order to prevent their going off at a time when they are most wanted, to make them sign a written agreement to serve for a stipulated period.

The better class of emigrants may be divided into those who have a small annuity and those who have a capital. The former will do well, even if they have but twenty or thirty pounds a-year; they can buy a hundred acres of good land, for which they can pay in instalments spreading over twelve years, commencing at 10s. for the lot, and annually increasing until it reaches £15 in the last year; and they must be very

idle if they cannot make their farm support them comfortably while the annuity is paying the instalments, and purchasing stock and agricultural instruments. Those, however, who think of embarking all their property in a scheme by which they will, for years at least, be deprived of the luxuries, and many of what they had considered the necessities of life, would do well to consider before they take this step. A steady persevering person, if used to agricultural pursuits, would get on very well; but a young man, who had perhaps lived in a city all his life, and who had not very clear ideas as to which end of the plough went first, and who wished to become a settler for the sake of hunting deer and bears, would very soon find his capital slip through his fingers. A Canadian farmer must work harder in summer than an English one, on account of the sudden changes of the seasons and the length of the winter; and in winter he will have to get in firewood to last during the next year. If he gets over his chopping soon, and has no friends to visit, he may have a little shooting for a few days; but in general he will not require any gun but an old musket to drive away the pigeons in spring; and pretty sharp practice he will have in banging away all day at birds that do not come in flocks, but in clouds some three or four miles long; and, after all, if he should lie in bed after daybreak, perhaps he may find that the half of a field of corn has taken to itself the wings of the morning. Perhaps the best way for a young man of this kind to learn what he has to expect in the backwoods, and to gain a knowledge of the world in a cheap manner, would be to go on the same plan as I was taught to swim. When bathing on the sea-side, I was enticed into a boat, and when about thirty yards from the shore, I was thrown overboard into the deep water by my remorseless father. Before this I had always considered that there was some bodily defect that prevented me from floating; but somehow or other I very speedily managed to get on land, and have been able to swim ever since. Let him leave his capital at home, and with ten pounds in his pocket start for Canada in the cheapest way, for he must begin to rough it at once. Let him stay there a year, and if at the end of that time he writes home to his friends that he has chopped for three months in the bush in the depth of winter, sleeping at night in a bark shanty; that he has, by the blessing of Providence, only cut off two of his toes, had a touch of the fever and ague, his face skinned by the March winds, and suffered from the snow-blindness, and knows the bite of a mosquito when he feels it; and if he adds that he has worked during a whole harvest cradling and binding at just four times the rate they reap in England, with the sun at 80 degrees in the shade, and says that he is still determined to become a settler, then, and not till then, that young man may be considered fit for a backwoodsman. He will become rich in a few years, and may send home for his money and a wife; the wife, at all events, money or no money.

There can be no doubt that Upper Canada is the best place for the emigrant who intends to settle in North America. He will not only have the advantage of living among fellow-countrymen, who, whatever may be their character at home, will here be sociable and anxious to assist and advise him, but he will be under a lighter government. The taxes are not nearly so heavy as in the United States, as in that country they have not only to pay for the national expenditure, but also each state has a large establishment of its own to be supported by its citizens. The land and climate are as good in Canada as in any of the old states; and a farm near a good market can be had for less money. It is true, that much better crops can be raised on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries; but the countries in that region are exceedingly unhealthy; and who is there that would purchase the advantage of growing twice the quantity of corn on an acre by the life of friends near and dear to him?

The winter was now fairly set in; sleighs of all sizes and descriptions were dashing along the roads, without

however, making any further sound than was caused by the musical tinkling of bells fastened round the horses' necks. Winter seems to be the time of the year most enjoyed by the backwoodsman. It is then that the produce of his farm is brought to market, both on account of the badness of the roads in summer preventing much land-carriage in that season, and from the facility with which great weights can be drawn along the surface of the snow. This period is also devoted, by the old settlers who have time to spare, to visiting their friends. It is common enough for a farmer and his family to make a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles in a large market-sleigh drawn by two horses, spending a day or two with each of their more intimate friends.

As I found that, after I was used to it, chopping was the kind of labour the most agreeable to me, it being cleanly work, and the exercise sufficient to keep me warm even in the coldest weather, I resolved to employ myself in that manner until I had acquired a few necessary articles of clothing, as I had before this time reduced my wardrobe to what could be carried in a pocket-handkerchief. I engaged with a man who was clearing some land about thirty miles or so west of St Catherine's, on the Welland canal, and who, besides being a farmer, had a share in a mill, and owned a tavern and a store. Besides myself, there were three other choppers, one of them also an Englishman, and a raw hand. We were all to be paid in goods at the rate of about eighteenpence for each cord—which is a pile of wood in four-feet lengths, eight feet long, and four feet high—and a dollar a-week was to be deducted from each for board and lodging. Two cords is an average day's work, although I have known some to cut down three, and even four. The first fortnight of chopping is exceedingly trying to a tyro, but after that it becomes pleasant enough. It is not a work that requires so much strength as skill, or, as the Americans call it, the fling of the axe; and for that reason, a person who has not been used to hard work, and is in good health, will, from his arms being supple, and easily adapting themselves to the exercise of force in a new direction, have an advantage over the superior strength of an agricultural labourer or an excavator. Our mode of life was pleasant enough. We had breakfast as soon as it was light, and chopped until one o'clock, when a tin horn, blown by the wife of the 'boss,' summoned us to dinner; after that we worked till sunset, when we supped, and generally spent the evening in listening to the adventures of one of our companions who had travelled through a great part of America, lived for two years among the Indians, and, as a sailor, visited several parts of the world. I have no doubt that if he were to write an account of his life it would make a very readable book. We occasionally shot a deer, rather plentiful in the surrounding woods, but which are rapidly disappearing before the advances of man. After I had spent about a month in this way, I met with an accident very common to choppers. I was beginning to cut down a tree, and when taking out the first chip, not making my stroke sufficiently slanting, the axe merely took off a piece of the bark, and came down on my foot, making what is technically called 'a spread-eagle,' although not a large one. This would have been dangerous to me in England, but the atmosphere here is very favourable for healing cuts, and my blood being in a good state from exercise, I was quite well in a fortnight. However, as I had, during the time I was laid up, to pay for my board, the sum I had expected to have made was much reduced; and as I did not care to remain in this place any longer, I was obliged, in order that I might have enough to purchase clothes, to draw on the amount I had reserved to take me home; and after I had done so, I found I should only have enough, by the strictest economy, to carry me to one of the Atlantic cities. I accordingly shaped my course for the Falls of Niagara, intending to cross to the United States at that place.

As I was passing through a clearing on my first day's journey, I was hailed by a man who was splitting rails for a fence by the side of the road, and, on turning round, was not a little surprised to see Mr Eccles, the quondam weaver, and whom I before mentioned as one of my shipmates. He greeted me very joyously, and while walking up to his house, which was in sight, informed me that he was living on a farm purchased by his brother, who had come out a few years before in a condition similar to his own, and who at present was building a store at a village a couple of miles off. Our sudden arrival startled Mrs Eccles, who, in consequence of her husband's having cut a piece off his boot on his first day of chopping, had been living since in a continued state of nervousness, expecting to see him come in with some mortal injuries, and who had therefore prepared a large pile of lint, a ball of bandages, and a roll of sticking-plaster, in case of accidents. They both looked very different from the pale sickly beings they were on board ship. I stopped with them a couple of days, assisting them as much as was in my power; for they were exceedingly ignorant of the various contrivances or make-shifts that are matters of necessity in the woods. I heard since that they had both been laid up with the 'naturalisation fever.' Such emigrants as these, who have been accustomed during life to a sedentary employment, and one that seems so unhealthy as weaving, do not answer for farmers, unless they have some small capital to support themselves, or friends to assist them. Their constitutions, weakened at home by want of nourishing food and pure air, could not withstand the hardships and privations of the life of a pioneer. They will have to adopt some other trade, a very common custom in America, or set themselves up in business; and after they have gained experience by being ruined once or twice, which is not there so grave a matter as it is in England, they may do well.

## LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

### POSTHUMOUS HISTORY OF ST FLORENT.

WHIMSICAL as the fact may seem, the history of some men after their death is more curious than their history during life; and perhaps a set of posthumous biographies would make not the least amusing book of its season. St Cuthbert is one of those whose life is but the briefest and least important part of their career: his bones, as is well known, have had a history of a thousand years in duration, and perhaps have not yet gathered all their fame. I propose now to introduce another hero of this class to the English reader.

The life of St Florent very much resembled that of many other early converts from paganism; and the persecutions which he met with were those common to the Christians of the age in which he lived. With his brother Florian, he served in one of the Roman legions in Germany, and made profession of his new faith during the persecution of Maximian in 297. The brothers, refusing to offer sacrifice to Jupiter, were condemned to death; but on the night previous to their execution, says the legend, Florent was miraculously delivered from his bonds, and escaped from his sleeping guards. Under the guidance of an angel, he crossed the Rhine in a crazy boat without oar or rudder: his brother in the meanwhile received the honours of martyrdom, and the rescued prisoner continued his route into Gaul under the guidance of his heavenly conductor. Having reached the Loire, he took up his abode on its banks as a hermit, delivered the neighbourhood from a dreadful serpent which had laid it waste for a considerable time, and finally closed his life on the 23d of September, A.D. 300, at the extraordinary age of 123 years. Upwards of four hundred years after, Char-

lemagne honoured the memory of St Florent by the erection of an abbey, which, by the subsequent benefactions of kings and princes, became an establishment celebrated for its wealth as well as for the sanctity of its tenants. The wealth unfortunately possessed attractions for the Norman pirates, who had but little respect for the sanctity, and during one of their devastating inroads into France during the reign of Charles the Simple, having laid waste and plundered the city of Nantes, they ascended the Loire, and sought amongst other objects of spoliation the rich shrine of St Florent on its southern bank. The monks, warned of the approaching visitation, fled with their most precious effects, carrying with them the relics of St Florent, which were first transported to the monastery of St Philibert in Monge; but not thinking themselves in safety there, the holy brothers continued their flight into Burgundy, bearing with them the bones of the saint enclosed in a coffer, and placed upon a litter; finally, they took up their abode at Tournus, where there was an establishment of their order. Five years afterwards, in 911, by the sacrifice of the province of Neustria to the northern rovers, and giving his daughter Giselle in marriage to the celebrated Rollo their chieftain, Charles the Simple procured a cessation of hostilities, and peace was restored. The glad tidings soon reached the fugitive monks of St Florent, who assembled to take leave of their hosts, and to return thanks for the hospitable treatment they had received; all which passed with the utmost cordiality. But when the refugees came to demand the restoration of the relics of St Florent, they met with a decided refusal; and were told that the inhabitants of Tournus had too much veneration for them to part with such a treasure. As to the precious stones, and the rich embroideries of gold and pearls with which the magnificent piety of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire had adorned the shrine, the monks of Tournus chose to retain them as a remuneration for the hospitality they had shown. The unfortunate monks of St Florent, obliged to depart without their treasure, took their way back to the banks of the Loire; but, finding their monastery entirely destroyed, and being without means to re-establish it, they were obliged to disperse themselves, and seek refuge in other communities, or in their families.

It chanced that at the time of their flight a young novice named Absalom, having obtained leave from the abbot to visit his parents, who resided at Mans, had not removed with the brotherhood to Tournus, but remained in his native province till the return and dispersion of the society, when, having learned from his former companions the events which had taken place, he resolved to make an attempt to recover the precious treasure so unjustly detained by the monks of Tournus. To effect this, he presented himself at the gate of the Burgundian monastery, pretending to have nearly lost the use of his hands and feet, and that the great reputation of the society of Tournus for sanctity, and the efficacy of their prayers, had induced him to seek their assistance. Having previously made himself acquainted with the character of the abbot, he succeeded, by his flattery and address, in being admitted as a novice. He soon became a general favourite in the convent, and rose gradually through several offices, till, after five-and-twenty years' perseverance, he at length found himself placed in the situation he had so ardently desired, that of prior and guardian of the treasures of the church. After some farther delay, he obtained permission from the abbot to pass a few nights in prayer at the shrines of the saints, under pretence of having received inti-

mation in a dream that by so doing he should recover the use of his limbs. At length a grand fête arrived, and after the solemnities of the church, came those of the refectory. The wine of Burgundy is not amongst the worst productions of the province, and on that day it was dealt out with no niggard hand; but Father Absalom, whilst inciting his brethren to do honour to the day, carefully abstained from following their example, and the close of the feast, which saw them well disposed to slumber in their cells, left Absalom cool and prepared to accomplish his long-sought purpose. He descended into the church, and whilst all the rest of the fraternity were unconscious of the impending spoliation, burst the shrine which contained the bones of St Florent: these he carefully deposited in a sack of doe-skin he had ready for their reception, and, escaping from the church, sought the abode of a friend who had provided him with a horse and a secular habit. With the bones of St Florent en trousse, the monk fled at full speed from the town of Tournus, leaving the monks, upon their awakening, to deplore the irreparable loss of the treasure they had so unjustly appropriated. Absalom soon arrived with his doe-skin sack and its contents in the neighbourhood of the desolated monastery on the banks of the Loire, where he deposited his treasure for a time in a hermitage which existed on the property of the scattered community. After careful inquiries in the neighbourhood, the father selected three wealthy inhabitants of Doué (a small town near Saumur), celebrated for their piety and generosity, as his confidants in the success of his scheme for the recovery of the relics, and as likely to aid in the restoration of the monastery, and in providing a fit depository for the rescued remains of St Florent. His communication was well received—the three worthy citizens accompanied the monk to the palace of Thibault le Tricheur, count of Blois and Touraine, who was then at Doué, and requested permission to build, at their own expense, a church in honour of St Florent. The count listened with attention to the tale of Father Absalom; but not being very honest himself in all his doings, as the surname of le Tricheur shows, he was much given to doubt the veracity of others, so that, before he gave his assent to the request, he thought fit to send a messenger to Tournus, who, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the case, was directed to ask in the name of the count some portion of the relics of St Florent. The envoy was duly received, and the chagrin manifested by the abbot when, in explanation of his unavoidable refusal of the request of the count of Blois, he related the horrible larceny of Father Absalom, gave undoubted evidence of the truth of the tale, which, being thus established, Count Thibault not only accorded his consent to the foundation, but promised in addition, that, if the funds provided were not sufficient for the purpose, he would himself supply the deficiency. A new church was accordingly built, and the abbey rose again to afford a resting-place for the saint in his ancient domain upon the Loire.

The tale ends not here. The monastery flourished again in renovated splendour, and the fame of its relics was spread far and wide throughout the land. In the year 1475, that celebrated seeker of shrines, Louis XI., having entered the town of Roye in Picardy by capitulation, was visiting the church of St George, when his attention was caught by a statue of St Florent, and he demanded of one of the canons how it came there. In answer, he was told that it was placed in their church in consequence of their possessing the relics of the saint. Louis, who was well versed in such matters, expressed his surprise, and ordered the archives of the chapter to be searched; on which an old register was produced, and in it was stated that a count of Vermandois had transferred these remains from the banks of the Loire by

force of arms, May 25, 1055. The tale was thought doubtful; but Louis in his zeal vowed a new church in honour of Notre Dame de la Victoire, if the saint wished to return into Anjou; and in order to ascertain his wishes on the subject, notwithstanding the capitulation he had made with the citizens, and the solemn promise he had given that they should be injured neither in person nor in property, he commanded the town to be set on fire, saying, 'that if the saint wished to remain, he would preserve the church of St George from the flames; but if, on the contrary, he desired that his bones should be returned to their old resting-place, he would of course leave it to destruction;' which accordingly he did. The unfortunate town, with the church and several of the inhabitants who had remained, trusting in confidence to the royal promise, were destroyed in the conflagration; after which event two chaplains were sent by his majesty to remove the relics; but the citizens, though burnt out of house and home, were still anxious to preserve the ill-omened bones of St Florent, and secretly conveyed them away, refusing positively to give them up. Louis marched his troops back to the ruined town, with orders to seize the principal citizens, and to lay waste the neighbourhood if the relics were not surrendered: the people were still inclined to resist the royal authority; but two of the wiser amongst them gave private information where the remains were deposited, which were instantly seized by the royal messengers, and removed to the church of Mortemar. They were next conveyed to Tours, where the monks of St Florent were ordered to receive them, and bear them to their abbey in grand procession.

Unbounded was the astonishment of the monks, as of all Anjou, when they heard that the bones of their saint, which they had so long believed were reposing quietly within their walls, had been for many years far away in Picardy; but the orders of Louis XI. were not to be disobeyed, nor his gifts held in light estimation; and amongst other rich offerings which awaited the acceptance of the fraternity, was a new shrine for the reception of the sacred deposit: this was not only of costly materials, but the workmanship of Gervais Peller of Angers, one of the most celebrated goldsmiths of his time, who had employed five years in the work, which was considered as a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. The new shrine being completed, the contents of that which was brought from Roze were to be deposited therein. Meanwhile, the long-venerated tomb of St Florent was examined, and in it was found a skeleton, or the remains of one, covered with a veil of red silk, and an inscription attesting that these were the relics of the founder St Florent, in the coffer brought from Picardy. The remains were found in a sack made of a deer's skin, precisely such as Absalom was said to have made use of when he brought the body from Tournus. The two rival treasures were deposited together in their new and magnificent receptacle, and placed in the abbey church, to which Louis XI. continued his liberality till the time of his death, after which, the inhabitants of Roze, and many of the lords of Picardy, reclaimed their saint, of whom they considered themselves most unjustly deprived, and demanded also the shrine in which he had been carried away, as well as the new one with which Louis had gifted him, asserting that the present was to the saint himself, and not to the abbey. Letters patent were obtained from the crown, ordering the restitution to be made, and the bones and shrines to be given to the claimants. But the monks of St Florent refused obedience, and a long course of litigation ensued. A commissary, with a train of officials, was sent to Saumur, and thence proceeded to the abbey to enforce the delivery; but all to no purpose. The monks persisted in their refusal; and it was not till after many years, and the expenditure of vast sums of money, that the matter was settled by arbitration. The bones were divided between the contending parties, and the shrine which came from Roze returned. But the new one presented by Louis re-

mained in the abbey till the Huguenots very unceremoniously carried it off, and gave the bones to the earth, after having pillaged the church, and destroyed various statues and other treasures belonging to the society.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

### SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, so eminent for his astronomical discoveries, entered life as an oboe-player in a marching regiment; yet, by dint of natural talent, well-directed and self-instructed, pressed through numberless difficulties, until he attained the first place amongst the British men of science of his day. He was a native of Hanover (born in 1738), being the second of the four sons of a humble musician. In consequence of some tokens he had given in early boyhood of the possession of an active and inquiring intellect, he was indulged in a somewhat superior education to that conferred on his brothers: he was allowed to study French. By good chance, his master had a turn for metaphysics and the sciences connected with it; and finding he had got an apt pupil, he gave him some instructions in these branches, and thus stimulated the latent seeds of genius in young Herschel's mind. Yet the poor musician could rear his son to no higher profession than his own. In the course of the seven years' war, about 1759, the youth came to England attached to a German regiment whose band he had entered. He seems to have quickly left this situation, for we soon after find him making efforts to obtain employment in England, and encountering in this quest many hardships, all of which he bore with the patience of a virtuous mind. He at length obtained from the Earl of Darlington an engagement to go to the county of Durham, and instruct the band of a regiment of militia which his lordship was raising there. This object effected, he lived for several years in the north of England as a teacher of music, not neglecting in the meantime to give nearly his whole leisure to the improvement of his own mind. It was now that he acquired a knowledge of the classical languages.

The next step of importance taken by Herschel affords an anecdote which illustrates his natural sagacity. An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, 'He run over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak.' During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. 'I don't know,' said Herschel, 'but I am sure fingers will not do.' When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. 'Ay, ay,' cried Snetzler, 'tish is very goot, very goot, intee; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak.' Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, 'I told you fingers would not do;' and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, 'one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two.' This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

The years which he spent at Halifax were not the

least happy of his life. He here enjoyed the society of one or two persons akin to himself in tastes, and who could promote his love of study. His attention was now chiefly turned at his leisure hours to the mathematics, in which he became a proficient without any regular master. A poor teacher of music, with so many extraordinary qualifications, must have been a wonder in the Yorkshire of 1766. In that year he was attracted to Bath, by obtaining there the situation of organist in the Octagon chapel, besides an appointment for himself and his brother in the band kept by Mr Linley in the Pump-room. Here, amidst his duties, which were very multifarious, he still kept up the pursuit of knowledge, although his studies were often postponed to the conclusion of fourteen hours of professional labour. It was now that he for the first time turned any attention to astronomy. Some recent discoveries in the heavens arrested his mind, and awakened a powerful spirit of curiosity, under the influence of which he sought and obtained the loan of a two-feet Gregorian telescope. Still further interested in the pursuit, he commissioned a friend to buy a larger instrument for him in London. The price startled his friend, who returned without making the designed purchase, and Herschel, being equally alarmed at the price of the desired instrument, resolved to attempt to make one for himself. To those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and have in particular a just sense of the difficulty of preparing the concave metallic speculum which forms the principal part of the apparatus, this resolution will appear in its true character, as will the fact of his actually succeeding, in 1774, in completing a five-feet reflector, by which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he made other instruments in succession of seven, ten, and even of twenty feet. And so great was his enthusiasm in this work, that, in perfecting the parabolic figure of the seven-feet reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it.

The early investigations of Herschel were made with this last instrument. Meanwhile, he was still chiefly occupied with the profession which gave him bread; but so eager was he in his astronomical observations, that often he would steal away from the room during an interval of performance, give a little time to his telescope, and then contentedly return to his oboe. So gentle and patient a follower of science under difficulties scarcely occurs in the whole circle of biography. At this time Herschel was forty years of age; his best years, it might have been said, were past; but he was to show that even forty is not too old an age at which to commence a pursuit that is to give immortality. About the end of 1779 he began to make a regular review of the heavens, star by star, and in the course of the examination he discovered that a small object, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was gradually changing its place. On the 13th of March 1781 he became satisfied that this was a new planet of our system, one moving on the outside of Saturn, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, and with a period of revolution extending to eighty-four of our years. Having determined the rate of motion and orbit, he communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who, partaking of the universal enthusiasm which the discovery had excited in the public mind, elected him a fellow of their body, and decreed him their annual gold medal. The new planet was at first called *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of the king—then Herschel, from the name of the discoverer—but has finally been styled *Uranus* (from *Urania*, the muse of astronomy), a term deemed more appropriate, since all the other planets bear mythological titles.

The Bath musician had now become a distinguished scientific character, and it was necessary that he should be rescued from his obscure and unworthy labours. This public service was rendered by George III., who had at all times a pleasure in patronising scientific talent.

Herschel, endowed with a handsome pension, and the title of astronomer royal, was translated to a mansion at Slough, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, where to prosecute his researches in entire leisure. He had now attained what was to him the summit of earthly felicity, and his mind immediately expanded in projects for the advancement of his favourite science. He constructed an enormous telescope, the tube of which was forty feet long, in his garden at Slough, and for a time hopes were entertained of great discoveries resulting from it; but the mechanical difficulties attending a structure so vast, were too great to be overcome in the existing state of science, and this great telescope was never in reality of much use, although we believe it was by it that the sixth and seventh satellites of Saturn were added to our knowledge of the heavens. It was with a much smaller instrument that he made his observations on the surface of the moon (discovering what he thought to be two active volcanoes in it), and scanned over the heavens for the purpose of cataloguing objects hitherto unobserved. In these investigations the astronomer was materially aided by a younger sister, Caroline Herschel, who was able to take down the observations as he dictated them, while he still kept his eye upon the glass. This lady survives (1844) at a very advanced age. Herschel gave his attention chiefly to the more distant class of heavenly objects; and by his acquaintance with telescopes in their various forms and powers, he was the inventor of a most ingenious though simple mode of reckoning the distances of some of these bodies. Taking one power of glass, and noting all the stars and nebula which could be seen by it, he then took another power, and afterwards another and another, and, observing the various objects brought into view in succession by each, he calculated their respective distances by the relative powers of the instruments employed. This he very happily called *gauging* the heavens. In 1802 the result of his labours was communicated to the world in a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars, which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, being prefaced by an enlarged view of the sidereal bodies composing the universe. These labours of Herschel have added a most interesting chapter to the book of nature. They make us aware that there are other clusters of stars, or star-systems, besides the vast one to which our sun belongs—that these are placed at enormous distances beyond the limits of our system—that within our system, again, there are objects in all degrees of condensation between a diffused nebulous matter and well-defined stars, representing various stages of progress in the formation of suns. And these great facts he has connected with others more familiar, so as to form a beautiful hypothesis of the cosmogony, showing how it was in every stage under the strict charge of natural law. Another interesting discovery of Herschel, which subsequent observation has fully confirmed, is, that our solar system has a movement of its own amidst the other stars, and that this is slowly carrying us towards a point in the constellation of Hercules. The scientific world received these new truths with awe-struck reverence, and the university of Oxford conferred on Herschel the degree of Doctor of Laws, which is rarely given to any one not reared there. The praise of the astronomer was the greater, that he announced all his discoveries with an air of genuine modesty, and received the distinctions conferred upon him with the same meekness which he had displayed in his days of poverty and obscurity. He was remarkable for great sweetness of temper, and for a natural simplicity which often accompanies great genius. It appears that his astronomical researches had created a notion among his rustic neighbours that he carried on a mysterious converse with the stars. One rainy summer a farmer waited upon him to solicit his advice as to the proper time for cutting his hay. The doctor pointed through the window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped. 'Look at that field,' said he, 'and



when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself or the rest of my neighbourhood.

Being favoured with unusual length of days, and with regular health, Dr Herschel was able to continue his researches for many more years, and to add considerably to the knowledge he had already communicated on this most interesting science. He had now waxed rich in the world's goods, to a degree far exceeding his wants, although a young family had latterly been rising around him. In 1816 the regent made him a knight of the Guelphic order, a distinction in his case certainly well earned. But all ordinary gratifications must have appeared to him as trivial, compared with that now reserved for him in seeing his son, who had entered the university of Cambridge, beginning to give promise of the distinguished scientific and literary abilities which have since, in their ripeness, produced such remarkable fruits. At length, in August 1822, after but a short interval of disqualification for his astronomical researches, death removed Sir William Herschel from this lower sphere, at the age of eighty-four, full of honours as he was of years, and in enjoyment of the love and esteem of all who knew him.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.

THE various propensities and dispositions of different individuals, have often been dissected and described by metaphysicians and moralists; but, so far as we know, few have undertaken to descant on the fact, that every individual presents many, and sometimes opposite characteristics at different periods of the same day. Some men, though amiable enough in the main, are remarked to be peculiarly fetchy on rising in the morning; others, when they feel sleepy at night; but there is no period when one is so likely to make one's self disagreeable as just before dinner. 'No person,' says a learned writer on digestion, 'will deny that hunger is a painful sensation, whatever may be his opinion of appetite.' When, therefore, a man feels hungry (which he generally does a little while before dinner), he is in pain; and when a man is in pain, he cannot be expected to feel comfortable within, or to make himself agreeable to others. On the contrary, the moment his sensations glide from appetite to hunger, the outworks of philosophy give way; the enemy saps the very foundations of his character. When, therefore, you want to see a sanguine man despond, a cheerful one sad, a forbearing man impatient, or a benevolent one uncharitable, watch him while being kept waiting for his dinner. The best of tempers will not, at such a moment, require much provocation to get ruffled. My friend Rollan offers an apt example of these frailties. For about twenty-three hours and three quarters out of every twenty-four, a better friend, a kinder husband, or more indulgent father, does not exist; but make your introduction to him during the fifteen minutes before dinner, and you will conclude him to be the reverse. His wife's smiles are unheeded, his children's prattle forbidden, his friends' remarks unanswered. And wo unto the household should the cook prove unpunctual!

This is the dark side of the case. Most people are well-disposed after dinner. In proportion as pain is great, so are the pleasures of alleviation; and, when the cravings of appetite are satisfied, not only do the good qualities of mankind regain their ascendancy, but their bad ones hide their diminished heads. The Chinese believe that the intellect and affections reside in the stomach; and really when one considers the entire moral revolution which occurs immediately after dinner, the notion loses half its absurdity. The change which takes place is so complete, that to describe people who have dined, it is only necessary to invert every characteristic of those who have not: then the despondent are filled with hopes; the irritable appear patient; the melancholy are gay; the miser becomes philan-

thropic, and the misanthrope good company. Misfortune is never so stoically received as when it makes its appearance after dinner. One day news came to Rollan that he had lost several thousand pounds; luckily, it arrived while he was enjoying his dessert, and he heard it without a sigh. It is, however, terrible to contemplate the effect the black intelligence would have had upon him if communicated during his ante-prandial susceptibility; for on that very day he had previously shown the most intense mortification because dinner was not announced till very nearly four minutes and a-half after the fixed time!

Besides the inward characteristics which separate men who have and men who have not dined into two distinct classes, there are outward and visible signs by which they are readily separated and recognized.

*The man who has not dined* may be known as he walks homeward by the impatience expressed in his gait and aspect, and the fidgetiness he manifests if you should stop him to have a little conversation. Wo to you if such a conversation refers to any affairs of your own, in which you wish to interest him for the sake of his assistance or advice. He cannot even be civil on such topics. Should your observations refer only to the chit-chat of the day, the case is little better. He takes decidedly different views as to the merits of Roland's Grand Assault last Saturday, and cannot at all agree in opinion with you that the wind is promising to change from the east. With regard to the state of the country, he is clear and unhesitating: all is going wrong, and starvation is staring the country in the face. This, however, does not make him a whit more tolerant of the beggar who now comes up as if to illustrate his argument. He silences the whine of the petitioner in an instant by a threat of the police.

Arriving at his door, he announces himself with a sharpness of ring which startles the powers of the kitchen into a fearful animation. Mary, as she opens the door, answers the question, Is dinner ready? with an affirmative at all hazards, and then plunges down stairs to implore Mrs Cook to make her fib a truth. Stalking abstractedly into his dressing-room, he fails to find, first the boot-jack, then the soap, and it is well he does not summon half the household to show both, to his confusion, in their usual places. The slightest tumult amongst the children three floors up now annoys him. His wife, to fill up the time till dinner appears, asks his opinion of some new purchase, which was made because she knew he would like it; but, to her extreme mortification, he wonders how she could choose such an 'ugly thing.' As the minute-hand of the time-piece approaches the figure twelve, he commences an anticipatory lecture on the advantages of punctuality, which increases in earnestness at every second after the clock has struck, and is gradually rising to the severity of reprimand, when—happy moment—enter the soup! Now commences an entire change in his external aspect, and in about twenty minutes he becomes

*The man who HAS dined.* Behold him now, seated in his lounging chair. His countenance is overspread with a smile of satisfaction. The harsh and grating tones of his voice are mellowed to softness; and instead of addressing his wife in half-snappish laconics, he converses in the most soothing terms of affection and endearment. On being enticed to take a second glance at the new dress, he thinks it is not so ugly after all; indeed, of one thing, he is quite certain—though he does not pretend to be a judge—but the colours will become her complexion admirably. This is the moment generally seized upon by ladies of tact to put in practice that pretty process of getting their own way called 'coaxing.' At such moments new bonnets are promised, and cheques written for milliners' bills. Evening parties are arranged, 'regardless of expense,' and lessons from first-rate music-masters contemplated for elder daughters. This, bringing the rest of the junior branches in mind, leads to the ringing of the nursery bell, and though the children may happen to get up a race along



the stairs to see who can get into the parlour first, and thereby create a most deafening clatter, the well-dined father blesses their merry little hearts, and is delighted that they are in such excellent spirits. Should a friend drop in, instead of being wished almost anywhere else, he is pressed to remain; and a quarter of an hour's conversation shows that the host's opinions concerning the weather and the state of the country have undergone a change. It is after dinner that Britain is pronounced the greatest, best, and happiest nation in the world. The distress of the country fades gradually from the view: it dwindles down to a few interesting cases of operative manufacturers thrown temporarily out of employ, or of distressed agriculturists in picturesque cottages being kindly relieved by sentimental ladies or philanthropic country gentlemen. Then is the time that subscriptions to public charities are paid up, and coal and blanket societies planned for the ensuing winter. Nor does this sort of hopeful patriotism solely occupy the imagination of the man who has dined. His own affairs present themselves to him in brighter colours than at any other time. He builds castles in the air, congratulates himself on the improved aspect of his affairs, and very likely asks his wife, in the event of their ever keeping a carriage, what colour she would like the horses to be? He appeals to his friend as to the best mode of investing spare capital; and asks him if it be true that a certain estate in the neighbourhood is in the market, dropping at the same time a hint that, if it should come to the hammer, he shall attend the sale. In short, after dinner everything seems coloured with a pleasing pink, which, speaking more strictly, is merely the moral medium through which we see the objects of our thoughts.

These, then, are the almost opposite effects often betrayed by the same man before and after dinner. Let us, however, return to the subject in a larger—more general—point of view. Man's thoughts and sentiments being swayed in a great degree by his sensations, the former will generally be hopeful or despondent as his sensations are pleasing or painful; and who will deny that these are more pleasing when his appetite is satiated than when it is craving? There are exceptions to this rule no doubt; for we have heard of gourmands who hunger and thirst after an appetite in order to enjoy the pleasure of satisfying it, and whose despondency only commences when they find they cannot eat any more. But these are happily few, because unnatural exceptions. Nature tells us when to eat by exhausting our forces, and by making it a pain to disobey, and a pleasure to obey her dictates. Snappishness before, suavity after dinner, certainly form the general rule. This becomes a very important maxim in suitors and favour-seekers. How many an individual has marred his fortune by asking the favour that would have made it, before, instead of after his patron's dinner! So fully convinced is an extravagant young Oxford friend of ours of the necessity of timing his applications to 'the governor' for more cash, that he invariably sends his letters by the day mail, that they may catch the old gentleman napping just after dinner. The managers of charitable societies invariably make their collections after the hearts of the subscribers have been opened by a first-rate tavern feast. 'The trade,' *par excellence*, disarms the business-like caution of the booksellers at their annual auctions by a like expedient, and never think of putting up a single lot till after the removal of the cloth. In short, a thousand similar instances might be adduced to show that the tide of fortune and liberality flows highest after dinner. How different is it during the hours before! Then it is that quarrels are begun, and law pleas commenced; then it is that cross fathers cut off erring sons with a shilling, and wives and husbands talk of deeds of separation; at this insidious period editors become super-particular, and reject the incubations of doubtful contributors; and critics, who are uncommonly vigilant, that scarcely anything but a book will please them. Reader, when you

have a favour to ask, a bargain to make, a contribution to send to a magazine, or a book to forward to a critic, be careful, if you can possibly help it, not to address yourself to an empty stomach.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

### ARREST OF THE ABBÉ BARTHELEMY.\*

ALTHOUGH a sense of prudence made me keep as much as possible aloof from the terrible struggles which took place in Paris during 1793, yet, for the sake of personal safety, I found it necessary to join the club of the Jacobins and also that of the Cordeliers. I seldom, however, took part in the debates carried on in these clubs, and when I did, invariably took the side of the constitutional party amongst the Jacobins, and against the Duke of Orleans's faction in the Cordeliers.

In the previous year (1792), my preceptor, Condorcet, being completely absorbed in politics, was unable to continue his instructions; but kindly transferred me to the care of the celebrated Abbé Barthelemy, who, though in his seventy-sixth year, was still in full possession of his brilliant faculties. Two hours of every morning were usefully and delightfully passed by me in listening to the instructions of this profound scholar and agreeable teacher. While the revolutionary storm raged without, we were peacefully enjoying the beauties of the classic poets and historians in the retirement of his study.

On the 2d of September 1793, I took my usual lesson. The abbé was dissecting and explaining the true signification of a disputed passage in Thucydides, when an unusual noise was heard at the door of the room, and presently two strangers made their appearance. They were, in fact, officers of the revolutionary tribunal, followed by about half a dozen of the rabble. A warrant (*Mandat d'arrêt*), signed by the too celebrated public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, was put into the hands of my venerable and bewildered preceptor. It summoned him to appear immediately before the Committee of Public Safety; and I was ordered by the officers to accompany him. It was nearly eleven o'clock, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and I intreated some consideration in behalf of my aged master; but the request that a *fiacre* should be provided was met with sneers and abusive threats, and we were dragged through a deluge to our destination. This was a dungeon in which we were lodged previous to our examination. It happened, fortunately as I thought for us, that Fouquier-Tinville, the much-dreaded public prosecutor, was under some obligation to me. Having sprung from very humble parents, he was at one time extremely poor, and existed in a most wretched condition by contributing trifling pieces, chiefly poetical, to periodicals. Having no very high character for honesty, and being, moreover, a gambler, he lived in concealment from the dread of creditors. During the years 1788 and 1789 I had more than once saved him from a prison, by forwarding him pecuniary aid through the editor of the '*Mercure de France*.' As I always replied to his applications for assistance by letter, I had never seen him but once, and that was when he became a member of the Convention; and on that occasion he pointedly expressed his gratitude to me for my former kindness, assuring me, that should it ever be in his power to serve me in any way, he would do so. These cheering facts I communicated to my aged companion the moment we were left alone. They had not, however, the effect of raising his hopes; he expected, he said, no mercy at the hands of Fouquier-Tinville, and although he had never conspired against the republic in any manner whatever, yet he expected no less than to be sent to the guillotine like the hundreds of innocent persons who had been already massacred. 'But you, my young friend,' he added, with tears in his eyes, 'may possibly be spared.'

\* Author of the *Travels of the younger Anacharsis in Greece*.

Take warning, then, from this danger, and make your escape from this unhappy land as soon as possible. You are known to be wealthy; and who knows but our tyrants, to possess themselves of your wealth, may make you an early victim upon some new and frivolous charge they may bring against you.' While the venerable abbé was addressing me, an usher entered and conducted us to the dreaded tribunal.

Fouquier-Tinville was dressed in the red uniform of the *sans-culotte* party, and bore in his hand the famous red cap. On the desk beside which he stood were placed two emblems of the dreadful uncertainty in which Frenchmen then lived—a pair of horse pistols. Three commissioners of the revolutionary tribunal were ranged on the right hand side of the prosecutor, while a clerk was ready at the desk to note down our examination or *procès-verbal*. As soon as Fouquier recognised me he appeared rather surprised, and addressing me by name, asked, 'Why art thou before us?' 'Because,' I answered, 'I was found in company with the Abbé Barthelemy, who is my tutor.' 'But dost thou not know that he is an aristocrat and a conspirator?' rejoined Fouquier. I replied, that having for many months passed two hours daily in his company, I had good reason to know that he was nothing of the kind. As it was found, after some consideration, that at least I could not be implicated, my immediate release was ordered. The abbé was sent to the conciergerie, that some inquiries might be made into the character of the person who had denounced him, concerning the honesty of whose motives some doubt had arisen.

The first use I made of my liberty was to solicit an audience of the public accuser, and my request was promptly granted. As I write more than half a century from the period at which this incident occurred, and nearly as long from the well-deserved execution of Fouquier, I can have no party to conciliate, and no end to answer except that of truth. This obliges me to state that—monster of falsehood and ferocious cruelty as this man unquestionably proved himself in his public capacity—he received me on this occasion with great kindness, and even appeared greatly pleased that it lay in his way to serve me. My object was of course to plead for my falsely-accused preceptor, to learn the particulars of the accusation, and the name of the accuser. It turned out that the individual who had denounced the abbé was one of the officers of the national library, in which Barthelemy held the post of under librarian, and that in all likelihood the accusation was made from personal motives; the subordinate having recently received a reprimand for misconduct, accompanied by a threat of eventual dismissal in case his conduct were repeated. This man Fouquier promised to summon before him, and endeavour to get at the exact truth of the matter. Meanwhile, he advised me to interest Carra, the chief librarian, and the abbé's official superior, in his favour. I lost no time, therefore, in obtaining an introduction to Carra through Madame Tallien, one of his most intimate friends.

Though Carra was a terrorist, and a commissioner of the revolutionary tribunal, he was a well-informed man, and had the character of being a lover of justice and fair play. I stated the case to him, and intreated him to use his influence in obtaining a delay in bringing the abbé to trial, so that time might be afforded for inquiring into the truth of the accusation, and of the motives which led the library subordinate to make it. Carra promised to use all his influence in favour of his venerable colleague.

Happily my exertions were rewarded, and my apprehensions for the safety of my instructor were but of short duration. The person who denounced the accused was examined by Carra and Fouquier, and they soon discovered that his evidence was not to be relied on, for he had acted solely from motives of personal revenge. I was sent for at about seven o'clock on the same day, and obtained an order addressed to the jailer of the conciergerie for the 'immediate liberation of citizen Bar-

thelemy.' The haste with which I fulfilled my errand, and the joy with which I embraced my old preceptor, it is only possible to imagine. By eight o'clock on the same evening the abbé again found himself in his apartment in the Rue Richelieu, receiving the congratulations of all those who had heard of his liberation. The shock, however, which the danger he had escaped communicated to his aged frame, he never wholly recovered; and from that day his spirits and bodily strength declined. I now ceased to be his pupil; but, till his death in 179—, I continued to visit him frequently, both for the benefit of his conversation, and as a tribute of respect for his great acquirements and private virtues.

#### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

A VOLUME, entitled 'Illustrations of the Law of Kindness,' by the Rev. G. W. Montgomery, has been published at Albany, in the State of New York. It is, as a literary work, of little pretension; but it presents in one focus a very considerable number of anecdotes exemplifying the superiority of the benevolent over the coercive and severe principle, as a means of effecting good ends amongst our fellow-creatures; and such reasoning as the book contains is animated by all the earnestness of an amiable and trusting nature. The author classifies his facts into chapters, one of the first of which presents scriptural instances, such as that of David's conduct towards Saul in the cave; another presents a brief account of the benevolent proceedings of Howard, Oberlin, Fenelon, &c. showing how the law of kindness tended in their lives to the most brilliant results.

In the chapter on the disarming force of kindness, we have a story that never can be too often told: 'It is well known that Quakers, or Friends, have adopted the non-resistance principle, or the law, "overcome evil with good." The founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of this principle. When he visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and, as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, beginning at the great river Cosquanco, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapingo, now Bristol; and, as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection; yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land walked so fast and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheated us," said the Indians. "Ah, how can it be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk." Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said: "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed

on, how much more will satisfy you?" This proposal gratified them, and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land."

"For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger; towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward, and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting. This kindness they practised with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their "good father Onas" and his friends. And though Penn has long been dead, yet he is not forgotten by the red men; for many of the Indians possess a knowledge of his peaceable disposition, and speak of him with a tone and feeling very different from what they manifest when speaking of those whites who came with words of treachery on their tongues, and kegs of "fire-water" in their hands, and oppression in their actions."

This anecdote comes before us with particular force at the present moment, when New Zealand is tottering as a settlement, in consequence of the English following a different principle with the natives.\* How strange does it sound to hear men talking with ridicule of philanthropic policy, as something unfitted for human nature, when the fact is glaring, that it is the contrary policy that does not succeed, its invariable consequences being the destruction and obstruction of all that is good. The true visionaries in this case are those who dream that a large barbarian force is to be made agreeable in one's neighbourhood by raising in it the spirit of blind revenge. The true practical man is he who acts justly and kindly by his untutored neighbours, expecting they will thereby be kept on friendly terms with him.

In a chapter on insanity, the effect of the mild system of treatment now practised, in comparison with the former cruel methods, is illustrated by numerous examples collected from different sources. The next section displays the effect of kindness as an element in the means of reforming criminals. We pass from these as subjects which have already been treated in our paper, and come to an anecdote in which the efficacy of the gentler principle, in circumstances where the other could not have availed, is powerfully evinced. It appeared originally in De Lamartine's translation of 'A Residence among the Arabs of the Great Desert.' 'In the tribe of Nedgde there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness, which a member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain her by offering all he was worth, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself like a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabec, the owner of the mare, would soon pass. As soon as Nabec appeared,

Daher cried in a feeble voice, "I am a poor stranger! for three days I have been unable to stir from this to get food; help me, and God will reward you." Nabec offered to carry him home; but Daher said, "I am not able to rise; I have not strength." Nabec then generously dismounted, brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel and started, saying, "It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off." Nabec called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabec then said, "Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success; but I conjure thee tell me how thou hast obtained her." "Why not?" said Daher: "Because some one really ill might remain without aid: you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been." This discriminating kindness subdued Daher; he immediately dismounted, and returned the mare to Nabec; and when they parted, they parted sworn friends." Here Mr Montgomery remarks, 'Let a signal act of revenge, a cold unfeeling instance of retaliation, be known in our communities, and it excites horror, and even the deepest tones of indignation. On the contrary, let a broad act of benevolence, a noble and dignified instance of the forgiveness of enemies be exhibited, and it is at once admired and commended in the warmest terms. So true it is that the human heart dislikes the principle, "hate your enemies," and approves the practice of the law, "love your enemies."'

Nothing, we think, could more powerfully enforce this doctrine than the effect of such anecdotes as the following, which we fully believe could not be read to the most debased of our species, without raising such emotions as to form an ample proof of the superiority of generous over revengeful feeling. The brothers Cheerible of the novelist are, as is well known, scarcely overcharged portraits of two real English merchants, one of whom, we regret to know, is now no more. Of these men the following story was originally told in a Manchester paper. 'The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D) was designated as "Billy Button," and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some "kind friend" had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

'It seemed folly to hope that the firm of brothers would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public forget the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer! He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

"You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed W. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination.

\* A most respectable New Zealand settler thus writes to a friend in Edinburgh, in a letter which we have seen:—"The natives are a fine intelligent race, and are rapidly becoming civilised. Wars have almost ceased, and cannibalism is becoming very rare, and is only practised by two tribes. The late unfortunate massacre of Captain Wakefield and six gentlemen, of which you may have heard, entirely originated in an unjust aggression on the natives, and their retaliation; and, horrible as it was, the aggressors only met with their deserts. We presume it is not here meant that Captain Wakefield or the other sufferers were specially guilty, but that the massacre of the English was, generally speaking, such as to make the loss of that side a natural consequence of their error."

W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. "He, poor wretch, expected to see there a rogue, scoundrel, libeller" inscribed; but there was in fair round characters the signature of the firm! "We make it a rule," said W. "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tear started into the poor man's eyes.

"Ah," said W. "my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man. "Well, well, my dear fellow," said W. "you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" And the answer was, that, having given up everything to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow," said W. "this will never do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

"I am almost convinced," says the author, "that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? and a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship.

#### FACTORY LIFE.

It has become a sort of fashion to speak of factory life as something unusually dismal—attended by great and peculiar evils both to the body and mind—an unnatural scene of labour pursued in disagreeable circumstances, and without any of the pleasures which cheer human beings under toil. That these ideas are at least not universally true, we have long been convinced, for any factories which we have happened to see, conveyed entirely opposite impressions. To the like effect is the following letter, referring to the factories of Turton and Egerton in Lancashire, which appears in a newly published pamphlet by Dr W. C. Taylor.

"My dear Ellen—Now that I am settled quietly at home, I will fulfil my promise, and try to give you some idea of the state of the factory population, as it appeared to me during my recent visit to the north of England. I need not remind you of the statements put forward in the newspapers relative to the miserable condition of the operatives, and the tyranny of their masters, for they made such an impression on me, that it was with reluctance I consented

to go to Lancashire; indeed these misrepresentations are quite general, and people believe them without knowing why or wherefore. As an instance: just before starting, I was at a large dinner party at the west end of the town, and seated next a gentleman who is considered a very clever and intelligent man. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I was going to Lancashire. He started, and asked, "What on earth could take me there? That he would as soon think of going to St Giles's; that it was a horrid place—factories all over; that the people, from starvation, oppression, and over-work, had almost lost the form of humanity; and that the mill-owners were a bloated, pampered race, feeding on the very vitals of their work-people." I answered, that this was a dreadful state of things; and asked in what part he had seen such misery? He replied, that "he had never seen it, but that he had been told that it existed; and that, for his part, he never had been in the manufacturing districts, and that he never would." This gentleman was one of the very numerous body of people who make reports without ever taking the trouble of inquiring if they be true or false.

I will pass over my journey as having nothing to do with the subject of this letter, and ask you to accompany me on my first visit to a cotton-mill. Were I competent to the task, which I am not, it would be useless for me to describe to you the nature of factory-work; it is one of those things of which it is impossible to form any notion by explanation or description, and which requires a minute and personal examination to be at all able to comprehend. I found the mill a large building, with a wide stone staircase, easy of ascent, and very clean. The working-rooms are spacious, well ventilated, and lofty, kept at an equable temperature, and like all parts of the factory, exceedingly clean. There are a number of windows in each room, indeed so many, that I wondered if they had any window-duty to pay. I particularly noticed that there was no crowding of the workpeople, for the machines occupy so much room as to make it impossible; each operative has his or her range to superintend, and there is rarely any occasion for them to come in contact with one another.

I spent some time looking at the machines, the motion and shape of which I can best give you my notion of calling graceful; one in particular delighted me: I believe it is called the "mule-carriage;" it recedes, and then returns so gracefully, that I was almost going to say that the effect was picturesque, but this I know you would laugh at; however, I can assure you that the brightness of the machinery, which looks like steel, and the regularity of its motions, produce a *tout ensemble* which has a novel and striking effect. It seems to me that the machines can do everything but speak. It has been asserted, and is generally believed, that the operatives, while at work, are obliged to assume painful and unnatural attitudes, and that these attitudes, from daily repetition, gradually settle into confirmed deformity. This is most untrue, for the heaviest part of the labour is executed by the steam-engine or water-wheel, and it is watchfulness and care, not bodily exertion, that is required from the operative: this care consists in seeing that the machinery acts, and in no instance did I see any one in a constrained or painful position. Although they have little or no bodily labour, yet the attention which they have to bestow on their employment prevents any conversation going on. This, I think, is an advantage where persons of both sexes work in the same room.

The propriety of demeanour and appearance of the operatives cannot fail to impress a visitor most favourably. I observed that great care had been bestowed upon the "boxing up" of dangerous machinery, and was told that accidents were very rare, and that, when they did occur, they were the "result of the greatest stupidity or negligence." After examining everything, I came to the conclusion that the nature of factory labour would have no deteriorating effect on those engaged in it; in which opinion I was confirmed by seeing the healthy appearance of the operatives about me. Many girls were at work, and all—I may say all, for I saw no exceptions—looked healthy and happy. Their ages, I should think, varied from fourteen to three or four-and-twenty; one I particularly noticed; she was of the middle height; I think it would be no easy matter to match her cheeks and arms; you never saw a milkmaid more ruddy. I spoke to her, and was answered with the utmost civility and propriety. She said that she "had been at the mill for nine years; that she never had had a day's sickness, and that "most of the girls of her acquaintance had equally good health."

This I could easily believe on looking round, for they all seemed hearty and comfortable. On going into the mill, the females take off their clothes in a room assigned them for the purpose, put on a working dress, and, when the day's labour is over, resume their walking dress in which they go home. I noticed that, although in working costume, almost every girl had on a bead necklace: this, I suppose, they retained from a very pardonable feeling of vanity.

I believe the average wages of the young women employed varies from eight to nine shillings a-week, and the younger girls and boys from five to seven. If an operative has a number of children, he generally endeavours to procure employment for them at the mill where he works, and their united earnings make them very comfortable. In country factories (which I am describing) the mother of the family seldom goes to work, but remains at home to take care of the house, mind the infant, and prepare the meals for her husband and elder children.

Some who live at a distance from the mill bring their dinner with them, and have their tea brought them by a younger brother or sister; but those who live near generally go home to their meals. The mill-proprietors, in many instances, have built small houses very near their factories, which the people rent, and thus have but a short distance to go either to work or meals. I remember one day meeting a party of boys, about twelve in number, playing about the mill between the hours of twelve and one, which is allowed them for dinner. Each boy had in his hand an immense piece of what he called "apple pastry." It was composed of thick crust, top and bottom, and layers of apples between. They were full of glee, eating away, laughing, and talking. I stopped and spoke to them; they said that they lived at some distance from the mill, and had brought their dinner with them, which they were then eating; that their parents were hand-loom weavers, and worked at home. I asked whether they would rather work with their fathers or at the mill? They replied unanimously, "At the mill, for there we know what time we have to work, and when to stop; but at home we have to go on and on, and hardly earn anything." I asked how many meals a-day they had, and what each was composed of? One boy, who acted as spokesman for the rest, replied, "Why, in the morning, before going to work, we have tea and buttered cakes; for dinner, we have either pastry like this," holding it up, "or meat; in the evening they bring us tea and buttered cakes again; and at night, when we go home from work, we get milk and porridge." They ran off laughing, thinking, no doubt, that I had detained them quite long enough. Farther on, I saw a man seated on some stones, with a little tray, covered with a white napkin, on his knees; on this tray was a large meat pie—I think mutton, by its appearance—from which he was cutting pieces, and transferring them to his plate; a jug stood near, which I supposed to contain beer, but on inquiry I found it was coffee; and a few steps back, a neat tidy woman was leaning against a hedge, viewing, with great satisfaction, the inroads which the man was making on the pie. They were man and wife; but, as they lived some distance from the mill where he worked, the good woman had brought her husband for his dinner the pie which I found him enjoying. I thought what a great deal of pity has been thrown away upon these people, who seem to enjoy every comfort, while our unfortunate Irish peasantry think themselves happy if they can get enough potatoes to supply the craving of nature, and to whom the taste of meat is unknown. Feeling pretty well satisfied that the operatives and their children did not suffer much from hunger, I next felt anxious to see the interior of the cottages. These cottages form quite a village, and have been built by the proprietor of the mill for the accommodation of his workpeople, to whom he rents them at the very moderate rate of from 2s. 8d. to 3s. 4d. per week. I was informed by the operatives that permission to rent one of these cottages was regarded as a favour—that is, was a reward for good conduct and industry; and that any person guilty of vice or immorality would be immediately dismissed. The cottages are built of stone, in a very open and airy situation; they contain from four to six rooms each. The six-roomed cottages contain a parlour, kitchen, and little scullery on the ground-floor; up stairs, three bedrooms. The four-roomed cottages—a kitchen, parlour, and two bedrooms. Back premises, with suitable conveniences, are attached to each of them. I went into a good number of the cottages, and found them comfortable

and well-furnished; indeed so much so as to occasion me great surprise. Some of the parlours were carpeted, and all contained chairs, tables, pictures, and generally a clock in the corner. In one house I noticed a large sampler, elaborately worked; this was framed, and hanging over the chimney-piece: the woman of the house exhibited it with great pride, said that it was her daughter's work, that she had been for some years working at the factory, and was just then expecting her home to dinner. She told us that her husband, daughter, and two sons worked at the mill; that their united earnings made them very comfortable; "indeed they wanted for nothing." The kitchen grates particularly attracted my attention, they were so large, and each had an oven and boiler attached to it: indeed one of the great blessings that these people enjoy is good fires; these they have in perfection, and at a very cheap rate; I believe they buy coal at as low as 5s. a ton. The blazing fires in every house add greatly to the appearance of comfort, and no doubt contribute to the health of the people, as well as materially assisting in their culinary arrangements. In all the cottages we went up stairs to the bed-rooms, at the particular request of the good women, who seem to take a pride in letting visitors see the order and neatness in which everything is kept. The beds were very comfortable; had generally curtains of striped blue-and-white calico, good warm blankets, and coarse but very white sheets. There were generally chests of drawers, containing the wardrobes of the families, and many cap-boxes, which, on peeping into, we saw were full of some very smart head-dresses for the wives and daughters. The boys and girls of the family always occupied different rooms, the parents managing to stow away the younger children in their own apartment. I understood that this was a point upon which the landlords were very strict. In all the houses we saw Bibles, and in one or two some attempt at a book-case; the books were generally on religious subjects, and all of a strictly moral tendency. In one or two of the cottages we perceived, by the neatly-spread table and the savoury smell which saluted us on entering, that preparations were being made for dinner, and therefore declined proceeding up stairs, notwithstanding the assurance of the good woman "that we were quite welcome." Altogether, there is nothing in these cottages, I assure you, to offend the most fastidious taste; but, on the contrary, every visitor must feel gratified by the order, comfort, and cleanliness that are everywhere visible.

We next proceeded to another part of the village, and came to some small houses with gardens before the doors. In a corner of one of the gardens there were some bee-hives, and all about, neatly arranged, little flower-beds. Into this house we went, and found the mother surrounded by her young children. Her husband was one of the foremen in the neighbouring mill, and the furniture and general aspect of her house were even superior to what I have before described. She was herself a very nice person, with appearance and manners far superior to her station. I thought it likely that she had been lady's-maid or house-keeper in a gentleman's family before her marriage; but no—from youth she had worked at the mill, and, I was told, was a fair specimen of the best class of the factory population. I have before mentioned that it is rare in country mills for married women to go to work, and you can easily imagine that the care of their house and children is quite enough for them. I went into a little back kitchen in this house, and saw a pan with, I should think, ten or a dozen large loaves in it; they looked very tempting, and I asked for a slice. The good woman immediately cut a thick piece. I never have tasted better bread; we praised it, and I asked if she would give me a loaf to bring to London. She seemed surprised at this request, but immediately replied, "with pleasure." I explained that my reason for asking was to show it to my friends in London, who would not believe that the Lancashire operatives were so well off. She seemed quite offended at this, and exclaimed, "Oh dear, ma'am, I'm sure you shall have the loaf; we are by no means objects of pity." This woman interested me very much; her children were comfortably dressed, and well-beloved. Altogether, she had an air and deportment quite beyond anything you could expect.

The factory schools next engaged my attention. At these schools the children receive an education much superior to other portions of the working-classes; that they profit by it, I am sure, for they look very intelligent, and answer any questions asked with a propriety of expression which could not be surpassed in much higher ranks of life.



I understood that great care was taken to procure competent teachers, in order that the hours allowed the children for education may be improved to the utmost. Having visited and been much gratified with the schools in my neighbourhood, we one day drove some miles to look at a school-house which a mill-proprietor has just built for the use of the children employed in his factory. It was a beautiful day; and, as we were enjoying ourselves going along slowly, we met a number of persons, men, women, and children, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and walking on gaily. On asking the reasons of so many going in procession, they told us that they were the operatives from a neighbouring mill; that their employer's eldest son had just come of age; that they had all been invited to dine, and were to have great rejoicings to celebrate the event. They looked as happy and merry as possible. We stopped for a few hours at a friend's house, and were soon convinced that what had been told us relative to the rejoicings was no exaggeration, for we heard gun after gun fired, and various other sounds of festivity. My companion observed that it was very pleasing to see such good feeling between the masters and men. Our host replied that this was nothing unusual; that the employers and employed met frequently; and that, if we would accompany him and his wife that very evening to a temperance tea-party, we would have an opportunity of seeing the cordiality and good fellowship between the operatives and their employers. To the tea-party accordingly we went, and found a large room crowded with persons of both sexes, all from the mills. It was divided into compartments, something like pews in a church, holding eight or nine each; a table in the middle covered with cups, saucers, teapots, plates of cake and bread and butter, and a lady presiding at each table. Everything went off most orderly; and after the tea-things were cleared away, a gentleman, who had come some miles for the purpose, addressed the company, not in a condescending manner, but in a way that gave you an idea that they were all friends met together to exchange mutual good wishes, and encourage one another in the cause of temperance. The whole affair went off with as little breach of propriety, or even etiquette, as if it had been in a fashionable drawing-room; no noise or confusion of any kind. Altogether, it was a very pleasing sight to see the different ranks thus mixing together, and must, I am sure, encourage kindly feeling on both sides.

I believe we were on the subject of schools, and, indeed, going to visit one, when the procession of operatives interfered, and caused this digression; however, we went to the school, and I have never seen a more elegant or convenient building devoted to the purposes of education. It was well-lighted, ventilated, and furnished with the best apparatus for being lighted with gas and heated with warm water. The cost must have been very considerable. The proprietors bear all the expenses, but require the children to pay twopence a-week for instruction, which twopence they allow to accumulate as a reserve fund, and pay back to each pupil at the age of twenty-one. The boys and girls have separate rooms, and different teachers for each. The children looked remarkably neat, healthy, and intelligent.

Altogether, this school was the most complete thing of the kind I ever saw, and convinced me that the proprietors must have the education and improvement of the children deeply at heart, when they go to such trouble and expense to attain it.

Now that I have seen the factory people at their work, in their cottages, and in their schools, I am totally at a loss to account for the outcry that has been made against them. They are better clothed, better fed, and better conducted than many other classes of working-people. The mill-owners, as far as I can judge, are most anxious to contribute to their happiness and welfare, and the operatives themselves seem quite contented with their situation. With respect to infant, or, more properly, juvenile labour, I do not see how it can be dispensed with. I think twelve or fourteen is the age the law appoints for their admission to the mills, and I have been told that they are often sent to work in the coal mines until they are old enough for the mills. The wages these children procure is absolutely necessary for their support, and were they depending on their parents, they would not have their four meals a-day, perhaps not one. In fact, I cannot object to a system which gives the comforts I have described, and which, while it pays for juvenile labour, provides food for the mind as well as for the body. My opinion is, that as long as the masses have to earn their bread by the sweat of

their brows, we cannot expect to see them better off, more comfortable, or more happy than the factory operatives of the north of England.

As my letter has now reached rather an unreasonable length, I will conclude, hoping, however, that your impressions about mills and mill-owners will be somewhat altered by its perusal.

#### MEANS OF IMPROVING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

1. HABITUAL CHEERFULNESS AND COMPOSURE OF MIND, arising from peace of conscience, constant reliance on the goodness of God, and the exercise of kindly feelings towards men. Peace of mind is as essential to health as it is to happiness.
2. STRICT CONTROL OVER THE APPETITES AND PASSIONS, with a fixed abhorrence of all excess and all unlawful gratifications whatsoever. He that would enjoy good health must be 'temperate in all things,' and habitually exercise the most rigid self-government; for every sort of vicious indulgence is highly injurious to health; first, *directly*, in its immediate effects on the body; and, next, *indirectly*, in the perpetual dissatisfaction and anxiety of mind which it invariably occasions.
3. EARLY RISING; and in order to this, take no supper, or if any, a very slight one, and go early to bed. *The hour before bed-time* should be spent in agreeable relaxation, or in such exercises only as tend to compose the mind and promote inward peace and cheerfulness.
4. SIMPLICITY, MODERATION, AND REGULARITY WITH RESPECT TO DIET. A judicious selection of the articles of food, the careful avoiding of unwholesome dainties, and whatever has proved hurtful to the constitution. The quantity of food should be proportioned to the amount of exercise a person undergoes. Sedentary people should be rather abstemious; their food should be nutritious, easy of digestion, and moderate in quantity. Seldom eat anything between the regular meals.
5. To be very sparing in the use of wine and other stimulants. They may sometimes be employed to advantage in cases of extreme debility or extraordinary labour; but, under any circumstances, if too freely or too frequently indulged in, they will most certainly impair your health and shorten your life.
6. Take your meals with as much QUIET and COMFORT as possible. Bustle, vehement discussion, bad news, disagreeable companions, and all vexatious excitement, should be carefully excluded at meal-times.
7. EAT VERY SLOWLY, with a view to the thorough mastication of your food: rather forego a meal, or take but half the needful quantity, than eat too fast.
8. REFRAIN FROM BOTH MENTAL AND BODILY EXERTION FOR A SHORT TIME AFTER THE PRINCIPAL MEAL. If immediate exertion be required, only a slight repast should be taken instead of the usual meal. N.B.—Never eat a full meal when the body is heated or much fatigued with exercise. Wait till you are somewhat refreshed by a short interval of repose. If faint, a little soup may be safely taken meanwhile.
9. OCCASIONAL ABSTINENCE. Whenever the system is feeble or disordered, diminish the quantity of your food, and allow yourself more time for exercise. In cases of slight indisposition, a partial or a total fast will often be found the best restorative.
10. TAKE NO PHYSIC, unless it be absolutely necessary. Learn, if possible, how to keep well without it. In case of real indisposition, consult a competent medical adviser without delay; and implicitly attend to his directions, so far as you think he is fully acquainted with your constitution, and with the best means of treating your disorder. Never risk your health and life either by neglecting serious illness, or by tampering with quack remedies.
11. GENTLE EXERCISE should be taken regularly two hours a-day at least; and it must never be forgotten that CHEERFULNESS is an essential ingredient in all beneficial exercise. Mental relaxation in agreeable society, too, should be sought as often as due attention to business and other important affairs will permit.
12. The importance of CLEANLINESS of dress and person in every particular must not be overlooked. The thorough VENTILATION of APARTMENTS, also, an appearance of neatness and orderly arrangement in every part of our habitation,



contribute, though indirectly, yet certainly and powerfully, to promote both health and cheerfulness: as the contrary state of things is generally found to produce discomfort, nervous irritation, and depression of spirits.

[The above maxims were composed by a teacher, for the purpose of being printed in a large type, and hung up in his school.]

#### POSTAGE-LABELS AND ENVELOPES.

The following facts relative to the manufacture of our present postage-labels and envelopes may not be uninteresting to the reader. They are gleaned from a paper, by the Rev. J. Barlow, on the Chemical and Mechanical Processes, and the Social Influences of the Penny Post, read at a recent meeting of the London Royal Institution. The adhesive labels, or 'queen's heads,' as they are commonly called, are executed by Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, on Mr Perkins' principle of steel-engraving by transfer. This process depends on the property of iron to become hard or soft as it receives or loses a small quantity of carbon—the soft plates receiving impressions of the original hardened engraving, and then being tempered to the necessary hardness for the purposes of the printer. Mr Barlow lays great stress on the absolute identity of every engraving, however numerous, produced by this method. The engine-work on the adhesive labels is of so close a pattern, that it cannot be taken off by lithography or any similar contrivance; while, on the other hand, the eye is so accustomed to notice slight differences between one face and another, that the most skilful imitators of a minute engraving of a human countenance (like that of the sovereign on the label) could not possibly avoid such a deviation from what he was copying as would insure the detection of forgery. With regard to the qualities of the coloured inks with which the labels are printed, Mr Barlow remarks, that though sufficiently permanent to withstand the effects of sun-light, rain, &c. they would be discharged by any fraudulent attempt to remove the obliterating stamp for the purpose of issuing the labels a second time. The gum used for fixing the labels to letters is chiefly derived from potato starch, and therefore perfectly innocuous.

The manufacture of the postage-envelope is effected by many powerful, yet accurate machines. The paper is pervaded by coloured threads, as a security against fraud; and when sent from the manufactory of Mr Dickinson, it is delivered to the firm of Messrs De La Rue. It is there cut into lozenges, by the engine of Mr Wilson, with the utmost precision, and at the rate of sixty or eighty thousand a minute. Previously to being stamped, each lozenge has a notch cut in each side for the convenience of folding: this is done by an angular chisel. The envelopes are then stamped at Somerset House, by a machine which combines the operations of printing and embossing—the invention of the late Sir W. Congreve. The last process, the folding and gumming, is performed by the Messrs De La Rue, who employ thirty-nine folders on an average; and a quick hand can fold 3500 in a day.

Mr Barlow next noticed some statistical conclusions:—One engraving on Mr Perkins' hard steel-roller will afford 1680 transfers to soft steel plates: these again will, when hardened, admit of 60,000 impressions being pulled from each, so that one original will afford 100,800,000 impressions of labels. Twelve years ago, common envelopes were sold at one shilling the dozen (now the postage envelope, with its medallion, may be bought wholesale at half a farthing, exclusive of the stamp); and yet, though the manufacture is peculiarly costly, it returns a small profit to the government. More than two hundred and twenty millions of chargeable letters were posted in 1843; so that, supposing all the letter-boxes in the United Kingdom to be open twelve hours in the day, and to communicate with one large spout, the letters would keep flowing through it at the mean rate of fourteen in a second.

#### CHINESE PUFFING.

The following, which is a verbal translation of an ink-maker's shop-bill at Canton, equals anything in the puffing art now brought to such astonishing perfection by our own countrymen:—

'At the shop Tae-shing (prosperous in the extreme)—very good ink, fine! fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self, make this ink: fine and hard, very hard; picked with care, selected with at-

tention. I sell very good ink, prime cost is very. This ink is heavy; so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles, so does this ink. No one makes like it. Others who make ink, make it for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while I make it only for a name. Plenty of A-kwan-tsas (gentlemen) know my ink—my family never cheated—they have always borne a good name. I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins in the empire. As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the "dragon's jewel" (meaning his ink). Come, all A-kwan-tsas, come to my shop and see the sign Tae-shing at the side of the door. It is Senou-shwuy Street (Small Water Street), outside the south gate.'

The 'prosperous in the extreme' is equal at least to the 'one million capital' of any of our insurance offices; while 'great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self,' throws utterly into the shade the claim to antiquity and stability so often put forth in our home prospectuses under the captivating announcement of 'established in 1792.' The epithets 'fine, fine, hard, very hard,' &c. which the ink-maker bestows on his article, are quite as attractive, and certainly more definite, than the 'super-royals and extra-superfines' of our countrymen; the 'picked with care, selected with attention,' rivals any day the 'purchased by Mr Jones himself, who has just returned from the London, Manchester, and Glasgow markets,' while 'glittering and dazzling like the eye of the dragon,' is decidedly a poetical flourish to which none of our blacking-makers have yet had the hardihood to aspire. Again, the modest assertion, that others make ink for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while our hero does it 'only for a name,' is what we need never expect from the self-sacrificing patriotism of John Bull, 'immense' as are the 'sacrifices' which he professes every season to offer to the purchasing public. 'I sell to live by my trade,' says John; 'if I didn't, wouldn't you call me a fool?' Smith and Co. profess to sell at the 'smallest remunerating profit'; the Canton ink-maker goes ahead, and tells his customers that 'prime cost is very.' 'The old-established firm of Brown and Brown' bears a most excellent character—nobody doubts it; but we question much if the modesty of the partners will allow them in their next handbill to assure the public that their family 'never cheated,' or that they themselves have 'always borne a good name.' 'I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins in the empire,' is upstides any day with 'patronised by her most gracious majesty, the principal nobility and gentry'; while the 'everywhere fame' of the dragon's jewel extends undoubtedly over a much wider field than that occupied by the 'principal dealers in the United Kingdom.'

#### SOUNDS AT SEA.

THE weary sea is tranquil, and the breeze  
Lull'd sunk to sleep on its slow-heaving breast.  
All sounds have passed away, save such as please  
The ear of night, who loves that music best  
The din of day would drown. The wanderer's song,  
To whose sweet notes the mingled charms belong  
Of sadness linked to joy; the breakers small  
(Like pebbled rills) that round the vessel's bow  
A dream-like murmur make—the splash and fall  
Of waters crisp, as rolling calm and slow,  
She laves alternately her shining sides—  
The flap of sails that like white garments vast,  
So idly hang on each gigantic mast—  
The regular tread of him whose skill presides  
O'er the night-watch, and whose brief fitful word  
The ready helmsman echoes: these low sounds  
Are all that break the stillness that surrounds  
Our lonely dwelling on the dusky main.  
But yet the visionary soul is stirred,  
While fancy hears full many a far-off strain  
Float o'er the conscious sea! The scene and hour  
Control the spirit with mysterious power;  
And wild unutterable thoughts arise,  
That make us yearn to pierce the starry skies!

—Literary Leaves, by Dr L. Richardson.

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# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## THE FIRST LUCIFER.

ABOUT this time an extraordinary event happened in the burgh, nothing less than the introduction of lucifer matches. You must know that Provost Dickson was a very funny man, always contriving some ploy or joke to get a laugh at amongst his companions, and turning mostly all sorts of things into a ridicule, so that the town was never well out of one piece of waggonery of his till it was into another. The provost had been in Edinburgh one market-day, and had seen the things called instantaneous lights or lucifer matches at the inn where he put up. I daresay it must be fifteen years since; so you see it's not a story of yesterday that I am going to tell you. Well, the provost was uncommon taken up with the lucifers, which he thought the grandest thing he had ever seen, keeping off gas and steam; a great improvement they were surely upon the flint and tinder-box, which you might often hammer at for half an hour at a time, and not get a light after all. So the provost, what does he do but gives a friend, that was going to Edinburgh on business, eighteenpence to buy a box of lucifer matches—they were eighteenpence then, though every bare-legged bairn is now selling them for a penny. Well, no matter as to the price. The provost never regarded any expense when he had a joke in his head. His friend—it was William Thomson the merchant—brings out the box of lucifers next day, and hands it to the provost, who took him under a strict promise to keep all quiet for two or three days.

Now, you must understand, next door to the provost there was a man they called Sanders Niven, that kept a public-house, a decent quiet sort of a body as could be, with quarter boots and whings in them, and a wee gray head, and the hair aye stroked smooth over his brow. Sanders was tacksman of the customs of the burgh, and in that way was well known to the provost and the council. His house was principally for tradesmen; but there was one good back-room with a carpet in't, that answered very well for two or three of the burghesses who might be wanting to have a chat in the evening over a jug of toddy. So the provost, what does he devise but that he'll give Sanders Niven a fright with the lucifers. Why, you know, Sanders had never heard of lucifers all his days; and I daresay if you had named them to him, or given him an account of them, he would have been just as wise as before. So the provost asks Bailie Brydson, and the Dean of Guild—that's John Urquhart that was—and myself, and one or two more, into Sanders's house, where he said there was going to be a single glass of punch; and, accordingly, by eight o'clock that night we were most of us gathered round Sanders's dining-table, where a single small six gave us all the light we required. When Sanders

brought in the jug and glasses, the provost asked him how he did, and requested that he would come in and sit down a while, which he blithely consented to, and in five minutes in comes Sanders with his better coat on, and a clean washed face, and his hair new combed.

'Come away in bye, Sanders,' says the provost, 'and dinna sit on the door, but go into the fire, for really it's a coldish kind of night, and the wind's unco sair in the cast. Have ye brought a glass for yoursell, Sanders?'

'Ay, that I hae, provost—muckle obleeged to you.'

And so Sanders sat down, and the toddy was made real good by the dean, who was a grand hand at a jug. And we all began to converse on the topics of the day, the landlord taking his share of both the toddy and the chat as well as the rest. By and by we came to talk of two new improvements that the provost had a great hand in—namely, the new-seating of the kirk, and the new arrangements in the kirkyard. He had made both the living and the dead sit about most astonishingly. The provost was very great upon both subjects. It would have been nothing at all to make the living folk shift their places a little in the kirk where it was necessary; but when he began to meddle with the dead folk, there was a terrible storm raised about his ears. His object, you must know, was to make the burial-ground something neat, for it had got into strange disorder in the course of time, and there were no right walks through it. And so what does he do but makes every one of the old upright stones lie flat down upon the ground, as if they had got tired of standing so long, and were wishing for a rest; and he also had the whole surface smoothed down, and neat square stones stuck in, to mark every family's piece of ground; and then he behaved to have nice gravel walks laid out, with overgreen busheer along the sides of them; and that occasioned awful troubles, for this one came and said it cut in upon his grandfather, and that one spake up and said it went clear over the heads of his last two wives, and so on. Howsoever, our provost, who was a real clever through-going person, and a determined reformer of everything that would reform, fought his way out of all his perplexities, and made a real fine job of it at last, so that it's now said there is not a smarter or a more comfortable-looking kirkyard to be anywhere seen than ours. And so the talk went on, till we came to speak about the resurrection-men that used to be so busy in bypast years, robbing all the unsuspecting little kirkyards in the country side.

'Have a care of us!' said Bailie Brydson, 'they were dreadful folk these resurrection-men, and I mind a story that was told about them some years since. Two of them came one night to this kirkyard, and robbed the kirkyard of a corpse that was lying in it. It was a wright's wife, that was, and she lived in the Back Row; I mind the woman well, for she

used to help in our house at the washings. The tollman had let the two men pass through his bar that night at ten o'clock, and taken a good look at them, for they were evidently folk that did not belong to hereabouts; but he thought no more about them, till a while after twelve, when he was wakened up again to let them pass through on their way back to Edinburgh. Out he came with a lantern in the rain, grudging very sore, no doubt, to be roused up at such an untimely hour. Well, he looked up, half sleeping as he was, at the men, and was a good deal surprised to see that there was now a third person in the gig—a person like in a woman's cloak and bonnet, but seeming as if she were asleep, and not able on that account to keep up her head. However, they passed of course, and the tollman—it was a man they called Crichton—thought no more about it till a week after, when it was discovered that the figure sitting between the two men could be no other than Katy Marshall, that had been buried the day before, but was now missing out of her grave.

'Oh, that's a gruesome story, bailie,' said Sanders.

'That it is,' quoth the bailie; 'but everything connected with the doctors is fearsome. I understand they are dreadful places those lecture-rooms in Edinburgh where they teach the young doctors. There's a place called Surgeon Square that could tell many a tale of horror, for it's all composed of anatomical lecture-rooms together. There was a laddie belonging to this town that went to Edinburgh and became an artist. I'm sure you'll all remember him well. A son of Thomas Porteous, the baker—a fine laddie he was, but he did not live to come to any distinction as a painter. Well, I've heard the callant myself telling a strange adventure he had once in Surgeon Square among the doctors. There was a lecturer that wished to have some paintings made of a few beautiful cases of ulceration, as he called them, though how there could be any beauty there I cannot well see. So he brought young Porteous one afternoon to draw the ulcers for him. I believe he intended to have the pictures hung up in the lecture-room, by way of a great ornament, after they were done. The laddie had brought all the proper materials for the purpose, and he set to work immediately, though he by no means liked the job. By and by the lecturer went home to his tea, and then he came back again, and attended to some business of his own in the principal room, and in process of time he quite forgot the poor laddie that was painting the beautiful ulcers up stairs. So when it began to grow dark, he went away as he was accustomed to do at that hour, locking the door behind him. Little Porteous had no idea that he was left alone in the house, and it grew too dark for him to work any longer, and then he laid down his pencils, and thought he would go and speak to the doctor to let him out. He was rather scarce when he found that the house was all so quiet and dark, and particularly when he got his fingers entangled in a hanging skeleton in the passage, as he was groping his way along. However, he kept up his heart, thinking he would find the doctor in the theatre—that's what they call the lecture-room. And so he groped along and along till he did get into the theatre; but great was his alarm when he found all dark there, and no doctor. He then knew that he had been left by accident, and was the only living being there among so many relics of the dead; and you may be sure it was a very awful consideration to a young laddie scarcely a year away from school. There was just a wee glimmering from the sky-light, that enabled him to see here and there a skeleton, or a bottled preparation of something still more horrible, such as a girdling chaft of a split-up head, or a wee monkey-like wean that had never come to life, and was now put up here to dance in a bottle o' spirits to all eternity. Oh—oh—terrible sights indeed!'

'Good Providence!' cried Sanders.

And the laddie nevertheless, being in a kind of confusion, made his way to the door, but found it locked. He set to knocking at it with all his might;

but the sound only made a great echo in the theatre, and frightened him the more. He listened for noises in the square, but not a footstep was to be heard. He then went back to the theatre, and sat down for a while, trying all he could to avoid seeing the fearsome things. Long he sat there, half-stupified with terror, yet aye thinking that surely the doctor would remember him, and that he would next minute hear a footstep or see a light coming to his deliverance—

At that moment the provost snuffed out the candle, and put us into the same darkness that Porteous was in, for we had hardly any light from the fire. It gave us all a great start, having been wrought up by the bailie's story into a timorous state of mind.

'I'll run to the passage to get it lighted again,' said Sanders; and he was bustling out with the short-six in his hand accordingly, when the provost, in an authoritative voice, cried—

'Stop! Sanders, set down the candle.' Which Sanders did, not knowing what to think of it.

'R-r-h-t! Fuff!' played something in the provost's hands, and immediately we saw a small but waxing light, blue at first, and bright afterwards, and then we were all sensible of a great smell of brimstone. And lo, in three seconds the provost had the candle lighted again.

'Aih! mercy on us!' cried Sanders in a desperate tone of voice; 'what's that? The Enemy's surely got among us. Aih! pity on me, provost, what's this you've done?' And when we looked, we saw that Sanders's hair, which was usually clapped so close down on his brow, had got half way up into an erect position, while his eyes were staring as if they would jump out of his head.

'Sit down, Sanders!' cried the provost in the same commanding voice. 'What are ye glowing there at? What harm is there in lighting the candle again, when it's been snuffed out? What are you frightened at?'

'Ou, I'm no frightened,' said Sanders mechanically, and he then sat down on the farthest away chair from the provost, trembling from head to foot. 'But, guide us a', the like o' that saw I never. What wonderful things are taking place now-a-days! There's nae reality in naething noo.'

'Stuff!' said Dickison; 'such a work about re-lighting a snuffed-out candle! Bailie, go on with your story.'

'Oh, my story's just about done,' quoth the bailie; 'for I had only to tell you that after eleven o'clock, when the poor frightened laddie had been three hours in the dark theatre, wi' the fearsome things all round him, the doctor came and let him out. He had gone to his bed, but fortunately came in mind of the young painter before he fell asleep. So he rose immediately, and came with a lantern, in great concern lest the callant should have been the waur o't in his mind. However, he found him quite right in that respect, although there's no saying what a whole night spent in the dark in such a place might have done.'

'Hech, but light's precious,' said Sanders, looking queerwise at the candle; 'if one only can be sure that it comes in a right way. Aih, provost, ye're surely no canny.'

'You're nothing but a fule, Sanders,' says the provost. 'Did ye never see a candle lighted before?'

'Ou ay, mony a time—but in sic a way! Have a care of us! I hope naething will come of it to harm my house, or the wife and bairns. I thought the black airt had been a' at an end; but I see wonders will never cease.'

And so the chat went on again, with a great deal of fun about Sanders's fright, which we all thought had been extremely well managed, the fearsome story of the young painter having wrought his nerves up finely for the start at the flash of the light. At last, after a great deal of joking and nonsense, when we were all on our feet to go away, the provost took out the box of Sanders's and gave it as a present to Sanders, to make up for the

might he had got. Sanders was not for touching it at first, but he soon came round when the provost showed him the way to fight the matches. And then we all took our ways home, still laughing to ourselves at the rich treat of Sanders's frightened face, and thinking we never had had a funnier play in our born days.

It soon oozed out among the neighbours what a droll business there had been on Monday night at Sanders Niven's, and great was the curiosity to hear the story. So, night after night, parties of the town's folk met in Sanders's house to get it all from his own mouth over a jug of toddy, and see the lucifers lighted by way of illustration. It really turned out to be a grand business for Sanders, and the dean was not far wrong when he observed, in his pawky way, that Provost Dickison's lucifer match had kept the town in hot water for a fortnight.

## SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE BADGER.

THIS is one of those unhappy animals which have long met with disrespect and persecution through ignorance of their character, habits, and general relations to animated nature. These once known, prejudices discreditable alike to man's humanity and his intelligence, vanish; nothing in the scheme of creation appears unamiable or distorted, unless when viewed through the medium of an uninformed mind.

The badger (*Meles Taxus*) is arranged by naturalists under the ursine, or bear family, because, like these animals, it is *plantigrade*; that is, rests, in standing and walking, upon the whole length of that part of the hind limb extending between what in the horse, for example, is called the *hock*, to the toes; while other animals walk upon the toes (thence called *digitigrade*). It is separated, however, into a distinct genus, of which, according to many zoologists, it is the only species; while, according to others, there are three—namely, the common, American, and Indian—each distinguished by differences greater than what would warrant their being classed as mere varieties of a single species. Be this as it may, the type is exceedingly rare and peculiar; so peculiar, indeed, that one of the ablest illustrators of Cuvier remarks, 'We might imagine that it was withdrawn from the ordinary influences which operate on animal life by some particular and inexplicable power, had we not learned rather to distrust our own conjectures than to doubt of the power, the wisdom, and the infinite benevolence of the Creator.' Agreeing with those who regard the badger as forming a distinct genus, under which are comprehended the three species above-mentioned, we shall confine our description to the common, or European species, merely remarking, that the others differ in some particulars of colour, size, length of snout, &c. more interesting to the professed zoologist than to the general reader.

The common badger (*M. Vulgaris*) is as large as a middle-sized dog, but stands much lower on the legs, and has a broader and flatter body. The head is long and pointed, like that of the bears, and the ears are almost concealed. The hair is uniformly long and coarse over the whole body, nearly touching the ground when the animal walks; and, being directed backwards, hides the greater part of the tail, which is only five or six inches in length. The body has a clumsy and shapeless appearance. In most animals, the darker shades of colour are found to predominate on the back and upper parts of the body, and the lighter shades below; but in the badgers this system is reversed. The head of the European species, for instance, is white, except the region of the chin, which is black, and two stripes of the same colour which rise on each side from the corners of the mouth, and after passing backwards, and enveloping the eye and ear, terminate at the junction of the head and neck. The throat, belly, and legs are

covered with a short black hair, and the sides and back with long hair of an ash-gray. The hair on the upper parts, however, has three different colours—being yellowish-white next the skin, black at the middle, and ash-gray towards the tips which form the external or visible portion. The skin of the animal is amazingly thick and tough; the muscles of the legs and feet, which are armed with digging claws, possess vast strength; and the jaws, from their peculiar articulation, are capable of holding on with greater tenacity than those of any other animal of double the size. In the badger we find a structure not capable of much agility, but eminently calculated for resistance and endurance. To add to its powers of defence, it is furnished, like some other animals, with a mephitic sac, by which it is enabled to surround itself with an atmosphere calculated to repel many of its enemies.

Although scattered over the northern regions of Europe and Asia, the badger is everywhere a rare animal; and in countries such as Britain, rapidly disappearing before the progress of cultivation. It frequents woods and wilds, retiring to the most solitary places, and digging for itself a burrow in some dry knoll, or taking possession of any rocky crevice or cavern which may present itself. In general it loves to fashion its own burrow, which in sandy districts consists of several winding passages and recesses, apparently formed for greater security. During danger, it retires to some of these crossings, artfully choking up the entrance with earth; and thus we have seen two days spent in digging towards the end of a burrow, while the animal lay snugly secure in one of the side recesses, which had been passed undetected by its pursuers. The burrowing powers of the badger are of the first order, and should its hole be defiled by other animals during its absence, or be subject to wet, it instantly removes, and forms for itself another habitation. Its burrow is thus regarded as a model of cleanliness, and stories are told by naturalists of the fox intentionally defiling the badger's lair, in order that he might obtain possession of a dwelling without the labour of constructing it. We cannot vouch for the truth of such stories; but this we know, that few animals are more scrupulous with regard to the cleanliness and comfort of their dwellings, or labour at their construction with greater ardour and perseverance. On this head M. F. Cuvier gives the following anecdote of two young badgers which he kept in a moat surrounded by walls, and having a large mound of earth in the middle:—'On being transferred to the moat, they first sought all round the walls for a place in which they could dig. Having discovered an empty space between two stones, the upper of which was projecting, they tried to increase it; but as it was rather elevated, they were obliged to stand on their hind feet to reach it, and with much difficulty they tore away the plaster and stone which they wanted to get rid of. The male would then several times lie down at the foot of the wall, and the female mount upon his body to reach the hole more easily, which she was trying to augment. When they found all their efforts were useless, they recommenced operations under another large stone, the only one in the place beside the former which projected; but here they encountered a resistance they could not overcome. Tired of their vain attempts on the sides of the walls under projecting stones, they turned their attention to the mound of earth, and worked, the female especially, with uncommon assiduity. At first they made little trenches all about the mound, as if to intercept and lead off the rain that might fall upon it, and then fixed themselves exactly opposite the place where they had made their second attempt against the wall. They commenced by removing the earth with their nose, then they made use of their fore paws to dig and fling the earth backwards between their hind legs. When this was accumulated to a certain amount, they threw it still farther with their hind paws; and finally, when the most distant heap of earth impeded the clearance they were making from the hole, they would

come walking backwards to remove it still farther, making use both of their hind and fore paws in this operation, and they never returned to work at their burrow until they had completely removed this heap of mould out of their way. During the night the burrow was finished.

The badger is nocturnal—sleeping all day at the bottom of its burrow, and moving about during the night in search of food. So strictly nocturnal, indeed, are its habits, that though we have kept watch in a wood, where there could not be less than sixty individuals, we never yet detected one moving about before nightfall, or later than sunrise, unless perhaps an anxious female dragging leaves and dried grass for the accommodation of her future young, and then the slightest rustle would make her dive into her den till evening. The members of this horde were equally solitary as shy, and, save during the love season, a couple of badgers was almost as rare a phenomenon as a couple of phoenixes. Respecting the food of the badger, much misrepresentation prevails, and the poor animal is often hunted down for the destruction of game, poultry, and even young lambs, of which it is wholly innocent. Roots, fallen fruits, nuts, grains, and the like, constitute its principal sustenance; though it is not averse to young birds, eggs, mice, and other vermin which may fall in its way. In captivity, flesh, eggs, bread, fish, fruits, nuts, roots, and grain, constitute its diet indifferently; but in a state of nature, its search is for vegetable, and not for animal food. Sportsmen and gamekeepers, who wage a war of extermination with the badger, have therefore very little, if any ground, for their hostility. We have known the poor fellow, bond and free, for the last twenty years, and justice compels us to set down an occasional partridge's or pheasant's egg, a dish of young rabbits or leverets, or a disabled pullet, as the head and front of his offending. Indeed the animal is rendered unfit for the chase by its peculiar structure, and few creatures, unless taken by surprise, could possibly become its victims, even were it carnivorously inclined. Depredations laid to its charge are in most cases committed by the fox, which frequently takes possession of its burrow, and this misleads the farmer, who traces the theft to the house, without considering who is the responsible tenant. The badger is by no means voracious: a small quantity of food suffices; and yet few animals are so uniformly plump and in good condition. This is mainly owing to the great amount of rest which it enjoys—sleeping at ease the whole of the day, and being dormant for a number of weeks during the cold of winter. Indeed cold weather, winter or summer, keeps him within his den; and he would rather fast for a week than set his nose to a sharp north-easter, even in the month of June. On the whole, Professor Liebig could not find, within the range of animated nature, a more apt illustration of his fattening theory than in the badger, which, in the enjoyment of rest, warmth, cleanliness, and darkness, becomes as fat as an ortolan on the scantiest fare. Its flesh, like that of the bear, is said to be highly savoury, and though the poorest Briton may turn up his nose at the idea, the richest mandarin in China could not have a greater delicacy set before him. Thus it is that a well-fatted badger is as saleable a commodity in the flesh-markets of Peking as a haunch of venison in the shambles of London.

Naturalists have generally represented the badger as stupid and inactive in the extreme. This is far from the truth, if meant to apply to the animal when in the enjoyment of its natural freedom, though in captivity it appears sullen and morose—the more so because exhibited during the day, the very period most at variance with all its habits and instincts. If taken young and kindly treated, it may be taught to follow like a dog, and to understand coaxing and reproof almost as quickly as some varieties of the canine species. When tamed, it readily distinguishes its master, but is apt to revert to sullen fits, and to bite, when meddled with by those with whom it is unacquainted. That it possesses great

activity and perseverance, the story related by M. F. Cuvier fully demonstrates; and few who have studied it in its native haunts can doubt of its sagacity. We have often admired the sense which the badger displays on a windy night in autumn, when the ground is of course sure to be strewn with fruits and nuts shaken from the trees. It may have slept in utter idleness for a fortnight before; but scarcely has the wind arisen, when forth it sallies, apparently determined to act upon the old maxim of making hay when the sun shines. That it is not the stupid and sluggish creature represented, is disproved by its burrow, which at all times is a model of cleanliness and comfort; and the artful manner in which it sometimes closes the mouth of its den, so as to make it look desolate and deserted, evinces a degree of cunning little inferior to that displayed by the fox. Its scent is keen, and the care with which it tries to avoid being entrapped is often highly amusing. We recollect an old dog-badger (in the wood to which we have alluded) against which as old a gamekeeper carried on relentless hostilities, but for a long time to no purpose. One whole summer was consumed in manœuvring to entrap him; winter came round, and his dormancy obtained him some respite. Next summer, on hostilities being resumed, he shifted his burrow; but this availed him little—the gamekeeper hemmed him in with his traps and dogs as closely as ever. However, to his new domicile he had had the sagacity to prepare two entrances; and October returned before his enemy, long-headed as he was, had made the discovery. Truce was accordingly made for another winter, only, however, to give breathing-time for redoubled activity and stratagem during the ensuing campaign. In May, one of the entrances was thoroughly closed, and the more exposed one surrounded by snares of various sorts; still badger was not to be done. It would have been easy to have despatched him with a rifle, for he was frequently seen during the moonlight nights and dewy mornings; but his capture, not his death, was the object of the enemy. At length the gamekeeper fell upon a scheme which proved in part successful. He abandoned the warfare for weeks, and took care that not a footstep should pass within several hundred yards of the burrow, in order to put badger off his guard, and allow him if possible to relapse into security. On a sudden the traps were reset, and the first night witnessed the capture of the female, which seemed young and 'green,' compared with her subtle and wary partner. After this the old dog did not show his nose above ground for a fortnight; so closely indeed did he keep to his den, that the enemy had almost given him up as dead of a broken heart. By and by he began to look out, and at last sallied forth either in quest of food or of another companion to keep his den warm. Now the devices of the pursuer were doubled on every side, but the scent of the old dog had not failed him; he once more abandoned his dwelling, and dug for himself another in one of the remotest corners of the forest. Being again detected, a new device was had recourse to, and the old dog-badger fell its victim. One night he was watched from a neighbouring tree until he had fairly quitted his lair, and during his absence all the approaches were beset with gins and traps. The gamekeeper and his party again ascended the tree, and as morning approached, a smart breeze and an early sun brushed away the dew, and obliterated every trace and scent of their feet. Here they watched with anxious impatience till badger was seen shuffling along towards his den, sniffing and scenting lest he should incautiously drop his foot into the trap he had so long and dexterously avoided. When about fifty yards from the burrow, notwithstanding all his caution, he trod upon the spring of a trap; smack it went; but the grass which concealed it muffled its action, and the old dog stood free. Now he was in double difficulty, and would undoubtedly have turned his back upon his new habitation, had not his pursuers dropped from the tree. This surprise discom-



certed him; he rushed blindly towards his burrow, and just when about to show them his tail, was caught by the last trap in his way, and made captive after a glorious resistance.

Like the bears, the badger has great power of claw, and like them, also, he bites with great force and tenacity. These powers, conjoined with a tough hide and coating of long hair, endow him with astonishing powers of resistance; and thus he was at one time made the object of cruel sport to the populace of this country. Badger-baiting, once so prevalent in rural districts, is now almost unknown, though the change, we believe, has been brought about as much by the increasing scarcity of the animal, as by the improved morality of the people. Those who consider the badger as a stupid and insignificant animal, had only to see him upon these occasions to be convinced of his strength and courage. Chained by the hind-leg, and cooped in a barrel with one of the ends broken out, but furnished with some cross bars to afford him points of defence, poor badger was placed in the midst of the village green, and successively baited by the dogs of the neighbourhood, an umpire being placed to administer a sort of justice between his exhibitor and the owners of his antagonists. Stakes were generally taken and forfeited—paid by the former if the dogs drew forth the badger from his crib, and by the latter if he resisted their efforts, or sent them off limping and howling from the wounds he had inflicted. The last exhibition of this kind which we witnessed was in a Lowland village about fourteen years ago. Badger had dismissed a dozen dogs bleeding and cowed from his den, and his keeper had pocketed as many half-crowns, when his own dog—one of the best baiters in the district—was let loose. The badger, being worn out, was, after a short struggle, drawn from his den; but when out, the dog proceeded too incautiously to turn him over, and in doing so received a mortal wound in the abdomen. This so enraged the exhibitor, that the poor brock (a name common in Scotland, and also in Germany for the badger) was thrown exposed to the other dogs, against the remonstrances of the spectators, whose sympathies were now on the side of the sufferer: a melee ensued, and broken heads and blackened eyes terminated the disgraceful scene. We believe this was the last exhibition of the kind in that district, over which the hand of cultivation has passed so thoroughly, that not a badger is now to be found; and over which, let us add with pride, that culture of another kind has made such progress, that though the animal did exist in scores, no man would incur the odium which the inhumanity of badger-baiting were sure to bring down upon him.

Notwithstanding that the cruel sport of baiting is all but abandoned, the badger is still hunted and destroyed without cause wherever he is found to exist. Did we cook him as they do in China, or did we hunt him for his skin and hair, which are really valuable, there might be some ground of excuse; but no economical object being in view, it is out of mere wantonness and unthinking cruelty that sportsmen and others continue the war of extermination. The fox, as a destroyer of game and poultry, becomes an enemy in civilised countries; the badger, as a solitary, shy, retiring animal, innocuous in all its habits and pursuits, may be fairly left to that natural process of extinction which evidently at no great distance awaits him. The elk, bear, beaver, wild boar, and wolf, have passed from the Fauna of our island within the historic period; why not let the scattered remnants of the badger follow in peace? But, independent of his quiet and innocuous habits, the badger has claims to man's forbearance and protection on other grounds: he is, says Professor Owen, 'the oldest known species of Mammal now living on the face of the earth.' Strange! that this despised and insignificant little animal can boast of a more ancient descent than any of his fellow quadrupeds; and that, though abused and trampled upon, he is in reality the oldest hereditary occupant of the British soil. His bones have been

found fossil in the lowest tertiary strata; he was the cotemporary of the megatheriums, mammoths, mastodons, and other huge mammalia of that period; he has survived those terrestrial changes under which they perished; and now haunts the woods and wilds of the present epoch as he did those of other eras before man was placed upon earth as the head of animated nature. What a wondrous tale would the history of this little animal unfold, could we trace it through all the changes which it must have witnessed from the dawn of its being until now! In all this the reflecting mind will find much to interest and instruct, and it may perhaps lead some to regard with a higher fellow-feeling even the humblest living unit in creation. That which the Creator has so long upheld, cannot be without its uses in the complicated scheme of nature; and let us rest assured, that where we do not appreciate, it is because through our ignorance we are unable to comprehend.

#### PALLME'S TRAVELS IN KORDOFAN.

For a number of years Egypt has offered a field for mercantile enterprise to different European nations—Germans, Italians, French, and English, having each endeavoured, under sufferance of the Pacha, to open up and push speculations into new channels. As commercial men seldom write books, the world is left somewhat in the dark respecting the condition and prospects of Egypto-Frankish trading establishments, and we only now learn from a work before us—'Travels in Kordofan'\*—that mercantile houses send out missions for purposes of trade into remote regions in the occupancy of Mehemet Ali. The work to which we refer is singular of its kind—the journey of a commercial traveller in Central Africa—and furnishes us with a variety of information regarding districts which have hitherto, from their remoteness, been little visited or known. The writer, Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian by birth, was deputed by an establishment at Cairo to undertake a journey to Kordofan, in the hope of discovering new channels of traffic; and therefore, to men engaged in large commercial transactions with Africa, the details presented on the subject of trade will doubtless possess a peculiar value. A few extracts from the information of a more general nature comprised in the volume will perhaps be perused with interest by our readers.

Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Africa, conquered and held in tribute by the viceroy of Egypt, is for the most part a desert region, with few towns beside Lobeid, the capital, and inhabited by mixed races, among which Arabs and negroes form no inconsiderable portion. The people for the most part lead a wandering life, occupying themselves with flocks and herds, and engaging in a little traffic with the Egyptians, or in slave hunts among neighbouring nations, at the instigation of the remorseless government to which they have become subject. Certain districts are luxuriant and beautiful, comparable indeed only to an earthly paradise, but the climate is far from wholesome, and for some months the heat is insupportable. During the middle of the day, or from eleven to three o'clock, the thermometer, we are told, stands at from 117 to 122 degrees, and no breathing creature can then remain in the open air. 'Man sits during these hours as if in a vapour bath, his cheerfulness of disposition declines, and he is almost incapable of thought; listless, and with absence of mind, he stares vacantly before him, searching in vain for a cool spot. The air breathed

\* 1 vol. 8vo. London: Madden and Co. 1844.



is as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy, that it becomes a trouble even to move a limb. All business ceases, everything is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and coolness recalls men and animals again into life and activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp, that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe during the severest winter, for the consequences frequently prove fatal. Throughout the year day and night are equally divided, and, as in all tropical countries, there is no twilight; for with sunset night begins. During the dry season, everything appears desolate and dismal: the plants are burned up; the trees lose their leaves and appear like broom; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps toward the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another.

Droughts of more than usual severity, by ruining the harvest and destroying the vegetation, lead to great misery, in consequence of the inability of the people to meet the excessive taxation imposed by the government. 'In the year 1838 the inhabitants of several villages were forced, in consequence of an unsuccessful harvest, to take refuge in a forest, and to live upon fruits, and on milk; but the government knew very well where to find them, and took away all their cattle. When a village has nothing left wherewith to pay its taxes, it is obliged to find a certain number of slaves, who are drafted as recruits into the various regiments, or publicly sold; in the former case, the government receives these slaves at a value of 150 to 300 piastres (L.1, 10s. to L.3) each; children at 30 piastres, or more; but always below the market price, in order that Mehemet Ali, the great slave-merchant, may gain something by the bargain at the expense of his oppressed subjects. A great portion of the imposts is even now paid in slaves; and on these occasions truly revolting scenes frequently take place. It is, indeed, much easier in this country to find a slave than a doer of ready money, and this state of things is on the increase. With what right, may I ask, is Mehemet Ali called by many Europeans the civiliser of his country, when we have ample proof of his forcing his people to steal slaves in order to be able to satisfy his claims as regent? The author proceeds to show, that by properly bringing out the resources of the country, the seizure of slaves for revenue might be altogether avoided; but while the present ruler of Egypt exists, there can be no anticipations of any such change. Slave-hunting continues to this day in Senaar by his authority, and thousands of unhappy beings are annually carried off by violence to be sold in the market of Cairo, and sent to different parts of the Levant. We gladly turn from the description given by the author of these horrors to matters somewhat more pleasing.

Among some of the tribes in Kordofan travellers are received with great kindness; everything they can require is brought freely to them, and a hut is abandoned to their service. On one occasion M. Pallme experienced friendly treatment of this nature in the house of a sheikh of the Bakkara, where he had an opportunity of attending the toilet of an African lady. 'The women and girls are very talkative and friendly with those they know; they all shook hands with me, and made repeated inquiries about my health, and frequently asked me what I wished to eat or drink. Nor are they by any means shy, for I even had the opportunity of being present at the toilet of a sheikh's wife. The lady sat on a bedstead surrounded by a number of young and beautiful negro girls, upon each of whom a particular duty was incumbent. One fanned away the flies from her face, another from her neck, a third from her hair, an occupation requiring several

hours for its performance; for it is no easy task to open all the matted curls with a single pointed wooden peg. A third slave washed her feet; a fourth ground sulphur to a fine powder between two stones; another slave held a gourd filled with merissa in her hand, to offer her mistress a cooling draught whenever she might demand it; while another girl held a cup containing more than one pound of melted butter, which was poured over the lady's head as soon as the hair was undone. All the butter that dropped off her hair to her back was rubbed in over the whole body by an additional attendant. In conclusion, her head was powdered with the fine flour of sulphur, which was strewn by handfuls over her greasy hair, where every single grain remained adherent. A massive golden ring was now inserted in her nostrils, and two bracelets of ivory, about two inches in breadth, were put upon her arms. On her forehead three pieces of amber, about the size of a gold coin, were hung, and round her neck were put several strings of beads formed of Bohemian glass. A piece of cotton stuff was wound round her loins, the one end of which was thrown gracefully over her right shoulder, and thus the toilet of this black princess was completed. She now admired herself once more in the mirror, represented by half a gourd filled with water. \* \* \* The women are, without exception, handsome, and are treated very well by their husbands. Their occupation consists in cooking and attending to other domestic duties.'

Superstitions of various kinds prevail among this simple people, one being a belief in the power of charms and amulets, to which they resort for relief in cases of illness. On one occasion our traveller, when struck with a serious malady which would not yield to the medicines with which he was provided, was subjected to the imaginary influence of different charms, and these failing in their efficacy, a plan almost certain to kill or cure was resorted to. 'As soon as the prophetess had taken her departure, the women lifted me out of bed, seated me down on a bundle of straw with my back to the door, took off my shirt, and, as I was too weak to sit in an upright position, held me up by passing their arms under mine. I suddenly felt a shock through my whole frame which deprived me of breath for a few moments, for they poured a whole bucketful of cold spring water over my feverish body. Hundreds of others would have instantly expired, but my good constitution enabled me to survive this douche. I was immediately dried, returned to bed, and covered with empty sacks and sheep-skins. I felt somewhat relieved, and fell asleep, a refreshment I had not enjoyed for a long time. On awaking, the women told me that I had perspired but very slightly, and that the douche must be repeated to put me into a thorough sweat. I allowed this hazardous proceeding to be repeated, because I had no other choice. The operation was performed in the same manner as on the former occasion, but it did not produce so violent a shock, because I was prepared for it. After this bath I perspired so freely, that, on waking, I believed myself to be in a second bath. This proceeding, however, broke through the chain of morbid symptoms, and I felt so much relieved, that I was able to rise from my bed and walk about for a short time in the shade of the palm-trees. As soon as the rumour spread in the village that I was recovering, the inhabitants all flocked around to greet me, and to congratulate me on my convalescence. A fire was lighted before my hut at night, round which the people danced at my recovery. I regaled them with merissa, and all were happy and merry. My convalescence proceeded now very rapidly, and I was in a short time able to resume my journey.'

In Kordofan, as in many countries in the East, beings of imbecile intellect are esteemed a species of saints, or, as, says Pallme, 'direct apostles of God, to inform the children of man of their destiny.' These poor wretches are all but idolized, every one being anxious to show them the utmost respect. When they walk through the

streets, they are stopped by old and young, who kiss their face, hands, and even their feet, and offer them everything they wish for. Beings of this description are generally very apathetic, and accept little or nothing; they are, in fact, generally to be met dressed in the most disgusting clothes, in rags, or utterly naked, although they would be provided with the finest raiment if they merely expressed the slightest wish. Their parents, sisters, or other relations, on the other hand, know how to turn their misfortune to the best account, and accept considerable presents for their intercession with these saints, or for procuring others an opportunity of consulting this oracle. They give the most ridiculous answers to questions that are put to them, partly as a consequence of their fatuity, and partly because taught to do so; it is, indeed, scarcely possible at times to guess at their meaning. The more absurd the answer, the more contented is the party interested; and absolutely delighted if he can only make out a single word of the whole rhodomontade which in the slightest agrees with his wishes. Besides these saints, there are others, and Fakéers, who write amulets, which the women wear on their arms or heads. The latter profession is exceedingly lucrative, and I have seen several persons who had made a small fortune in this manner, and well understood the art of imposing on the people, and of persuading them to purchase a fresh charm, although experience must have convinced them of the futility of the last.

At Lobeid the traveller visited the hospital set apart for the sick troops of Mehemet Ali, and presents a graphic picture of this miserable den, which, under the charge of an ignorant Arabian apothecary, is held in horror by the invalided soldiers who are forced within its walls. 'The apothecary, who performed the duty of the medical man in the infirmary, paid his visit once daily, and on his arrival there, it depended, properly speaking, on the nurses what medicines the patients should take. This apothecary usually commenced a categorical conversation with the nurse, without seeing the patients; the following dialogue took place during one of my visits to the establishment.

*Apothecary.* How is No. 1?

*Nurse.* He is still feverish.

*Apoth.* It cannot be helped, for I have not had a drachm of quinine for several months past, and I have no other febrifuge; he will get better in time without physic. How is No. 2?

*Nurse.* He died last night.

*Apoth.* And is No. 3 no better?

*Nurse.* He wants nothing further, for in two or three days he will be dead.

*Apoth.* How is No. 7?

*Nurse.* I don't understand his complaint. The patients tell me he has not been able to sleep for the last four nights; he has no appetite, and is continually vomiting.

*Apoth.* (Making up some tincture of opium, which he gives to the nurse.) There, that is to make him sleep; I know nothing about the other symptoms. What does No. 8 say for himself? Has his dysentery diminished?

*Nurse.* No, it has rather increased, and it will probably be all over with him this evening, so he wants nothing more; but No. 9 may be discharged to-day.

*Apoth.* How is No. 35?

*Nurse.* I think he ought to be bled, for the inflammation increases.

*Apoth.* I will have nothing at all to do with venesection, for I might be placed in the same unpleasant position as Dr Ali Effendi, from whose pay three hundred piastres were deducted because he divided the artery in performing the operation, and the soldier was invalided. Is there no increase?

*Nurse.* Three patients; two fevers, and I don't know what is the matter with the third, but my comrades think it is gout.

Such is the form of medical practice in this place of misery, from which few inmates, as we are told, escape

with life. The narrator observes, that 'if the other inhabitants of Lobeid died in the same ratio, the capital of Kordofan would be totally depopulated in less than fifty years.'

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

ALTHOUGH canals were in use in China and Egypt at a comparatively early date, and were adopted in Holland, Italy, and France in the beginning of the seventeenth century, yet this country was without any such means of transit until 1761. In that year the first English canal was opened, and for it we are indebted to the subject of these memoirs.

Francis Egerton, sixth Earl, and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born on the 21st May 1736. He was the youngest of five sons, all of whom appear to have been sickly, and, except himself, short-lived. Before he had attained the age of eleven, his father and three of his brothers had died. His brother John, who succeeded to the title, only enjoyed it for a short time, and on the 26th of February 1747-8, Francis became Duke of Bridgewater at the early age of twelve. Various circumstances concurred to prevent his education from being well attended to. His mother married, in the first year of her widowhood, Sir Thomas Littleton, and consequently he had but a small share of her attention and guardianship. He was, moreover, so weak and sickly, that his mental capacity was at one time suspected, and steps were taken to set him aside in favour of the next heir to the title. These were not, however, persevered in, and his health improved with his growth. His guardians sent him at the age of seventeen to make the tour of Europe, selecting for his companion and tutor Robert Wood, an eminent traveller, and author of the well-known works on Troy, Baalbec, and Palmyra. It is supposed that the artificial water-courses which he saw in the south of France and in Italy left impressions which had an effect long afterwards in determining his mind to those works by which his name has become famous. Little, however, can be ascertained concerning this tour, and there is no reason to believe that the young duke visited Holland, which has always been the head quarters of canals and canal navigation. Neither is it clearly known how he employed himself from his return to England to the attainment of his majority. It is, however, certain that he went through the career of fashionable young men of that age and date. The Racing Calendar bears witness that in 1756 he began to keep race-horses. He occasionally rode races in person; for, although in after-years a bulky man, he was at this period so extremely light and slender, that a bet was jestingly offered that he would be blown off his horse. One of his racing feats was performed in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. As an illustration of the sort of amusements in which the aristocracy indulged at that period, we may add, that during his royal highness's visit, a building was hastily run up at Trentham, for the playing of skittles. Prison-bars, and other village games, were also instituted for the recreation of the noble guests.

A romantic circumstance is said to have caused the young Duke of Bridgewater to banish himself from the fashionable world and its follies. The reigning beauties of the court at that time were two daughters of an Irish gentleman named Gunning, the elder of whom had married Lord Coventry, the other being the young widow of James, Duke of Hamilton. With the widowed beauty his grace of Bridgewater fell violently in love; his suit was accepted, and the preliminaries of the marriage were entered on. But some rumours detrimental to the reputation of Lady Coventry meanwhile reached his ears, and believing them, perhaps too hastily, he attempted to hamper the match with the condition, that the lady of his choice should

give up her intimacy with the object of suspicion. Sisterly affection, as might be expected, revolted at such a condition; but the duke persevered, and the negotiation was broken off. Not many months after, the Duchess of Hamilton married John Campbell, afterwards the Duke of Argyll. That prince of gossips, Horace Walpole thus alludes to the affair in his letter to Marshal Conway, dated January 28, 1759: 'You and M. de Boreil may give yourself what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours; everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry.'

So little did the duke like the match, so deep an impression had the lady made on his heart, that, says the *Quarterly Review*,\* 'to a great extent he abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic,' continues the reviewer, 'might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley† his confessor, and died a benefactor to mankind.' Good reasons may, however, be adduced to prove that less morbid, certainly more manly motives, induced Duke Francis to retire from fashionable life, for the purpose of carrying out his great project. We have before had occasion to remark, that the historians of celebrated persons often display a propensity to impute the first impulses of genius to some striking incident, and this appears to be the case in the present instance. Firstly, we find that the young duke did not immediately betake himself to the bogs of Lancashire on breaking off the match with his mistress, for another of Horace Walpole's epistles (one dated March 9, 1759, and addressed to Sir Horace Mann) relates that Bridgewater gave a grand ball at his house in London, and this was at least three months after the Duchess of Hamilton's engagement to 'Jack Campbell' became publicly known. Again, all the time the Duke of Bridgewater was courting the beautiful widow, another and far less romantic business was going on in which he had a warm interest, namely, a bill in parliament to enable him to cut the very canal to which he afterwards devoted his exclusive attention. The royal assent was given to this bill in the same month in which the grand ball occurred. The ball, indeed, may have been given to celebrate the passing of the bill. It is clear, however, that immediately after he had armed himself with an act of parliament, he vigorously set to work to carry out its provisions.

Among other possessions which he inherited, the duke had extensive coal-fields at Worsley, about seven miles from Manchester. This valuable property lay unproductive and untouched, merely because the expense of land-carriage would have raised the remunerative price of the coals above their market value. It was to remedy this that the young duke obtained parliamentary authority to form a canal from Worsley to Salford, adjoining Manchester. To carry out the provisions of the act, with a resolution which, in a man only one year past his majority, was as rare as it was praiseworthy, he turned his back on all the fascinations and *éclat* of a London life, to seek his residence in the Worsley manor-house, insalubriously situated on the edge of Chat Moss. Possessed of large though somewhat encumbered estates, he confined his personal expenditure to within £400 per annum, resolving to devote every remaining shilling of his income to his novel and arduous undertaking. Happily, in looking round for practical aides, his choice fell on two persons who, of all others, were best able to work out his design. These were James Brindley and John Gilbert. The

former was a mill-wright, who, though he had obtained some reputation from improvements made in silk-weaving and in grinding flints for the Staffordshire potteries, was yet willing to engage himself to his noble employer at the low salary of half-a-crown per day, which was afterwards raised to one guinea per week. Gilbert (brother of Thomas Gilbert who originated the parochial unions which bear his name) was a land agent, and acted for the duke in the capacity of overseer, engineer, and general man of business. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village-inn, these two men of simple means and humble attire planned and contrived from time to time the practical details of the duke's undertaking.

During the early progress of the work, it was discovered that the line chosen and prescribed in the act of parliament would be less advantageous to the public than if it were carried into Manchester, with a branch to Longford bridge, Stretford. But to effect this, two formidable difficulties presented themselves: in the first place, a new act would have to be obtained; in the second, a river (the Irwell) was to be crossed. The interest and political connexions of the duke soon got over the first difficulty; but the idea of a canal being made to cross another water-course, never having entered the head of any engineer of the day, was deemed utterly impracticable. Brindley, however, was not so easily daunted. After a careful survey of the new line, he decided upon building an aqueduct over the Irwell near Barton bridge. The notion was looked upon by those who were made acquainted with it much in the same light as we now regard aerial navigation—as an insane project never to be realised. Even the duke was startled, and called in the advice of a second engineer eminent in his day, but rendered only eminent since by the unhappy reply he made to the duke when the site of the proposed aqueduct was shown to him. 'I have often heard,' he said, 'of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected.' Nothing daunted by this verdict, the duke ordered the aqueduct to be commenced. The works, begun in 1760, were carried on with so much energy and success, that on the 17th of July 1761 the aqueduct was ready for water to be admitted into it. This was an intensely anxious moment for all parties concerned. The duke and Gilbert remained cool and collected, to superintend the operation which was to confirm or confute the clamour with which the project had been assailed. Brindley, however, unequal to the crisis, ran away, and hid himself in Stretford. The water was admitted into the artificial channel, and instead of causing the arches to give way, as had been prognosticated, it passed over them without one drop oozing through; and has continued—necessary repairs excepted—to do so from that day to the present. This was a great triumph in many respects, for it proved at a glance the superiority of still water to running streams for navigation to whoever watched the contrast presented by the transit on the canal above to that on the river below. Nothing surprised spectators more than to see 'a boat loaded with forty tons drawn over the aqueduct with great ease by a mule or a couple of men, while below, against the stream of the Irwell, persons had the pain of beholding ten or twelve men tugging at an equal draught.'

The vast expense incurred by these works often involved the Duke of Bridgewater in perplexing pecuniary struggles. It is well known that at one time his credit was so low, that his bill for £500 could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties, Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers small sums (some of them as low as £10), which, when collected, were sufficient to meet the pressing demands for

\* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxiii. p. 305.

† For a life of this celebrated engineer, see vol. III. page 141, of this Journal.

\* The history of the Inland Navigations, particularly that of the Duke of Bridgewater. London, 1785.

Saturday night. On one of these occasions an adventure befell him of no very agreeable nature. While journeying on, he was joined by a horseman who, after some conversation, proposed that they should change horses, and as the stranger's may have been the better of the two, Gilbert consented, and the man rode off. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, who, addressing him as if he were perfectly cognisant of the object of his journey, 'hoped his saddle-bags were well filled.' The mystery was presently explained; for Gilbert discovered that he changed horses with a highwayman whose steed had become so notorious on the road, as to increase to a dangerous degree the danger of recognition and capture by the officers of justice.\* Gilbert was seldom unsuccessful in these borrowing expeditions, so highly was his master respected all over the country, and the duke was enabled to struggle on to the completion of his project. The whole of the works, including eighteen miles of underground canal in the Worsley coal mines, are said to have cost £168,000.

This enormous outlay must have brought a rapid return, for scarcely had the first project been completed, when the duke obtained from parliament (in 1762) the necessary powers to extend his canal to Liverpool by the river Mersey. Subsequent acts were granted, and the duke, with the assistance of his skilfully, Brindley, finished this extended line in five years. It is twenty-seven miles long, and all on the same level, so that no more than one lock was necessary; but some of the embankments are very high, for the canal is carried over broad and deep valleys, and crosses the Mersey and the Bollon. Of course, the instant the greater work was completed, additional pecuniary returns poured in to repay the persevering duke for all his outlay and anxieties. Nor was he the only person benefited. To show what advantages the public reaped from his undertakings, it is only necessary to state, that, previous to the opening of the canal, the charge for carriage by water was 12s. per ton, and by land 40s., whilst by the mode of transit he had established, it was reduced to 6s., or exactly one-half less than the cheaper of the old modes of conveyance. The Worsley and Manchester Canal reduced the price of coals in the latter town by more than one-half; for the old charge was 7d. per cwt., while the duke's coal was sold for 3½d., and six score were given to the hundred-weight.

These overwhelming advantages soon induced others to imitate the Duke of Bridgewater's example. In 1766 the Grand Trunk navigation was commenced, and finished in 1777. It joins the duke's canal at Preston Brook, uniting it with the river Trent, Birmingham, London, and Bristol. After this, artificial water-courses were cut in every part of this country—

Till smooth canals, across the extended plain,  
Stretch their long arms to join the distant main. \* \*  
O'er the lone waste the silver urn they pour,  
And cheer the barren heath and sullen moor. \* \*  
Now meeting streams in artful mazes glide,  
While each unmingled pours a separate tide;  
Now through the hidden veins of earth they flow,  
And visit sulphurous mines and caves below;  
The ductile streams obey the guiding hand,  
And social plenty circles round the land.†

Thus, from the comparatively small beginning made by the Duke of Bridgewater's Worsley Canal, every district of Great Britain is now intersected with these convenient water-courses, of which we can trace on the map 110 lines, amounting in length to 2400 miles.

When the Grand Trunk Canal was finished, branching as it did into the Bridgewater line, it of course brought to the latter a vast accession of traffic; but the duke liberally forbore to raise the dues, as he well might have done. It is likely, however, that he could, even at

that early period of his success, well afford to act with liberality. That he was no loser by his forbearance, may be inferred from the fact, that when Mr Pitt imposed an income tax in 1798, the return made by the man who had formerly been driven to the necessity of sending round to his neighbours to borrow small sums of money, was £110,000 per annum; and to the loyalty loan, asked by the government some years later, he contributed £100,000 at one time, and all in ready money!

It appears that, during the progress of his canals, the duke personally superintended the works with such assiduity, that he was familiarly known to almost every person in the neighbourhood, not only of Worsley, but of Manchester and Liverpool. 'His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighbourhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. "The duke's" horses still draw the duke's boats; the duke's coals still issue from the duke's levels; and when a question of price is under consideration—What will the duke say? is as constant an element of the proposition as if he were forthcoming in body to answer the question.\*'

Whether his mind was too deeply absorbed in canals to allow him to think of matrimony, or his love affair with the Duchess of Hamilton had really left a lasting impression, cannot of course be decided; but the duke lived and died a bachelor. It would seem that, during the after-part of his life, he seldom resided in London; at all events he kept no establishment there, but adopted the singular expedient of allowing a friend (Mr Carvill) £2000 a-year to be allowed to live with him when in town, and to invite what friends he pleased when he wished to entertain them. This engagement lasted till a late period of the duke's life, when the death of Mr Carvill ended the contract. The humble Worsley manor-house was most likely abandoned when his canals were completed. In 1797 we find him at Trentham, one of his great estates. Latterly, he acquired a taste for collecting pictures, which he did with such judgment and liberality, that, after his demise, his gallery was valued at £150,000.

The Duke of Bridgewater having by some accident taken a cold, which rapidly became aggravated to influenza, died at his house in Cleveland Row on the 8th of March 1803, in his sixty-seventh year. The property he left behind was immense; that in Lancashire alone having been estimated to produce from fifty to eighty thousand pounds per annum. This estate he bequeathed to his nephew, the late Duke of Sutherland, whose son, Lord Francis Egerton, now enjoys it. The dukedom became extinct, but the earldom descended to a distant relative.

The person of Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, was in his later days large and unwieldy; and he seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr Johnson. His habits were temperate for those days of hard drinking; but he was greatly addicted to tobacco. He is said to have smoked more than he talked. The pleasures of the table, and, indeed, domestic enjoyments in general, had few attractions for him. What has been said of his coadjutor Gilbert, may with justice be applied to his manners and character—namely, that he was a 'practical, persevering, out-door man.' He preserved his love of riding to the last; and even in his reduced establishment at Worsley there were two horses and a groom. He was taciturn on all subjects except on his favourite one of canals, upon which he always had much to say. As a proof of his far-sighted shrewdness, it is mentioned that, in a conversation with Lord Kenyon, about the time he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, when the learned judge

\* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxiii.  
† Mrs Barbauld.

\* Quarterly Review.

congratulated him on the result, 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those (we omit his grace's habitual oath) tram-roads.' How completely has this fear been realised! Railroads, of which the trams used at the Northumberland coal-mines in the duke's time were the forerunners, threaten so materially to affect the canal interests, that a paragraph has recently been going the round of the papers, by which an intention is intimated of draining the Bridge-water Canal, and to convert it into a railroad.

### JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

#### NIAGARA—HABITS OF CANADIAN FARMERS—CONCLUSION.

In spite of its coldness, the winter in America is more pleasant than in England; the air is more fresh, pure, and invigorating. In the middle of the day the firmament is all of a beautiful deep blue colour, and the sun, unveiled by a single cloud, shines down brightly and warmly. On a fine morning in the month of March I got up early to see the Falls of Niagara in their wintry aspect, having arrived at Drummondville late on the preceding evening. The scene was much more magnificent than in summer. From between banks whose dazzling white ground was relieved by dark green pines, the cataract came thundering down, bearing on its bosom immense masses of ice, which, suddenly transferred from the broad stream to the comparatively narrow passage at the commencement of the rapids, met with a thundering crash, and ground one another into myriads of fragments. Through the foam—which, being very little heavier than the atmosphere, descends slowly, and gives the whole mass an unnaturally sluggish appearance—the dark water might be seen flashing like lightning as it rushed headlong into the abyss below; although its ultimate fate was hidden by a column of vapour, which rose straight up to an immense height, till it faded gradually away in the still cold air. At length the sun appeared, tinged at first only some small clouds around it; but, as it rose higher and higher above the visible horizon, changing gradually the colour of the column of vapour from the top downwards, till at length the whole mass was of the most beautiful rose colour imaginable. This effect could only compare with an American sunset, which on some occasions would silence, I think, those critics who complain of the fantastic colouring of Turner's skies.

I had just enough of money to pay my fare to New York, though a rather scanty allowance for living on the road during a pedestrian journey. Nevertheless, I chose the latter, and having first written home to England, set out on foot for Albany, a distance of rather more than three hundred miles. I stopped, for different reasons, two or three days at various times during my journey, but still I made up the average distance of twenty miles a-day. The cost at the ordinary taverns through the state was a New York shilling, or twelve and a-half cents, for each meal, and the same for a bed. In most cases, however, nothing is charged for lodging, if supper and breakfast are taken at the same place. The meals are generally composed of the same materials; namely, tea and coffee, fried ham swimming in grease; sometimes fowls or fish, potatoes baked and boiled, apple and peach sauce, wheat and corn bread, dough nuts and other kinds of cakes; while apple pies, made in a soup plate, and of which each guest is helped to a quarter, invariably wind up the entertainment. A pot pie is also a favourite dish, by which is understood a pudding formed of some aged 'rooster,' or of the remains of yesterday's dinner, and sometimes of squirrel. It is a curious fact, that I always arrived the day after I had been something good at dinner; the landlord generally informing me, that if I had only come yesterday, I should have eaten one of the finest geese that he ever set upon; but still, who could complain, when

there was only some sixpence or sevenpence to pay? Whenever an empty sleigh passed by, according to the custom here, I might have jumped on without asking the driver's consent; but in general I preferred walking, as riding is very cold, unless one is well wrapped up in furs. Sometimes I entered into conversation with the farmers, who frequently invited me to their houses, and which invitation I sometimes accepted, especially if given when I was looking about for a tavern in which to pass the evening. In the middle of the state they are generally a well-educated and religious people, many of them teetotallers, and possessing an odd mixture of the characteristics of Puritans and Indians. From the latter they have acquired an air of profound indifference, under which, however, is concealed strong curiosity, and no small penetration in discovering other people's affairs. On one occasion I entered a house by the invitation of the 'boss.' He said to his wife—'This gentleman is Mr a-a-Smith, didn't you say?' turning to me. I had not yet mentioned my name, but I took this opportunity of saying that it was one of equal distinction. 'He is goin' to Troy,' continued the host, 'and I have asked him to stop with us to-night;' upon which I could do no less than correct his mistake, and inform him that my destination was Albany.

When a stranger comes in, those members of the family who are not engaged in any work sit down, and assuming a grave and reflective countenance, as if they were musing on the depravity of mankind, leave the conversation at first entirely to the head of the family. The wife occasionally puts in a word, but only when her curiosity is excited beyond the bounds of discretion; for the women here are very quiet, and by no means so fond of hearing their own most sweet voices as travellers pretend they are in some countries. The habit of asking questions, however, is certainly a national characteristic; and although it has been much ridiculed by strangers, I cannot help thinking it to be both natural and proper. The custom descended, no doubt, from the first settlers of the country. Let the veriest cockney in all London, one who boasts that he lives in a street with five hundred other fellow-beings, of whom he neither knows nor cares who is well and who is ill, who is happy or who is wretched—let him live in the backwoods, in a place where perhaps from one month to another he sees no human being but the one or two neighbours who live within several miles of him, and when he meets with a stranger, he will be as eager as any one to inquire about the world he has left behind, and to ask questions such as he would be willing to answer himself. After I knew the country, I always endeavoured to reply to others in a civil good-humoured way, and if I wished information myself, was answered in the like manner; but when I had any reason for withholding a reply as to the point referred to, I told them so, and it was neither intended for, nor considered a cause of offence. Their mode, however, of pumping out information is certainly very ingenuous; they set to work in a most systematic manner, pausing for a few minutes after each answer, as if employed in pointing the next question, so as to insure its bringing out as much matter as possible. The following is a specimen:—

'I expect you've travelled a goodish distance?'  
'I have come from Canada last.'  
'From Kingston, I guess?'  
'Yes; I stopped at Kingston some time.'  
'I reckon you live to London when you're hum?'  
'No; I have been there; but I was raised in Manchester.'

Here one of the boys, finding himself seated next to an Englishman, one of the 'bloody tyrants,' as his school-books tell him, involuntarily bursts out with the exclamation—'Only think!' upon which his father turns round sternly, and guesses that he 'had better go and fodder them horses.'

'Maybe the stranger is goin' to Palmyra,' observes the lady; but she repents it in a moment, for her husband turns round with a look of wrath at this infringement



on his prerogatives, and as punishment to the family in general for the sins thus committed by two of its members; and as a warning for the future, he remains silent and sulky for full ten minutes. However, he finds presently that I am quite willing to speak, and after answering his questions about the sea, the whales, the ship I came over in, and informing him how many times I was sick, and how I felt in that state; when I came to descriptions of England generally, and of London in particular, and of those objects so particularly interesting to Americans, the Tower of London and the Thames Tunnel, all his assumed apathy vanishes. Drawing his chair close to mine, he pours out his questions volley after volley in rapid succession, while the other members of the family, taking courage from his good humour, gradually one by one follow his example, until at length, though I work hard, and turn my head spasmodically from one to another, they get ahead of me in the questions in spite of my utmost. However, at the first pause I take my turn, and begin to retaliate. I ask the host how much land he has, and how much it cost; how many horses, and their value; and inquire the given names (so called because there are very few Christian names in America) and the ages of all his children; who Theodosia, or rather Theodosy, was called after; and whether Euphrosy had had the measles. I may here remark, that I, having old country prejudices strong upon me, took off my hat when sitting down in a private house; but it was a very unnecessary mark of politeness, and one that was not appreciated here.

This was the ordinary form of conversation; but I should have mentioned previously the ordinary introduction of the parties to each other, although this applies to the more western portions of my route. The traveller walks in without knocking, and takes his seat quietly by the fireside. The family look at him gravely, but accidentally, as it were, and without more appearance of interest than if he were a portion of the stool he occupied. His presence is not to be felt; he is to be regarded not as a person who has come in, but as one who is in. Should a meal happen presently to be set down, he in some cases draws in his chair as a matter of course; in others, he receives just such a hint as one of the family might expect. Not a word is said about the duration of the visit. The evening passes in conversation, and when the hour of retiring comes, the goodwife remarks carelessly to her guest, 'I guess you would like to go to bed?' In the morning the stranger gets up when he hears the family stir, and if industriously inclined, goes out with the boss, and puts his hand to any work that may be going on. In due time he returns to breakfast, and sits down to the meal with the independence of a man who has fairly earned his board and lodging.

But the uniformity of the traveller's life is sometimes broken in upon by the incidents which unsettle for a time the best regulated families, such as marriages and deaths, bees or frolics, and evening visitings. As for births, I could never learn that any impropriety of the kind takes place in America. If it does, the whole affair is kept quiet; and as for an announcement of the event in the newspapers, this is an indecorum so monstrous, that I was with difficulty believed when I mentioned it as being a custom in the old country.

There is also, as I hinted in another paper, a custom peculiar to America which is more interesting in idea than reality. One evening I arrived at a log-house, where I intended to pass the night, at so late an hour, that they were just looking up. I crept up to my loft so completely jaded by my long walk through the snow, that I undressed by instinct rather than design, and was more than half asleep before I lay down. My slumber, however, was more feverish than profound; every few minutes I awoke to the consciousness that a human voice was breaking at long intervals the stillness of the night, and at length I opened my weary eyes. A blaze of light came up through the chinks of the rude

floor, and I started to my feet in the idea that the house was on fire. Presently, however, the voice, calm, slow, and monotonous, ascended with an assurance of safety in the formality of its tone, and it was followed by another, appearing to answer in a few monosyllables, and apparently belonging to the softer sex. My alarm was changed to surprise, and leaping out of the bed, I applied my eye to a chink in the floor. On one side of a blazing fire sat a young lady dressed in white muslin, and her hair nicely arranged and wreathed with flowers; on the other, at the distance of several yards, a young gentleman sat as stiff as a poker in his 'go-to-meetin's'—his locks as smart as oil and bristles could make them. Their hands were crossed on their laps, and their eyes fixed on the fire; and as they sat there, mute and motionless, the idea occurred to me of an old German romance, in which certain defunct personages of a bygone generation are represented as passing in this manner the silent watches of the night. At length the gentleman spoke, raising his chin with a jerk towards his companion, but without withdrawing his eyes from the fire, 'I guess it's comin' on to friz again,' said he.

'I guess it is,' was the reply, after several moments' reflection. Another pause took place, and continued so long, that I thought they must already have exhausted the topics of the midnight conference, when at length the deep silence was once more broken.

'Did you like Brother Snodgrass last Sabbath?' said the youth, jerking his chin. The maiden paused, pondered for a while, and then answered and said, 'Some.' By this time my curiosity was abundantly gratified. I had been the accidental witness of a *sparkling frolic*; and thinking to myself that if this be the way they make love in America, I might as well go to sleep, I gathered up my wearied limbs, and re-composed my head on the pillow.

Since I have been in England, I have frequently been asked my opinion of the American character; but this is an absurd question to ask, and one impossible to answer, since America is a confederation of small independent states, many of them presenting aspects and manners as different as the nations of Europe. At any rate it would be difficult to generalise, farther than by mapping out the country into—1st, the Yankees, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring states; 2d, the slaveholders of the south; and, 3d, the inhabitants of the western states, who are a mixture of the other two branches with almost every nation in the world. The first class, who are mostly composed of the descendants of the Germanic family, is the only portion I respect. They possess the characteristics of the stock from which they sprung; namely, industry, enterprise, and perseverance. They are acute in bargaining, as well as in other things; but in spite of their proverbial reputation, cheating can be no more called one of their characteristics than of the inhabitants of Great Britain. The bad qualities of their neighbours have nevertheless been charged to them; and now, when we meet with an American, no matter from what part of the country, we button up our pockets, in the conviction that his countrymen generally are swindlers from the cradle. The best way, however, to judge of the morality of the country, is to read the newspapers, and study the statistics of each state; by which it will be seen that New England stands at the head of all countries in the world with regard to education and the means of obtaining justice; and that, consequently, she possesses a lower amount of crime; while, on the other hand, in the southern and western states, there is more crime, compared with the population, than in most countries in civilised Europe, and that a rich or otherwise powerful man is able to defy the law. The principal faults that we bring against the Yankees are, eating their dinners too fast, spitting, chewing, whittling, and some odd hypocrisy in religious matters; by which it is meant that they, from their early education, pay more attention to forms than we do. As to their religion, we



cannot judge farther than by the number of their churches, and the amount that each person voluntarily lays out for the advancement of the Christian religion, which exceeds that of any other country; and all those who have resided for any time among them can vouch that they are kind to one another, charitable to the afflicted, and a pattern to all mankind in the fulfilment of the domestic relations. When I first came over, I was imbued with certain romantic notions, which made me suppose it impossible that marriages could be happy that were made in such a sober matter-of-business manner as is here the custom. I fancied, at first, that there was either no such thing as love among the Yankees, or that the ladies, by a slight transposition of the words of the poet, have 'loved not well, but too wisely.' I can now, however, bear testimony that unhappy marriages are very rare in New England; although, perhaps, the principal reasons are, that the young men have great advantage in finding out the disposition of their intendeds, as more can be learnt of the character of a woman by watching her for half an hour while engaged in household duties, than by accompanying her to balls and parties for a dozen years together; and the other reason is, that both go to the same school, and are equally educated. There are only two faults that I can bring against the American women; and these are, that they spoil their children, and that they are most uncomfortably clean. They are always washing the floor, or polishing some article of furniture, or blacking the stone. If ever, through forgetfulness, I walked into a room without cleaning my boots, I made a deadly enemy of the lady of the house. Woman has a higher rank in America than in England. She is equal to her husband in education, and is considered by him equal in mind. I have often heard a farmer, when undecided as to some bargain or other matter of business, such as we would suppose woman knows nothing about, and has no right to know, say that he would ask his wife's advice before determining. If he were to do so in England, some facetiously-disposed individual would be sure to resuscitate the old jokes about petticoat government and wearing the breeches. The women never work out-of-doors; the men even milk the cows. Neither do they go down on their knees to scrub the floor, but use a machine on the principle of a mop; and when washing clothes, they spare their fingers by using a fluted board, against which they rub the linen; and some make a still farther improvement by churning the clothes. They have no such scenes here as we show in our collieries, or as I myself have seen even in highly-civilised Scotland, where mere girls labour hard in the fields loading dung-carts.

When I arrived at Albany, I resolved to continue my journey to Boston, which city I was most desirous to see. I walked across the state of Massachusetts; but this route has been already so much described, that I will not dwell upon it. In this state I saw and conversed with many of the Millerites, a sect which endeavoured to prove from the prophecies that the world was to be destroyed on the forthcoming April; and their faith was so great, that many of them did not harvest more corn than was sufficient to support them until the appointed time, and distributed all the money to the poor, doubtless considering it a virtue to do so, although it could be of no use to themselves. I attended two of their meetings; but to me, who had been used to the quiet serious services of the churches of England and Scotland, the sight was very disagreeable. The preacher stamped on the floor, waved his arms, and shouted out to the extent of his voice—the perspiration streaming down his face from the violent exertion. Many of the congregation seemed worked up to perfect frenzy; the young women especially, dressed up in their best clothes, were lying about on the floor, some of them in fits, and screaming for mercy, until the monotonous voice of the preacher himself was heard. This sect has done a great deal of harm;

it has filled the mad-houses of the United States, and created dissensions and unhappiness among families. Boston has a very good appearance when approached from the Brighton side; it seems built upon a hill, and the houses, which, seen from this place, are all made with bright-red bricks, rise gradually terrace over terrace, until the whole is crowned by the state house. The city forms a peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. Boston is the handsomest and cleanest city in the union; Tremont Street and the Common, or Park, cannot be equalled in any town of its size in the world. It is the head quarters of the temperance and anti-slavery causes; and it is also from this 'old cradle of liberty' that missionary and other enterprises, having for their end the good of mankind, chiefly emanate. The chief amusements seem attending lectures on religious, literary, and scientific subjects.

While I was at Boston, the Bunker's Hill monument was opened in great style by the President. I was much pleased with the sight of the veterans of the revolution, who, riding in open carriages, formed part of the procession, and also with the eloquence of Mr Webster, who was orator on the occasion; but all the rest was very ridiculous. On the morning appointed, Mr Tyler rode into Boston in an open carriage, accompanied by his son—who, by the by, is a great genius, having written a five-act tragedy, or an epic poem, or something of the sort—with several carriages following, containing the government officers, and, as one of the newspapers said, the man who bought the copy of Mr Robert Tyler's work. Before the carriage marched one of the volunteer bands, playing the negro tune of 'Get out the Way, old Dan Tucker,' to the great delight of one of the President's slaves, who was seated on the rumble. At first I thought it was intended as an insult, as Mr Tyler is not at all popular; but afterwards I found that it was a tune very much in favour with the worthy citizens who like to play at soldiers.

It now became necessary for me to return to England, as I had received a remittance for that purpose; for although I liked the New England farmers after I began to know them, and would have been content to have spent my life among them, yet all my relations and friends were in 'the old country,' and I had duties to perform which, although forgotten in a moment of enthusiasm, were nevertheless not to be neglected. I accordingly went by the railroad and steamer to New York, and engaged a passage in a 'liner,' or regular emigrant ship, and which conveyance I would advise all who go to America in sailing vessels to choose. We took about twenty days in returning to Liverpool, the passage being always shorter in sailing east than west; the reason for which fact being, as an ingenious gentleman on board informed us, that the voyage is down-hill all the way. In this ship there was a great number of emigrants returning home, some of them not having been able to obtain employment, as many had not got farther in the interior than the city of New York, which is about as good a place for a stranger who is out of work as London is. Some of them were coming back for relations, wives, or sweethearts; and among the number were about a dozen girls who had been in service, and said that they were coming home to see their friends, most of them having saved sufficient money to pay their expenses at home, and carry them out again; but whatever may be the reason, I believe I am stating nothing more than the truth, when I say that the emigrant ships are almost as full on the return as on the outward voyage.

From the result of my own experience, I, however, should say that the western world offers immense advantages to the poor emigrant, especially if he have friends there to advise him. He may in a few years acquire a comfortable independence; and if he be ambitious and persevering, wealth and honours are as open to him as to the highest. Any person will succeed if he have good health, and is willing to put up with hardships for a short time; but, above all, those who have

large families cannot fail of getting on well, for in America children are more precious than gold.

In finishing this account of my ramble, I cannot help being struck with the meagreness of my acquisitions. I kept no diary, however; I was a hard-working pedestrian, and allowed the scenes of my travels to find their way into my mind as they could, and thoughts stowed in such hidden places are only brought to light by chance. Even now, as I am laying down my pen, a hundred persons and things rise up like spirits to reproach me for having omitted mention of them; and I can only hope that two or three more corners may be allotted me in these pages, for a sketch of some isolated scenes and characters peculiar to the humble life of America, and unlikely to present themselves to the book-making traveller.

### MEN OF THE WORLD.

[Abridged from 'Literary Leaves,' by D. L. Richardson.]

THERE is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is perhaps rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent whatever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone. In the commerce of life, everything they touch seems to turn into gold.

We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful, and none at all in that of the unsuccessful, as if fortune never favoured fools nor neglected the wise. A man may have more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to meditate and to compare, when he should act with rapidity and decision; and by trusting too much to his own sagacity, and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, that is like a prize in the lottery to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but the men of action, who are best fitted to push their way upwards in the world. The Hamlets or philosophical speculators are out of their element in the crowd. They are wise enough as reflecting observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the thick throng of their fellow-creatures, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers and their conduct as actors; their wisdom in busy life evaporates in words; they talk like sages, but they act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes conducted himself in a way of which he could have admirably pointed out the impropriety in a moral essay. He knew as well as any man that honesty is the best policy, but he did not always act as if he thought so. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtlety and truth all the proprieties of social and of public life, but he was himself deplorably inefficient both as a companion and as a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account, and when he came to act for himself, was as helpless and dependent as a child. The excellent author of the *Wealth of Nations* could not manage the economy of his own house.

People who have sought the advice of successful men of the world, have often experienced a feeling of surprise and disappointment when listening to their commonplace maxims and weak and barren observations. There is very frequently the same discrepancy, though in the opposite extreme, between the words and the actions of prosperous men of the world that I have noticed in the case of unsuccessful men of wisdom. The former talk like fools, but they act like men of sense; the reverse is the case with the latter. The thinkers may safely direct the movements of other men, but they do not seem peculiarly fitted to direct their own.

They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined to be so ungrateful to fortune as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree

of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust. In the list of the prosperous, there are very few indeed who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

Perhaps not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an encumbrance to the fortune-hunter. A gentle disposition and extreme frankness and generosity have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world and secure his own interests. He cannot turn aside, and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting in some measure his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street; he cannot pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the road-side is unheeded and forgotten. He acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful—his own success.

I shall not here speak of those by-ways to success in life which require only a large share of hypocrisy and unreason; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius; nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade. Nor shall I proceed to show how great a drawback is a noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. I cannot enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of my subject, without exceeding the limits I have proposed to myself in the present essay.

Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society. This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labour by the midnight lamp to produce an ungainly stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs; and when there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity and a perfect self-possession are absolutely essential; but high intellect is only an obstruction. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room, while others are as little fitted for fashionable society as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting in their judgment, on account of its difficulty to themselves, and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affectation of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal.

A recluse philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of a man of the world. He exhibits a ludicrous mixture of humility and pride. He is indignant at the assurance of others, and is mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority. He is troubled that they should be able to trouble him, and ashamed that they should make him ashamed. Such a man, when he enters into society, brings all his pride, but leaves his vanity behind him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as *Nancho* says of sleep, seems to cover a man all over as with a cloak. A contemplative spirit cannot concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of usefulness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some

authors who would rather write a quarto volume in praise of woman, than hand a fashionable lady to her chair.

The foolish and formal conversation of polite life is naturally uninteresting to the retired scholar; but it would, perhaps, be less objectionable if he thought he could take a share in it with any degree of credit. He has not the feeling of calm and unmixed contempt; there is envy and irritation in his heart. He cannot despise his fellow-creatures, nor be wholly indifferent to their good opinion. Whatever he may think of their manners and conversation, his uneasiness evinces that he does not feel altogether above or independent of them. No man likes to seem unfit for the company he is in. At Rome, every man would be a Roman. \* \* \*

The axioms most familiar to men of the world are passed from one tongue to another without much reflection. They are merely *parroted*. Some critics have thought that the advice which Polonius, in the tragedy of Hamlet, gives his son on his going abroad, exhibits a degree of wisdom wholly inconsistent with the general character of that weak and foolish old man. But in this case, as in most others of a similar nature, we find, on closer consideration, that what may seem at the first glance an error or oversight of Shakespeare's, is only another illustration of his accurate knowledge of human life. The precepts which the old man desires to fix in the mind of Laertes are just such as he might have heard a hundred thousand times in his long passage through the world. They are not brought out from the depths of his own soul; they have only fastened themselves on his memory, and are much nearer to his tongue than to his heart. No one is surprised at the innumerable wise saws and proverbial phrases that issue from the lips of the most silly and ignorant old women in all ranks of life, in town and country, in cottages and in courts. In the conversation of the weakest-minded persons we often find, as in that of Polonius, both 'matter and impertinency mixed.' His advice is not that of a philosopher, but of a courtier and man of the world. He echoes the common wisdom of his associates:—

'Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure,\* but reserve thy judgment.'

He is indebted to his court education for this mean and heartless maxim. To listen eagerly to the communications of others, and to conceal his own thoughts, is the first lesson that a courtier learns. Let us quote another specimen of his paternal admonitions:—

'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

Polonius might have picked up this marvellous scrap of prudence in some petty tradesman's shop; not, however, in a pawnbroker's, for the sign of which it would form a very forbidding motto. There are a few precepts in the parting advice of Polonius of a somewhat higher character; but they are only such as float about the world, and are repeated on occasion by all well-intentioned people. They are not of that high and original cast which Shakespeare would have put into the mouth of Hamlet, or any other thoughtful and noble-hearted personage.

It seems paradoxical to affirm that men who are out of the world know more of the philosophy of its movements than those who are in it; but it is nevertheless perfectly true, and easily accounted for. The busy man is so rapidly whirled about in the vast machine, that he has not leisure to observe its motion. An observer stationed on a hill that overlooks a battle can see more distinctly the operations of either army than the combatants themselves. They who have attained success by mere good fortune, are particularly ill-fitted to direct and counsel others who are struggling through the labyrinths of life. A shrewd observer who has touched the rocks, is a better pilot than he who has passed through a difficult channel in ignorance of its dangers.

The extent of a person's knowledge of mankind is not to be calculated by the number of his years. The old, indeed, are always wise in their own estimation, and eagerly volunteer advice, which is not in all cases as eagerly received. The stale preparatory sentence of, 'When you have come to my years,' &c. is occasionally a prologue to the wearisome farce of second childhood. A Latin proverb says that 'experience teacheth.' It sometimes

does so, but not always. Experience cannot confer natural sagacity, and without that, it is nearly useless. It is said to be an axiom in natural history, that a cat will never tread again the road on which it has been beaten; but this has been disproved in a thousand experiments. It is the same with mankind. A weak-minded man, let his years be few or numerous, will no sooner be extricated from a silly scrape, than he will fall again into the same difficulty in the very same way. Nothing is more common than for old women (of either sex) to shake with a solemn gravity their thin gray hairs, as if they covered a repository of gathered wisdom, when perchance some clear and lively head upon younger shoulders has fifty times the knowledge with less than half the pretension. We are not always wise in proportion to our opportunities of acquiring wisdom, but according to the shrewdness and activity of our observation. Nor is a man's fortune in all cases an unequivocal criterion of the character of his intellect\* or his knowledge of the world. Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions; but they are, perhaps, better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. They wisely trust a great deal more to law papers than to 'the human face divine,' or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart; but mere men of business must act always in the dark, and, taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a secret villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures until they have made 'assurance doubly sure,' and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit of caution and mistrustfulness to such a melancholy extreme, that they will hardly lend a guinea to a father or a brother 'without a regular receipt. They judge of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have a similar tendency to form partial and unfavourable opinions of their fellow-creatures; because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know that none have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is observable that men are very much disposed to 'make themselves the measure of mankind,' or, in other words, when they paint their fellow-creatures, to dip their brush in the colours of their own heart.

'All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.'

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of its own nature; and indeed all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with a wide and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker.

Though I have alluded to the tendency of some particular professions to inurate the heart and limit or warp the judgment, I should be sorry, indeed, if the remarks that I have ventured upon this subject should be regarded as an avowal of hostility towards any class whatever of my fellow-creatures. I should be guilty of a gross absurdity and injustice, if I did not readily admit that intellect and virtue are not confined to one class or excluded from another. Men are, generally speaking, very much the creatures of circumstance; but there is no condition of life in which the soul has not sometimes asserted her independence of all adventitious distinctions; and there is no trade or profession in which we do not meet with men who are an honour to human nature.

#### THE RATIONALE OF RAILWAY CHARGES.

Another point in dispute is the treatment of third-class passengers. There is no one matter on which a greater display of pseudo-humanity is made than on this. Many persons do not like to confess that they travel in third-class coaches to save their money, and, moreover, they very naturally wish the third-class carriages should be made as comfortable as possible. Now, if people, by ma-

\* There are some few professions, indeed, in which success is a pretty certain indication of learning or of genius.

\* Opinion.

nifesting great humanity to the poor, can at the same time save their own money, and make themselves more comfortable, the display of tenderness is likely to be abundant. Third-class carriages, which certainly are more comfortable than outside seats on coaches, are called 'pig-boxes,' in order to teach the poor man that he is 'insulted' by being told to get into one. Having carried his bundle a couple of miles (for poor people do not employ porters), he is 'contemptuously treated' when desired to put it into the wagon. At one time there had been several accidents from trains being run into from behind, and practical men entertained conflicting opinions as to whether there was most danger to be apprehended from this source or from the engine running off the rails. On those lines where the speed was very great and the gauge wide, accidents to slow trains from collision from behind seemed the most probable, and the passenger-carriage was therefore placed in front of the train. This was represented as a scheme for preventing people using that carriage at all, and was called 'a disgraceful and monstrous plan of intimidating the poorer class of passengers.' If the directors had really wished to compel passengers to use the dear instead of the cheap carriage, they would have easily attained it by the very simple expedient of taking off the third-class carriage altogether. But where authors are engaged in pandering to the passions of the multitude, they prefer imputing to individuals the most incredible and useless wickedness, rather than admit a commonplace explanation.

The coaches between London and Bristol were fourteen hours on the road, the stage wagons two and a half days; the much-abused slow trains on the Great Western perform the same journey in nine and a half hours. The injury and indignity shown by the railway company to the poor consists, then, in enabling them to perform this journey in two-thirds of the time formerly required by the rich, and one-sixth of the time they themselves would have spent. Yet, in defiance of these facts, we hear those who had neither sense nor enterprise to forward these great undertakings now turning round on their benefactors, and describing as an insult and injury one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the poorer classes.

As to the outside of a coach in bad weather, that is, nine times out of ten, it was one of the most disagreeable modes of locomotion ever devised, an American stage over a corduroy road being the worst. After some winters spent in Sweden, Mr Laing declared that he had never suffered so much from cold as when travelling in England on the tops of coaches. It is all very well for authors to describe in glowing terms the miseries and insults to which third-class passengers on railways are exposed. The reality is quite the reverse. Otherwise how should we hear at railway meetings the reiterated and piteous complaints of directors that the rich will persist in going into these vehicles; merchants, bankers, dignitaries of the church, members of parliament, gentlemen who have no predilection for being miserable, and no notion at all of exposing themselves to insult, button up their coats (and pockets), and ask for third-class tickets. There is nothing more impossible than to provide for the poor those comforts which the wealth of the rich enables them to command; there is a higher agency concerned in this than even railway directors. There are some gentlemen who advocate very strongly the propriety of covering over third-class carriages, and others who comment pretty severely on the inhumanity of directors in exposing the poor to the merciless severity of the blast of winter. If this reasoning is sound, why is it not applied to the proprietors of stage-coaches? Is Mr Purcell a wretch, because he does not provide a covering for his outside passengers? or is Mr Croal a brute, because he does not find inside places for those who pay outside fares? Deck passengers in a steamer on a rough night are worse off than third-class passengers on a railway. They are never invited into the cabin with cabin passengers, and yet the St George Steam-boat Company divide their gains, without fearing a leading article in the Times. There is nothing on railways different from this, that all the rules of trading should be reversed, and that people should argue that the poor man who pays 2s. 6d. should receive the same accommodation as the richer man who pays 3s. 6d. For civility, punctuality, and general regularity, the railway system is far beyond anything ever known.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

[This is a just and praiseworthy defence of the railway proprietors. The difference between railway and stage-coach travelling is nearly all the difference between civilization and barbarism. In the one case, a passenger feels

that he is under the care of the most enlightened class of his fellow-creatures; what he too often feels in the other case, it is needless to specify. And this is simply because railway travelling arrangements are on such a large and liberal scale, as to allow of a superior class of officials being employed. What is said here about third-class trains is perfectly true. The shabby rich, by the disposition they show to make use of these trains, are the sole cause of their being made less comfortable than they otherwise would need to be. We have been astounded to hear that men worth scores of thousands have not scrupled to use third-class carriages on the Greenock Railway: some have even purchased camp-stools on which to seat themselves in these carriages. It should be held up to universal contempt, as a practice not only mean in itself, but inhumane, as it tends to deprive the poor of comforts that otherwise would flow to them.]

#### METALLIZATION OF WOOD.

Of the several patented processes for rendering wood thoroughly impervious to rot, the ravages of insects, and the action of fire, that of Mr Payne is considered by competent judges as one of the most effectual. The merit of the invention—according to the Polytechnic Magazine, from which we take the substance of our notice—consists in the circumstance, that it does not merely impregnate timber with metallic preparations, but by means of chemical decomposition actually fossilizes, so to speak, the substance acted upon; and by a combination of agencies, all of them quite inconsiderable in point of cost, creates of the wood an entirely new insoluble, durable, and unflammable matter. If these results can be obtained at a small expense and in a short period, and the metallized wood be rendered elastic or non-elastic as required, and be so granulated externally and internally as to adapt it with perfect safety for pavements and other purposes, a complete revolution may be reasonably anticipated in some of the most important branches of industry. For instance, it would be of immense utility in countries where houses are built of wood; it would greatly diminish casualties by fire, increase the value of timber-forests in the vicinity of railways and other similar undertakings, and indeed affect the *modus operandi* of every profession connected with engineering, ship-building, and carpentry.

The process consists in placing the timber to be operated upon first in a vacuum in a solution of sulphate of iron, which is made thoroughly to saturate it by exhaustion and pressure. A similar mode is then followed with a solution of the muriate of lime, and within the pores of the wood there is thus created, by decomposition, an insoluble sulphate of lime. It therefore appears that the principle acted upon by the inventor was, that the source of decay exists in the very nature and properties of the wood itself, and that a complete change must be effected in its structure by the permeation of a substance capable of resisting external influences and arresting internal decay. By previously-discovered processes, various metallic oxides (the expensive ones of mercury and copper) and alkalies had been, by means of exhaustion and pressure, introduced into the cells of the wood; but it was reserved for Mr Payne to overcome an objection common to all these processes; namely, the liability to a disunion of the solutions. This difficulty is met by the introduction of certain saline substances which prevent any such disunion taking place; and herein consists much of the merit of the patent.

The most porous, the softest, and consequently the cheapest woods, continues our authority, under this process, are rendered equal, in point of usefulness, durability, and strength, to the hardest and best descriptions of timber. Not only is the beech rendered equal to the oak, but made to partake of metallic qualities even more lasting than timber which at present is threefold its price. Wood so prepared—even deal—becomes susceptible of the finest polish; and moreover, by the use of certain solutions, can be stained throughout with any variety of colour. In ship-building and in house-building it would come into advantageous use, with the peculiar recommendation that the inferior woods of home and colonial growth would become at once more valuable in the market. Perhaps the most important fact connected with Paynized timber is its applicability not only for railway sleepers, but actually as a substitute for iron rails, for which purpose it is now being tested on several lines, and so far as experiment goes, promises to be preferable to iron, offering nearly as little friction, and presenting a better bite to the wheels, which

enables the engines to mount inclinations impossible on an iron railway. The discovery has also attracted the attention of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, under whose direction a set of experiments are now being made, with a view to the adoption of the metalized timber in the various works executed under government.

#### THE ARBORETUM AT DERBY.

Amidst the benefactors of the human race, none stand more conspicuous than the late Joseph Strutt, Esq. who, with an effective liberality and determined kindness, was spared to commence, carry on, and complete this (emphatically speaking) garden of the poor. I visited it on Sunday evening, the 21st of April last—the gardens being open only in the afternoon. I observed a happy seriousness on the countenances of the visitors—a subdued enjoyment which spoke volumes in favour of the judgment of the noble-minded man who had thus provided the means of bringing the works of the Almighty under the eye of those who all the week are busily engaged in earning their daily bread. Parents, with their children of various ages, might be seen quietly sitting on the many substantial seats provided for them under the shade of trees, or strolling on the walks admiring the early flowers on the shrubs; all the shrubs have a name attached to them, very conspicuous, yet not so as to be offensive to the fastidious eye. It was amusing to see the children of ten years trying to read, no doubt to them hard names, and puzzling their little heads to make them out. I remarked the good behaviour of those 'children of the poor,' as, amidst the many hundreds that were in the garden, I only observed one instance of rudeness, in two boys throwing stones at each other. It was instantly checked by the elder people, and the boys slunk away ashamed of their conduct. The garden was, as is generally known, laid out by the late Mr London, and the execution of his task does credit even to him. Broad substantial walks lead down the centre, branching off diagonally, and returning up each side in a serpentine form. They are hid from each other by raised mounds of various forms, sufficiently high to prevent persons seeing over. The named specimens stand singly on the grass, at such a distance from each other as their various habits as to size and form will require when fully grown. They are, consequently, conspicuous objects, and draw attention even from the most heedless. In the ground, previously to its being laid out, there were some larger trees; these are judiciously preserved, and seats are placed under them. It is, I think, however, an oversight that these our common trees are not named. That the people pay attention to the names, was evident from the fact, that the early flowering shrubs, such as ribes, prunus, &c. were crowded by even well-dressed elderly persons, who were reading the names, and, in some instances, copying them. I would just observe, *en passant*, that the labels contain the botanical name, English name, native country, and year of introduction. As a means of refining the manners, elevating the taste, and subduing evil propensities, giving the lower orders an innocent and rational amusement, and even instruction, the Derby Arboretum is much to be admired. I came away delighted at the good effects it had produced even already, although it is scarcely three years since the gardens were completed.

—*Correspondent of Gardeners' Chronicle.*

#### THE FOLLIES OF MANKIND.

I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many follies whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie.*

#### DOMESTIC GAS-APPARATUS.

Scientific journals notice, among their novelties, an apparatus for the production of gas from any fire which is kept in constant use, such as a common kitchen grate, a steam-engine or other large furnace. The invention is the property of Messrs Cordon and Smith of Nottingham, who have recently obtained a patent for the apparatus, which is described as exceedingly simple and manageable, and capable of generating an abundant supply of gas at little or no expense beyond the original cost. We have slight hopes, we must confess, of every household becoming its own gas manufacturer; but if the promise of the invention be fulfilled, there can be no doubt of its adoption in factories and other establishments having furnaces at their command, and requiring an almost constant supply of this now necessary article of illumination.

#### EFFECTS OF DRAINAGE ON HUMAN LIFE.

The Rev. Professor Buckland, at a public meeting lately held in Oxford, said that in the parish of St Margaret, Leicester, containing 22,000 inhabitants, it appeared that one portion of it was effectually drained, some parts but partially so, and others not at all. In the latter, the average duration of life is thirteen years and a half, while in the same parish where the drainage is only partial, the average is twenty-two years and a half, thereby showing the frightful effects of a bad atmosphere.

#### VALUE OF CEREMONY.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony, true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.—*Chesterfield.*

#### SONNET

##### TO A POETICAL YOUNG FRIEND.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

\* PORTAL and poor! Ah, hapless friend,  
A bitter lot is thine, for scowling fate  
Will hunt thee sore, albeit now elate.  
Suffering with sensibility will blend,  
And Fame's twin brother, Famine, with him wend.  
Sorrow and Want, pale cup-bearers, will wait  
Beside thy board, so scant and desolate,  
And Disappointment still thy steps attend.  
No bays may wreath thy brow; but Folly's leer,  
Envy's grudging praise, and Grandeur's withering scorn,  
Will often wring the sigh and scalding tear,  
And prove around thy heart a wreath of thorn.  
God help thee, and from ill thy path secure!  
Much, much thou wilt enjoy, but ah, how much endure!

#### NOTE.

In the brief article which appeared in No. 12, under the title of 'A Dishonesty in a High Walk,' the Metropolitan Life-Assurance Society, enumerated in the honourable list of offices which reject the depraved plan of giving commission as a means of obtaining business, was described as a *mixed proprietary*. This we find to be a mistake, for which the only ground was, that the Metropolitan, while substantially a mutual-assuring society, acts as a company in insuring such persons as prefer lower rates with no prospect of a division of profits. We are the more disposed to rectify this error, as public opinion has now—justly, we think—set in so strongly in favour of mutual assurance.

#### END OF FIRST VOLUME.











